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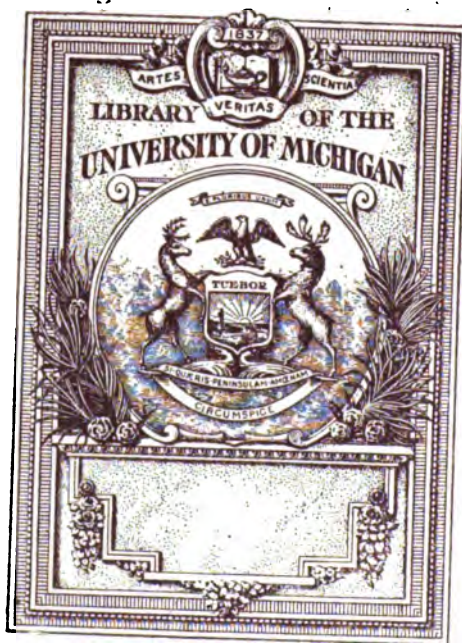
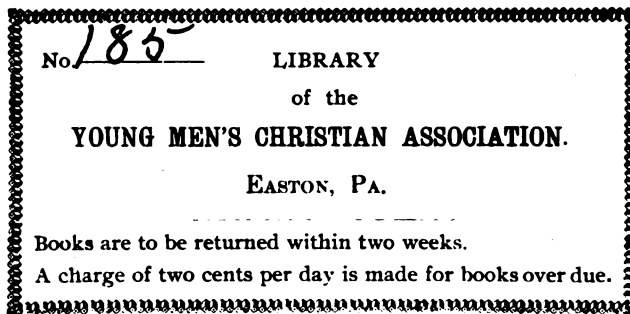
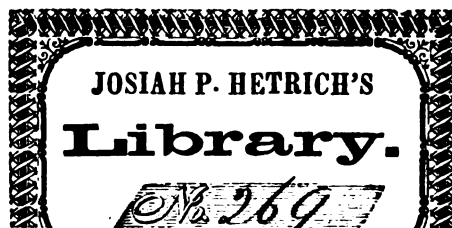
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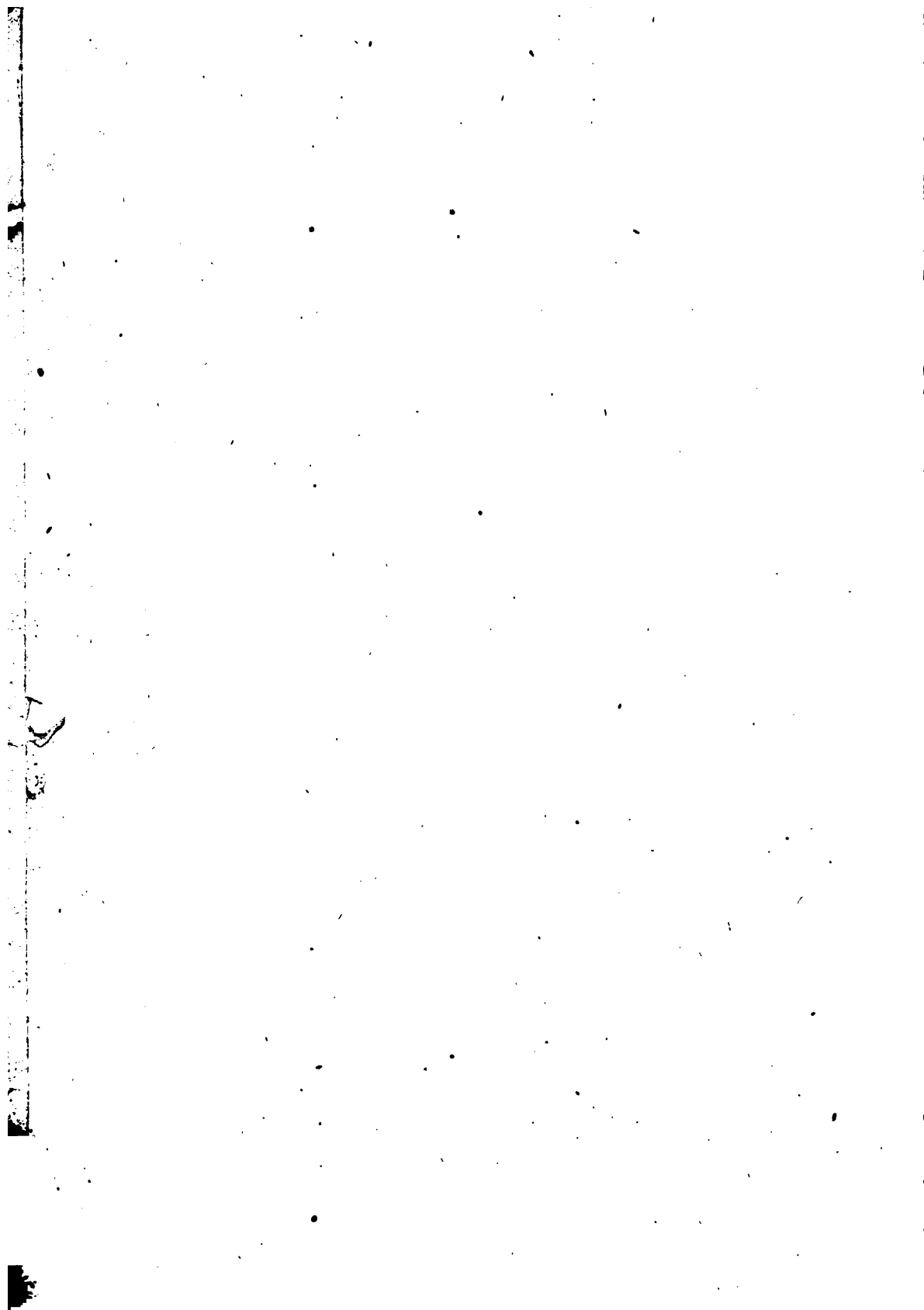




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**Carpere et Colligere.**

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THE

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OF

**FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.**

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**JANUARY TO APRIL, 1839.**

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**WHOLE NUMBER—VOLUME XXXV.**

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# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JANUARY, 1839.

*From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

### WAR IN DISGUISE.

FRANCE—MEXICO—BUENOS-AYRES.

The progress of political events has served fully to verify those apprehensions, and to justify those warnings, which on various occasions, with all the authority to be derived from experience of the past, fortified with facts occurring every day, in respect of the foreign policy of the empire, have been stated and enforced in the columns of this publication. To dignify that policy with the name of system, would be, if not an utter prostitution, a gross misapplication of terms; its course has been erratic and undisciplined as the mind of its director. Swayed by vague impulse, by fitful caprice, by puerile antipathies, its tendency has been, and continues still to be, uncertain as the temperamental oscillations of its author, and vain would be the attempt to predicate the policy of the morrow, from the fanciful indication of that of to-day. It would in truth be as idle to look for grapes from thistles, or wheat from tares; for the foreign Secretary, the master-mind that should be, but is not, is so purely innocent of the first and elementary lessons of his art, that it would be miraculous indeed if he could master its more abstruse problems. The man who, as we know, and have heretofore exemplified, is so entirely deficient in the ruder outlines of geographical lore, as to be unacquainted with the territorial limits or position on the map of the remarkable localities of states, can hardly be fitted to comprehend, and still less to treat scientifically, subjects of far more important interest in the political and commercial sense. The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi is an imperishable monument in proof of this deplorable ignorance and absence of political forecast and geographical combination; the Prussian Customhouse league would not have been existent at this moment had one frontier, and one central State of the States composing it, however small in extent, and insignificant in their populations, been secured by treaty, and so detached, as at the time was

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easily to be accomplished. But Lord Palmerston was as unconscious of the geographical and relative bearings of the Germanic States, affected by, and now combined in the Union, as of the vast commercial interests involved in, and now sacrificed through his ignorance and rashness. To be vanquished by known and avowed rivals or foes, should be humiliation sufficient, but one wreath more briarles amidst the laurels of his Lordship—he is no less the victim of the political friends of his bosom, than of undisguised opponents. If by open foes he has been circumvented, no less has he been betrayed and overreached by artful allies in whom he trusted. The work of pillage has been proceeding on all sides, as well by direct assault and battery, as by secret sapping and mining; but of all wars, that of “war in disguise” is the most formidable, because the least prepared for. Such is the warfare now carrying on by France against this country—a warfare singularly abetting the views, if not covertly concerted with Russia. Leaving for the present out of view other prominent features of this creeping and clandestine system of aggressive inroad, deferring to another account and the final balance sheet the gigantic strides of French plunder and usurpation in Northern and Western Africa, let us sum up here only the story of French invasion and French aggression in America, North and South. The field of encroachment is vast and various, but of the three quarters of the world where French aggrandisement has been at work, by fraud and falsehood first, and, as success emboldened, with front more hardy, throwing off the scarcely deceptive mask afterwards, and parading the resolve of force to maintain, the concerns of one quarter at once will suffice to task sufficiently the temper of our readers and our own patience. The scene of action even thus circumscribed, will serve to show, that however Louis Philippe may lack the lion heart and eagle eye of Napoleon the Emperor, he is noways behind hand in the craft and cunning of Bonaparte the Corsican. Ships, colonies, and commerce, was the cry of Bona-

parte; ships, colonies, and conquests, the echo of the barricade Sovereign; the insidious intent of one, as of the other, being to accomplish these objects at the expense of Great Britain, and by indirectly warring on her commerce, to sap the foundations of her maritime preponderance. Hence this country is insidiously attacked through the sides of its firmest allies and most gainful alliances. The blows ostensibly aimed against Mexico, Buenos Ayres, and Brazil, are no other than sidelong stabs, really meant for the most vital points of British interest, whilst in all the underplot accessories of the same drama, the one great ruling feature of the finale is never lost sight of. Concurring circumstances are all but too favourable for the catastrophe preparing afar off. Powerful and rival navies, created around us as if by enchantment, and proudly careering over seas where once the British ensigns floated supreme in unequalled and almost solitary grandeur, whilst the wooden walls of old England, which once attested the extent of her supremacy, and exacted homage to her dominion wherever winds could waft or oceans bear them, are now laid up and rotting in ordinary—our proudest dock-yards so wasted of stores, and un replenished, that not one solitary spar for a lower mainmast could recently be found in them to rig out the pleasure craft of an ex-vice regal Whig functionary\*—the once well-garnished rooms of our spacious arsenals so despoiled, bargained away to France, or shamelessly made away with to Spain, that it may be truly said, scarcely a musket remains to be shouldered, or a shot left in the locker—all this with, to crown all, a Cabinet where, in its nine members, stand prominently personified indolence and ignorance consummate, solemn pedantry and petulance in petto, upstart self-conceit and high-born arrogance all-blustering, self-sufficiency all smirking, and solid acres in all their stolidity, the remnant of vigour on crutches, and of saintly talent ever-dozing—all this is indeed prophetic of wo to the land. Rottenness and corruption are in the high places, and what hope of safety and deliverance in times coming can be hoped for from dupes and dotards, who have deceived none but their country, and served none but its foes. Such are the men wielding, or assuming to wield, with puny hands,

\* It is a fact, that the Marquis of Anglesey having sprung, and wishing to replace the lower mainmast of his yacht, in which he was about to make a pleasure voyage, put into Portsmouth, and afterwards into Plymouth, for the purpose. The dock-yards of both those ports were searched in vain by functionaries most anxious and obsequious to oblige a great Whig Lord. He was obliged to stand over to a French port, where he was accommodated forthwith, and might have had spars of the size requisite by the hundred. The facts are attested by the *West of England Conservative*, published at Plymouth and Devonport, a journal of high reputation, and justly celebrated, no less for its peculiar sources of information, than for the spirit and talent with which it is conducted.

the energies of a great nation, under whose eyes, and in contempt of whose imbecility, a series of insults have been perpetuated, and actual hostilities commenced, by the French upon Mexico, more unprovoked and flagrant than ever characterized even the most cruel and capricious outbreak of Bonaparte himself, with the single exception, perhaps, of that one act, more atrocious than all—the invasion of Spain. Let us add, that this Mexican outrage partakes largely of a meanness never chargeable upon the France Imperial of Napoleon; in the shabby style of a shabby sovereign, to whom even ambition is second to the base passion of money-getting, Louis Philippe has engrafted a pecuniary interest upon political designs—has raised a question and fixed the amount of damages in the names of individuals and subjects; and should the cause be gained, he claims the repartition of the spoil, with a view to an appropriation of the lion's share to himself. The sum of damages arbitrarily laid is roundly taxed at 600,000 hard dollars, of the various items composing which, some few are furnished with a certain detail, and the Mexicans required to take the rest on trust. It is indeed true, that the system of claims to indemnities did not originate with Louis Philippe;—he only improved them at a monstrous rate of compound interest. The account commenced in 1828, and when first rendered, fell vastly short of the grand total now demanded. For non-payment of this, the Mexican ports are now blockaded, the Mexican territory about to be invaded, and though last, not of least consideration, British commerce and property are sacrificed, or wantonly perilled, to the extent of millions. Here indeed lies the hidden and the chief, though unavowed incentive to the Mexican quarrel. To cripple as well as to humble Great Britain, whilst at the same time filling his coffers from the mines of Mexico, dragooning her into treaties of commerce on unequal terms, forcing markets for the manufactures, and aggrandising the marine of France—these form the artfully woven meshes of the policy within the toils of which the cherished Downing street hunter of Parisian salons lies *perdu*—from which the less enervated Aztecs of the Cordilleras are hardly struggling to get free. In humble imitation of Louis Philippe himself, let us take the money question first in order, and then the commercial and political.

On the 4th of December, 1828, an insurrection of the masses was celebrated in Mexico, and a general sack of property took place, known as the *Saqueo del Parian*. The sovereign people of Mexico, in fact, had their glorious three days, as two years afterwards the good people of Paris had theirs; the which, if nothing else, should have created a fellow feeling in the breast of Louis Philippe. The account-current of damage then furnished for pillage by eight French establishments, amounted to 122,590 dollars, of which

to the extent of no less than 74,800 dollars was claimed by one bookseller alone. Finding in the Government a disposition to entertain the question of these exorbitant claims, subject of course to a preliminary process of examination, another smaller batch of indemnity demands was painfully got up seven months afterwards, for 30,500 dollars, followed in two months more by another list of less voracious, or more bashful blood-suckers, for other 15,317 dollars. In this state was the indemnity question at the appearance on the scene of Baron Deffandis, the new Plenipotentiary of France, who, in a note to the Mexican Foreign Secretary, dated the 19th of January, 1836, pressing for a settlement, stated the sum total at 168,378 dollars. During eight years, therefore, the amount and the number of claims remained stationary, from which it is fair to conclude that, during the interim, French residents had no peculiar causes for complaint.

With the advent of Baron Deffandis, however, a change came over the spirit of the times; grievance mongering under such auspices was a traffic too gainful to be confined to the Seguins—more lucky riots occurred in Mexico—a brace of French buccaneers were shot at Tampico—some French smugglers were caught in the exercise of their honest craft, and the contraband property seized at Mazatlan—other timely incidents fell out at Tehautepee, Oajaca, and Orizava, so that, upon the whole, a goodly supplement to the Seguin catalogue was in course of less than two years scraped together, and without troubling himself or annoying the government with a bill of all particulars, the Baron at once, by a process of arithmetic all his own, summed up and sent in a total demand for 600,000 dollars, to be paid down on the nail without question or demur, not to the parties complaining, but to the French treasury; for, says the agent of the crafty and money-gripping Louis Philippe, “the government of the king reserves to itself the liquidation of the 600,000 dollars, as also the division thereof amongst the Frenchmen who have been sufferers in the Mexican territory,” &c. Nothing, we apprehend, could well be more conclusive of the real opinion entertained of the equity of the grossly fraudulent claims than this impudent intimation of a design to share with the robbers, if not to appropriate the whole of the spoil. It forms truly a melancholy exhibition of the degraded state of political morality in France.

It is far beyond our purpose, and would be of our limits, to examine in detail such items or pretensions as are adduced by the French envoy in *part* justification only of the solid mass of *métalico* proposed to be abstracted from the Mexican mint, and transferred to the treasury of Louis Philippe; but the dissection of a few will suffice for the character of the whole, with scarcely more than one exception, and that is in the case of five Frenchmen cruelly murdered during some

tumults at Atenzingo in 1833, the atrocious perpetrators of which could not be sufficiently disentangled from out the mob, and therefore the ends of justice, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the Mexican authorities, were defeated. In behalf of the families of the victims a pecuniary mulct of 15,000 dollars is claimed, the equity of which there is little reason to dispute. But whilst admitting this, what must be thought of another item of 20,600 dollars; at which the lives of two French pirates are charged in the same account? The sufferers at Atenzingo are represented as honest, industrious artizans or mechanics, who perished during a sudden outbreak of a misled populace against foreigners; the crime is visited at the rate of 3000 dollars each honest head only; but a deodand is levied at the rate of 10,000 dollars per head of two notorious freebooters and assassins taken in the act. The facts of the case of these men were notorious to all Mexico: all the authentic documents and examinations were in the hands of the French envoy, so that not a shadow of doubt could rest upon it; yet not only are these murderous robbers and ruffians elevated into martyrs, but their lives valued at more than three times the price of really unoffending subjects, according to the moral code of Louis Philippe their mutual sovereign! The following is a brief recapitulation of the incidents of the Tampico grievance. In December, 1835, a small American bark from New Orleans, having on board a body of adventurers, brought to off Tampico, and having reason to know that the castle of the port was poorly garrisoned, and the town open and undefended by troops, a landing was effected, and the place assaulted. The inhabitants, however, took up arms, and with the help of the few troops there repulsed the assailants, who hastily retreated, leaving twenty-eight prisoners in the hands of the Mexicans, all foreigners, and among them the two Frenchmen in question. They were of course all tried before a military tribunal, according to military law, condemned, as was inevitable, and shot. The vessel in which they were embarked sailed under no flag; on landing they fought under none; they had forfeited therefore all rights as subjects of a friendly state, even if those rights had not been lost by the act of carrying arms against a country with which their own was at peace, according to the French civil code itself, (Art. 21, sec. 1. cap. 2. vol. i.) All the documents relative to the landing, the assault, the capture, the trial before a tribunal, presided over by the general commanding in these parts, though not at the action, assisted by an assessor, were duly laid before the French envoy, authenticated throughout by the requisite formalities and parties, and yet this man had the hardihood to assert in his ultimatum that no satisfactory explanation of the proceedings had been furnished. With remarkable assurance he descants therein upon “the butchery

at Tampico in 1835, wherein twenty-eight foreigners, amongst whom were two Frenchmen, made prisoners by the Mexican troops, in consequence of an attack which they meditated upon the territory of the Republic in favour of the Tejanos, were put to death a few days afterwards, in a yard, where they were surrounded and shot like wild beasts, and without the Mexican Government, up to the present moment, nearly two years that France has solicited, being able to show by virtue of what law, nor according to what judicial formality, they had been sentenced and executed."

The defence of the Frenchmen on trial was that they were engaged at New Orleans to join the expedition, upon the understanding that it was destined for Texas; and once on board, were compelled by their comrades, when off Tampico to accompany them to the assault. Such a defence was untenable on that or any ground. Texas was a province of Mexico, although in a state of insurrection—a fact of which they did not pretend ignorance. The truth, however, was, and they must have known it, that it was no better than a marauding expedition on the hunt for chances of plunder. Megia, under whose orders they were, was an expelled rebel. Tampico was selected as the point of attack, not only because ill-prepared and unsuspicious of danger, but because the brigands had notice, that by various *conductas* from the interior and the mines a vast treasure was accumulated there, estimated at 4 or 500,000 *dollars in specie*, the far larger portion of it British property, waiting the arrival of the first packet for transmission to England. Such are the particulars of the so called "butchery of Tampico," and such a faithful version of the story and the exit of the two French pirates Demonssent and Saussier. Let the common sense and common honesty yet to be found in the world decide upon the scandalous perversion of truth, and the insolent disregard of the rights of an independent state, evinced in this single transaction on the side of the French government. It is singular, that with respect to the fate of the other twenty-six foreigners, associated in the free-booting foray, no complaint has been uttered by the States of which they were born subjects, and the cause is clear; their crimes had disqualified them from the privileges of birthright, had erased them from the category of nationality and citizenship, as in the case of the two Frenchmen. If compensation were justified in the one instance, so it must be in the other, so that at the rate of 10,000 dollars a head, Mexico should be called upon for 260,000 dollars more—at such a rate, not even the mines of Mexico in most splendid *bonanza* could satisfy the endless drain. The United States alone might prefer claims far more just for embattled citizens slain fighting under the insurgent flag of Texas. We cannot conclude our notice of this flagitious affair without the expression of our admiration at this sudden tenderness

of Louis Philippe for the lives and fortunes of his lieges, even in the character of pirates. Time was when he was too happy to effect a riddance of them by transporting them to scenes of inevitable "butchery" at his own special charge. We ourselves saw these miserable dupes in 1830 by hundreds and thousands ranged and crowded in the Place Vendôme at Paris, from whence, each man with his ticket of free fare and quarters, they were deported by *diligence* and post to the frontiers of Spain and to Belgium, where they were "shot like wild beasts" without any remonstrance, or demand of compensation.

After a patient and unbiassed investigation of all the other catalogue of French grievances, we are compelled to pronounce them nearly all, upon the evidence of documents of unquestionable authority, and from a fair collation of the testimony adduced by each of the parties to the suit, in a greater or less degree, false, groundless, and wholly unjustifiable, as in the one case detailed. In their several shades they partake eminently of the character of the actual government of France. When not far-fetched and frivolous, they are characterized by unscrupulous rapacity and sordid love of lucre—fraud and force are the elements of which they are combined and by which enforced. It is throughout, the old story of the wolf bent upon quarrel with his powerless neighbour drinking at the same stream lower down, but accused and devoured for troubling the upper waters. We might rest here and content ourselves with the sample, not culled from, but a fair token of the sack. A few more examples, however, may be briefly cited, as being richly instructive; and from these various French grievances may justly be concluded *ab uno disce omnes*.

When Baron Deffandis advertised for "grievances," they were, of course, not long in forthcoming; Seguin, the fortunate bookseller, with his monster grievance of 74,000 dollars, was a splendid vanguard for hungry followers. One French shopkeeper, who, during a tumult, had a few panes of glass broken, furnished the Baron with a *compte rendue* forthwith for 2500 dollars. Three Frenchmen, named Gourjon, and two brothers Baillys, laid a claim for 6000 dollars of loss for the imprisonment of one night and forced journey back from Tehuantepee to Oajaca. Their tale was that their visit to the former place had for object the purchase of indigo, by which profit would have been made to the extent. The facts proved by the authorities of the district, and the subscribed certificate of various parties, among others, of some of their own more respectable countrymen resident, were, that two of them left Oajaca, where they never had carried or possessed property, in debt; a Monsieur Salmon (French trader) stating that he had advanced them on loan thirty-three dollars (!) for the journey or escape. They all arrived at Tehuantepee with no more effects than the clothes

on their backs—*à la ligera sin mas equipage que la ropa de camino que Nevaban puesta*, says one of the certified documents. They arrived in Tehuantepec in July: the Indigo crop is not got in till August and September, and not ready for sale before September and October. In fine, it was more than partially proved, besides, that their mission to that city was to intrigue in favour of the Mestecas, a body of insurgents then in possession of Oajaca, the chief of whom lived in the house of the French Consul there, from whence these men were seen to take their departure. Another of the Baron's retinue of claimants presented a demand for 30,000 dollars on account of a seizure of thirty bars of silver, the exportation of which in that state is prohibited by law, whilst in the act of smuggling them on board a vessel at Magattand. One other, and almost the most magnificent ingredient in Baron Deffandis's cauldron of grievances, and we have done. In the suburbs of Mexico city there is a pleasant village called Tacubaya, where the citizens are used to recreate on saints' days, *días de uno ó dos cruces*, and holidays. There a French pastrycook had his quarters, and regaled all who chose to pay with *dulces bons-bons*, and other *patiserie*. On the occurrence of some intestine broils, the troops of Santa Anna entered Tacubaya and made free with the *pastelero's* *bons-bons*—in fine, they eat him up, but made light of the reckoning. Monsieur the Patisier brought his case, upon invitation, before his compatriot the Baron, and bashfully lumped his grievance in one line of 20,000 dollars, say upwards of L.4000. Such a *pastelero*, it is clear, could not be matched either in London or Paris. Gunter to him was as Lilliput to Brobdignag, as Jack to the Ogre. Assuming that *bons-bons* in Tacubaya are inlaid with dollars, 20,000 of them would be a tolerable stock; but taking an average—a very large one—of sixpence per *bon-bon*, the Frenchman's stock in hand must have amounted to 160,000. Such a stock must have required all Tacubaya to hold, even if part of the city of Mexico itself were not hired by way of depot. It is evident the Mexican soldiers were forced to eat in self-defence, and as the only way of getting daylight to their quarters. And yet some worthy friends of ours, who often lounged to Tacubaya, partook of the *bons-bons*, and well remember the white-capped cook, declare that *pasteles*, utensils in trade, cap and all, would have been an exorbitantly dear bargain at 500 dollars, nay, some say at 100, or from L.20 to L.100. How the partnership stands between the Baron, Louis Philippe, and the pastry-cook, does not appear, but it may be presumed the latter will only be junior partner in the dividend.

The case of Buenos Ayres is more shortly told. No pretext for one single dollar of money-claim could be found or forged, but careful forecast was exercised for the possible contingency of future and more fortunate

ingenuity, by the following among other articles, constituting the ultimatum of Admiral and negotiator Le Blanc for the redress of French grievance by Buenos Ayres:

"Article 2. That it (Buenos Ayres) should acknowledge in the French Government the right to reclaim indemnities in favour of the French who may have suffered unjustly in their persons or property in consequence of acts of the Argentine government."

The avowed grounds of quarrel with Buenos Ayres, are twofold only. First, that French subjects were without cause and illegally held in prison; and secondly, that considerable numbers of them were actually serving compulsorily in the army and militia. Both facts were strenuously denied; but in order to place those official denegations beyond the possibility of cavil, returns were ordered from all the departments of justice, of the marine, of the army, and of the militia, separately by prisons, by vessels, and by regiments, of the number, names, and particulars of each Frenchman so serving or incarcerated. Those returns are before us, but much too numerous and long for detailed reference. The following summary, contained in a reply to the accusation by General Rosas, the Governor, embodies the substance, and was so conclusive that even Admiral Le Blanc was compelled to a retraction, decisive though shuffling:—

"In the prisons of the city, and in those of the country districts of this province, there are only two Frenchmen, viz. Peter Jussón, a sailor, guilty of a murder he perpetrated on the person of Matias Caneta, on board the smack Atalaya, belonging to Mr. Francis Castellote, who was sentenced by the Superior Tribunal of Justice, on 29th of November, ultimo; and Peter Lavie, sutler, in one of the encampments of the frontiers of this province, sued criminally, as transgressor of the existing regulations that govern in it with regard to the discipline and good order of the troops, who, according to his own confession, had stolen a sum of paper money belonging to his protector; and who is also presumed to have thus behaved respecting other sums, the origin of which he has not justified, in circumstances that different robberies had been committed in said encampment; and who was sentenced to prison for six months that expire on 15th inst. I cannot do Your Excellency the great injustice to think that you refer yourself to these criminals, on stating that I detain in the prisons your Excellency's fellow-countrymen. But who can these be, since there are none detained either in the public prisons or at the soldiers' barracks? And, after duly considering this, where exists the irony or malevolence? Let Your Excellency decide it.

"That I detain in the militia Your Excellency's fellow-countrymen! This is another mistake with which the good faith of Your Excellency has been imposed upon. In the regular army and in the militia there is no Frenchman destined to the service of arms; nor are there any summoned by the Commanders of the different regiments to perform it, although, by the laws of the country, they can be compelled to it. Those who are serving at present are six; five volunteers, including an officer, and another, who in the year 1835 was taken

up in the country for a vagrant, without any known occupation, and respecting whose destination the Government has not as yet given any resolution. Even said murderer, Peter Jussón, sentenced by the Superior Tribunal of Justice to the navy of this republic for four years on allowance, and without pay, and placed at the disposal of Government on 2nd of December, ultimo, has not been destined by this Government to the service of arms, although the culprit himself has solicited it."

The following condensed statement of minor grievances may be advantageously borrowed from the *Times*, in its "money article:"—

"Another grievance complained of was in the instance of a man named Lavie, messman to a canteen under the orders of Colonel Ramirez. Complaints having been made of great abuses and robberies of the clothing of the troops, a general search of every person was ordered, which he violently resisted. The result was that on examination of his trunk, 900 dollars were found, which he confessed having robbed his master of, besides 500 dollars more he had sent away, upon which he was arrested and sent to prison. The French Consul contended for his immunity from search and imprisonment as a French citizen. So [also a man named Desporey was claimed as a French subject, although he had been thirty years in the country, was married to a native, had a family, and been duly naturalized. He had amassed a considerable property, and the Consul denied his liability, notwithstanding all these circumstances, to serve like other citizens in the militia.]"

The succeeding extract from the same paper, shows how the contagion infects downwards from the high places—how the money-meanness of the sovereign descends among his humblest functionaries:—

"By far the most glaring impropriety alleged against the French Consul was, however, the fact that he was in the habit, for a trifling gratuity, of granting certificates of origin or of citizenship to persons of whatever nation. To such a scandalous extent had this been carried, as it is asserted, that the Sardinian Consul on his arrival had had bitter disputes with him about it, for on entering upon the duties of his consulship he found almost all the subjects of his sovereign certified by the French Consul as French subjects."

The French Consul played the part at Buenos Ayres of Baron Deffandis at Mexico. He bullied and advertised for wrongs in the character of an authorized diplomatist; yet, so far different from the Baron, refused to produce any credentials of the character he assumed.

To demonstrate how methodically the government went to work in the verification of facts, we subjoin the following return of prisoners confined:

"STATEMENT OF FOREIGNERS DETAINED IN THE PUBLIC PRISON.

BRITISH.

At the disposal of Government,	{ John Burata, or Belar, Mar. 20, 1837.
	{ Laurence Bute, Jan. 27, 1838.
At the disposal of Judge Dr. Garcia,	{ Francis Tracy, Mar. 26, 1838.
At the disposal of Judge Dr. Cardenas,	{ William Wasten, May 20, 1838.

FRENCH.

At the disposal of Government,	{ Peter Lavie,	Oct. 22, 1837.
	{ Peter Jussón,	Dec. 17, 1836.

PRUSSIAN.

At the disposal of the Judge Dr. Cardenas,	{ Francis Pacheco, Feb. 15, 1838.
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PORTUGUESE.

At the disposal of the Judge Dr. Garcia,	{ Custodio Fernandez, Jan. 18, 1836.
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ANTONIA TEJEDOR.  
MAZA.

Duly compared,  
Buenos Ayres, March 31, 1838."

With the explanations so unreservedly afforded, Admiral Le Blanc could do no less than express his contentment; and, accordingly, he thus addresses General Rosas on the 12th of April, 1838, dated off Monte Video:—

"E a déjà effacé deux de mes réclamations par des faits accomplis récemment: le premier est le jugement du Sieur Pierre Lavie; le second le renvoi de la milice des Français, qu'on y avait enrôlés contre leur volonté. Je n'ai donc plus à prétendre aujourd'hui que vous détenez justement mes compatriotes dans vos prisons ou dans votre milice; car je ne comprenais pas dans cette expression ceux qui s'y sont enrôlés volontairement. Il ne me reste plus à demander que des garanties contre le retour d'actes qui pourraient se renouveler et motiver de la part du Gouvernement Français de semblables réclamations."

It will be remarked, however, by what a miserable subterfuge he here gets rid of his former unfounded accusation, that "numbers" of Frenchmen were compulsorily serving in the militia. He speaks of the *renvoi* or release of those so enrolled, as if the fact were so, and the Government had yielded a contested point. It has been shown that there was not a man so released, because not one compulsorily enrolled. And yet, professing satisfaction with the objects conceded or attained, the blockade of Buenos Ayres was continued and exists to this day. The key-note is changed, to avoid coming to terms; the cry now is, "guarantees against the repetition of acts," the non-existence of which is clearly enough developed by the conclusive nature of the proof adduced.

The quarrels evidently are, in all their circumstances, so strained and unseasonably forced by a false hot-house process, that an *arrière pensée*, as the French have it, is transparent to the most superficial observer. In the cases of Mexico and Buenos Ayres the grand point of difference has been yielded; but, so far is this from leading to an accommodation, that difficulties are only increased, and new pretensions laboriously created. Mexico, after vainly praying an impartial reference—a mixed commission, first of Mexicans and French, and, on refusal of this, reference to an impartial foreign umpire—actually consented to admit the 600,000 dollars of indemnity extortion, without proof or exami-

nation. As in the instance of Buenos Ayres, this concession only raised the market of demand against them. Baron Deffandis had a long list of other claims, not ranging in the same category, as he says, all producible on occasion, and apparently indefinite. Let us compare one of these claims in behalf of Frenchmen with their own practice towards other people. Baron Deffandis to Mexico:—

"3d and lastly, Never to lay the smallest tax upon the legal privilege which the French have ever enjoyed, up to the present moment, of carrying on a retail trade, in like manner to the natives, without previously granting them sufficient indemnity."

French liberal practice is thus commemorated by a correspondent of the *Age*:—

*Boulogne, Oct. 12.*

"Let those who remember what Boulogne really was, only twenty years ago, look to the present flourishing condition of the town, and ask themselves by what has its prosperity been promoted? The simple and the obvious answer must be—the gullibility and prodigal anti-patriotic liberality of John Bull. The English have raised Boulogne from the state of a small fishing port to that of a large, opulent, and fashionable watering place; and yet, in requital of their bounty, the Government of France and the native inhabitants of Boulogne are at this moment endeavouring to crush every public establishment conducted by Englishmen.

"Perhaps the greatest accommodation, of late years, secured to our countrymen, who spend their incomes in this town, was that afforded by Bousfield's Library and Marine Reading Room, which not only afforded them a pleasant and convenient rendezvous, but put them in early possession of all English intelligence, by laying before them the principal Metropolitan and Provincial Journals of England. And yet the *Procureur du Roi* has suddenly resolved upon enforcing a most illiberal law, which excludes all 'foreigners' from carrying on trade in France.

"A worthier man, or a man more respected by all who have had dealings with him than Bousfield is, can scarcely be found in France; and yet he has been pounced upon in the most wanton and despotic manner, and compelled to close his establishment at a few hours' notice. The hardship of the case is, that he has been allowed to establish himself here at an enormous outlay of capital, to expend considerable sums of money in the improvement and decoration of his premises, and to carry on his business for upwards of two years; and then, without the shadow of a cause of complaint, without even a pretext of his having in any way incurred the displeasure of the local authorities, he is commanded to shut his shop, under a penalty of a fine of five hundred francs, accompanied by the compulsory destruction of his establishment. This to a young man not long established in business—or indeed to a man under any circumstances, must be ruinous. The blow is aimed, not at him exclusively, but at the people of England in general."

We noticed claims urged by Baron Deffandis as classed by him under another head still. Here we present a spice of his ultimatum referring to this other and separate category. For upstart arrogance and insolence, coarse as cowardly, there exists no counter-

part to it that we know of. The 600,000 dollars positive, and the thrice 600,000 in the back-ground and unspecified category, all conceded, will go, it is certain, but a small way towards the actual conclusion of strife. Thus dictates his high behests, this courteous and temperate official:

"The General Gregorio Gomez, who ordered the assassination of the two Frenchmen, Demoussent and Sansieu, in Tampico, shall be dismissed, and shall pay an indemnification of twenty thousand dollars to the families of the two victims.

"The Colonel Pardo, commandant of Colima, guilty of an attempted assassination, accompanied with dangerous wounds, on the person of the Senor Giraud Du-long, shall be dismissed; and the indemnity of nine thousand six hundred and sixty dollars, demanded by this Frenchman, shall be delivered to him.

"The Senor Tamayo, Judge de Letras, in Mexico, for the illegal, iniquitous and atrocious sentence which perversely he passed against the Senor Pitre Lemoine, shall be dismissed. This Frenchman shall be immediately set at liberty, and an indemnification of two thousand dollars shall be paid to him for the prolonged detention, completely unjust, which he has suffered, and the bad personal treatment which he so vilely has been made to endure in his confinement, since the sentence given by the Senor Tamayo, in July last.

An indemnity of fifteen thousand dollars shall be paid to the families of the Frenchmen, for their unpunished assassination at Atenzingo.

"The indemnities stipulated in this article, are to be comprehended in the total demand of the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, which are contained in the first article.

"The right, most certainly, and perhaps the duty of the undersigned, would be to require the punishment—

"Of the Governor of Tehuantepec, for the multitude of injustices committed by him against the French, and his inhuman conduct towards the Senores Bailly and Gourjon.

"Of the Governor of Tamaulipas, for his provoking partiality in the odious affair of the Senor Duranton.

"Of the Counterfitting Officers, who contrived all the persecutions directed against the Senor Le Dou.

"Of the Judge Zozaya, for a multitude of oppressive and arbitrary acts, as also for his habitual insolence towards the Legation of the King.

"Of the Judge Alatorre, for the insidious arrest of the Senor Burgos, and the unjust exactions carried into effect upon the Senor Simeon.

"Of the Alcalde of Mexico, guilty of the innovation and savage destruction of the lawful and useful establishment of the Senor Duval: and

"Of several others, in fine.

"But the undersigned is desirous of availing himself, while he can, of the qualified latitude permitted him, by the Government of the King, upon the subject: he does not wish to create any incumbrance to the Mexican Administration, and he confines himself to the requesting the punishment (very moderate) of these men, whose barbarous conduct is so widely separated from the principles of justice, of morality, and of civilization, that even the Mexican Journal has thought it proper to designate one of them, very recently, and who has not complained of the qualification, with the epithet of—the monster with a human face."



With the exception of Atenzingo, all the cases here referred to present the same features of atrocious exaggeration and absolute falsification as those cited before with proof and detail. It is edifying to see the small satellite of Louis Philippe quoting the journals against the objects of his vengeance. Will his master thank him for taking certificates of character from such a source? Will that master be content to take his own portrait as daily sketched by the press democratic or Carlist of Paris, and hang it up in the salons of the Tuileries, as the most faithful resemblance of the original? Why, beside the Ethiop caricature, the Mexican would start from his rival canvass blanched and pure as the driven snow.

The money grievances, laboriously fabricated as they are, with the monstrous interferences growing out of them, with the rights and liberties of the free citizens of a free state, are, after all, a preliminary cover only for other pretensions of a higher cast, for securing to France an ascendancy of political interest, and a monopoly of commercial advantages. The absolute claim of right on behalf of French subjects to settle as retail dealers in any part of Mexico, with the same privileges as Mexicans themselves, is one of these. It was enjoyed on sufferance previously, liable to withdrawal at pleasure; but in the ultimatum of the envoy, ample indemnification is insisted on in case of such withdrawal. The Mexicans were ready to agree that public notice should beforehand be given of such a measure when intended, with time sufficient for the sale of stock on hand, but contended for the right of internal legislation in such mode as might be deemed convenient, and urged also, that such concession to France would be inconsistent with obligations, *and the stipulations of treaties with other powers*. In cases of litigation between French subjects and Mexicans, when the former should be dissatisfied with the decision of the regular courts, as if the losing party was inevitable, it was proposed and insisted on by the Baron, that the proceeds should be submitted over again to a court of appeal, *presided over by the French Consul*, and the jury to be composed of one half natives and the other of French residents. From a tribunal constructed of such a majority, the stream of justice would doubtless flow all in one direction. To various other powers arrogated of interposing between Mexico and its creditors, we need advert, only to put in prior rights on the part of this country, should France succeed in establishing a new system of international law, all on one side and on her own behalf. The question to us is one of millions upon millions—to France, of hundreds of thousands only.

To Great Britain these iniquitous and unprovoked blockades of Mexico and Buenos Ayres are of transcendent importance. The whole export trade of France to Mexico, exceeds by little the amount of

700,000 francs, that of Great Britain reaches to as many millions sterling. The 600,000 dollars only, so arbitrarily required in the shape of indemnity by France, is not far from equal to the value of one half of her yearly traffic. The exaction is so much the more preposterous, as it is notorious that French traders or adventurers seeking fortune or subsistence in foreign lands are the least burdened with capital or commodities. We have seen and known them by hundreds arriving out with their petty *pacotilles* of *dentallas*, *bijouterie*, &c., of the worth of a few pounds only; and would be bound to stake our reputation on the fact that an average of L.10 cash or wares to each of the five or six thousand French on arrival in Mexico or now resident, would be far beyond the mark of their worldly store. That pretended claims to indemnity have become part of an organized system with such vagrants, cannot be doubted in the face of proofs adduced, and proofs endless which could be exhibited; it is a system too, which will continue to flourish in rank luxuriance so long as it is abetted by a Government equally mercenary and ambitious. Some few years ago the French Consul at Santiago de Chile made a glorious *bonne bouche* of the sort worth recording. The country being a prey to civil commotions and bands of insurgents and robbers roaming about, he was warned by the authorities of the danger to which he was exposed by residing out of the city in a lone country house, and moreover, advised, that unless he removed into the town they could not be responsible for his safety. The admonition was disregarded, and so one day his house was entered and pillaged: This was all he wanted; forthwith a "grievance" was made up, and a claim to indemnity for broken chairs, tables, and the plunder of his small stock of *argenterie* preferred to the amount of 42,000 dollars (!!!) or nearly L.9000! It was not possible the whole stock of so ill paid a functionary could have exceeded in value one or at most two thousand dollars. The claim, however, was pressed—high diplomatic notes and blustering threats passed from Paris—the Chilenos remonstrated on the absurd enormity of the charge, and prayed a reference of verification to a mixed jury of French and natives—in vain. As a last resort the sense of justice of the French Cabinet was appealed to, accompanied with an intimation that to the decision, whatever it might be, they should bow. By return of post came that decision in the shape of an order to pay down the whole scandalous overcharge. The clerks in the Paris foreign office, if not the chief himself, had doubtless a fellow feeling with the Consul—in the money if no otherwise. Some time subsequently the same Consul was nominated to Buenos Ayres, where the Government, already aware of the danger and the expense of so costly a guest, absolutely refused to receive him.

On the declaration of the blockade of Buenos Ayres,

the paltry motives of which have been exposed, no less than fourteen or fifteen British ships were on the voyage out there, or loaded and ready to sail in one party, with cargoes of the aggregate value of some half million sterling—cargoes specially assorted for that one market, and therefore unavailable elsewhere. The loss, not to say ruin, to merchants and traders must therefore be prodigious on that single head; but when the millions of annual products of British industry, and of tens of millions of British capital embarked in Mexican enterprise, or lent to the Mexican Government, are added to the vast account, it will not be denied, that in the fate of the Spanish American people and government, we have a stake of incomparable magnitude—a stake second only to that in our own colonial possessions. Their peace and prosperity, so interwoven with our own, arm us with the most incontestable of all rights to interfere for their protection and preservation. Aggression against them can only be successful at our expense; and those who apparently aim only at their humiliation or spoliation, are in reality inflicting wounds the most incurable upon British interests and British power. Should we stand by tamely to see Spanish America reduced to such extremities that compliance with the insulting and rigorous tenour of the alternation of Baron Deffandis becomes a matter of necessity, the loss may indeed be shared by Mexico, but the ignominy will be all our own. That functionary, triumphing in the consciousness of force superior, has proclaimed that, “should (which God forbid) this answer (of Mexico) be in the negative, upon only one point, should it even be doubtful upon only one point, should it finally be delayed beyond the 15th of April, the undersigned must then immediately place the continuation of this affair in the hands of the Senor Bazoche, Commander of His Majesty’s Naval Forces, of which a division is actually upon the coast of Mexico; and this superior officer will put into execution the orders he has already received.”

All proposals of reference to the friendly offices of a foreign power have been contemptuously spurned; although he himself insidiously, as no doubt falsely asserts, that *once* during a personal conference with the Mexican minister, he did *verbally* propose or accept such arbitration, so since denounced; although in the two contemporary cases of Prussia and the United States, Mexico has experienced no such repulse, and met with no difficulty in the arrangement. Unable to bring down the Government to the sacrifice of all sense of national dignity, he did not scruple to recur to attempts to excite discontent, if not insurrection among the people, by characterizing the differences as not between *los dos pueblos*, but as personal points between the Mexican authorities and the King of the French. So far the insidious *ruse* has failed; let Louis Philippe beware lest so perilous a weapon be hereafter wielded

against himself by an arm more powerful to drive it home.

It is time that we also raise the question of damage, in our case the mightiest of questions. Every where is France lording it with a high hand, mortally striking at the very vitals of our maritime ascendancy founded on our commerce, whilst with the same instrument, or through the same means, exalting her own naval greatness, and creating new sources of that commerce which most flourishes where best protected and most secure. *Nos guerres*, says the *Journal des Debats*, the organ of the Tuileries, *sont des guerres de civilization, et sont toutes aussi des guerres maritimes. Cel a crée a notre marine un grand et bel avenir.* “Let Mexico make a treaty of commerce with us, and repair the wrongs done to our national honour; our fleet then will retire to Havana.” The *Journal des Debats* abjures for France all lust of conquest in these maritime wars, which we are told are not “wars of ambition.” At Algiers, however, she has thought, and acted in a different sense; as well as more recently in Brazil, where a territory has been forcibly taken possession of extending from French Guiana to the great mouth of the Amazons, comprizing nearly 300 miles of sea-coast, and running backwards on the line of that magnificent river some 1500 miles to the inland frontiers of Peru and Colombia. And all this without plausible pretext, provocation, or previous notification; the flagrant abstraction and encroachment being committed upon the empire of Brazil, a state in alliance with and causeless of injury to her. What by violence has been effected, by force she is resolved to keep. Her ships of war are there anchored in Brazilian waters and ride mistress of the Amazons as of the La Plata. Recent advices, worthy of credit, state that a squadron of seventeen well manned French men-of-war cruise on the Brazilian station, whilst three or four British ships only are to be heard of, and those half manned, and indifferently equipped.

Such is an outline of the Spanish-American question—such the incidents out of which have arisen the blockades of Mexico and Buenos Ayres—such the “War in Disguise,” against the industry and the naval greatness of Great Britain. They are ingredients in that grand and scarcely occult confederacy, which in all parts of the world is at work to undermine British interests and influence—to prostrate the power and the resources of this great country. From the two Americas in the West, to Nepal, Cabul, and Burmah in the East, the “might, majesty, and dominion” of the British name are now scarcely more than a dream of the bygone time—chaos seems come again, and the confusion which stalks abroad is only to be surpassed by the discord which reigns at home, whilst Russia and France ride triumphantly the evil geni of the storm. The puny Whigs, affecting to be statesmen,

and actually at the helm of state, are casting about to find themselves, if not dishonourable graves, some less honourable means of rescue from the coming tempest, and wordy escape from exposure and ignominy. At the eleventh hour, indeed, Mr. Pakenham, the minister to Mexico, has been ordered to his post; his proffer of mediation is, it is said, to be backed with the presence of some men-of-war, which used to be, and may again be Britain's best negotiators. Time was, indeed, that steps were taken to show that the lion was awaking, and his mane bristling with aroused ire. By way of counter-demonstration, Louis Philippe, they say, is exchanging cards of compliment with Nicholas, and talk of negotiation and alliance with Russia.

*From the United Service Journal.*

## THE PROGRESS OF DUELLING.

### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Looking down from the pinnacle of the Temple into the houses, streets, highways, and fields of the world, where I find death acting in so many and so divers postures, methinks there's no one whereby the prince of darkness triumphs more over our human nature than, (this wherein he employs our courage, even the vertu of our nature to destroy itself,) by the desperate practice of duels."—*Montague*.

"What fatal contests rise from trivial things!"—*Pope*.

In attempting to trace the progress of duelling down to the present time, we do not pretend to lay before our readers detailed accounts of all the celebrated duels, which have taken place during the current century. Our object is to present such cases only, as ungarnished with remarks or arguments, irresistibly lead to the conclusion that, even admitting the present laws of honour ought to be acted on, the majority of duels ought never to have been fought.

Notwithstanding the instances we have given in a former paper, and are about to proceed to give, of the progress of duelling, it cannot be denied that duels have not been so numerous of late years as formerly, and have more frequently terminated without bloodshed. The combatants now meet under the influence of a cooler temperament, they do not fight *à outrance*; second shots are rarely discharged; the practice is merely conformed to, with a view of preserving their stations in society, to whose inexorable and absurd laws their intemperate language or conduct has rendered them amenable. Explanations and retractions are now also more willingly given and eagerly accepted. It is no longer a mark of cowardice for a gentleman to explain his intention when misconceived, or acknowledge his error when wrong. The reputation of a duellist daily more and more approximates, in public opinion, to the character of a bully. Moral courage

is fast supplanting physical courage, as the characteristic of true bravery:

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.  
As for your youth, whom blood and blows delight,  
Away with them! There is not in their crew  
One valiant spirit!"\*

Why, then, should the practice be continued? The substance has long since gone; why follow the shadow? Why not by one short struggle get rid of a custom which has now no defenders on principle? Why longer tolerate a system which, "by separating the man of honour from the man of virtue, gives the greatest profligates something to value themselves upon, and enables them to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices?"† Nothing can be more absurd and barbarous than the practice of duelling, except the argument of those who justify it by saying that it begets civility and good manners. If fear be the source, or even one of the sources, of good manners and civility, what a state must society be in, and what a fiend must man be! If fear be the only corrective agency for bad manners or incivility, then it is a panacea for all the moral evils of humanity, and the philosopher of Malmesbury, after the wrangling of two centuries, is right.

"We know well," says Bruyère, "that an honest man is a man of honour; but it is pleasant to conceive that every man of honour is not an honest man." True, and it only requires a determination on the part of honest men not to acknowledge mere men of honour as their fellows, to put an end to foolish and unnecessary duelling. It is by the force of opinion, and not by the force of law, that duelling can be suppressed. Everywhere opinion, "supported by its two wings, the past and the future," individually assents to its suppression; all that is now required to render it irresistible is, that it should be embodied.

"This, being well forced, and urged, must have the power  
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,  
And spurn out the duelloes out o' the kingdom."‡

When that embodiment happily takes place, the history of duelling will be the history of past crimes only. With these prefatory remarks we resume our annals.

The two earliest duels of the nineteenth century, which were of any importance, took place in that land of fire-eaters, where,

"After being fired at once or twice,  
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

\* *Joanna Baillie*. The lines occur in her great but neglected play, *Basil*.

† *Hume*, David—not *Joseph*.

‡ *Beaumont and Fletcher*—*Passionate Madman*.

In the first, the great defender of Irish independence took part. The excitement and agitation which the proposal of a legislative union with England caused in the Irish Parliament, are well known. The supporters of the measure adopted, it is generally believed, a truly national mode of aiding their project. They determined that no man should advance upon them by degrading the party they had adopted, and the measure they were pledged to support. They resolved to have a dinner every day in one of the committee chambers, where they could always be at hand to make up a house, or for any emergency, which should call for an unexpected reinforcement during any part of the discussion. In short, they determined to eat, drink, speak, and fight for the Union. On the first debate, in 1800, it appeared indisputably that Lord Castlereagh had infused his own spirit into many of his adherents, and it became equally apparent that it was not met with correspondent ardour by the Opposition: to this, however there was one memorable exception—to Mr. Grattan alone was it reserved to support the spirit of his party, and to exemplify the gallantry which he had strongly recommended to others, in opposition to the warlike tactics of the ministerialists. Roused by Mr. Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Grattan gave him no time for repentance; and, considering the temper of the times and the propensity of the people, it is marvellous, that this was the only instance of bloodshed during the contest. Mr. Grattan demanded an instant meeting, and had severely wounded his antagonist before day-break. The intelligence of the duel arrived at the House before the evening's debate, in the course of which it had originated, was finished. This rapid affair was humorously termed by Curran, "Grattan's impromptu," and it was remarked that the Government members did not seem much to relish the *jeu d'esprit*, as they were afterwards particularly civil to Mr. Grattan.

The other Irish duel was that fought in 1802, between Sir Richard Musgrave and Mr. William Todd Jones. Sir Richard, in his History of the Irish Rebellion, had made some severe observations on the conduct of Mr. Jones, during the period that gentleman had sat in the Irish Parliament, for which he had been induced to apologise, on the understanding that the apology should not be made public until the expiration of a certain period. To Sir Richard's great astonishment, on entering a public room in Eustace-street, Dublin, long before the expiration of the period, he saw a notice of the apology, and in terms much more ample than he had expressed himself, posted on the wall. He immediately called on Mr. Jones for satisfaction: they met, and Sir Richard was severely wounded in the thigh.

The year 1803 was one of fatality to duellists. Early in March in that year a most extraordinary duel took

place in Hyde Park, between a Lieutenant in the navy and a military officer. The distance was only six paces, at the first fire the naval officer's third and fourth fingers were torn off his right hand. Callous to pain he wrapped his handkerchief round his hand, and swore he had another which never failed him. They again took their ground. On the wounded man receiving the pistol in his left hand, he looked steadfastly at his adversary for some time, and said in a low voice, "Forgive me!" The parties fired as before, and both fell. The military principal had received the shot through his head, and instantly expired; the other received the ball in his left breast, and immediately inquired if his antagonist's wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked Heaven he had lived thus long, requested a mourning ring on his finger might be given to his sister, and that she might be assured that the present was the happiest moment of his life. He had scarcely uttered the words, when a quantity of blood burst from the wound, and he expired almost without a struggle.

The next fatal duel created great sensation, and was fought in April, 1803, between Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, R.N. These gentlemen, on the morning of the day on which the affair took place, were riding in the circle in Hyde Park, each followed by a Newfoundland dog. The dogs quarrelled, and Colonel Montgomery, who did not see that Captain Macnamara was near, after separating the animals, exclaimed, "Whose dog is that? I will knock him down." On which Captain Macnamara said, "Have you the impertinence to say you will knock my dog down? You must first-knock me down." An altercation ensued, and an exchange of cards followed, with an appointment to meet at seven o'clock the same evening near Primrose Hill. Both parties were punctual. Captain Macnamara's ball entered the right side of Colonel Montgomery's chest: he instantly fell, without uttering a word, but rolled over two or three times; as if in great agony, and groaned. The Colonel's aim, however, had been equally as effective, although not so fatal as that of his adversary; his ball passed through Captain Macnamara's body, entering on the right side just above the hip, taking part of his leather breeches and the hip button away with it. Colonel Montgomery as conveyed to a neighbouring house, and in about five minutes after he was brought in, he expired with a gentle sigh.

Captain Macnamara was a distinguished naval officer, was well-known as a duellist, and was remarkable at Cork, when stationed off that port, for keeping the turbulent in awe. Colonel Montgomery was also distinguished in his profession; he was known in London by the *sobriquet* of the Duke of Hamilton's double, from his studiously copying that nobleman's

style of dress. Captain Macnamara recovered of his wound and was tried for murder. His defence, which was prepared by Lord, then Mr. Erskine, was one which no British jury, at that day, could resist. "I am," he stated, "a Captain of the British Navy. My character you can hear only from others. But to maintain my character without situation I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the laws of God, or of this land. I know that, in the eye of duty and reason, obedience to the law, though against the feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action; but in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowance for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman; but their existence has supported this happy country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost." Although the judge (Heath) stated to the jury that, from the prisoner's own admission, they must find him guilty of manslaughter, they pronounced a general verdict of acquittal.

In the month of May, in the same year, a Mr. O'Reilly was shot by a law-student of the name of Hobart, in a duel at Chalk Farm. The quarrel arose in a low house of entertainment. Hobart was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, but, in consequence of the insufficiency of the evidence, was acquitted.

Although the notice of American duels does not fall within the scope of the present article, yet we cannot forbear from offering our readers a slight sketch of the most important affair contained in the bloody pages of their annals:—we allude to that fought in 1804 between Col. Burr and General Hamilton. At the time the affair occurred Burr was Vice President of the United States, and Hamilton had been appointed to succeed Mr. Livingstone as the Ambassador of the Republic at Paris. The immediate origin of the dispute was a political pamphlet, published by a Dr. Cooper, which contained the following passages:—"General Hamilton and Dr. Kent say, that they consider Colonel Burr as a dangerous man, and one unfit to be trusted with the reins of government." "General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr opinions still more despicable." This latter passage excited the resentment of Colonel Burr, who sent a friend with a letter to General Hamilton, demanding "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment, or denial of the expression which could justify this inference on the part of Dr. Cooper." The General objected to this demand, considering it as too indefinite, or as calling on him to retrace every conversation which he had held, either publicly or confidentially, in the course of fifteen years' opposition, and to contradict that which very possibly

might have escaped his memory. If anything more definite should be proposed, he expressed his willingness to give Colonel Burr all proper satisfaction. That gentleman, however, insisted on a general retraction, stating that it was no matter whether his honour had been attacked loudly or in whispers. General Hamilton again refused to acquiesce in his demand; and a meeting was required by Burr.

They met, and General Hamilton received a fatal wound. It appeared that he had determined not to return Colonel Burr's first fire; but that on his receiving the shock of a mortal wound, his pistol went off involuntarily, and without being aimed. Search was afterwards made for his ball, which was found lodged in a cedar tree, at the height of eleven feet and a half, fourteen paces from the place where General Hamilton stood, and more than four feet out of the line of direction between the parties.

General Hamilton was greatly respected, being the principal leader of his party. His funeral was attended by all the public functionaries of New York—the bells of the city were muffled, and tolled during the day—the shops, at the instance of the common council, were closed—all business suspended—and the principal inhabitants engaged to wear mourning for six weeks. After the funeral service the Governor of New York delivered, to an immense concourse of people, a funeral oration, expressive of the merits of the deceased, and of the loss which America had sustained in his death. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of murder against Burr and his seconds.

Almost at the very moment this fatal occurrence was thus creating so great a sensation in America, a duel was fought in London, which, in general interest, almost equalled that caused by the American encounter:—we refer to the affair in which Lord Camelford lost his life.

It is unnecessary, in narrating this unfortunate duel, to detail the previous career of that highly-gifted, but eccentric nobleman. Suffice it to say, that his character was a curious mixture of much that was virtuous and much that was vicious—all in extremes; with chivalrous notions of punctilious honour, and with an irascible temper, which brought him into many broils, he was warm in his affections, and almost unexampled in his benevolence. Disdaining all luxury\* in his own manner of life, he sought for opportunities of dis-

\* The following is a description of his Lordship's dress, when he had the command, in 1796, of the *Favourite*, sloop-of-war, in the West Indies. Although a commander, he appeared in a lieutenant's uniform, without swabs; the buttons of his coat were as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom. His hair was all shaved off; and on his head he wore a monstrous gold-laced cocked hat, which, from its appearance, might have seen service with Sir Walter Raleigh. Although rigidly severe in his duty, as his conduct in Lieutenant Peterson's mutiny proved, he daily provided a table of plenty of good fresh meat, at his own expense, for his men on the Surgeon's list.

persing his great fortune is acts of genuine charity, and conferred the most liberal favours with a secrecy that ennobled the gift. He did not distribute less than 4000*l.* per annum in the purchase of commissions for gallant young men, who had not the means of promotion, and in the relief of decayed seamen and soldiers. If many of his political proceedings were characterized with imprudence, no one could doubt they sprung from patriotism. He was a man whose real character was to the world but little known; his imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public; but his counterbalancing virtues were seldom heard of. Though too violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet, to his acquaintances, he was gentle, affable, and courteous—a stern adversary, but the mildest and most generous of friends. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty suppliant; but he was more often the soother of real sorrow and unmerited woe.

Lord Camelford and Mr. Best had been intimate friends; both were young men of high fashion, and esteemed first-rate shots. The subject of their quarrel was an abandoned woman, who had formerly lived with Mr. Best, but was then under the protection of Lord Camelford. This artful wretch, meeting Mr. Best at the opera, made of him a request inconsistent with their relative positions; and, on being refused, declared she would set Lord Camelford upon him; and accordingly complained to his Lordship that Mr. Best had spoken disrespectfully of him. This greatly incensed Lord Camelford, and at the Prince of Wales Coffee-House, where they generally dined, he went up to Mr. Best, and said, loud enough to be heard by all the company, "I find that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best mildly replied that he was utterly unconscious of deserving such a charge; to which Lord Camelford answered that he was not ignorant of what he had reported to Mrs. Symons, and pronounced him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." Mr. Best said that those were expressions which admitted but of one course, and a meeting was immediately arranged for the next morning. In the course of the evening, Mr. Best conveyed to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that, believing his Lordship had acted under a false impression, he would be satisfied if the expressions were retracted. This Lord Camelford refused to do. Attended by their respective friends, they met next morning at a coffee-house in Oxford Street; and there again Mr. Best made an effort to procure a retraction. He went up to his lordship, and said, "Camelford, we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honour, you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not persist in expressions under which one of us must fall." Lord

Camelford answered—"Best, this is child's-play; the affair must go on." And yet, at this very moment, Lord Camelford had in his heart acquitted Mr. Best, and had confidentially stated to his second that he knew he was in the wrong; that Best was a man of honour; but that he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used. In going to the ground, he reiterated this statement to his second, adding, that as Mr. Best and he were two of the best shots in England, one of them must fall, but, whatever was the issue of the affair, he begged him to bear testimony that he acquitted Mr. Best of all blame. No remonstrances could, however, induce him to withdraw the offensive expressions. They were placed at fifteen paces from each other—

"A gentlemanly distance, but not too near  
If you have got your former friend for foe."

They fired together, and Lord Camelford fell, to all appearance dead. In an instant, however, he recovered the shock, so far as to exclaim—"I am killed; but I acquit Best—I alone was to blame!" He begged them to consult their safety, and accordingly Mr. Best and his friend departed. Lord Camelford was conveyed to Little Holland House. The ball had entered his right breast, and is supposed to have passed through the lungs, and lodged in the back-bone. He lingered a few days in the greatest agony, and expired.

Lord Camelford, by his will, peremptorily forbade his relatives or friends from prosecuting his antagonist, declaring that the contest was of his own seeking. The day previous to his death he added a codicil to his will, in which, after stating that persons in general have a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and, on their death-beds, usually desire their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, to be interred, he continues, "I wish my body to be removed, as soon as may be convenient, to a country far distant; to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains." The place he chose was situated on the borders of the Lake of St. Lampierre, in the canton of Berne, and three trees stood on the particular spot. The centre tree he desired might be taken up, and, his body being there deposited, immediately replaced. "Let no monument or stone be placed over my grave." At the foot of this tree, his Lordship added, he formerly passed many solitary hours, contemplating the mutability of human affairs. As a compensation to the proprietors of the spot described, he left them one thousand pounds. He also requested his relatives not to go into mourning for him.

It may be mentioned as a curious fact, that at the time of the duel Lord Camelford and Mr. Best had a bet of two hundred pounds depending, as to which of

them was the best shot. Both of them were distinguished duellists.

"No men as they so skillful were in fight;  
Expert in all to duels that belong,  
Train'd up in arms whilst yet they were but young."

The relation of Lord Camelford's death recalls to recollection another fatal affair, which would, doubtless, never have occurred, had it not been for the former. For that reason we detail the circumstances here, although they did not take place for many years afterwards. In 1810 a naval officer inquired of Lieutenant Cecil if he knew Captain Stackpole, of the *Statira*. Cecil replied that he did, and had the best opinion of him as a brave officer; but added, that he believed him capable of occasionally drawing the long bow. This answer was publicly talked of in the gun-room of the *Statira*, and at length reached the Captain's ears, who, having ascertained that the words were spoken, declared he would call Lieutenant Cecil to account when and wherever he met with him. It was so far fortunate that they did not meet for four years; but the opportunity at last offered. In 1814 the *Statira* was lying in the harbour of Port Royal, Jamaica, and the *Argo*, of which Cecil was senior Lieutenant, entered the port. Captain Stackpole immediately sent a message to Lieutenant Cecil demanding a meeting, for the slanderous words he had used. Lieutenant Cecil, in reply, said that, four years having elapsed since the words were spoken which he was charged with uttering, it was impossible for him to recollect how far they were correct or not; but that, as a brother officer and a man of honour had quoted his words, he could not act otherwise than avow them. Lieutenant Cecil added that he was willing to make any concession or apology, consistent with the character of an officer and a gentleman. This overture of concession was, however, rejected by Captain Stackpole, who declared that nothing but a meeting would satisfy him. A meeting took place at the Pallisades next morning. When on the ground, Captain Stackpole offered to accept Lieutenant Cecil's apology. Cecil replied, that his antagonist was well known in the service as an unerring shot, and as having been the friend and companion of Lord Camelford;—what then would be thought of his making an apology when he had been brought into his present position? "One shot," he continued, "must pass between us, and, if we both escape, which is my earnest prayer, the matter may be then accommodated." Captain Stackpole fell mortally wounded by the first shot. Not only it is believed was this the first duel fought by Cecil, but the first time he had ever fired a pistol.

Captain Stackpole was a brave and meritorious officer; his challenge to fight the *Statira* against the American frigate the *Macedonian* had endeared him to

his crew, and not a man could refrain from tears on learning his fate.

The conduct of Lieutenant Cecil in this affair was considered so little blamable, that the Admiral on the station actually promoted him to the vacancy occasioned by Stackpole's death; his mind, however, never recovered the shock, and within a few months of the catastrophe he sunk, deeply regretted for his many estimable qualities, into a premature grave.

In the year 1806 three fatal duels were fought. The first, between Major Brookes and Colonel Bolton, occurred at Liverpool, in the month of January. About a year previous, a quarrel had arisen between these gentlemen which would have then led to a meeting, had they not been bound over to keep the peace towards each other. This, unfortunately, increased their animosity, and each reproached the other with having informed the officers of justice of their intention to fight. Immediately on the time for which they were bound to keep the peace elapsing, a challenge passed, and a meeting took place. At the first fire Major Brookes was killed on the spot. The second duel was fought in March, between Lieutenant Torrens and Surgeon Fisher, both of the 6th Foot, near Chelmsford. Lieutenant Fisher was killed by the first fire. The third affair occurred in October, and arose out of a quarrel, at a hop at Plymouth, between two Midshipmen named Armstrong and Long. The latter, a youth of only eighteen years of age, was killed.

The next duel to which the progress of time calls our attention is that fought in May, 1807, by Sir Francis Burdett. On the death of Mr. Fox, Sir Francis Burdett had promised his support to Mr. Paull as a candidate for Westminster, of which promise Mr. Paull so far availed himself as to announce his friend, without his consent, in an advertisement, as a chairman of an electioneering dinner. Sir Francis absented himself from the entertainment, and Mr. Paull was obliged to make a most mortifying and unsatisfactory explanation. Under all the vexation and annoyance of this event, Mr. Paull sought an interview with Sir Francis, and, after the interchange of a few messages, challenged him. They met near Coombe Wood, and discharged two pistols each. The second shot fired by Mr. Paull wounded Sir Francis in the thigh, and the second pistol fired by Sir Francis lodged its contents in Mr. Paull's leg. So ill had the preliminaries been arranged, that the wounded parties were obliged to return home in the same carriage. The account drawn up by Sir Francis's second, Mr. Bellenden Ker, is ridiculously amusing. Mr. Ker was unable, from the shortness of the time allowed him, to procure pistols. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paull's second, did not know how to load those he had brought; and, on being asked what distance he proposed for the

parties to stand, he replied he knew nothing about the matter, and left it to Mr. Ker. On the principals being placed, Mr. Cooper, whom it had been arranged should give the signal, went to so great a distance from the ground, that the parties could not even see him, much less hear the signal by which they were to fire, and Mr. Ker was obliged, in point of fact, to act as second to both. Mr. Ker's statement concluded thus:—"Mr. Cooper has constantly refused to sign any official account, say where he lives, or what is his situation; nor do I at this moment know anything about him."

But, however ridiculous the affair may have been to others, it was a most serious matter to Mr. Paull. His wound, although not dangerous, was slow in healing, and painful in the extreme. This, the overthrow of his parliamentary hopes, and a series of untoward circumstances, brought on mental derangement, and, before the expiration of twelve months, the unhappy man put a period to his existence.

During this year a duel took place in the province of Bengal, which created considerable attention in India. Two officers, named Phillips and Sheppard, quarrelled. After spending several weeks in the exchange of notes and messages, they chose to go out in the dark, and to fight by the light of a lantern held between them by a black servant. No witnesses were present (for natives at that time were not evidence against Europeans,) and Captain Phillips was killed on the spot. The survivor was tried before Sir Henry Russel, and found guilty of manslaughter, with that learned recorder's approbation; though, if there be any authority in law for a duel being a crime, it is either murder or nothing at all; and it is as much a departure from the authority of law to find it manslaughter as to find it no crime.

The 71st regiment was stationed in 1807 at Armagh. Major Campbell, while sitting after dinner one day at the mess-table, had a slight quarrel with Captain Boyd about the mode of giving a particular word of command. After the altercation the Major went home, drank tea with his wife, and, having made some arrangements, returned to the hotel where the mess was held. He ordered lights into a small room, and then sent a message to Captain Boyd, that he wished to speak to him. Boyd shortly entered the apartment, the door of which was instantly closed. In a few minutes shots were heard, and the waiters, rushing in, found Boyd writhing on the ground, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Macpherson, who was accidentally at hand, hurried to the spot, and was witness to the conversation which weighed with such fatal effect against Campbell on his trial.

He heard Major Campbell say, "On the word of a dying man, was every thing fair?"

Boyd replied, "Campbell, you have hurried me. You are a bad man."

The Major repeated the question, with still greater earnestness, and Boyd again answered, "Oh! my—, Campbell, you know I wanted to wait, and have friends."

The Major repeated his question a third time, adding, "Did you not say you were ready?"

To this Boyd assented, but, as before added, "Campbell, you are a bad man."

He subsequently declared he forgave the Major, and expressed great sympathy for his situation.

The real circumstances of the duel are few and simple. When Boyd entered the room, he complained of the suddenness with which he had been summoned from the parade-ground, and expressed a wish that the matter should be deferred until friends were provided. The Major made a passionate answer, accompanied by a threat of proclaiming Boyd a coward, unless he instantly made his choice of the pistols that were produced, and took his stand in the corner of the room. Boyd, it is said, continued to remonstrate, until he was cut short by Campbell's stern question, "Are you ready?" and his agitation prevented him from having an equal chance.

Campbell made his escape from Ireland, and resided for several months, under a feigned name, at Chelsea; but his mind became so uneasy that he resolved to surrender himself and take his trial. The duel had been the theme of much conversation, and the privacy of the rencontre gave room for the invention of calumnious reports, which the Major's flight tended to confirm. He was first cousin to Lord Breadalbane; and his surrender, instead of being viewed as the result of penitence and remorse, was regarded by too many as a mockery and bravado of justice. Utterly false as such a view of the case was, Campbell confirmed the prejudices against him by incautiously declaring, "He was sure the verdict would be manslaughter." The misrepresentation of these innocent words produced a strong effect on the minds of the Presbyterians of Armagh. His modest and contrite deportment on his trial, and the excellent character given of him by officers of the highest rank, went far towards turning the tide in his favour. But one of the witnesses for the defence is said to have exhibited a dictatorial air, as if his simple word would decide the verdict—and this circumstance is reported to have had a fatal influence. The verdict was "guilty of murder," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground of good character *only*.

Sentence of death was pronounced, but, by great exertions, a short respite was obtained; and Mrs. Campbell, who was tenderly attached to her husband, resolved to proceed to London and solicit the royal mercy. She hastened to the sea-coast; but found that unexpected circumstances threatened to frustrate her hopes. Steam-boats were not yet in use. It blew a



perfect hurricane; and no reward could tempt the captain of any vessel to venture to sea. While she was running up and down the shore in a distracted state, she met a few humble fishermen, and these poor fellows no sooner heard the cause of her agony than they offered her their services and their boat, in which she actually crossed the Channel. Her brave companions not only refused to receive any reward; but attended her to the coach-office, and followed her several miles on the road, praying God to bless her and give her success. On arriving at Windsor with her petition, it was past eight o'clock, and the King had retired to his apartments; but the Queen, compassionating the afflicted wife, presented the memorial that night, and Mrs. Campbell received the kindest attention from the whole of the royal family. The case was anxiously debated in the Council, but, after a full review of the circumstances, it was finally resolved that the law should be permitted to take its course. Mrs. Campbell, in the meantime proceeded to Scotland, cheered with the hope of obtaining, at least, another respite. She reached Ayr, her paternal home, on the very morning that her husband's corpse was brought thither, to repose in the sepulchre of his ancestors.

When Major Campbell heard that his fate was decided, he prepared to meet death with the fortitude of a soldier, and the resignation of a Christian. A change had come over the public mind, and universal sorrow for his fate had taken the place of the prejudices, which inaccurate reports of the duel had produced. By a strange concurrence of circumstances his own regiment mounted guard round the scaffold. A vast multitude occupied every spot from which a view of the place of execution could be obtained. The crowds displayed the unusual show of all the gentry from the neighbouring country assembled in deep mourning. Precisely at noon Major Campbell appeared on the platform, supported by his father-in-law. Instantly the brave Highlanders took off their military bonnets, and, with streaming eyes, joined in prayer for the spirit about to be parted from its mortal frame. The vast crowd stood uncovered in solemn silence, so that the grating of the falling drop was heard to its remotest extremity. One groan from the thousands of spectators, for an instant, broke the profound silence, and proclaimed that all was over.

At an election for the county of Wexford in 1808, Mr. John Colclough, of Tintern Abbey, declared himself a candidate for the representation of that county, which he had sat for in the previous Parliament. For many years certain noblemen had monopolized the representation of Wexford, and Mr. Colclough determined, on this occasion, to put the sense of the county to proof, and therefore proposed Sheridan as joint candidate with himself. With these gentlemen, Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of the influenced electors, contested the county. The election commenced, the poll proceeded, and the independent party was rapidly advancing to success, when one of the most unfortunate and melancholy events on Irish record terminated the contest. Several tenants of a person, who had given his interest to Alcock, absolutely refused to vote for that gentleman, declaring that, at every risk, they

would support Colclough and the "Great Sheridán." Mr. Alcock's partisans ascribed the conduct of these men to seductions on the part of Mr. Colclough. The latter protested in the most solemn manner that he had not even solicited their votes. Alcock insisted they should not vote for him. "How can I prevent them?" naturally inquired Mr. Colclough. After much discussion, Mr. Colclough was required to decline the votes, or receive them at his peril. Of course, he disregarded this threat; open war ensued, and it was determined, that before the opening of the next morning's poll, the candidates should decide, by single combat, the contested question and the election itself.

Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair, among whom were several magistrates. Both candidates were remarkably near-sighted, and Mr. Alcock determined on using spectacles. This was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would not follow the example. The partisans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked, and the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them. The seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols, and, placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew. A dead silence and a pause ensued—the crowd stood in motionless suspense—the combatants presented—men scarcely breathed—the word was given—Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend and his former companion, for such he had been, instantly fell forward shot through the heart: he spoke not, but, turning on one side, his heart's-blood gushed forth, his limbs quivered, he groaned, and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck, without effect.

The bystanders were almost petrified with horror; a profound stillness prevailed for a moment, and then, on a sudden, a loud and universal yell burst simultaneously from every quarter of the field. Alcock was hurried by his partisans from the ground: those of Colclough collected round his body, and their candidate was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through those very streets, which had that morning been prepared to signalize his triumph. Within two hours after the death of his opponent, Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected. At the next assizes he was tried for murder, before Baron Smith, who openly declared against a capital conviction, and the jury, without a moment's hesitation, pronounced a verdict of not guilty.

The acquitted duellist, however, suffered more in mind than his victim had done in body: haunted by reflection and sorrow, he ended his own days in personal restraint and mental ruin. Two other duels were fought upon the same occasion, but with little injury and still less interest.

To this fatal affair there yet was another sad corollary. Miss Alcock had known Colclough long and intimately; she was an amiable and a very sensitive person; her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression, kept the gloomy transaction alive in her mind: the death of her brother at last dried up all the sources of mental tranquillity—her reason wandered, then fled. She did not long, in this state, survive the dreadful fate of her brother and his friend.

The year 1809 was distinguished by a political duel, which has become of historical importance. It had long been reported that there were divisions in the Duke of Portland's cabinet, and that a change in some

of the highest offices of state would take place. These divisions became public in the latter end of September, when Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary-of-War, sent a challenge to Mr. Canning, who held the seals of the Foreign Office. A duel ensued, and, at the second fire Mr. Canning received a ball in his right thigh. The cause of this duel was for a considerable time the chief topic of discussion for the political journalists. Statements, counter-statements, rejoinders, and sur-rejoinders, issued from the parties and their friends. The violence of partisanship did not, as is usual, allow justice to decide. Now that time has softened the asperities of politicians towards both candidates, and death possesses them in a common receptacle, it cannot be denied that, however much Mr. Canning may have had the public service at heart in what he did, his conduct towards Lord Castlereagh was unjustifiable; and, if sanctioned and acted on by statesmen, would destroy that confidence which public men ought to place in one another.

Lord Castlereagh's complaint was, that, they being both members of the Cabinet, Mr. Canning had applied clandestinely to get him removed from office, for the purpose of substituting the Marquis Wellesley in his place: before Easter, it was affirmed, he made this application to the Duke of Portland, and obtained his promise that Lord Castlereagh should be dismissed from office. "Notwithstanding this promise," said Lord Castlereagh, in the letter which contained the challenge, "by which I consider you pronounced it unfit that I should remain charged with the conduct of the war, and by which my situation as a Minister of the Crown was made dependent on your will and pleasure, you continued to sit in the same cabinet with me, and left me not only in the persuasion that I possessed your confidence and support as a colleague, but allowed me, in breach of every principle of good faith, both public and private, to originate and proceed in a new enterprise of the most arduous and important nature (the Walcheren expedition,) with your apparent concurrence and ostensible approbation. You are fully aware that, if my situation in the Government had been disclosed to me, I could not have submitted to remain one moment in office, without the entire abandonment of my private honour and public duty: you knew I was deceived, and you continued to deceive me."

In September, 1810, a fatal duel was fought between one who now adorns one of our national Universities, and a partner in a celebrated London banking establishment, in which the latter was killed. The circumstances which led to this fatal meeting were of the most painful and distressing nature. Early in the succeeding year Ensign de Betton, of the West India Rangers, shot Captain Boardman, of the 60th, in the island of Barbadoes. In July, 1813, a disastrous duel took place at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, between Mr. McGuin and Lieutenant Blundell, in which the latter was shot. McGuin and the seconds were tried, and found guilty of murder, but the sentence was commuted. During the war with France many quarrels arose between the French prisoners in England, and several duels were fought by them. Our space will permit us to refer to two cases only. In June, 1812, two French officers on parole in Reading, quarrelled, and met in a field, not far from the new inn on the Oxford road. Unable to procure pistols, they agreed to decide the affair with a fowling-piece at about fifty paces' distance, by firing alternately. The first discharge proved conclu-

sive, and lodged the ball in the neck of the defenceless principal. In the month of April, in the following year, the Sampson prison-ship was lying in Gillingham Reach. High words having passed between two of the prisoners, they agreed to decide their differences by single combat. Not having swords, they attached to the end of two sticks, a division of a pair of scissors. They fought below in the prison, unknown to the ship's company, and one of them received a mortal thrust in the abdomen.

In consequence of a foolish quarrel, in the course of which abusive language passed from both parties in the Four Courts, Dublin, Counsellor Hatchell called out and shot Mr. Morley in February, 1814.

The majority of our military readers are too well acquainted with the circumstances which led to the meeting in France in February, 1815, between Colonels Quentin and Palmer, to be reminded of them here.

During the course of the year 1815 a duel was fought, which the subsequent political importance of the survivor has rendered interesting, and the circumstances attending which are rarely stated without political or personal bias;—we allude to Mr. O'Connell's duel with Mr. D'Esterre; the particulars of which we proceed briefly, but correctly to narrate:—It is perfectly notorious that the Dublin Corporation was the great stronghold of the Protestant ascendancy, and that its hostility to what were called the Catholic claims was carried to excess. There were some weaknesses in the public character of the body that did not bear to be very roughly handled; and, when it provoked hostility, it fell into the hands of an adversary remarkable for any thing but mildness of demeanour or gentleness of deportment to his political enemies. Mr. O'Connell believed that the attitude of an humble petitioner would only give courage to the opponents of the Catholics, and he assumed an opposite tone. The battle, for what he deemed public rights, was to be fought in Ireland, and he determined to use national weapons. Unfortunately, and we speak without political bias, that which at first was only assumed has, in the progress of time, become bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. At an aggregate meeting of the Catholics, held in Dublin early in 1815, Mr. O'Connell referred to the hostility of the Dublin Corporation in terms of contemptuous scorn, using, amongst other bitter epithets, the words "beggary corporation," which from that day passed into a by-word.

"The sting of contempt," says a Hindoo proverb, "will penetrate the back of a tortoise;" and the Dublin corporation had skins of a more penetrable stuff. Mr. D'Esterre, a young man of respectable connexions, and high spirit, though by no means a prominent member of the corporation, felt indignant at the reproach. It is doing no injustice to his motives or his memory, to say that he was not ignorant of the advantageous position which a champion of the ascendancy would hold in the eyes of his party, then in the possession of power; nor is there any improbability in the report, that he was stimulated by the flatteries and suggestions of men who wished to remove a formidable adversary, without exposing their own persons to danger. Mr. D'Esterre, accordingly, resolved to become the champion of the corporation, and addressed a letter to Mr. O'Connell, to know whether he had used the words the public papers had attributed to him. Mr. O'Connell, in reply, neither admitted nor disclaimed the expression, but stated that no terms, however reproachful, could exceed

the contemptuous feelings he entertained for the corporation as a public body; to this he added that his letter must close all correspondence on the subject. Mr. D'Esterre was advised to address another letter to Mr. O'Connell, which was returned unread by that gentleman's brother. Some days then passed in idle bravadoes, which we have no desire to repeat; reports were studiously circulated that D'Esterre intended to offer O'Connell personal violence in the streets,—an absurd attempt if designed, as any one who casts a glance at the agitator's athletic frame will readily believe. The truth appears to be, that Mr. D'Esterre felt the difficulty of his situation as a political champion: He was suddenly placed in the front of the fight against the whole Catholic body, and he shrank from proclaiming himself the enemy of the great majority of his countrymen. A week was passed in mere words and threats, but this space of time was more than sufficient to excite the curiosity, and rouse the passions of one of the most excitable mobs in Europe, and it was soon manifest that a duel could not be delayed, if it were to be fought, without danger. Mr. George Ledwell, who, at Mr. O'Connell's request, had waited in Dublin four days, in expectation of the proceedings which Mr. D'Esterre's first letter appeared to herald, and was ready to make suitable arrangements, at length left town, under the impression that Mr. D'Esterre's advisers in the corporation had discovered their mistake.

At length, however, Sir Edward Stanley, Barrack Master of Dublin, as the friend of Mr. D'Esterre, waited on Mr. O'Connell, with the hostile message so long expected. The message was accepted, and the necessary measures were arranged between Major Macnamara and Sir E. Stanley. The parties met at Bishop's Town Demesne, Lord Ponsonby's seat in the County Kildare, thirteen miles distant from Dublin. It was agreed that the distance should be ten paces, and that each party should have a case of pistols to fire according to his judgment. Before they were placed Sir E. Stanley hoped that, when each had discharged his case, the affair would terminate; to which Major Macnamara replied, he might, of course, take his friend from the ground when he pleased, but he should enter into no conditions; adding, it was probable that there might be no occasion to discharge the whole of a case of pistols. They fired nearly at the same instant. Mr. D'Esterre's ball fell short, but he received that of Mr. O'Connell in the thick part of the thigh, which occasioned his immediate fall, and the affair terminated. It is said that Mr. D'Esterre was very disadvantageously placed by his second, being in line with a tree, which afforded direction to his adversary's aim. Mr. O'Connell behaved with great tenderness to the wounded gentleman, who was generally regarded as one whom more cowardly foes had induced to become their champion, by working on his high spirit, and honourable sensitiveness. Mr. D'Esterre's wound proved mortal, and in a few days he expired.

Towards the close of the same year another fatal duel was fought in Ireland. In the month of December, 1815, a vessel was cast ashore by stress of weather upon the coast of Tirivagh, near to the residence of Major Hillas, who was an active magistrate, and a young man of the most humane disposition. On hearing of the disaster, he immediately hastened to the spot to discharge his duties, and to fulfil his natural inclinations. The captain, he found, had fallen overboard, and to his exertions, during the entire of a dark stormy night, the safety of the mate and eleven of the crew was chiefly

to be attributed. Whilst Major Hillas was thus laudably engaged, Mr. John Fenton, a neighbouring gentleman, came up, and interfered in a manner which appeared to him not to be correct; an altercation arose, which ended in Mr. J. Fenton informing Major Hillas that, "if he interfered further, he would throw him into the sea." He, however, continued his exertions from the 6th to the 8th of December, on which day Mr. Thomas Fenton arrived with a body of yeomanry, and forced the property out of his possession. It was in vain that Major Hillas remonstrated, that he declared that his object was not salvage, and that he was only endeavouring to save as much as possible from the wreck, for the benefit of the owners. Being in this manner frustrated in his intentions, he made a journey to Scotland, where the owners resided, in order to acquaint them with the circumstances of their loss; and on his return Mr. John Fenton sent him a message, which was, however, declined. An investigation, as to the right of salvage, afterwards took place, during the course of which Major Hillas complained he had been treated unhand- somely by Mr. Thomas Fenton, who had interfered unjustifiably, and, by taking the mate out of his hands, secured to himself in an unhandsome manner the legal custody of the vessel. Four days after the close of the investigation Mr. John Fenton delivered a message to Major Hillas from Mr. Thomas Fenton. Major Hillas accepted the challenge, and when on the ground addressed the crowd (not unfrequently attendant on Irish duels), saying, "I am sorry the mistaken laws of honour oblige me to come here to defend myself, and I declare to God I have no animosity to man or woman on the face of the earth." Major Hillas, in anticipation of a fatal result, had dressed himself in a full suit of black, and actually had had black sleeves put in his vest for the occasion. On the first shot he fell dead. Mr. Fenton was afterwards tried for the capital offence, but the open preference then given in Ireland to the laws of custom, over the laws of the land, induced the jury, on the above circumstances being fully proved, to acquit him.

In the year 1819 the officers of the 64th Regiment, then in garrison at Gibraltar, became involved there in a series of duels with the officers of three American ships-of-war cruising in the Mediterranean. A principal on each side was severely wounded. The affair assumed at one time rather an alarming appearance; so much so, that the Governor of the fort issued an order forbidding the officers of the 64th from going outside the barrier-gate; and the chief officer of the American squadron ordered that no officer should leave his vessel. The quarrel, however, was only terminated by the departure of the last American vessel.

During the longest British reign, that of George III., spreading over a period of sixty years, the reader will perhaps be surprised to learn that only 172 duels were fought (including 344 individuals); that in them 69 persons were killed; that in three neither of the combatants survived; that 96 were wounded, 48 of them desperately, and 48 slightly, and that 188 escaped unhurt. It will be thus seen that rather more than one-fifth lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears, as near as can be ascertained, that, during that time, 18 prosecutions only took place; that eight of the arraigned were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; that two were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

In 1821 Mr. John Scott, the avowed editor of the London Magazine, lost his life in a duel, fought by

moonlight at Chalk Farm, with Mr. Christie. Mr. Scott fell on the second shot. This affair arose out of personalities which had passed between Mr. Scott and Mr. Lockhart, then the conductor of Blackwood's Magazine. The death of Mr. Scott was deeply felt by his literary friends and associates.

The Scotch cases of prosecutions for duelling are very few. Down to the time (1822) of the case we are about to enter on, for 150 years previous, there was no instance of any conviction for fighting a duel in Scotland. Indeed, there were, so far as we have been able to discover, only three prosecutions during that period. These are the cases of Rae and MacDonald of Glengarry, in 1798, and Dr. Cahill in 1811.

In the first case Lieutenant Rae gave the challenge; but his antagonist, Lieutenant M'Vean, was the sole aggressor. M'Vean gave the lie to Rae in the mess-room of their regiment; and, being desired by his brother officers to make an apology, he did so, but in such an improper manner that it was unanimously declared to be a general insult; on which M'Vean declared he meant to insult none but Rae, whom he afterwards called a scoundrel. A meeting took place, and M'Vean was killed.

The next case made great noise, and the fate of the sufferer excited much sympathy in Scotland. Some discussion occurred at a ball and supper in the north of Scotland between MacDonald of Glengarry and Lieutenant M'Leod. The latter, a young gentleman, wearing the uniform of his regiment, was accosted during a later part of the evening in the most violent terms by Glengarry, on account of some fancied insult, such as that M'Leod had given him an impertinent look. For this cause Glengarry struck the unfortunate young man with his cane, and drove him out of the room. A challenge ensued, and the parties met. On the ground, Glengarry, by the advice of his respectable second and relative, Major Macdonald, confessed the frightful excesses into which he had been hurried, and offered, as an apology, any atonement which was not inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. Lieutenant M'Leod refused to receive any verbal or written apology, unless Glengarry should place the cane, with which the disgrace had been inflicted, in his hands, and leave it to him to retort or not as he might see cause. After much discussion, the terms were rejected. The parties were placed on the ground, and Glengarry fired into the bosom of the young man, whose life fell a sacrifice a short time after. A jury, with the approbation of the Court, acquitted Glengarry, on the ground that he had manifested an anxious desire to apologise. "At the same time," the chancellor of the jury added, "they had no idea of finding, by their verdict, that what is called fairly killing a man in a duel could afford, by itself, any defence against a charge of murder."

The last case we have mentioned arose out of an unfortunate quarrel between two young men, one the Surgeon, the other a Captain in the same regiment. Some trifling dispute arose at the mess on account of Dr. Cahill having, contrary to the regulations, carried the file of a newspaper to his own room when unwell. The doctor laughed at the matter; and, when informed of it by a friend of Captain Rutherford, he said the thing must have arisen from personal pique; and, upon being pressed to say to what he alluded, he replied, "I don't mean to say any thing covertly—I believe Rutherford has a personal pique at me." Captain Rutherford naturally took this amiss, and, no satisfactory explana-

tion being offered, the parties the same evening went out, with two very young men as their seconds, to a quarry in the neighbourhood. Several opportunities were given to Cahill to withdraw the remark, but he refused to do so. They fired, and Rutherford was killed. Cahill was brought to trial, and the jury, with only two dissentient voices, acquitted him; upon which the presiding judge said, "Gentlemen, you have given a verdict such as was to be expected on the occasion."

The verdicts of acquittal given in the cases we have just noticed are somewhat remarkable, when we recollect the peculiar severity of the Scotch law relative to duelling. By it, not only was death resulting from a duel, as in England, murder, however fair or equal the manner of conducting the combat, but the bare act of engaging in a duel was by the statute 1600, cap. 12, raised to the same rank of a capital crime; and, as if to complete the restraint on duellists, it was, by the statute 1696, cap. 35, made punishable with banishment and escheat of moveables, to be concerned in the giving, sending, or accepting a challenge, even though no combat should have ensued. This latter statute was repealed by the united Legislature in 1819; and, by one of those strange freaks which fortune delights in, the bill for its repeal was introduced into Parliament by Sir Alexander Boswell, whose death in a duel will long be remembered, and a slight notice of which we proceed to make.

The boldness, or, as it was then termed, the violence of the Whig party in Scotland, after the establishment of the peace of 1815, induced the supporters of the then Government, injudiciously—and, as it turned out, most unfortunately—to establish a newspaper in Edinburgh, called *The Beacon*. This journal was not merely supported by the influence and pecuniary means of those high in favour with the existing administration, but had its columns contributed to by the leading Tories of the north. It carried on war to the knife against Whig principles, and became the organ of the most libellous imputations against the characters and private conduct of the chiefs of that party. However much its establishment at that time was defended, on the pleas of circumstances and expediency, it cannot now be denied that it was highly discreditable to all concerned in it; and they comprised some of the great, several of the good. The consequence of the proceedings of this paper was the complete disorganization of that choice society of which the Modern Athens had so long been proud. Animosity and party-spirit reigned where philosophy and harmony had formerly loved to dwell. Political rancour soon begat personal malice, and slander supplied the place of logic in political controversies. Litigation followed in the train, and "The Beacon" soon gave ample employment to the owners of the ragged gowns of the Parliament House. Circumstances, which it is not using too harsh language to call disgraceful, brought about the dissolution of "The Beacon," and the temporary flight of its editor. "The Sentinel," however, started into life at Glasgow, and, by following its practices, supplied its place. Amongst the slandered Whigs was Mr. James Stuart of Dunearn, a gentleman of undoubted honour and respectability. Not only were the most disgraceful aspersions, most unmeritedly, thrown upon this gentleman's character, but his personal courage was impugned. From day to day Mr. Stuart's name was coupled, in "The Beacon," with the words *dastard*, *sulky*, *polltroon*, *coward*, and *despised*, and that at the very time he was under recognisances to keep the peace. Mr. Stuart sought protec-

tion against those ruffianly attacks from the law, but legal difficulties prevailed against him. Events, as we have before stated, brought the career of "The Beacon" to a close, and with it a fair opportunity was afforded to abstain from further persecuting Mr. Stuart. Yet in the very first number of "The Sentinel," all the previous calumnies against him were purposely and deliberately adopted. He was declared to have dishonoured the blood and the name of his family, and broadly and without evasion branded with the intolerable word—coward. Mr. Stuart again appealed to a court of justice, and within its sacred walls, his persecutors had the audacity to twit him, on the records of the Court, with not having appealed to the laws of honour. It happened that the smaller fry of proprietors could not agree among themselves, and one of them turned informer, and, after some negotiations, laid before Mr. Stuart all the original letters and documents connected with "The Sentinel."

These papers disclosed to Mr. Stuart that a gentleman with whom he was somewhat related—with whom he had never been but upon good terms—whose talents he had been among the first to appreciate—that Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinlech was the author of the worst calumnies against him, and that he had subscribed a sum of money to defend the very defamation for which "The Sentinel" was prosecuted. Mr. Stuart called to his advice and assistance his relative and friend, the late Earl of Rosslyn. Lord Rosslyn saw at once there was but one course to be followed. Sir Alexander Boswell was summoned to Edinburgh; and, for the sake of simplicity, a song, which imputed cowardice to Mr. Stuart, was chosen on which to found proceedings. Mr. Stuart and Lord Rosslyn were equally anxious to avoid the ultimate appeal. The latter, therefore, made two propositions to Sir Alexander. The first was, that if he would deny the authorship, his simple assertion would be taken against all evidence whatever. This, of course, Sir Alexander positively refused to do, and at once admitted himself to be the writer. Another proposal was then made, that it should be taken as a mere bad joke, an idle sarcasm, for which he was sorry. This satisfaction he refused. "I cannot submit," he said, "to be catechised. I will neither make denial nor apology." Anything but a hostile meeting thus became impossible.

Sir Alexander Boswell at first proposed the affair should take place on the continent; "because," said he, in a letter written to his friend, "if I should be the successful party, I should not like the after-proceedings of our Courts of Justice." Mr. Stuart willingly agreed to follow him there. He altered his determination, and proposed England as the scene of action. Mr. Stuart assented to the proposal. At last he agreed to fight in his native land, because he was advised by a legal friend that he would be safer in the hands of the Lord Advocate, than in those of an English Grand Jury. This delay and these preparations gave to the coming affair a deadly character. The intended meeting in the mean time transpired, and the parties were bound over to keep the peace. Unfortunately the recognisances only extended to the county of Mid-Lothian, and this hastened the meeting in Fife. The parties repaired to Auchertoul, near Balmuto. An attempt was made on the field, by Sir Alexander's own second, to settle the matter. This kind-hearted and sensible person, Commissioner Douglas, a brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, asked Boswell, immediately before the fatal preparations were made, if there was no possibility of ac-

commodation. He shook his head, and said it was impossible. In the first fire Boswell was wounded in the neck. His spine was injured, and his extremities became paralysed. He was conveyed to Balmuto House, where he only survived a few days. He died on the 27th of March, 1822. It afterwards appeared that, in despite of all the deadly preparations, it had been the fixed determination of both parties not to fire at each other. It may be stated, as a peculiar feature in this case, that no less dignified and solemn a person than a supreme criminal judge of the land was not only consulted by Sir Alexander Boswell, but prepared him for the meeting by endeavouring to furnish him with a second. Mr. Stuart was afterwards tried before the High Court of Justiciary, and was acquitted, amid strong marks of general satisfaction. Sir Alexander Boswell was the son of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, and was in many respects a distinguished, accomplished, and useful man.

It may safely be affirmed that few public proceedings are more frequently the causes of duels than elections. The present position of one of the parties will render the following duel of more than common interest. In 1826 Lord Howick offered himself as a candidate for the representation of his native county, Northumberland. The election was severely and most expensively contested. The Earl of Durham, then Mr. Lambton, energetically supported, by his personal exertions and influence, the cause of Whiggery and his brother-in-law. On the tenth day of the election Mr. Lambton was standing on the hustings at Alnwick, whilst Lord Howick was animadverting, with great bitterness, upon the singular coalition between two of his opponents, Mr. Beaumont, a Radical, and Mr. Liddell, a Tory; when the former gentlemen, who, during the whole course of the election, had been greatly annoyed by the spirited freedom and censure of Lord Howick's remarks on his political career, and still more by the opposition of Mr. Lambton, accused Lord Durham of prompting his Lordship. This Mr. Lambton unequivocally denied, and Mr. Beaumont retorted by giving him the lie. Mr. Lambton, after having addressed the meeting with a power and eloquence, which will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present, left the hustings, accompanied by the Honourable Charles, now Colonel Grey; and the efforts of his family to discover whether he had proceeded were totally unavailing. The insult was offered in the hearing of Lady Louisa Lambton, who sat with her son in the window of a house adjoining the hustings, and the anxiety of the wife may be more easily believed than described. It was at length ascertained that Mr. Lambton, upon retiring, had despatched a message to Mr. Beaumont, desiring that gentleman to hold a friend in readiness, to receive a communication from General Sir H. Grey, for whom Colonel Charles Grey had ridden off express to Howick. Within an hour the General arrived in Alnwick, and had a conference with Captain Plunkett, when the preliminaries of a hostile meeting were adjusted; an early hour next morning, and the town Moor, were appointed the time and place. Mr. Lambton reached the ground at the specified time, and there received a communication, that, although Mr. Beaumont had, to avoid observance, left his lodgings by scrambling over the garden-wall, yet he had been beset by a crowd, and apprehended interruption. Mr. Beaumont at last, however, reached the spot: the parties were placed, when Sir David Smith, a magistrate, attended by the police, arrived. Mr. Lambton

made the best of his way to his carriage, while Mr. Beaumont, after some unavoidable delay, followed on horseback. It is impossible to describe the state of anxiety which prevailed at Alnwick during the suspense that ensued. Fears were entertained for the safety of Mr. Lambton, as well on account of his own debilitated state of health, as the acknowledged skill of his adversary as a marksman. The progress of one, if not the most determined contest ever known in electioneering annals, ceased for a few hours to be interesting, and the duel only was the all-engrossing subject of thought and conversation. After various interruptions the parties at length met on the sands at Bamborough, during a heavy fall of rain, and, having exchanged shots, the affair terminated.

Our readers are too well acquainted with the causes which induced the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, to call out the Earl of Winchelsea, to render it necessary for us to describe that transaction.

The aim of the framers of our military code has on all occasions been most conspicuous, in the ordinances declared by them for the prevention and repression of the conduct and actions of soldiers, having a tendency to a breach of the peace, or to the interruption of the quiet of the camp or garrison. To this end specific rules have been laid down from the most distant times. By the charter of Richard I., published on his voyage to the Holy Land, it is ordered, that "any one who shall reproach, abuse, or curse his companion, shall, for every time he is convicted thereof, give him so many ounces of silver." And by the statutes of Henry VIII. the penalty is increased to imprisonment in any one who shall throw out even a national reflection against his comrade. The Earl of Northumberland, in the time of Charles I., by his articles of war, not only ordained that "commanders must see God duly served," but "that whatever officer soever shall come drunk to his guard, or shall quarrel in the quarters, or commit any disorder, shall be *casseered without mercy*;" and "that the next officer under him shall have his place, which he may pretend to as his right, and it shall not be refused to him." This noble general punished those officers concerned in duels with death, as well as those soldiers and officers on the watch, who suffered the combat to take place. In the rules and articles of war of James II., which may with truth be called the substratum of our Mutiny Acts, all the salutary regulations respecting quarrels, challenges, and duels, or the spirit of the former statutes and ordinances, appear to have been embodied in one plain and comprehensive article, which differs not in substance, nor materially in form, with the existing article of war on this subject.

A number of instances are on record abundantly sufficient to show the existence of a power in the sovereign, as the head of the army, to repress, of its own means, the turbulent passions of those who are placed so peculiarly under its command and guidance.

In January, 1783, a Court-Martial was assembled to investigate certain charges against Lieutenant-General Murray, on account of his conduct in defence of Fort St. Philips, in the island of Minorca, and alleged personal pique towards Sir William Draper, who preferred the charges. During the investigation two letters were produced before the Court, one addressed by Sir William Draper to General Murray, then commanding at Minorca, contained the following passage:—"Your insinuation that I am attempting to take the command from you is false and infamous." The other was a reply to this from General Murray, and which embraced,

among other things, the annexed threat:—"As to personal abuse I shall do myself justice, you may be assured, when the proper time arrives." The Court-Martial, on separating, made known to the King the temper and disposition of the parties towards each other. His Majesty ordered the Court to be reconvened for the purpose of proposing some accommodation of the dispute "by explanation, acknowledgment, or concession." The Court had also the royal permission to use his Majesty's name, authority, and injunction, in arranging the affair. After much consideration the Court determined that the parties should give and receive mutual apologies. Sir William Draper expressed his acquiescence in this decision; but General Murray, conceiving "in all private matters he was master of his own actions, chose to keep his honour under his own preservation," and declined to apologise. He was in consequence placed, by order of his Majesty, under close arrest, from which he was not released until he had pledged himself to the same effect as Sir W. Draper.

Another instance occurred in the year 1789, at the conclusion of a Court-Martial, of which General Lord Frederick Cavendish was president, holden on Major Browne, of the 67th Regiment. The Court, in presenting their sentence to the King, offered with it certain suspicions they had conceived, in the course of the matters they had just investigated, that much animosity existed between the parties principally concerned in the late trial, and between others who had taken a collateral part in it, which, if not restrained by the hand of authority, might end in most calamitous consequences. The Court was, as in the former case, re-assembled, pursuant to an order from the King, and as some traits of heat and asperity had been noticed between Major Browne and Major Stadden, between Major Browne and Captain Hedges, and between Major Browne and Lieutenant Urquhart, of the 30th Regiment, those four officers were especially called upon, each severally to pledge his honour that no adverse consequences should ensue, and that all differences should terminate and be at peace; which call was immediately responded to.

Many other instances of this plenary interposition of the Crown, on proper requisition, or on information conveyed to it, or accidentally coming to the royal notice, might be enumerated. The same authority delegated to the Court-Martial by the Crown, in the case above given, would seem to be generally committed, from his presence at all times, and his official authority with the corps, to the commanding officer of every regiment.

The principle of adjusting the personal differences of officers, by private explanations, has been peculiarly recommended by the Duke of Wellington, and in a manner that would seem in a great measure to sustain the doctrine just advanced. In confirming the sentence of a General Court-Martial, held at St. Thamar, in the month of September, 1810, on a Captain W—, of the 3d battalion of the Royals, who had been tried and convicted of using disrespectful expressions to his commanding officer, and afterwards refusing to withdraw them, on the condition of being liberated from arrest, the Duke thus expressed himself:—

"The Commander-in-Chief laments that Captain W— should have thought proper to defer, till he was brought to trial, to explain the disrespectful expressions which he made use of to his commanding officer, notwithstanding the repeated offers made to him by his commanding officer to receive such explanation. "The officers of the army should recollect, that it is

not only no degradation, but that it is meritorious in him who is in the wrong to acknowledge and atone for his errors, and that the momentary humiliation which any man may feel for making such an acknowledgment, is more than atoned for by the subsequent satisfaction which it affords him, and by avoiding a trial and conviction of conduct unbecoming an officer."

The following is a remarkable instance of the exercise of authority and ingenuity in a Court-Martial. It occurred during the last war in America. Lieutenant-Colonel Walcott, of the 5th Regiment of foot, while encamped near Boston, was so unfortunate, in a hasty and intemperate moment, as to strike a Subaltern (Ensign Patrick) under his command; and notwithstanding the latter had challenged him, the Lieutenant-Colonel was brought to a Court-Martial, of which Brigadier-General Pigot was president, for the offence. The Court, after due consideration, suspended him from pay and allowances for six months, and was further pleased to order, that Ensign Patrick should draw his hand across the face of the Lieutenant-Colonel, before the whole regiment, for the insult he had received.

While the Crown and Courts-Martial have thus been active in repressing quarrels, challenges, and duels in the army, the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief has been freely bestowed, in a public and pointed manner, to those officers, who, possessing reputations which placed them beyond the fear of vulgar animadversion, have had the moral courage to refuse a challenge. One example of this we will only notice, and we do so the more readily, because it laid down a rule of so general an extension, as to be capable of application to a vast variety of cases which may daily fall within the scope of its principle. The example alluded to is the refusal of the challenge of Major Armstrong by Sir Eyre Coote in 1800. When this refusal and the attendant circumstances were known at the Horse Guards, his Royal Highness the then Commander-in-Chief caused a letter, signifying his Majesty's approbation of his conduct, to be addressed to Sir Eyre Coote.

"His Majesty," said the Adjutant-General in this communication, "considers the conduct of Mr. Armstrong, in having endeavoured to ground a personal quarrel on the evidence, which you gave in conformity to your duty, on your oath, before a General Court-Martial, as militating not less against the principle of public justice, than against the discipline of the army; and his Majesty has been pleased to direct, that it should be signified to you in the strongest terms, that by having had recourse to the laws of the country on this occasion, you have displayed a spirit truly commendable as a soldier, and peculiarly becoming the station you hold in his Majesty's service, to which you have rendered a material benefit by furnishing an example, which his Majesty has ordered to be pointed out, as worthy the imitation of every officer under similar circumstances."

#### From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Horatius Restitus; or the Books of Horace arranged in chronological order.* By James Tate, M. A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. Second Edition. London. 1837.
2. *Quæstiones Horatianæ.* Scriptis C. Kirchner. Lipsiæ. 1834.

We doubt whether we could produce, in modern times, a second instance of such ardent and exclusive

devotion to a favourite author, as that of Mr. Tate to Horace, excepting, perhaps, in the case of another celebrated divine to the father of Grecian tragedy. Let us not be understood to suggest any further comparison between our old friend Mr. Abraham Adams, and the canon of St. Paul's; for, after all, we much doubt whether an edition of *Æschylus, cum notis A. Adams, B. D.*, would have been a very acceptable present to literature. This of Horace, on the other hand, now before us, is a work, both in its design and execution, worthy of very high praise. Seriously speaking, the '*Horatius Restitutus*' should find a place in the library of the mature scholar, of the youthful student, and of the accomplished man of the world (if such there remain in these days of utilitarianism and political excitement,) who still cherishes his classical tastes, and takes delight in that admirable union of shrewd common sense, and graceful verse, in him, whom Shaftesbury has happily called the most gentlemanlike of Roman poets.

The works of every writer, whose poems are worthy of studious and repeated perusal, are best arranged in the order of their composition. This must be the case, even where the sole object of interest is the development of the poet's own mind, the gradual progress of his skill in the use of his materials: his increasing command of language, or his degeneracy into carelessness or mannerism; the slowly self-refining perception of the harmonies of verse, or the violation of its first principles, to which poets of fame are tempted in the wantonness of power. It is still more so, when we contemplate with unwearied curiosity, that higher and more important relation between the ripening perfection of the intellectual and moral nature of the poet and that of his poetry; the elevation and refinement of his own soul through the long and familiar entertainment of lofty and delicate thoughts, and the reflection of that soul in the pure mirror of his verse; the intenser feeling for the beauties of nature; the profounder and more ardent sympathies with human kind; the purer sense of the grand and of the beautiful in the external and moral world. Yet there is even still farther advantage, when, besides the light which is thrown on the character of the poet and of his art, the poetry is connected with the history of the times; as in the case of Horace, with the literature, and even with the events and manners of one of the most momentous periods in the annals of mankind.

In one sense the works of Horace are the history of Rome, during the great change of the Roman nation from the republican to the monarchical form of government, from a conquering to a peaceful people; the sudden and almost complete revolution from an age of war and civil faction to that which is called the Augustan age of letters. The student of history and manners, and the admirer of the Horatian poetry, are under equal obligations to Mr. Tate for thus carrying out the



scheme of Dr. Bentley; and venturing to do that from which the boldest of critics refrained, to print the whole works of Horace, in the order, in which, according to the internal evidence, which was first detected by that critic's unrivalled sagacity, they were first delivered to his Roman readers. But while we entirely concur with the Bentleian scheme with regard to the successive periods of *publication* of the successive books, we conceive that there is not sufficient evidence of the time of *composition* as to each separate poem. It is too much to assume that one book was complete and published before any of the scattered pieces which form another, posterior on the whole in its time of publication, had been written. (Some of the odes, for instance, may have been struck off before the publication of the satires.) We agree, therefore, with Mr. Tate, that any scheme which, like that of Kirchner, shall attempt to arrange every separate poem in its proper order, must proceed on the most arbitrary assumption. Still, it is by no means unlikely, that Horace, instead of exhausting one style, and then commencing a new one, may have essayed his strength in different modes of composition, though he afterwards collected and published each class, or rather each book, in succession, and allowed a certain interval to elapse before he appeared again before the Roman public as a candidate for fame in another kind of poetry.

The mind and poetry of Horace image forth in a very peculiar manner the genius of this eventful age. (Even his life represents his times.) In his youth engaged in the fierce and sanguinary civil war, and afterwards subsiding quietly into literary ease, the partisan of Brutus softens into the friend of Mæcenas and the flatterer of Augustus. The mingling intellectual elements blend together, even in more singular union, in his mind. The Grecian cultivation has not polished off the old Roman independence, the Epicurean philosophy has not subdued his masculine shrewdness and good sense to dreaming indolence. In the Roman part of his character, he unites some reminiscences of the sturdy virtue of the Sabine mountaineer with the refined manners of the city. So completely does the life of Horace embrace every topic of social, intellectual, and literary interest, during this period of the reconstruction of the Roman constitution and social system, this manhood of her thought, and letters, and arts, that we are surprised that our German neighbours have not yet seized upon the poet, as the centre of one of those historical disquisitions, which they always execute with so much industry, and sometimes with so much originality and talent. '*Horaz und sein Zeitalter*,' 'Horace and his Times,' would be at once the best social and literary view of the era of Augustus. Around Horace the remarkable events of his time, and the remarkable men who were engaged in those events, would group with singular distinctness and propriety. In him might centre, as in an individual example, the

change which took place in the fortunes, position, sentiments, occupations, estimation, character, mode of living, when the Roman, from the citizen of a free and turbulent republic, became the subject of a disguised indeed, but not less arbitrary and peaceful monarchy; while his acquaintance, or even his intimate friends, extending through almost every gradation of society, would show the same influences, as they affected persons of different character, talents, or station. He is exactly in that happy, intermediate rank, which connects both extremes; his epistles are inscribed to Agrippa or Mæcenas, or even to the emperor himself, to his private friend, or to his bailiff. He unites in the same way the literary with the social life; he shows the station assumed by, or granted to, mere men of letters at this time, when the orator in the rostrum or in the forum ceded his place, as it were, to the agreeable writer; the man who 'wielded at will the fierce democracy' had lost his occupation and his power, which devolved, as far as the literary part of his fame, upon the popular author.

Every part of his personal history is equally instructive. Even the parentage of our poet is connected with the difficult but most important question of the extent to which slavery was affected by manumission, and the formation of that middle class the *libertini*, with their privileges and the estimation in which they were held by society. His birthplace was in the romantic scenery and among the simple virtues of the old Sabine yeomanry. His Roman education; his residence at Athens; his engagement in the war, which ended at Philippi; the state of Roman poetry, when he commenced his literary career; the degree in which his compositions were Roman and original, or but the domiciliation of new forms of Grecian poetry; the influence of the different sects of philosophy on the literature and manners of the age; even the state of religion, particularly as it affected the higher and more intellectual orders at this momentous crisis, when Christianity was about to be revealed to mankind—every circumstance in the life of the poet is an incident in the history of man. The influences which formed his moral and poetic character are the prevalent modes of feeling and thought among the people who had achieved the conquest of the world, and now began to slumber in the proud consciousness of universal empire. All the great men of the day are the familiars of the poet: we see them in the ease of social intercourse; we become acquainted with their manners and habits; we are admitted, in some cases, to the privacy of Agrippa, and Mæcenas, and Augustus himself, of Virgil and Varins. Every gleam of character, even the lightest touch of manners, every sentiment or opinion of men so marked, at such a period, cannot but command the most profound interest. We watch the lifting of the curtain which conceals their private and social hours with earnest attention. If every circum-



stance of ordinary Roman life, sometimes strongly contrasting with our own, often showing a singular and amusing coincidence, confers a new charm even on the most agreeable poetry, that charm is heightened by the dignity of the characters, whom we thus behold at their ordinary occupations, in the gaiety of festive intercourse, in the careless undress of familiar intimacy. If we venture, with the assistance of Mr. Tate and of other learned writers, to give some rude outline of the work which we mean, we trust that the good canon of St. Paul's will not resent our invasion of his province, or resume those instruments of authority which he has wielded so long and with such success. We must acknowledge, that not having, like Mr. Tate, 'for more than one-third of a century, been engaged in reading the works of Horace with pupils,' we have some misgivings lest we should be caught tripping on some of those minute and delicate points of classical antiquarianism or scholarship, which it is the triumph of the *Orbiki* to detect—of those who deserve the epithet of *plagiosi*, to punish without mercy.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born on the 8th December, in the year 65 B. C., of Rome 689; during the consulship of L. Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus. His father had received his freedom from some one of the illustrious family of the Horatii, whose name, according to general usage, he was permitted to assume. This custom must have been somewhat perplexing to those who were not very expert genealogists, and were disposed to pay great deference to hereditary nobility. They might mistake the enfranchised for the original stock; and render to the descendant of a bond-slave the honours which belonged exclusively to a genuine patrician. The theory of this assumption of a patrician name, it is to be presumed, was, that the freedman receiving civil life from his master, that master stood, in a certain sense, in the place of a parent. The patron still possessed some authority over the freedman, and inherited his property in case of his dying intestate. On the other hand the freedman was under the obligation of maintaining his patron, or even the father and mother of his patron, if they fell into indigence. There is an instance in Pliny (xxxi. 2.) of a son paying a tribute of gratitude to his civil parent, of which we may admire the sentiment, though we cannot altogether approve of the taste with which it is expressed. Laurea *Tullius*, the poet, was the freedman of the great orator. A warm spring broke out in the academic villa of Cicero, which was supposed to cure diseases in the eyes. The poetical inscription by L. Tullius described the spring as providentially revealed, in order that there might be more eyes to read the universally disseminated works of his master. The name, however, of this obscure poet is lost in the dazzling splendour of his eloquent patron. But we do not remember that the name of Horatius, so glorious in the early annals of the republic, maintained its celebrity in

these latter days. The Horatii furnish no article in M. Drumann's genealogical history of the distinguished statesmen and orators contemporary with Cæsar. The freedman has thrown a brighter and more lasting lustre around this celebrated name, than all the virtues and exploits of the older patriots who bore it.

The effects of this constant enfranchisement on the political and social state of the republic; this formation of a new class of partisans, at least as much under the influence, and adding as much to the authority of the aristocracy, as the more legitimate clients of former days, is a question too large to be investigated in our present paper. There is considerable truth in the following brilliant passage from a recent writer, who, in a brief, and if we may so speak, dashing work, has struck out some original thoughts on the subject of Roman history, and embodied in vivid and perspicuous French much of the more prolix and laborious inquiry of the Germans:—

'The Roman passing his life in the camp, beyond the sea, returned not to visit his small field; a large part of the people had neither land nor house, and no domestic gods, except the eagles of the legions. An exchange was established between Italy and the provinces. Italy sent her sons to die in distant countries, and received in return millions of slaves. Of these, some, attached to the soil, cultivated it, and fertilized it with their ashes; others, heaped together in the city, devoted to the vices of a master, were often enfranchised by him—and became citizens. By degrees the sons of the freedmen became sole possessors of the city; formed the Roman people, and under this name gave law to the world. In the time of the Gracchi they alone almost filled the forum. One day, when they interrupted Scipio Æmilianus with their clamours, he dared to exclaim—"Silence, ye step-children of Italy! Think ye that I will respect those whom I led in chains to the city, because they are released from their bondage?"—The silence with which this appalling speech was heard proves its justice. The freedmen dreaded lest, descending from the tribune, the conqueror of Carthage and Numantia should recognise his African or Spanish slaves, and discover the marks of the scourge under the toga. Thus a new people succeeds to the Roman people, either absent or destroyed. The slaves take the place of their masters, fiercely occupy the forum, and in their strange Saturnalia govern by their decrees the Latins and Italians, who compose the legions. Ere long it is unnecessary to inquire where are the plebeians of Rome—they have left their bones on every shore.'—*Michélet, Histoire de la République Romaine*, lib. iii. c. 1.

Yet this change, though fatal to the public spirit, and to the liberties of Rome, no doubt contributed to her advancement in commerce, in arts, and probably in letters. The pride of the *ingenui*, the free sons of Rome, disdained all the lower useful arts; they envied the wealth obtained through these lucrative means by the freedmen, while they esteemed it a degradation to pursue the same industrious courses. They proudly starved—or subsisted on the poor-law, the public distribution of corn, rather than embark in petty trades, or devote themselves to works of mechanical ingenuity or skill. They were of course supplanted in every

way by the less scrupulous and more laborious freedman. To the whole slave population this constant hope of manumission must indeed, as Gibbon has justly observed, have been the drop of sweetness in the bitter cup of Roman servitude. For it was not merely enfranchisement, not merely the liberation from the scourge and the workhouse (the *ergastulum*)—the descendants of the slave might gradually and rapidly attain every privilege, and even honour of the free man. There were long some restrictions on their right of suffrage—the *liberti* were inscribed only in the four city tribes—but as far as social estimation, talents and character could raise the son of the freed slave to an equality with the highest consular or patrician names. The son of the provincial *coactor* lived familiarly with Mæcenæ, 'sprung from ancient kings,' and with Agrippa, who was so nearly allied to the imperial throne. It has remained for a modern nation, the most boastful, and so far justly boastful of its free institutions, to decree by the irreversible law of dominant if not universal feeling, that the taint of slavery shall be inextinguishable; that even when the distinguishing vestiges of complexion and physical organization, which unhappily adhere so long to the offspring of the African race, at length have died away, the descendant, however remote, of the despised and hated slave, shall be proscribed and forbidden to mingle his impure blood with the countless races which form the free white population of the United States. This is the most appalling and hopeless part of the American slave-question, admitted alike by Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau, and painfully illustrated in Mons. de Beaumont's beautiful tale of Marie. For the active exertions of a generous few may at length change the laws and correct the unjust political institutions of a country; but it is a far harder task, almost an impossibility, to eradicate a deep-rooted and general sentiment.

The father of Horace exercised the function of *coactor*, collector of payments at auctions. The *coactor* was a public officer. This comparatively humble office was probably paid according to the number of sales and the value of property disposed of; and in those days of confiscations and rapid and frequent changes of property, through the inordinate ambition of luxury of some, the rapacious avarice of others, the forfeitures and the ruin of opulent landholders, the amount and the value of the property which came *sub hasta* were likely to enable a prudent public officer to make a decent fortune. This seems to have been the case with the elder Horace, who invested the whole of his 'honest acquisitions' (Mr. Tate is the voucher for his honesty, and we have not the slightest disposition to impeach it) in a house and farm (*lar et fundus*, Epist. ii. 2, 52), and settled down into a respectable Sabine yeoman. We have been greatly disappointed by the

promises held out in a passage in Mr. Keppel Craven's recent Tour in the Abruzzi. Mr. Craven made an excursion to Venosa, which he was desirous of visiting as the birth-place of Horace! Horace was certainly born in the neighbourhood of Venosa; but notwithstanding the bust, which, from the inscription, seems intended to represent the poet 'in the costume apparently of the clerical habit of the middle ages,' we must entreat the next traveller to study Horace himself or Mr. Tate before he sets out on his pilgrimage. We regret this the more, as, with Mr. Craven's unaffected manner of describing scenery, we should have been glad if he would have visited the banks of the Aufidus, and recorded his impressions of the romantic region in which lay the estate of the elder Horace, and where, on the borders of Venusia and of Apulia, the poet was born. We should wish for no more agreeable occupation than wandering in that delicious climate, and imagining the scene of that poetic adventure of the poet's childhood, when the doves performed to the *animosus infans* the office of the redbreasts to the children of the wood;—'and robin-redbreast piously did cover them with leaves.' Mr. Craven speaks of the 'picturesque appearance of the peaks of Mount Vultur,' but we should like to trace the graphic fidelity of the rest of the description, the high hung chalets of Acherontia, and the low plain of Ferentium. We are unwilling to quote the well-known lines in the original, and scarce dare to venture on such untranslatable graces of language:—

'Me vagrant infant, on Mount Vultur's side  
Beyond my childhood's nurse, Apulia's bounds,  
With play fatigued and sleep  
Did the poetic doves  
With young leaves cover. Spread the wondrous tale  
Where Acherontia's sons hang their tall nests,  
Through Bante's groves, the low  
And rich Ferentine plain.  
From the black viper safe, and prowling bear,  
Sweet slept I, strewn with sacred laurel leaves  
And myrtle shoots—bold child—  
Not of the gods unseen.'

Here, among the fields and woods of this rural district, grew up the young poet. Mr. Tate has selected the chief passages in his works, which betray reminiscences of the plain life and severe manners of the Sabine population. Shrewd, strenuous, frugal, this race furnished the best soldiers to the Roman legions; their sun-burnt wives shared in their toils—(Epod. ii. 41, 2); they cultivated their small farms by their own labour and that of their sons—(Sat. ii. 114); they worshipped their rustic deities, and believed in all the superstitions of a religious and simple people, witchcraft and fortune-telling.

At about twelve years old appears to have begun the more serious and important part of the Roman education. We regret that we have neither space nor perhaps materials to furnish to Mr. Wise and his

education society a very complete account of the ordinary Roman instruction at this period. The information which we derive from Horace is perplexing rather than satisfactory. His father was by no means rich, his farm unproductive; and for this reason, it should seem, he declined to send his son to the country day-school of Flavius, to which resorted the children of the rural aristocracy, the consequential sons of consequential centurions, with their satchels and tablets on their arms, making their regular payments every month, or, as Wieland and other interpreters explain the passage, with rather a forced signification, doing their sums, which consisted in calculating the monthly interest upon loans, and which was the ordinary occupation of young arithmeticians,—

'Causa fuit pater his, qui macro pauper agello,  
Noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere; magni  
Quo pueri magnis à centurionibus orti,  
Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,  
Ibant oclonis referentes idibus æra.'

The father of the poet took the bold step of carrying him at once to Rome to receive the liberal education of a knight's or senator's son, and, notwithstanding his poverty, enabled him to live like a gentleman, well dressed and attended by his slaves.—(Sat. i. 6, 76.) His narrow means are thus alleged as a reason for his unwillingness to send his son to the neighbouring country school; but we should have supposed that the education in the capital, particularly where the boy made so respectable an appearance, must have been far more expensive. Was it that—as the professors of the various liberal arts were, in after times, maintained at the public charge, partly of the government, partly of the local municipality—the schools in the capital were already partly or wholly free, while those in the provinces, particularly in the country districts, were private speculations, unassisted by any public stipend? or was it merely that these children of men who had served in the army in a certain rank looked down upon the child of a coactor who lived on a small farm?

But though the parent thus removed his son to a public school in the metropolis, and preferred that he should associate with the genuine youthful aristocracy of the capital rather than with the no less haughty but more coarse and unpolished gentry of the provinces, chiefly retired military officers, he seems to have taken care that he should be a home boarder, and watched with severe but affectionate control over his morals. His first turn for satire was encouraged by his father's severe observations on the vices and follies of his compatriots.

'Iste mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes  
Circum doctores aderat: quid multa? pudicum  
(Qui primus virtutis honos) servavit ab omni  
Non solum facta, verum opprobrio quoque turpi.'

The honest Sabine was by no means so anxious that

his son should rise above his own humble rank and occupation, as that he should be uncontaminated by the vices of the voluptuous capital. Horace has given imperishable fame to his schoolmaster; and we fear that the means with which that celebrated flagellant inculcated learning so successfully in this instance, may have strengthened the prejudice, so fatal to hapless pupils, of the inseparable connexion between the cultivation of the head and the discipline of the opposite regions. Orbilius had been an apparitor, and afterwards served in the army—a good school for a disciplinarian, if not for a teacher; he got more reputation than lucre—*docuit majore fama quam emolumento*. Perhaps the Roman gentry and their ladies may have begun to entertain objections against flogging in public schools! But we wish we knew more of what was taught in these seminaries of Roman education. Horace only informs us of two authors who were read in the school of Orbilius—Livius Andronicus and Homer. As to the former, Bentley doubted whether any patrician schoolmaster would use the works of a poet so antiquated as Livius Andronicus. In the lines

—————'Carmina Livii  
... memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo  
Orbilium dictare'—

he proposed to read Lævi, the name of an obscure writer of love-verses (*φαιδραγία*), to whom he adjudges many of the fragments usually assigned to Livius, and which bear no marks of obsolete antiquity. But, with due respect to the arch-critic, we think that the elder Horace would have objected still more strongly to the modern love-verses of Lævius, than to the rude old strains of Livius. Our friend Orbilius may have been something of a pedant; he may have thought the Euhemerism of Ennius, or the Epicureanism of Lucretius objectionable in school-books, and considered even Accius, Nævius, or Pacuvius to have degenerated from the primitive sublimity of the father of Roman verse. As for Homer, he had always been, and remained certainly to the time of Julian, if not still later, an indispensable part of Greek, and had begun to be of Roman education. In this respect, as in others, he has been said, without the least profanation, to have been the bible of antiquity. Schools from which Homer was excluded, would have been as offensive to general feeling as the new Irish Education to the Bishop of Exeter.

Our readers will see the numberless interesting questions which start up before us at each step we make, and some perhaps will enter into the self-denial which we are obliged to enforce upon ourselves, lest, wandering off on one of these discussions, we should find ourselves at the end of our article, before we had even arrayed our poet in his *toga virilis*. The important step was taken, as Mr. Tate conjectures, in his seventeenth year, B. C. 48. And before he thus

became his own master, it is probable that he had the misfortune to lose his excellent and honoured father. Of what stirring events may the boy have been witness during their residence at Rome! He might possibly, soon after his arrival, B. C. 52, have heard Cicero speak his oration for Milo. Into the subsequent years were crowded all the preparations for the last contest between Cæsar and Pompey. The peaceful studies of the boys must have been strangely interrupted by the political excitements. Even Orbilius would hardly venture to refuse holidays to behold the triumphant entrance of Cæsar into Rome after the passage of the Rubicon. And while that decisive step was but threatened, how anxiously and fearfully must Rome have awaited her doom, ignorant who was to be her master, and how that master would exercise his authority—whether new proscriptions, like those of Marius and Sylla, would more than decimate her patrician families, and deluge her streets with blood; whether military license would have free scope, and the majesty of the Roman people be insulted by the outrages of an infuriated soldiery. No man so obscure, so young, so thoughtless, but must have been impressed with the insecurity, not of life only, but of liberty. During the whole conflict, what must have been the suspense, the agitation, the party violence, the terror, the alternate elevation and prostration of mind! In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age, how often must these turbulent and awful days have contrasted themselves in the memory of Horace, with his tranquil pursuits of literature and social enjoyment!

In the year of the battle of Pharsalia, Horace left his public school at Rome for the 'university' of Athens. For many centuries of the Roman greatness, down to the time when her schools were closed by Justinian, Athens was the place where almost all the distinguished youth, both of the east and west, passed a certain period of study in the liberal arts, letters, and philosophy. This continued even after the establishment of Christianity; Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum studied together, and formed their youthful friendships, as Horace did, probably, with Messala, Bibulus, and Pompeius Varus.

The advantages which Horace derived from this residence in Athens may be traced in his familiarity with Attic literature, or rather with the whole range of Greek poetry, Homeric, lyric, and dramatic. He studied particularly the comic writers, the great models of that kind of poetry which consists in shrewd and acute observation on actual human life, on society, manners, and morals, expressed in terse, perspicuous, and animated verse, and which he was destined in another form to carry to such unrivalled perfection in his own language. But he incurred a great danger, that of sinking into a third or fourth rate Greek poet, if in a

foreign language he could have attained even that humble eminence. He represents the genius of his country, under the form of Romulus, as remonstrating against this misdirection of his talents—

'Atque ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,  
Versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus,  
Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera:  
In silvam non ligna feras insanias, ac si  
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.'—

I Sat. x. 31, 35.

Romulus gave good reason for his advice. The mine of Grecian poetry was exhausted; every place of honour was occupied; a new poet, particularly a stranger, could only be lost in the inglorious crowd. But this is not all. It is a law of human genius, without exception, that no man can be a great poet except in his native speech. Inspiration seems impatient of the slower process of translating our thoughts into a second language. The expression must be as free and spontaneous as the conception, and however we may refine and polish our native style, and substitute a more tardy and elaborate for an instantaneous and inartificial manner of composition, there is a facility, a mastery, a complete harmony between the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn, which never can be obtained excepting in our mother tongue.

During his residence at Athens, Horace visited other parts of Greece; he speaks of not having been so much *struck* by the rich plain of Larissa, or by the hardier district of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio, and the groves of Tibur. We do not see anything in the seventh satire of the first book, which describes the quarrel between Persius and Rupilius Rex at Clazomenæ, to warrant the *positive* conclusion that Horace was in that city, and a witness of the ludicrous conflict. Nor are we quite satisfied as to the allusion to his local knowledge of Lebedus (Epist. i. xi. 7):

Horace, it is well known, from Athens joined the republican army of Brutus, in which he received the rank of military tribune. Excepting at such critical periods, when the ordinary course of military promotion was suspended by the exigencies of the times, the son of a freedman would not have acquired that rank. His appointment, by his own account, excited some jealousy—*quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno*.

We should have been surprised if the whole Roman youth, breathing the air of Aristides, and Pericles, and Demosthenes—imbibing the sentiments of liberty from all which was the object of their study at this ardent and generous period of life—had not thrown themselves at once into the ranks of Brutus, and rallied around what they could not but consider the endangered freedom of Rome. No German university, not even the Polytechnic school at Paris, can have poured forth its enthusiastic boys with stronger excitement, or in so noble a cause, as that of Brutus *ought* to have appeared to the sons of Roman fathers. The battle of Philippi

was fatal to the military fame and to the fortunes of the young soldier. Lessing has written an ingenious essay (*Werke*, ix. iii. pp. 126, 173) to vindicate the morals and the courage of Horace. Wieland goes still further in his vindication of the poet's courage. 'He could not call up the remembrance of the hero (Brutus,) by whom he was beloved, without reproaching himself for having yielded to the instinct of personal safety, instead of *dying with him*; and, according to my feeling, the *non bene* is a sigh of regret, which he offers to the memory of that great man, and an expression of that shame of which a noble spirit alone is capable' (Wieland, *Horazens Briefe*, v. ii. p. 161). It is clear, as Mr. Tate observes, that he saw some 'hard service' (c. ii. vii. 2), and obtained the approbation of his generals (E. i. xx. 23). We are inclined to agree with Lessing, that his playful allusion to his throwing away his shield after the battle has been taken more in earnest than intended by the poet, and there seems little doubt that the passage is an imitation, perhaps a translation, of Alcæus. After all, taken in its most literal sense, it comes to no more than that Horace fled with the rest of the defeated army; not that he showed any want of valour during the battle. He abandoned the cause of Brutus, when the cause was not merely desperate, but extinguished.

Horace found his way back, after encountering some perils by land and sea, to Rome. But his estate was confiscated; some new coactor was collecting the price of his native fields, which his father had acquired perhaps from former confiscations. For a few months, however, after his return, nothing can well have been more obscure and hopeless than the condition of our poet. The friends which he had already made were on the wrong side in politics; he had no family connexions, no birth to gild his poverty. He is exactly a well-educated literary adventurer cast upon the capital, but under the most unfavourable circumstances. Every step in his rise to ease, to moderate affluence, and the favour and intimacy of the great, is a curious illustration of the social condition of the times. Either from the wreck of his fortunes, from old debts, or from the liberality of friends, Horace contrived to buy a 'patent place in the treasury;' so Mr. Tate translates the words of Suetonius, *scriptum quaestorium comparavit*. On the profits of this place he managed to live with the utmost frugality. His ordinary fare was but a vegetable diet; his household stuff of the meanest ware; and, unlike poets in general, he had a very delicate taste for pure water. Not however that we are inclined to take all these allusions to his own abstemious living quite in earnest; his convivial odes speak a different language—*nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*.

The state of Roman poetry, when Horace began to devote himself to it, is almost an indispensable inquiry in our estimate of his merits. Rome, according to the

modern theory, had her mythic and Homeric age; her early history is but her ancient ballad epic transmuted into prose. Whatever may be the *internal* evidence of this poetic cycle in the rich and animated legends which fill the first books of Livy, there is, in fact, no single passage which proves that the poems ever existed; many which lead to the conclusion, that if they ever did exist, they were unknown in the time of Livy and of Horace. We hear of the old Arval songs, of the Salian verses, of songs sung at triumphs or at feats by individual guests in praise of illustrious men, (of these Cicero deplors the total loss,) and at funerals; but all these appear to have been brief, religious, or occasional. It is certainly strange that no distinct vestige or tradition of this narrative poetry should be found in the whole range of Roman literature, whether Greek or Latin. We may, if we will, assume, from the character in which all this pro-historic Roman history exists at present, that it must have been originally poetry; but of its pre-existence in a metrical, or what is usually meant by a *poetic* form, we have no external proof whatever.

Poetry, like philosophy, was a stranger and foreigner at Rome; she arrived, though late, before philosophy;—at least she was more completely naturalized before philosophy was domiciled, except in a very few mansions of great statesmen, and among a very circumscribed intellectual aristocracy. The drama of Rome, like her arts were Grecian; almost all the plays of Livius Andronicus, Accius, Pacuvius, Plautus, Terence, were on Grecian subjects. They treated on the fate

'Of Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine.'

Their metres were Greek, and the introduction of the hexameter by Ennius contributed, with the undoubted genius of that great poet, at once to the more favourable reception of poetry in Rome, and to the superiority of Ennius himself. In every respect the Romans were imitative, not directly of nature, but of Grecian models. It has been well observed, that Horace himself, one of the most original of Roman writers, acknowledges this humiliating fact—

'Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.'

But, on the other hand, the wonderful energies which were developed in her universal conquests, and in her civil factions, in which the great end of ambition was to be the first citizen in a state which ruled the world, could not but awaken intellectual powers of the highest order. The force and vigour of the Roman character is manifest in the fragments of their early poetry. However rude and inharmonious these translations, for, after all, they are translations, they are full of bold, animated, and sometimes picturesque expressions; and

that which was the natural consequence of the domiciliation of a foreign literature among a people of strong and masculine minds invariably took place. Wherever those masters in the art had attained to consummate perfection—wherever the genius of the people had been reflected in their poetry with complete harmony—there, however noble might be the emulation of the disciple, it was impossible that he should approach to his model, especially where his own genius and national character were adverse both to the form and to the poetic conception.

Hence, in the genuine epic, in lyric, in dramatic poetry, the Greeks stood alone and unapproachable. Each of these successive forms of the art had, as it were, spontaneously adapted itself to the changes in Grecian society. The epic was that of the heroic age of the warrior-kings and bards; the lyric, the religious, that of the temple and of the public games; the dramatic, that of the republican polity, the exquisite combination of the arts of poetry, music, gesture, and spectacle, before which the sovereign people of Athens met, which was presided over by the magistrate, and maintained either at the public cost, or at that of the ruling functionary—which, in short, was the great festival of the city.

But the heroic age of Rome had passed away, as we have observed, without leaving any mythic or epic song, unless already transmuted into history. Her severe religion had never kindled into poetry, except in rude traditional verses, and short songs chanted during the solemn ceremony. The more domestic habits of her austerer days had been less disposed to public exhibitions; theatrical amusements were forced upon her, not freely developed by the national taste; the ovation and the triumph was her great spectacle; and when these became more rare, her relaxation was the rude Atellan farce, or the coarse mime; but her passion was the mimic war, the amphitheatre with its wild beasts and gladiators, the proud spectacle of barbarian captives slaughtering each other for her amusement. Rome thus wanted the three great sources of poetic inspiration—an heroic period of history, religion, and scenic representation. She had never—at least there appears no vestige of their existence—a caste or order of bards; her sacerdotal offices, attached to her civil magistracies, disdained the aid of high-wrought music, or mythic and harmonious hymn. Foreign kings and heroes walked her stage; and even her comedy represented, in general, the manners of Athens or of Asia Minor, rather than those of Italy.

Still, however, in those less poetic departments of poetry, if we may so speak, which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature, the Romans seized the unoccupied ground, and asserted a distinct superiority. Wherever poetry would not disdain to become an art—wherever

lofty sentiment, majestic, if elaborate, verse, unrivalled vigour in condensing and expressing moral truth—dignity, strength, solidity, as it were, of thought and language, not without wonderful richness and variety, could compensate for the chastened fertility of invention, the life and distinctness of conception, and the pure and translucent language, in which Greek poetry stands alone—there the Latin surpasses all poetry. In what is commonly called didactic poetry, whether it would convey in verse philosophical opinions, the principles of art, descriptions of scenery, or observations on life and manners, the Latin poets possess unrivalled excellence. We conceive the poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, the Satires and Epistles of Horace and Juvenal, to be as much superior even to the poem of Empedocles—(of which, nevertheless, there are some very fine fragments),—or to any other Greek poems to which they can fairly be compared, as the Latin tragedy was inferior to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, or *Terence* to *Menander*. Notwithstanding the disrepute in which Cicero's poetical talents have been held, there are passages in his translations of *Aratus*, which, from their bold descriptive felicity, and their picturesque epithets, we are inclined to prefer to the original.\* This peculiar character of Roman poetry had to a certain degree been developed before Horace began to write. Ennius was in many respects a Roman poet; and it might, at first sight, be suspected, that his popularity as a more modern versifier of the national annals might have contributed to the neglect and final loss of the older Italian lays. But there is no evidence of this, and the study of his fragments leads to the opposite conclusion. The passage which seems at first to contain a distinct allusion to ancient poetry—

'Scripsere alii rem  
Versibu', quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant,  
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,  
Nec dicti studiosus erat'

this refers, on the authority of Cicero, in whose *Brutus* it is contained, to the *Saturnian* verses of *Nævius* on the first Punic war. The fragments of the *Annals* do not appear to us the most poetic of those of Ennius; in almost all his loftier flights, we think that we trace

\* Nine new lines of this translation have been discovered in a curious MS., supposed to be of the second or third century, and described by Mr. W. Young Ottley in the twenty-sixth volume of our *Archæologia*. They are very much in the language and spirit of the orator's poetry—

'Sed cum se medium cœli in regione locavit  
Magnus Aquarius, et vestivit lumine terras:  
Tum pedibus simul et superâ cervice jubatâ  
Cedit Equus fugiens; et contra signipotens Neæ  
Caudâ Centaurum retinens, ad se rapit ipsa;  
Nec potis est caput atque humeros obducere latos;  
At vero serpentis Hydre caligine cœcâ  
Cervicem, atque oculorum ardentia lumina vestit:  
Hanc autem totam properant depellere Pisces.'—p. 12.

Grecian inspiration, if not more than inspiration. If it be true that the earliest annalists of Rome turned the old poetry into prose, and retained its poetic spirit, Ennius seems to have versified the more authentic history, and left it almost as prosaic as ever. We venture to doubt, notwithstanding the fame of Varius, whether there was any fine Roman narrative poetry till the appearance of the *Æneid*. But Lucretius had shown of what the rich and copious, and, in his hands, flexible Latin language was capable. He was probably the first, who, though an imitator no doubt of the Greeks, evinced, that there was yet ground not entirely pre-occupied, in which a new race of poets might rival or transcend their masters. It is astonishing how Lucretius has triumphed over the difficulties of an unpromising subject, and the cold and unpoetic tone of his own philosophy. Both Lucretius and Catullus had died a short time before Horace settled at Rome. The exquisitely sweet lyric tone of Catullus does not seem to have been so pleasing as might have been expected to the Roman ear; his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric iambics. His lyrics are mentioned with disparagement by Horace, and not noticed by Quintilian. It has been observed by the author of a learned and sensible view of Latin poetry in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, as a curious coincidence, that four of the distinguished poets of this period should have forfeited their estates during the civil commotions, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and, rather later, Propertius. Most of these embraced what may be called the popular cause, acquiesced afterwards in the sole dominion of Augustus, and obtained favour, and at least sufficient means of independent subsistence. Varius and Virgil were already celebrated names when Horace returned to Rome; and these two great poets at once admitted him to their intimacy. The fame of Varius, as an epic poet, does not appear to have been recognised even by his Roman posterity. Quintilian speaks of his *Thyestes* in the highest terms of praise, as worthy to be compared with the noblest Greek tragedies, but he does not even mention his name among the epic writers. We suspect that he wrote fine verses on the events and characters of the day, a kind of poetry which often obtains high reputation at the time, but loses its interest with the events which it celebrates. Still, of the thirteen lines of Varius which survive, six possess considerable beauty, and all show vigour and felicity of expression. The *Eclogues* of Virgil are supposed to have appeared about the same time with the earliest publication of Horace, the first book of *Satires*. But Virgil had already acquired fame, and was honoured with the intimate acquaintance of Mæcenas.

The introduction of Horace to Mæcenas was the turning point of his fortunes; his poverty, arising out of the confiscation of his estate, had driven him to

what we should scarcely have expected, at this period of scarcely subsiding civil commotion, to have been a gainful trade, the writing poetry—

———‘*Paupertas impoluit audax  
Ut versus facerem.*

The interpretation of this line appears to us about the most difficult point in the early history of Horace. What was this poetry? did the author expect to make money or friends by it? or did he write merely to disburthen himself of his resentment and indignation, at this crisis of depression and destitution, when

‘The world was not his friend, nor the world’s law,’ and so to revenge himself upon the world by the stern and unsparing exposure of its vices? Such is the theory of Kirchner:—

‘*Qui cum e bello Philippensi Romam modo reversus juvenili ardore libertatem, quam armis defenderat, in scriptis quoque tueri conaretur, audaci scilicet paupertate impulsus ut versus faceret, in primis musæ suæ fetibus, omnibus etiam ignotus, Luculiano ritu cum omnino perversa æqualium studia et vitia versibus exagitare, tum præcipue ubiconque locus datus esset, in ipsius Triumvirum potentes amicos et assecclas acerbius invehi eorumque vitia perstringere cepit. In quibus et Mæcenatem satirico flagello tangere propter insolentem in cultu negligentiam ac molliorem eo minus sibi religioni duxit, quod eum et præcipuum adversæ partis adiutorem et noverat et tum etiam aversabatur.*’—p. 51.

This hypothesis chiefly rests on the authority of the old scholiast, who asserts, that in the line—

Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat—

the poet was suspected of glancing at the slovenly and effeminate habit of Mæcenas, of wearing his robes trailing to the ground; still more malicious scandal added, that it was to conceal his bad legs and straddling walk. If this were the case, if Horace was conscious of having designedly libelled Mæcenas, under the sarcastic name of Malchinus, it must have been more than mere modesty, something rather of shame and confusion, which overpowered him during his first interview with the great man—

‘*Ut veni coram, singultim pauca locutus  
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari).*’

The dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, though habitual to him, might perhaps be alleged as rather in favour of the notion, that he had been induced to admit a visit from a man of talent, strongly recommended to him by the most distinguished men of letters of the day; though he was aware that the poet had been a partisan of Brutus, and had held himself up to ridicule in a satire, which, if not published, had been privately circulated, and must have been known at least to Varius and Virgil. The gentlemanly magnanimity of Mæcenas, or even the policy, which would induce him to reconcile all men of talent with the government might dispose him to overlook with quiet contempt or

easy indifference, or even to join in the laugh at this touch of satire against his own peculiarity of person or manner; but still the subsequent *publication* of a satire, containing such an allusion, after the Satirist had been admitted into the intimacy of Mæcenas (and it is universally admitted that the satire was first published after this time), appears to us so utterly improbable, so inconsistent with the deferential respect and gratitude shown by Horace to his patron, with the singular tact and delicacy with which the poet preserves his freedom by never trespassing beyond its proper bounds, and that exquisite urbanity which prevents his flattery from degenerating into adulation, that we have no scruple in rejecting, with Wieland, the idle gossip of the scholiast. And after all, this negligence or effeminate affectation was probably much too common to point the satire against any individual, even one so eminent as Mæcenas; as for the grave observations of the similarity between the names of Malchinus and Mæcenas, being each of three syllables, old Fluellin's 'Macedon and Monmouth' cannot but occur to every one.

The other circumstances of the interview seem to imply that Horace felt no peculiar embarrassment, such as he might experience, if he was conscious of having libelled Mæcenas. There was no awkward attempt at apology, but a plain independence in his manner; he told him merely that he was neither a man of family nor fortune, and explained who and what he was—

'Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum  
Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,  
Sed, quod eram, narro.—*Serm.* i. vi. 58.

Still the question recurs, what were these verses, to which Horace was impelled by poverty? Roman literature can scarcely yet have maintained her Grub-street class, who—

'Rhyme ere they wake, and print before term ends,  
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends.'

The Sosii, with their wirewove volumes, were hardly the Murrays and Constables of the day ready to speculate in favour of a young and promising author. Wieland, we regret to say, has eluded this question; for, after all, we are inclined, notwithstanding the animadversions of Kirchner, to hold his brother poets, Pope and Wieland, to be much the best commentators on Horace. Let us examine the passage a little farther and consider an instant the analogy of the soldier, who had lost his purse, and became suddenly valiant, but who, when in easy circumstances, made the reply which Pope has so happily rendered—

'Prodigious well! his great commander cry'd,  
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.  
Next pleased his Excellence a town to batter.  
(It's name I know not, and 'tis no great matter.)  
Go on, my friend, he cry'd, see yonder walls!  
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.  
Don't you remember what reply he gave?  
D'ye think me, noble General, such a sot?  
Let him take castles' who has near a groat.'

The impulse of poverty appears from hence evidently not the independent desire of exhaling his indignation against the vices of the Cæsarian party, or of wreaking his revenge; it was the more vulgar but prudential design, in some way or other, of bettering his condition, which was his avowed inspiration. But how verse-making effected, or could be expected to effect this, is the problem which, to our judgment, has not yet been satisfactorily solved.\*

At all events the poetical talents of Horace must already have become known, it should seem, by the circulation of unpublished verses, to the kindred spirits of Pollio the tragic writer, of Varius, and of Virgil. For his first published work (the first book of Satires, ascribed to the years 40, 39, 38, B.C.) alludes not only to them, but to a long list of distinguished friends, and among the rest his declared patron Mæcenas. And, indeed, there is another difficulty which perplexes us in the Bentleian chronology, we mean the extraordinarily short time allowed for the attainment of that poetical reputation, which, no doubt, obtained for him the friendship of these celebrated men, and the introduction to Mæcenas. Mr. Tate assigns the following events to the year 41: 'In the winter 42, 41, he returns to Rome, having been nearly shipwrecked off Cape Palinurus, becomes acquainted with Virgil and Varius, is by them introduced to Mæcenas, obtains his patronage, and is admitted to his friendship.'† But under what character could the son of a provincial freedman, who had been on the wrong side in the civil wars, had lost all his property, and scarcely possessed the means of living, make such rapid progress among the accomplished and the great? Certainly not by his social qualities alone, his agreeable manners or convivial

\* We are not inclined to the expressions in l. S. iv. quite so strictly as Mr. Tate—'Horace' (we quote Mr. Tate, p. 143) 'says as plainly as a man can say it, that he had not then written anything which could entitle him to the name of poet—

—'neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.'

From which, the learned Canon would infer, that he could not have written any one of the Odes before the Satires. As far as publication, or the composition of a whole book, we should agree with him; but not so far as to suppose that some of the Odes may not have been previously written, and, as Mr. Tate admits, with regard to certain of his poems, 'known among his friends at the time, either by private recitation, or by giving copies just as they were written.'

† Mr. Fynes Clinton (*Fasti Hellenici*, p. 221) has justly observed, that some time must have elapsed between the battle of Philippi and the composition of the sixth Satire of the first book, '*Olim* quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno,' l. 47, and likewise since his introduction to Mæcenas: '*Olim* Virgilius, post hunc Varius dixere quid essem.' (i. b. 55.)



wit; nothing but his well-known poetical talents can so suddenly have endeared him to his brother poets. When Virgil and Varius told Mæcenas what he was,

'Dixere, quid essem,'

they must have spoken of him as a writer of verses. not merely of great promise, but of some performance. If the *Satires* were his first publication, the incidents to which they allude prove that he must already have possessed a considerable poetic reputation. How it was obtained is the question; it must have been by pieces privately circulated, which were afterwards not thought worthy of publication, or by some which we actually possess. We confess that we see no difficulty in the supposition that some of the odes which bear the impress of youthful feelings and passions, may have been among the compositions which were communicated to his friends, and opened to him the society of men of letters, and the patronage of the great.

The character and position of Mæcenas have been nowhere, as far as we are aware, caught and portrayed with so much felicity as by Wieland in the preliminary observations to his graceful version of the *Epietles*. This book, we suspect, is not generally known even to readers of German in this country; at all events, it is a sealed volume to those who are ignorant of that language. We persuade ourselves that we shall perform an acceptable service by translating one or two passages:—

'Mæcenas, although he deduced his family from the ancient Etrurian kings, had neither to maintain a high reputation inherited from his ancestors, nor does he appear to have been gifted by nature with those endowments which belong to what is called a *great man*. He had rather to thank fortune for having placed him precisely in those circumstances which would raise him to the greatest importance, and his principal merit seems to have been that he knew how to derive the greatest advantage from these favourable circumstances. Without strong passions, or ambition, but with shrewd sense and a clear head; lively enough to be active in all decisive exigencies; prudent and cold-blooded enough to carry through all that he undertook; sanguine enough always to promise himself success, and not easily daunted with difficulties; but too easy and too fond of pleasure to love or to seek business when there was no strong impulse of necessity; agreeable in his person, cheerful in his address, with a considerable share of urbanity and good humour; as ready to bear a jest against himself as to make one upon others; pleasantly peculiar, even to singularity, in little things, but therefore more solid in affairs of importance; acute and supple in using others for his own views; dexterous in deriving advantage from all sorts of men, but cautious in the choice of his more intimate friends; true and steady, when he had made his choice, and capable of any sacrifice in an emergency; with all these qualities Mæcenas appears to have been expressly formed to be the confidential friend of Augustus, and the very man who was absolutely necessary to that vain, ambitious, but weak timid, irresolute, yet nevertheless sometimes hasty and precipitate, child of fortune. With these qualities he

was able, from the beginning of their connexion, to inspire him with a confidence which (excepting one passing coolness) continued unaltered to his death. Augustus was always at his ease with his friend Mæcenas, for with him he found precisely that which he wanted, advice, resources, decision, courage, and happy temper; and, that which is by no means the most immaterial, always some points on which he felt himself stronger and wiser, and on which he could play off his friend, without that friend losing in the least in his estimation. Augustus delighted in jesting on the effeminacy of Mæcenas, his love for curiosities, precious stones, and gems, upon his affectation of mingling Etrurian words with his Latin, or of coining new ones; and therefore Mæcenas could venture the well-known "*Surge tandem, carnifex*,"\* without fear that he would take ill a sentence so sternly laconic.

'Mæcenas, who, under other circumstances, would have been nothing more than what an Englishman in the time of Queen Anne and George the First would have called a man of wit and pleasure, when from circumstances he became the confidential adviser of a young man, who had perhaps to play the most difficult game which was ever committed to a statesman—(wit and the love of pleasure, after all, being the chief features of his character)—was not a man to set up Epaminondas or Cato as his example in political life. In his advice he regarded the safe and the useful, rather than the noble and heroic. . . .

'The modesty with which the favourite of Augustus declined the highest honours of the state, and passed that life, which he might have rendered illustrious by consulates and triumphs, as a mere Roman knight in the obscurity of a private station, has been considered a great effort of virtue. I doubt whether this virtue sprang from any source but his natural temperament, his love for idleness and pleasure, and perhaps his prudence. He possessed the substance, the ear and the heart of Augustus, the love of the people, immeasurable wealth, and all that could make private life agreeable to a man of his way of thinking; what did he care whether his toga had a broad or narrow stripe of purple? For himself there was no means so secure to maintain himself at once in favour with the emperor and the people as this moderation, which kept him aloof from all dangerous collisions, all responsibility, all opportunities of incurring displeasure.

'He built upon Esquiline hill a palace, a kind of Colosseum, (*molem vicinam nubibus*, as Horace calls it,) which, probably on account of its height, was usually named the Tower of Mæcenas. From thence he had a prospect over the whole city and neighbourhood of Rome, as far as Forlì, Tusculum, Palæstrina, &c., one of the most splendid which can be conceived; and here, in the midst of the voluptuous garden, into which he had converted the heretofore unwholesome Esquiline hill, he was enabled to enjoy the pleasures of the most beautiful villa. Here, after the toils and disquiets of the civil wars, and after he had at length attained the end of all his exertions, in the 727th year of Rome (which was about the fortieth of his life,) and saw Augustus in quiet possession of a power and dignity which he was conscious was his work—here

\* One day, when Octavius was sitting in judgment as Triumvir, and condemning a multitude of persons to death, Mæcenas handed up to him a tablet inscribed with those significant words.

he altogether abandoned himself to his natural inclinations for quiet, pleasure, and those arts which are the offspring and the parents of contentment. His house, his table, his gardens, were the resort of all the wits, virtuosi, actors, joyous spirits, and agreeable idlers in Rome. Everything breathed enjoyment, mirth, and pleasure. It was a kind of court of Alcinous, where every one was welcome who could contribute anything to the amusement of the master and his company.

Every sentence in this long passage might open matter for curious and entertaining episodes. By his reception in the palace of Mæcenas, Horace was at once initiated in the best society of the metropolis. The nature of that society, as contrasted with that of modern cities, with Paris or with London, the characters of the best known individuals who composed it, the houses, the hours, the habits, the tastes, the opinions, the amusements, however exhausted in learned disquisition, would well bear to be thrown again into a popular and agreeable form. In the enjoyment of this society Horace composed the earliest of his works which has reached posterity—the first book of Satires. This style of poetry was admirably suited to the way of living. It was the highest order of the poetry of society. It will bear the same definition as good conversation—good sense and wit in equal proportions. Like good conversation, it dwells enough on one topic to allow us to bear something away, while it is desultory enough to minister perpetual variety. It starts from some subject of interest or importance, but does not adhere to it with rigid pertinacity. The satire of Horace allows ample scope to follow out any train of thought which it may suggest, but never to prolixity. It was serious and gay, grave and light; it admitted the most solemn and important questions of philosophy, of manners, of literature, but touched them in an easy and unaffected tone; it was full of point and *piquant* allusions to the characters of the day; it introduced in the most graceful manner the follies, the affectations, even the vices of the times, but there was nothing stern, or savage, or malignant in its satire; we rise from the perusal with the conviction that Horace, if not the most gentle and engaging—(not the perfect Christian gentleman)—must have been the most sensible and delightful person who could be encountered in Roman society. There is no broad buffoonery to set the table in a roar; no elaborate and exhausting wit, which turns the pleasure of listening into a fatigue; if it trespasses at times beyond the nicety and propriety of modern manners, it may fairly plead the coarseness of the times, and the want of efficient female control, which is the only true chastener of conversation; but which can only command respect, where the females themselves deserve it.

The satiric form of poetry was not original; there was something like it in the Silli of the Greeks, and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing

into Rome with considerable success. The obligations of Horace to Lucilius it is impossible fairly to estimate from the few and broken passages of that writer which have survived. We can scarcely suspect Horace of unworthy jealousy in the character which he gives of his predecessor in the art. There is little doubt—notwithstanding Quintilian's statement that there were some even in his day who still preferred him not merely to all poets of his class, but even to every other Roman poet—that Lucilius was rude, harsh, and inharmonious; and it is exactly this style of poetry which requires ease, and that unstudied idiomatic perspicuity of language, that careless, as it may seem, but still skilful construction of verse which delights the ear, and at the same time that it is widely different from the stately march of the Virgilian hexameter, or the smooth regularity of the Elegiac poets. It is so near akin to prose, as to require great art to keep up the indispensable distinction from it.

The poetry of Horace was the comedy of an untheatrical people. If the Romans had really felt any taste for the stage, there would have been a Roman drama. We have already considered the national character of the people as the chief cause of the want of encouragement to the genuine drama, but we may proceed still further. The true sphere of the drama seems to be a small city like Athens, (we reckon its size by its free population,) London in the time of Elizabeth and James, Paris in that of Louis XIV., or Weimar at the close of the last century. In these cities either all orders delight in living in public, or there is a large and predominant aristocracy, or a court, which represents or leads the public taste. Rome was too populous to crowd into a theatre, where the legitimate drama could be effectively performed. The people required at least a Colosseum; and directly, as elsewhere, their theatres rivalled their amphitheatres in size, the art was gone. Society in Rome was now in its state of transition from the public spectacle to the private banquet or entertainment; and, as our own present mode of living requires the novel instead of the play, affords a hundred readers of a book to one spectator of a theatrical performance, so Roman Comedy receded from the theatre, in which she had never been naturalized; and concentrated her art, and her observation on human life and manners, in the poem, which was recited to the private circle of friends, or published for the general amusement of the whole society.

The tone of society, of which Horace is the representative, was that into which Rome, weary and worn out with civil contests, was delighted to relapse. The peace of the capital was no more disturbed; though the foreign disturbances in Spain and on the other frontiers of the empire, the wars with the sons of Pompey, and finally with Antony and the East, distracted the world, Rome quietly subsided into the pursuits of peace. It

was the policy no less than the inclination of Augustus and his true friends, to soften, to amuse, to introduce all the arts, and tastes, and feelings which could induce forgetfulness of the more stirring excitements of the forum and senate; to waken the song of the poet, that the agitating eloquence of the orator might cause less regret; to spread the couch of luxury, of elegant amusement, and of lettered ease, on which Rome might slumber away the remembrance of her departed liberties. Agrippa and Augustus himself may be considered as taking charge of the public amusements, erecting theatres, and adorning the city with magnificent buildings of every description, transmuting the Rome of brick to the Rome of marble; exhibiting the most gorgeous shows and spectacles; distributing sumptuous largesses; and compensating, by every kind of distraction and diversion, for the privation of those more serious political occupations in the forum, or at the comitia, which were either abolished by the new constitution or had languished into regular and unexciting formalities. Mæcenas in the mean time was winning, if not to the party, or to personal attachment towards Augustus, at least to contented acquiescence in his sovereignty, those who would yield to the silken charms of social enjoyment. Though in the palace on the Esquiline no test of opinion might be demanded, and no severe or tyrannous restriction be placed on the ease and freedom of conversation, republican sentiments, or expressions of dissatisfaction at the state of public affairs, would be so out of place at the hospitable banquets of Mæcenas as to be proscribed by the common laws of courtesy or urbanity. Men's minds would be gradually reconciled to the suppression, if not to forgetfulness or abandonment, of such thoughts and feelings; they were gradually taught how agreeably they might live under a despotism.

Horace was not the only republican, nor the only intimate friend of Brutus, who took refuge in letters;

*'Hæc est*

*Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.'—*

He excused himself from the hopelessness of the cause, of which he still cherished some generous reminiscences. He still occasionally betrayed old associations in his flashes of admiration at the unbroken spirit and noble death of Cato, and the like, yet nevertheless gradually softened into the friend of the emperor's favourite, and at length into the poetical courtier of the emperor himself. Horace indeed asserted and maintained greater independence of personal character than most subjects of the new empire; there is a tone of dignity and self-respect even in the most adulatory passages of his writings. It might seem as if the old Sabine air which he breathed during his retirement on his new estate in that district reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind; and, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment, and the luxuries which he partook

of in the palace of Mæcenas, and of other magnificent friends, he never abandoned his own sober and frugal mode of living. It is the peculiar charm of Horace that his poetry not only represents to us the city but likewise the country life of the Romans at this time; the country life in its two different forms—on the farm, in the Sabine mountain district, and in the elegant though modest cottage villa near Tivoli. On this point, the localities of the Horatian poetry, we think Mr. Tate is perfectly conclusive and satisfactory; it is one of those explanations so extremely simple and probable, that we only wonder that it could be so long missed by the countless learned and ingenious persons who have been studying and interpreting Horace for centuries.

It is supposed that the Sabine farm was bestowed upon Horace by Mæcenas between the publication of his two books of Satires. Nothing could be more appropriate than the gift, which, in fact, may have been softened off, as it were, as a compensation for his confiscated parental estate. It does not indeed appear that Horace incurred a personal forfeiture of his property, though engaged in the army of Brutus. Venusia, including of course its district, was one of the cities promised and granted as a military colony to the soldiers of the victorious army. Horace was reinstated, by the bounty of his patron, in the immediate neighbourhood, though, as those grants could not be resumed, it was impossible that he should recover this patrimonial inheritance. The act of generosity may have recommended itself as but an act of justice.

The second book of Satires followed at no great interval the publication of the first. It is evident from the first lines of this book that he had made a strong impression on the public taste. No writer, with the keen good sense of Horace, would have ventured on such expressions as the following, unless he had felt confident of his position. We quote them in the imitation of his best interpreter at least, if not commentator:—

*'There are (I scarce can think it, but am told),  
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;  
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,  
And something said of Charles much too rough;  
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,  
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.'*

This is the language of a privileged egotist; of one who had acquired a right, by public suffrage, to talk of himself. The sixth satire of this book is one of the most important in the chronology of the life and works of Horace. Here is the pleasant passage so exquisitely adapted by Swift:—

*'Tis (let me see) three years and more  
(October next it will be four)  
Since Harley bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend;  
Would take me in his coach to chat,  
And question me of this and that:*

As, What's o'clock? or How's the wind?  
Whose chariot's that we left behind?  
Or, Have you nothing new to-day  
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'—&c. &c.

It was in the eighth year of his acquaintance with Mæcenas that this satire was composed. Supposing this acquaintance began the very year in which Horace returned to Rome, B.C. 41, nine months elapsed before anything like intimacy took place—*nemo revocas post mense*—this then brings the date down to 40, and the satire cannot be placed earlier than 33 or 32. Notwithstanding this, in his 'brief chronology,' Mr. Tate places the division of lands after the Sicilian war with Sextus Pompeius, to which distinct allusion is made in this very satire, in the winter 36 (35). It is a piece of secret intelligence which Horace was supposed by his importunate friends to possess from his access to the ear of Mæcenas, whether these lands were to be granted in Italy or Sicily—

'Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra  
Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure daturus?'

Mr. Tate seems, with unwonted precipitancy, to have inferred that the division of lands must have followed immediately on the successful close of the war; but it is natural to suppose that two or three years at least would elapse; and, in fact, from this passage, they must have elapsed, before affairs were so far settled as to enable the conqueror to assign the lands to their new occupants.

That book followed which may be considered the transition state of his poetry from the satiric or social form to the lyric, the Epodes. The composition of the second book of Satires is assigned to the years B.C. 35, 34, 33; the Epodes to B.C. 32, 31.

During the later period had broken out the war between Antony and Cæsar, so distinctly alluded to in the first epode. The most ardent lover of liberty might deprecate the guilt and evil of civil war, in such a cause. It was not for freedom, but for the choice of masters, between the subtle Octavius and the profligate Antony, that the world was again to be deluged with blood. The voice of Horace was lifted to express his abhorrence of the crime.

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris  
Aptantur enses conditi?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Non ut superbas invidiæ Carthaginis  
Romanus arces ureret;  
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus viâ:  
Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua  
Urbs hæc periret dextera.'

It might seem that the fearful and disastrous times had broken up the careless social circle, for whose amusement and instruction the satires were written, and that the poet was thrown back, by force, into a more grave and solemn strain—Mæcenas himself is summoned to abandon his delicious villa, his intellectual friends, his easy luxury, and to mount the hard deck of the vessel of war.

'Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,  
Amice, propugnacula.'

Horace was in doubt whether he should accompany his patron, who however remained in Italy. The first epode, no doubt, expresses the feelings of the poet on this trying occasion—and we doubt whether it has ever been surpassed by any composition of its kind; whether there is any piece of the same length in which the delicacy of compliment is so blended with real feeling, or gratitude and attachment expressed with so much grace and dignity. It is curious that, as if the mind of Horace resented being disturbed in its pleasing dreams, and as if the whole tone of his thoughts was hardened into unwonted severity, his playful satire becomes, in the epodes, bitter and truculent invective; he has now taken as his model the fierce iambics of Archilochus: the epodes to Mænas, to Cassius Severus, to Mævius, to Canidia, stand almost alone in their fierce and unmitigated acrimony. The greater earnestness of lyric poetry has sharpened the satire, while the satire restricts the freedom and invention of the lyric, and confines it to subjects connected with social life. Even the exquisite and peaceful *Beatus ille* ends with a sting.

Kirchner has directed his most vigorous attack on the Benteleian chronology against the narrow limits of time assigned for the composition of the epodes, B.C. 32 and 31. We are inclined so far to agree with him as to consider that some of them may possibly have been written at an earlier date. The fourth, which has been usually supposed to be addressed to Pompeius Mænas, the celebrated freedman, who revolted to Sextus Pompeius, and back again to Augustus, under every system must be erroneously inscribed; as that Pompeius Mænas, according to the express authority of Dion (xlix. 37), was killed at the siege of Siscia, in Pannonia, in A.U. 719, B.C. 35. Kirchner, however, abandons this ground for the earlier date of this poem, which he considers, as we do, to relate to a very different subject. To us indeed the allusion to Pompeius Mænas is altogether untenable, for this conclusive reason. The person whom Horace assails with his contemptuous satire was of no higher rank than military tribune; Pompeius Mænas commanded an army, or was at least legatus. In fact, the inscription is of no authority whatever. But the last lines

'Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi  
Rostrata duci pondere  
Contra latrones at que servilem manum,  
Hoc, hoc tribuno militum?'

compared with a passage in the ninth, which manifestly refers to the war with Sextus Pompeius—

'Ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius  
Dux fugit, ustis navibus,  
Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat  
Servis amicus perfidis'

certainly appear to contain a distinct allusion to the

runaway slaves enlisted, according to all the historians of the times, Dion, Appian, Paternulus, Florus, in the naval armament of the younger Pompey. This will throw the fourth epode back as far as A. U. 716, or at latest 718—B. C. 38 or 36; nor, on the very probable supposition that some of the poems were written and circulated before they were collected and published, do we see any objection to this conclusion. But as for Kirchner's arguments, by which he would persuade us to throw back the sixteenth epode to B. C. 713, they seem to us to be a felicitous example of that pedantic style of commenting upon poetry which assumes that it is all matter of fact. It supposes that Horace was actually in grave and solemn earnest when he advises his countrymen to desert their native city and migrate to some happier region. We presume that he was equally serious when he recommended them to settle in those Elysian Islands of the West, where the unploughed earth yielded corn, and the unpruned vineyard wine; where the goats came of their own accord to be milked, and beasts of prey and serpents were unknown; where, in short, the uninterrupted golden age would recompense them for the sorrows of their iron days!

The three first books of odes are assigned to the nine years from B. C. 30 to 21. It is surprising that the name of epodes should so far have blinded former critics to the internal evidence as to the relative time of composition. Nothing can be more clear and distinct than the allusions to the circumstances of the times; or show more incontestably, that almost all the epodes were written during the civil war—the *odes*, in general, during or after its close. We must again observe (without the least disposition to question Bentley's axiom, that the various works were published in separate books)—that Horace may have admitted some of the lighter lyrical compositions of his youth into the first, or even the later collections of odes. It is a very convincing, and a very pleasing confirmation of Bentley's theory, that, as it proceeds, the stream of the Horatian poetry not only flows with great ease, but with greater purity. The moral character rises in dignity and in decency; he has cast off the coarseness and indelicacy which offends our purer manners; in his later compositions 'Virginibus puerisque cantat.'

'In cæteris autem singulis procedentis ætatis gradus plenissimis signis indicat; idque tibi ex hac serie jam a me demonstratâ jucundum erit animadvertere; cum operibus juvenilibus multa obscœna et flagitiosa insint; quanto annis provecior erat, tanto eum et poeticâ virtute et argumentorum dignitate gravitateque, meliorem castioremque semper evasisse.'—*Bentley de Temp. libr. Horat.*

Even if we admit that most of the odes in each book may have been written about the same time, they are by no means disposed in regular chronological order. The arrangement seems to have been en-

tirely arbitrary, or rather to have been made not without a regard to variety in subject, and, in some respects, in metre. In the first book, the nine first, and the eleventh, might also seem arranged in order to show the facility with which the poet could command every kind of metrical variety: no two are the same. The xth, the Sapphic ode to Mercury, is the first repetition. In point of time, the xxxviii, *Nunc est bibendum*, the splendid song of triumph over the fate of Antony and Cleopatra, may claim precedence. But the first, addressed to Mæcenæ, may fairly be considered as a dedication of the whole book to him whom he addresses as—

'Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ.'

The second, in which, as Bentley acutely observed, the emperor is first addressed by the name of Augustus, marks its proper period by that circumstance, and no doubt refers to the inundation of the Tiber which took place just at that time. As the two former to the patron and the emperor, so the third is devoted to the friend. Throughout the whole book, or rather the whole collection of odes, there seems a careful study of contrast and variety—

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

The solemn moral strain to Sextius is changed for the soft love ditty to Pyrrha;—the religious hymn to the god of 'Mercurial men,' for the serious advice to Leuconoe.

We have no space to discuss the rank which Horace may claim as a lyric poet. It is quite clear that neither was this the age, nor was Latin the language for the higher lyric song. The religious, and what we may call the national, the second inspiration of the genuine lyric, were both wanting. The religion in the Horatian ode is but the use of the common-place machinery of the established creed, the conventional poetic mythology, of which the influence was effete and worn out; the allusions to passing events are those of a calm and self-possessed observer, ingeniously weaving them into his occasional pieces, not the impassioned outflow of the poetic spirit, seizing and pouring forth, in one long and unexhausted stream, all the thoughts and images, and incidental touches, which are transmuted, as it were, by the bard into a part of his own moral being. The odes of Horace, if compared with the highest lyric poetry, are greatly deficient; but, if only considered as occasional pieces, inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, or as graceful love-verses, they fully deserve that place in the memory of the scholar, to which they seem to cleave with almost a peculiar tenacity; their ease, perapicuity, elegance, and harmony, compensate, in some degree, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity, or passion.

The odes bear the character of the poet's life during

this long period. He has reverted to his peaceful enjoyments of society; the sword of civil war is sheathed; and there is just excitement enough of foreign warfare on the remote frontiers, in Spain, in Britain, in Arabia, to give an opportunity of expressing the Roman's proud consciousness of universal sovereignty. The only enemies are the remotest barbarians in the north and east, with harsh sounding names—

'Urbi sollicitus times  
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro  
Bactra parent, Tanaisque discors.'

Public affairs and private friendship, the manners of the city, and the delights of the country—all the incidents of an easy and honourable literary life—suggest the short poem, which embodies his feelings and sentiments; his philosophical views and his more tender attachments enabled him to transport into Rome many of the more pleasing and beautiful lyrics of Greece, which could appear with advantage in a Latin dress. Notwithstanding the indignant remonstrances of Kirchner, which denounce a theory so destructive to the personality of the poet in many of his lighter pieces, we coincide to a considerable extent with Buttman—(whose essay on the historical references and allusions in Horace has been translated in the Philological Museum)—as to the absurdity of supposing that all the Lalages, and Glyceras, and Lydias, and Chloes, were the objects of real attachment. Their names betray their origin, and many of them, no doubt, occupy the same place in the imitation of some Greek poem, which they did in the original. Buttman, we find, on reference to his 'Dissertation,' has likewise anticipated our opinion, that the books of odes contain many poems written at different periods in the life of Horace, finished up for publication on the appearance of each separate book. We cannot but think, that, with the assistance of Buttman, with a careful examination of each ode, a fine critical perception, and some kindred congeniality with a poetic mind, much might be done to separate the real from the imitative, the translated or transferred from the original; the actual and immediate inspiration of time and circumstance, from the reminiscence or the revival; and this, we are persuaded, would be a much more rational and satisfactory work of criticism, than the attempt to date every piece from some vague and uncertain allusion to a contemporary event. The volume of Kirchner, we are inclined, with Mr. Tate, to consider as one in which much ingenuity and diligence have been wasted on an unattainable object.

The epistles were the work of the mature man. The first book was written about a. c. 20, 19. No one doubts that these delightful compositions are the most perfect works of Horace; but it is singularly difficult to define, even to our own conceptions, still more in language, in what consists their felt and ac-

knowledged charm. They possess every merit of the Satires in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway, between the Odes and the Satires. They are that, in short, which Pope, their best, if not their one, successful imitator, is to English poetry.

We have not the slightest inclination to revive a very needless and unsatisfactory controversy; but we must observe, that the critical edict which disfranchises Pope from the venerable guild of poets, must disfranchise Horace also. The whole depends upon what we mean by the word poetry. If poetry must necessarily be imaginative, creative, impassioned, dignified, it is also clear that it must become extinct in a certain state of society, or, instead of transcribing the actual emotions and sentiments of men, must throw itself back into a more stirring and romantic period. At all events, it must have recourse to some foreign or extraordinary excitement: the calm course of every day events can afford no subject of inspiration; the decencies and conventional proprieties of civilized life lie upon it as a deadening spell; the assimilating and levelling tone of manners smooths away all which is salient.

But we do not see why there should not be a poetry of the most civilized and highly cultivated state of human society; something equable, tranquil, serene, affording delight by its wisdom and truth, by its grace and elegance. Human nature in all its forms is the domain of poetry, and though the imagination may have to perform a different office, and to exercise a more limited authority, yet we cannot think, or rather we will not fear, that it will ever be so completely extinguished in the mind of man, as to leave us nothing but the every day world in its cold and barren reality.

Poetry which thrills and melts; which stirs the very depths of the heart and soul; which creates, or stretches its reanimating wand over the past, the distant, the unseen, may be, and no doubt is, a very different production of the wonderful mechanism of the human mind from that which has only the impressive language and the harmonious expression, without the fiction of poetry; but human life, even in its calmest form, will still delight in seeing itself reflected in the pure mirror of poetry; and poetry has too much real dignity, too much genuine sympathy with universal human nature to condescend to be exclusive—there is room enough on the broad heights of Helicon, at least on its many peaks, for Homer and Menander, for Shakspeare, and Pope; and Cowper. We can pass, without considering that we are abandoning the sacred precincts of the Muses, from the death of Dido to the Epistle to Augustus. We do not, indeed, assert, that anything

like a regular cycle brings round the taste for a particular style of composition, or that the demand of the human mind (let us not shock our more poetic readers by this adoption of the language of political economy) requires, and is still further stimulated by the supply of a particular kind of production at particular periods; but, in general, we may say, that poetry begets prose, and prose, poetry—that is to say, when poetry has long occupied itself solely with more imaginative subjects, when it has been exclusively fictitious and altogether remote from the ordinary affairs of life, there arises a desire for greater truth—for a more close copy of that which actually exists around us. Good sense, keen observation, terse expression, polished harmony, then command and delight, and possess perhaps in their turn exclusively, for some time, the public ear. But directly this familiarity with common life has too closely approximated poetry to prose—when it is undistinguished, or merely distinguished from prose by a conventional poetic language, or certain regular forms of verse—then the poetic spirit bursts away again into freedom; and, in general, in its first struggle for emancipation, breaks out into extravagance; the unfettered imagination runs riot—it altogether scorns the alliance of truth and nature, to which it falsely attributes its long and ignoble thralldom; till some happy spirit weds again those which should never have been dissevered, and poetry becomes once more, in the language of one of its most enchanting votaries—

‘Truth severe in fairy fiction drest,’

This, however, is but an episode in our estimate of the poetical character of Horace. Of him it may be said, in the most perfect form of his poetry, the Epistles, that there is a period in the literary taste of every accomplished individual, as well as of every country, not certainly its ardent youth, and far from the decrepitude of old age, in which we become sensible of the extraordinary and undefinable charm of these wonderful compositions. It seems to require a certain maturity of mind; but that maturity by no means precludes the utmost enjoyment of the more imaginative poetry. It is, in fact, the knowledge of the world which alone completely qualifies us for judging the writings of a man of the world; our own practical wisdom enables us to appreciate that wisdom in its most delightful form.

The time of composition of the later works of Horace, the two books of the Epistles, and the fourth of the Odes, is much less the subject of dispute than the earlier works. The only difficulty of much importance, is the date at the close of the *Vertumnus Janumque*, the address to his book, which speaks of the poet as in his 44th year—

‘*Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres  
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.*’

Bentley, however, Mr. Clinton, and Mr. Tate, ascribe

the book of Epistles, either to his 45th and 46th, or his 46th and 47th year. Kirchner has a strange notion that this Epilogue belongs not to the book of Epistles, but to the book of Epodes, which Horace suppressed until some of the persons satirised in it, *Canidia, Mævus, &c.*, were dead. For this he has not the slightest authority whatever. Gesner’s seems to us the simplest way of accounting for this; not that either the book, or even this epistle, must necessarily have been written in that year, but that Horace had some private reason for taking this particular year as a date, just as any one writing two or three years hence might say, with a kind of poetical periphrasis, ‘I was so many years old at the coronation of Queen Victoria.’ And when we add, what Gesner has not remarked, that Lollius was an intimate friend of the author, and that no less than two Epistles in the book are inscribed to him, there seems quite sufficient reason for this fancy. The fourth book of Odes, and the *Carmen Seculare*, from their clear internal evidence, fall into the intermediate period, and the poetical career of Horace was nobly closed, probably a short time before his death, by the second book of Epistles, in which, with Wieland, we include what is vulgarly called, the Art of Poetry. Kirchner has here a new crotchet—as if to assert his especial privilege of differing from every one else, and of settling points which we have no grounds to settle—that the second volume of Epistles, and the Epistle to the Pisos, was not published till after the death of Horace, under the editorship—of Augustus himself! ‘*Post Horatii obitum demum, Augusti fortasse curâ, quem heredem nuncupaverat*’—(*Suet. Vit.*)—‘*publicè editum esse censeo.*’

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of Wieland’s theory concerning the Art of Poetry. It strikes us as among the most elegant, original, and at the same time, convincing critical essays in any language. Mr. Tate regrets his ignorance of German, but with his passionate attachment to Horace, can he do better than imitate the example of the great statesman who, as late in life, studied Spanish, that he might read *Don Quixote*? Mr. Tate would be amply rewarded, if he should devote part of his time in his classical retreat in Amen Corner, to a study which would introduce him to almost the best—if the awful shade of Bentley will permit us to say—the best critic who has ever illustrated the works of Horace.

We feel, however, that we have not yet done justice to the work of Mr. Tate. As an example both of the manner in which the ordinary life of the Romans may be illustrated from the writings of his favourite poet, and of the judgment and diligence with which the present publication has been executed, we will extract some passages from his ‘familiar day of Horace.’ The whole of this disquisition, we should observe, as well as a considerable part of the preliminary matter, is

quite new in this second edition of the 'Horatius Restitutus.'

'In the xxvth year of his age, B.C. 39, let us date the 6th Satire of the first book, keeping in mind also, that a summer's day is the object of description, and that as he begins his story after *luncheon*, the *cibus meridianus* (Sueton. August. 78) or *prandium*, so he brings us round to the same point again.

Quacunq̃ libido est,  
Incedo solus, percontor quanti olus ac far;  
Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro  
Sæpe forum; assisto divinis; inde domum me  
Ad porri et ciceris refero laganique catinum:  
Cœna ministratur pueris tribus; et lapis albus  
Focula cum cyatho duo sustinet; astat echino  
Vilis cum patrâ guttus, Campana supellex.  
Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod cras  
Surgendum sit mane, obsecutus Marsya, qui se  
Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.  
Ad quartam jaceo; post hanc vagor; aut ego, lecto  
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet, ungor olivo,  
Noti quo fraudatis immundus Nacca lucernis.  
Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum  
Admonuit, fugio Campus lasumque trigonem.  
Pransus non avide, quantum interpellat inani  
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. Hæc est  
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.—  
1 S. vi. III-129.

'1. Here then vv. 111-114, Horace, after a simple luncheon, instead of sauntering about at home, as at other times he might do, (v. 128, *domesticus otior*,) indulges in a walk into the city, careless and unattended; asks the price of garden-herbs and bread-corn; rambles about the Circus and the Forum, looking at the amusements and tricks which those places afforded, and especially stopping to observe the fortunetellers (probably the "de circo astrologi" of Tully, de Divin. i. 58) in the pursuit of their craft: for it must not be supposed that by the words, *assisto divinis*, Horace could possibly mean

"I go to church and pray."

as Creech has most absurdly translated it; raising ideas in the mind of the reader, to which there was nothing correspondent in the religious services of Rome.

'2. By this time, the evening hour approaches, (already v. 114, *vespertinum*,) and sends him home to dinner. That meal, *cœna*, consists of vegetable dishes and a kind of pancake: the boys who wait at table are three, evidently considered a very small number, (even ten slaves formed but a moderate *familia*, 1 S. iii. 12). The marble slap holds two goblets for wine and water, with a measuring-cup: by the rinsing-bowl is set an oil-cruet and a *patera* for libation; plain ware all of them.

'3. After the meal thus described, in his earliest and simplest style of living at Rome, he retires to bed, free from all uneasiness as to rising betimes, because under no necessity to visit the statue of Apollo and Marsyas, that is, to attend the Courts of Justice, in the morning.

'From his couch, after some hours spent as usual in study, (*lecto aut scripto quod tacitum juvet*,) he does not rise till towards ten: he then strolls into the Campus Martius, and prepares himself (*ungor olivo*) for exercise, specifically that of the *pila velox* or the *lusus* called *trigon*. As the day becomes too sultry, he withdraws from the Campus to bathe, doubtless in the Tiber hard by. The next and final stage of the story carries him

home to his luncheon; soon after which it was that this sketch of his familiar day first took him up.

"Under these four heads there arise not a few subjects of curious remark.

'And first, of the *luncheon*; for breakfast (*jentaculum*) usually they had none. With Horace, after such a morning's work as we have seen, agreeably to his own precept, 2 S. ii. 14, 15.

Quum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,  
Sperne cibum vilem—if you can,

that meal was quite plain and merely enough for its necessary purpose, to pacify the stomach till the late dinner time.

Pransus non avide quantum interpellat inani  
Ventre diem durare—vv. 127, 8.

Elsewhere he thus describes such a frugal meal,

2 S. ii. 17. ——— can sale panis  
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. . . .

which just agrees with Seneca's account (L. xii. Epist. 84, Ed. 1573), Panis deinde siccus et sine mensâ prandium; post quod non sunt lavandæ manus.

'In passing next to the *dinner*, the time of it deserves our first attention. Horace, who professed (2 S. vii. 23) to admire the *mores antiquæ plebis*, agreeably to that profession and to the still general custom, dined at a late hour. So did the lawyers, whether the *Consulibus juris* or the *Actor causarum*, A. P. 369, 70; whose business either in the courts or at their own houses, kept them engaged till the evening. . . . And hence it comes, that whenever an early hour in that age is mentioned, some imputation is conveyed also of indulgence and excess: for luxury in the higher ranks had, for prolongation of convivial enjoyment, gradually carried back the hour of dining towards the middle of the day. Without pretending to trace the origin and progress of fashion in this respect, we may appeal to Tully's authority about 45 B.C. as apparently decisive that *three* was then a fashionable hour for the voluptuous. . . .

'On the constituents of his humble meal enough has been said elsewhere, Prel. Diss. pp. 56-58. It is not to be denied, however, that from this habitual average both of diet and of time he frequently deviated; but the confession of gaieties and follies in the following characteristic passage, from the mention of his favourite but short-lived Cinara, (4 C. xiii. 21, 2, *Cinara breves annos fata dederunt*,) may be received as belonging to a brief period only in the heyday of his life. . . .

'For a specimen of his company and the preparations for their entertainment, that delightful Epistle to Torquatus (1 E. v. *Si potes Archiacis* . . .) happily supplies so much of particular and interesting description, that it may be as well to present the following extracts to the reader's eye:—

vv. 4-6. Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa palustres  
Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.  
Sin melius quid habes, arcesse, vel imperium fer.

v. 7. *Jamâdum* splendet focus, et tibi *munda* supellex  
v. 9-11. ——— cras nato Cesare festus  
Dat veniam somnumque dies; impune licebit  
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

vv. 21-26. Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non  
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa  
Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus et lanx  
Ostendat tibi te; ne filios inter amicos  
Sit qui dicti foras eliminet; ut coeat par  
Jungaturque pari.



'Here first of all we have an example of good-natured arrangement proposed betwixt the host and his principal guest: "you hear what kind of wine I profess to give: if you have any better, order it to my house: [*arcesse—ad me.* Vet. Schol.] or be content with what I offer you." . . .

'In the usual arrangements of his time, Horace never appears to have been what we call a late sitter-up for literary purposes: nor was such the general custom of the Romans. Of Augustus, however, the contrary practice is recorded (Sueton. in August 78) partly for the completion of his regular journal, and partly from his dislike as a bad sleeper perhaps, to early rising. *A cœnâ lucubratoriam se in lecticulam recipiebat. . . . Matutinâ vigiliâ offendebar.*

'To his morning studies Horace must have paid assiduous application, as we see him on his couch *ad quartum* engaged in the *lucubratio matutina*; and again when appealing to his own habits in the cultivation of self-knowledge, towards the conclusion of that admirable Satire.

1 S. iv. 133, 4. —*neque enim, come lectulus aut me  
Porticus excepit, desum mihi.*

Elsewhere too, at a much later period of life, he playfully tells of himself,

2 E. i. 111-113. *Ipse ego qui nullos me affirmo scribere  
versus,  
Invenior Parthis mendacior; et prius orto  
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia  
posco.*

And in the hortatory address to his young friend Lollius, when he solemnly recommends the task of moral reflection, the morning hour, as a matter of course, is mentioned for that purpose.

1 E. ii. 32-37. *Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte  
lattrones;  
Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris?  
Atqui  
Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus: et ni  
Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non  
Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis;  
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquere.*  
pp. 95-103.

But the life of Horace would afford an opening for far higher and more important inquiries than the manner in which the Romans of his class and character idled away the greater part of their day, or the general tone of their domestic and social life. Nothing can better deserve, or would more amply repay, a calm and searching investigation than the religious, and moral, and intellectual state of the human mind at this period; the authority and influence of the different systems of philosophy; the effect of the political events of the day upon their acceptance and predominance among the aristocracy of Rome, and their counter-working influence on the character of that aristocracy. Every incident, however trifling, every thought sentiment, or expression, which reveals to us the human mind just at this period when Providence was about to offer to mankind the religion of Christ, assumes a peculiar interest. The power and character of heathen-

ism, the nature and extent of religious indifference, the substitutes to which man had recourse at this period of the decrepitude of the older systems of belief, the superstitions which lingered behind after the faith was gone,—all these points to the thoughtful mind are full of significance, and illustrate the gradual process of change and developement, to which the heart and soul of man, like the rest of the creation, are subjected by the immutable law of their being, by the ordinances of the all-ruling will.

The religion of Horace is the religion of Rome, the religion of the age of Augustus. He writes odes to the deities of paganism, but, in general, instead of the profound devotional hymn, poured forth from the depth of the heart, they are cold tissues of mythological common-place, often exquisitely neat and terse in expression, but without the least trace of real religious sentiment. Almost the latest, probably indeed quite the latest of his lyric compositions, is the *Carmen Sæculare*. In this there is something more in the energy and life of inspiration; but even this faint flash of enthusiasm is precisely in character with the whole of the later Roman religion. The worship of the gods is blended with national pride; they are the ancestral and the tutelary deities of the eternal omnipotent city which are invoked; the sun, which in its course can behold nothing so great as the Roman city—it is a hymn rather to the majesty of Rome than to the gods.

But Horace is not without his apprehensions, his misgivings, his yearnings after more serious things. The careless and Epicurean scorner of divine worship is, or fancies, or feigns himself to be startled from his thoughtless apathy by thunder from a clear sky; he is seized with a sudden access of respect for all-ruling Providence. Nor is he without some vague sentiment of the general moral government of the gods. The depravation of the manners is at once the cause and the consequence of neglected religion.

*'Delicta majorum immeritus lues,  
Romane, donec templa refeceris,  
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et  
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.*

*Di multa neglecti dederunt  
Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.'*

And the cause of this vengeance of the gods is the general corruption of manners.

*'Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias  
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et demos;  
Hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit.'*

Nor is he altogether above the vulgar superstitions of the time. During his morning stroll through the city, whether for amusement, or not without some lurking belief in their art, he stops to consult the itinerant diviners, who kept a kind of shop for the sale of oracles

when the national institutions, and with them the national character, had experienced a total change. It was not till the Roman constitution approached, or had arrived at a monarchical form, that letters were generally or successfully cultivated. It was partly, indeed, her conquest of the world which brought Rome the literature and philosophy, as well as the other spoils of foreign nations; yet still (we cannot but again draw the distinction) something of the genuine Roman character appeared in her literary language, and in all the works of her greater writers.

In none was this more manifest than in Horace; he was, after all, in most respects, a true Roman poet. His idiom, in the first place, 'while in all the better parts of his poetry he departed less from common language, sermoni propiora,' was more vernacular. In the lyric poems we may sometimes detect the forms of Greek expression; he has imitated the turn of language, as well as the cast of thought and mechanism of verse. The satires and epistles have throughout the vigour and raciness of originality; they speak no doubt the language of the better orders of Rome, in all their strength and point. But these works are not merely Roman in their idiomatic expression, they are so throughout. The masculine and practical common-sense, the natural but not undignified urbanity, the stronger if not sounder moral tone, the greater solidity, in short, of the whole style of thought and observation, compensate for the more lively imagination, the greater quickness and fluency, and more easy elegance of the Greek. Of the later Grecian comedy, for which the poetry of Horace, as we have observed, was the substitute, we have less than of almost any other part of their literature; yet if we compare the fragments which we possess, we shall perceive the difference—on one side we shall perceive the grace and lightness of touch, the exquisite and unstudied harmony, the translucent perspicuity, the truth and the simplicity; on the other, the ruder but more vigorous shrewdness, the more condensed and emphatic justness of observation, the serious thought, which is always at the bottom of the playful expression. Horace is addressing men accustomed to deal with men—formed in the vigorous school of public life; and though now reposing perhaps from these more solid and important cares, maintaining that practical energy of character by which they had forced their way to eminence. That sterner practical genius of the Roman people survived the free institutions of Rome; the Romans seemed, as it were, in their idlest moods, to condescend to amusement, not to consider it, like the Greek, one of the common necessities, the ordinary occupations of life. Horace, therefore, has been, and ever will be, the familiar companion, the delight, not of the mere elegant, singular alone, or the imaginative reader, but of the solid, practical, and the manual of the statesman and the general philosopher.

Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and Roman mind than the most diligent and painstaking investigator of the Roman antiquities.

There are many other points, particularly relating to the metres and versification of Horace, which we should be glad of an opportunity of discussing with Mr. Tate; but having devoted as much space to him as we can at present afford, we end with the expression of our high respect for his judgment and scholarship, and the suggestion that a smaller edition of his work, with some explanatory and illustrative notes to the poems, perhaps with some passages from Wieland's dissertations, relating to the character and station of the poet's friends, might form one of the most delightful travelling companions, with which we should wish to beguile, if in these days of rapid locomotion such things be, a long and tedious journey through an uninteresting country.

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*From Tail's Magazine (Radical).*

#### THE DURHAM PANIC.

Lord Durham has fulfilled our predictions to the letter, and disappointed the hopes of those who, like ourselves, saw nothing better for the Canadas in the meantime, than his administration, and who now, in his abrupt and angry resignation, see these unhappy provinces placed in a much worse condition than if he had never visited them.—When is Parliament to be called together? Lord Durham's reasons for resigning, which give a severe, if not finishing stroke, to the Whigs, may render it inconvenient and somewhat disagreeable for Ministers to face their new difficulties until the edge of his wrath is somewhat blunted, and the general feeling of sympathy with the ill-treated and high-tempered Governor-General abated; but, if an early meeting of Parliament was requisite last year on account of Canadian affairs, it is doubly necessary now. Antecedently to this unhappy rupture, which must encourage the Canadian party as much as it has dismayed the British, there were, according even to the Government papers, rumours of fresh revolt—"symptoms of an outbreak not to be mistaken." These provinces cannot be abandoned to anarchy and misery, because the Whigs have acted to Lord Durham precisely as they have done to the Radical reformers—first cajoled, and then deserted and insulted him; and Lord Durham is an individual not in the least likely to allow personal feelings to be overcome by a magnanimous sense of public duty, or to sink the self-willed peer in the patriot. He complains bitterly that he has

was the plain, practical philosophy of common-sense. Though he could not elude those important questions in which the bounds of moral and religious inquiry meet; though he is never more true and striking than in his observations on the uncertainty of life, the dark and certain approaches of death,

— 'nec quidquam tibi prodest  
Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
Percurrisse polum, morituro!'—

though these sentences are the more solemn, occurring as they do amid the gayest Epicurean invitations to conviviality and enjoyment, yet the wisdom of Horace—we speak without disparagement, since it was, in his case, the only real attainable wisdom—was that of the world. For the best evidence of his claims as a moral philosopher, as a practical observer and wise interpreter of human nature in its social state, we need only appeal to the countless quotations from his works, which are become universal moral axioms. Their triteness is the illustration of their veracity; their peculiar terseness and felicity of expression or illustration may have commended them to general acceptance, yet nothing but their intuitive truth can have stamped them as household words on the memory of educated men. Horace might almost seem to have thrown aside all the abstruser doctrines, the more remote speculations, the speculative theories, of all the different sects, and selected and condensed the practical wisdom in his pregnant poetical aphorisms.

Never was position more favourable for the development of this poetic character. The later years of the life of Horace were passed in an enviable state of literary leisure. He has gradually risen from the favourite of the emperor's friend to the poet, in whose compositions the shrewd and sagacious emperor is said himself to have desired to be enshrined for the admiration of posterity. Wieland is not less happy in his view of the character of Augustus and his relation to Horace than in that of Mæcenas. There is no reason to reproach the poet either with sincerity or with servility in his praises of the emperor. It is remarkable how much his respect for Augustus seems to strengthen, and his affection to kindle into personal attachment, as we approach the close of his poetical career. The Epistle to Augustus is almost his latest, perhaps may have been quite the last written poem. In the second Book of Epistles, which no doubt comprehended the Epistle to Piso, vulgarly called the Art of Poetry, that addressed to Augustus, whether prior or not in time of composition, would of course assume the place of honour. Nor is it difficult to account for the acquiescence of the republican in the existing state of things with no great degradation of his independence. With declining years increases the love of quiet; the spirit of adventure has burned out, and body and mind equally yearn after repose. Under the new order of things, as

we have shown, Horace had found out the secret of a happy and an honourable life. His circumstances were independent, at least they satisfied his moderate desires. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of his country retirement. He could repose in his cottage villa near Tivoli, amidst the most lovely scenery, by the dashing and headlong Anio, at the foot of the Apennines; to which his distinguished friends in Rome delighted to resort, and to partake in his hospitable though modest entertainment. Should he desire more complete retirement, he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labours of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among the scenes of his childhood. He could not but contrast the happy repose of this period of his life with the perils and vicissitudes of his youth; do we wonder that he subsided into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things?

Augustus himself possessed that rare policy in an arbitrary monarch not to demand from his subjects the sacrifice of their independence farther than was necessary for the security of his dominion. The artful despot still condescended to veil his unlimited power under constitutional forms; he was in theory the elected president of a free people; and though these politic contrivances could only deceive those who wished to be deceived, yet they offered, as it were, honourable terms of capitulation to the opposite party, and enabled them to quiet the indignant scruples of conscience. Horace is a striking illustration of the success of that policy which thus tranquilly changed Rome from a republic to a monarchy; it shows how well Augustus knew how to deal with all classes of men; how wisely he wound the fetters of his personal influence over the Roman mind. Horace, on the other hand, may fairly be taken as a representative of a large, particularly of the more intellectual, class of Romans. We see the government stooping to flatter that order of men by their familiarity, and receiving in their turn that adulation which could not but work into the public mind. For the first time, probably, writers began to have much effect on the sentiments of the Roman people; and when Virgil and Horace spoke in such glowing terms of Augustus, when they deified him in their immortal verses, we may be assured that they found or made an echo in the hearts of multitudes. This deification, indeed, though we are not disposed to exculpate its adulatory tone, must be judged according to the religious notions of Rome, not of Christianity. But it is curious to observe that literature being native as it were, to Greece—at least the higher branches of letters, poetry and history—it principally flourishes when the political institutions were in the highest state of development and perfection; being a stranger and foreigner at Rome, it was only completely domiciliate

when the national institutions, and with them the national character, had experienced a total change. It was not till the Roman constitution approached, or had arrived at a monarchical form, that letters were generally or successfully cultivated. It was partly, indeed, her conquest of the world which brought Rome the literature and philosophy, as well as the other spoils of foreign nations; yet still (we cannot but again draw the distinction) something of the genuine Roman character appeared in her literary language, and in all the works of her greater writers.

In none was this more manifest than in Horace; he was, after all, in most respects, a true Roman poet. His idiom, in the first place, 'while in all the better parts of his poetry he departed less from common language, sermoni propiora,' was more vernacular. In the lyric poems we may sometimes detect the forms of Greek expression; he has imitated the turn of language, as well as the cast of thought and mechanism of verse. The satires and epistles have throughout the vigour and raciness of originality; they speak no doubt the language of the better orders of Rome, in all their strength and point. But these works are not merely Roman in their idiomatic expression, they are so throughout. The masculine and practical common-sense, the natural but not undignified urbanity, the stronger if not sounder moral tone, the greater solidity, in short, of the whole style of thought and observation, compensate for the more lively imagination, the greater quickness and fluency, and more easy elegance of the Greek. Of the later Grecian comedy, for which the poetry of Horace, as we have observed, was the substitute, we have less than of almost any other part of their literature; yet if we compare the fragments which we possess, we shall perceive the difference—on one side we shall perceive the grace and lightness of touch, the exquisite and un-studied harmony, the translucent perspicuity, the truth and the simplicity; on the other, the ruder but more vigorous shrewdness, the more condensed and emphatic justness of observation, the serious thought, which is always at the bottom of the playful expression. Horace is addressing men accustomed to deal with men—formed in the vigorous school of public life; and though now reposing perhaps from these more solid and important cares, maintaining that practical energy of character by which they had forced their way to eminence. That sterner practical genius of the Roman people survived the free institutions of Rome; the Romans seemed, as it were, in their idlest moods, to condescend to amusement, not to consider it, like the Greek, one of the common necessities, the ordinary occupations of life. Horace, therefore, has been, and ever will be, the familiar companion, the delight, not of the mere elegant scholar alone, or the imaginative reader, but, we had almost written, the manual of the statesman and the study of the moral philosopher.

Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and Roman mind than the most diligent and pains-taking investigator of the Roman antiquities.

There are many other points, particularly relating to the metres and versification of Horace, which we should be glad of an opportunity of discussing with Mr. Tate; but having devoted as much space to him as we can at present afford, we end with the expression of our high respect for his judgment and scholarship, and the suggestion that a smaller edition of his work, with some explanatory and illustrative notes to the poems, perhaps with some passages from Wieland's dissertations, relating to the character and station of the poet's friends, might form one of the most delightful travelling companions, with which we should wish to beguile, if in these days of rapid locomotion such things be, a long and tedious journey through an uninteresting country.

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*From Tail's Magazine (Radical).*

#### THE DURHAM PANIC.

Lord Durham has fulfilled our predictions to the letter, and disappointed the hopes of those who, like ourselves, saw nothing better for the Canadas in the meantime, than his administration, and who now, in his abrupt and angry resignation, see these unhappy provinces placed in a much worse condition than if he had never visited them.—When is Parliament to be called together? Lord Durham's reasons for resigning, which give a severe, if not finishing stroke, to the Whigs, may render it inconvenient and somewhat disagreeable for Ministers to face their new difficulties until the edge of his wrath is somewhat blunted, and the general feeling of sympathy with the ill-treated and high-tempered Governor-General abated; but, if an early meeting of Parliament was requisite last year on account of Canadian affairs, it is doubly necessary now. Antecedently to this unhappy rupture, which must encourage the Canadian party as much as it has dismayed the British, there were, according even to the Government papers, rumours of fresh revolt—"symptoms of an outbreak not to be mistaken." These provinces cannot be abandoned to anarchy and misery, because the Whigs have acted to Lord Durham precisely as they have done to the Radical reformers—first cajoled, and then deserted and insulted him; and Lord Durham is an individual not in the least likely to allow personal feelings to be overcome by a magnanimous sense of public duty, or to sink the self-willed peer in the patriot. He complains bitterly that he has

been "*sacrificed by his friends—those whose duty it was to stand forth in his defence.*" And this, of course, whether he was right or wrong—whether his public acts were defensible or indefensible. The "keen and quick sensibilities" of Lord Durham, where he is in any way personally affected, could not pause to consider the dilemma in which his unfortunate friends were placed. It would have been all too little to the stomach of his great revenge upon Lord Brougham and the Peers, had the Whigs lost their places full six months before, in the course of nature, that dreaded event must have taken place at any rate. His Ordinances—and the very word is hateful to the ears of freemen—might have been illegal, impolitic, and, what Mr. Buller guessed they would be called in England, "monstrously despotic;" yet he thinks it was the bounden duty of his "friends" to bear him out; and this, we think, they would have attempted, save for that fatal consequence, a minority, which would have placed themselves in imminent jeopardy, to do him small good. It was impossible to bear him through unblamed; and less, we fear, would not have satisfied his "high sense of dignity," and his chivalrous feelings, which could never brook being found in the wrong. But his Lordship being in the mire, his friends were bound, by every feeling of honour and good-fellowship, to act the part of the generous drunk man with his fallen compotator—"My dear fellow, I am totally unable to raise you to your legs—you see I have not a leg to stand upon myself—but I will lie down in the dirt beside you; it is all I can."

Far are we from acquitting, on private grounds, the dastardly conduct of Lord Durham's cabinet *friends*; on public grounds, they are equally worthy of condemnation. They stormed and bullied while law and constitutional liberty only were at stake; but as soon, and it was in a very few hours, as their precious places seemed endangered by the support of Lord Durham's illegal and tyrannical edicts, they kicked him overboard—sneaked and succumbed. At the very moment, and by some strange want of proper concert, when Lord Cottenham, their own Chancellor, had been brought up to pit his official judgment against the other legal authorities, they chose to bolt, and to leave the Durham Ordinances to their fate. They were accordingly nullified—and thank heaven for that! although the immediate consequence should be something yet more disastrous than the angry resignation of Lord Durham.

Any honest Ministry must have condemned those decrees. It is not, therefore, the act done, but the act first resisted, and then on base and sordid motives submitted to, that is worthy of reprobation.

Lord Durham has been ill-used, betrayed, perhaps *sacrificed* by his friends, as he complains; but neither has he been guiltless; and those who, in condemning

the Government, acquit him, must be prepared to vindicate, to the utmost extent, those illegal and despotic ordinances which the British legislature was constrained to nullify. From the worst description of Tories—those who glory in tyranny, and care little for human blood—a vindication of the Canadian *usage* might be expected; but, when we find those who profess attachment to liberty condemning the course taken by Lord Brougham and the Parliament, we are compelled to pity an extraordinary conglomeration of understanding. Had the Government acted with sincerity and common sense, instead of bullying and trying to put down a grave charge, a milder course would, doubtless, have been practicable, than that to which the "friends" were consenting, and which has given Lord Durham such deadly offence. He boasts, nothing repentant of his edicts for punishing men neither arraigned, tried, nor convicted, that he dealt *substantial justice*, tempered with mercy; but so thought not the Canadian people and their friends in England; and we to the nation which shall tamely submit to the violation of the legal defences of freedom! The Czar, Lord Durham's friend, deals *substantial justice* to the Poles and to his own subjects; the paternal Emperor of Austria deals substantial justice to the Italians languishing in his dungeons and fortresses. The British people prefer, even to Lord Durham's mercy-tempered tyranny, those constitutional forms by which the laws strictly and rigidly protect liberty and life. Such ideas as his may suit the military commander of a Russian province; but not the Governor of a British colony. We do not mean to say that Lord Durham intended to play the sanguinary despot—far from it; but to assert that neither he nor an angel from heaven, were the advent possible, should be tolerated, for an instant, in the assumption of illegal powers fatal to freedom; and that there was nothing in the state of the colony to justify an act, at the best one of vainglory. But, if it be true, as stated by Mr. Buller, that these ordinances were necessarily promulgated, because no jury could be found in the colony to *convict* the patriots or "the villains," how does this avowal mend the case?

And now that Lord Durham's inadvertence, to call it by the gentlest term, has, in the natural order of events, brought its proper punishment, he has no right to complain; or, if self-love blinds him to his errors, no friend of freedom has a right to separate the functionary from the fitting consequences of his deeds.

The illegality of banishing untried and unconvicted men to the Bermudas for their political sins, instead of sending them to some place where he had clear jurisdiction, is so like a lawyer's wretched technical quibble, that we have never much regarded it; although aware that it is rash and unwise to brush away, what is but the flimsy cobweb which, woven across the road, may tend to keep back the burglar from trying his fall

keys on the shrine which guards the jewel Liberty. Had any of the individuals whom Lord Durham and his Council chose to condemn to death, *a la Russe*, without either trial or conviction, found courage to brave him, and to return and demand a trial, in what a dilemma would he have been placed! The rabid Ultra-Tories who now defend him, would have justified summary execution, in terms of the Governor-General's edict; but he durst not and would not have committed a cold-blooded murder in the face of America and Europe: and what then became of the authority of the Governor-General, so cruelly destroyed by the nullification of those ordinances which one brave, determined man could have defied and crushed!

The Ultra-Tories and the despairing Whigs, the anti-Canadian faction in Quebec and in Downing street, agree in calumniating Lord Brougham. Lord Durham is rather more candid and reasonable, in reference to Lord Brougham, than his senseless defenders. Opposition, he says, he expected from Lord Brougham; conscience might have whispered here; for, in the illegal course he took, he could expect no less. Was Lord Brougham, now almost the sole guardian of liberty in the Upper House of Parliament, to abandon his public duty upon a great emergency, because Lord Durham, a few years before, had endeavoured to subvert him in the affections and confidence of the People by a couple of speeches made at Edinburgh and Glasgow?—which, the moment that words might have fructified into deeds, on the accession of the young Queen, he took great and ostentatious pains to retract? Was it for this that Lord Brougham, who limits his public hostility to no party, but attacks in turn Whig and Tory—Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Durham, or Lord Minto, as the public service may require—was it this, we ask, and the paltry fear of being thought jealous or resentful in consequence, that was to deter Lord Brougham from doing his duty only, when the Governor-General of the Canadas had committed a grievous error? Not long before, when Mr. Tait's appointment was called in question, and the coy and immaculate Premier, from the inherent impulse of purity, was forced to condemn and abandon "his noble friend Durham," Lord Brougham, not being quite so rigid a theoretical purist, defended the absent Earl, manfully and effectively. But, if his hostility to the illegal edicts of the High Commissioner originated in private pique, in what originated long before, his strenuous and single-handed opposition to the Canada Coercion Bill?—and if he be the personal enemy of Lord Durham, is he not equally the personal enemy of Lord Minto, whose conduct he mercilessly exposed shortly before, and who was also "sacrificed by his friends?"—or of Lord Lyndhurst, against whose strong attack he ably and elaborately vindicated the foreign policy of the Whigs,

where a factious man, or one whose resentment was stronger than his patriotism, would have left them to their own resources? And this is but one instance of the many in which Lord Brougham lends them a helping hand, as often as the good of the country justifies it. Those who condemn Lord Brougham's exposure of the tyrannical Durham ordinances, should at least be prepared to defend them. Had he suffered this act of oppression and injustice to pass unquestioned, he would have been guilty of a gross dereliction of duty; and if he *had* kept silent, surely some one member of the legislature would have come forward in defence of the violated law and the oppressed individuals. Had such things been attempted in Ireland by Lord Wellesley, under the tyrannical Grey Coercion Bill, half the Radicals in Britain would have been in uproar. But Canada is weak and far distant, and Lord Durham is a highly privileged man, who may do what he pleases. Some of his small friends are already insisting, that, if his high spirit hold good, and if the saviour of the Canadas abandon the Canadas to their fate, and comes steaming home, so "consistent a Reformer," so magnanimous a statesman, ought forthwith to be made Prime Minister, and the head of the *Movement* party! Now, these sort of men can read and write. Truly the knowledge qualification will hardly do.—First and last, however, Lord Durham has a right to complain of intriguers in the Cabinet. They knew him to be fond of titles, stars and ribbons, pomps and shows—a proud man, but not too proud to be vain; and they fumed him with the incense of flattery, and inflated his natural pride, until he forgot himself. The girlish Queen was made the instrument of the purposes of her Ministers, until Lord Durham appeared to have forgotten in what age he lived, and to have concealed himself a Leicester or an Essex, fulfilling the hests, and exercising the almost sovereign powers confided to him by an Elizabeth! The bubble has burst, and great is his indignation at being presumed not quite infallible, nor altogether above law. The world has given him credit for considerable arrogance; to be quite the man likely to be as true at all times to his pique as to his patriotism, and to comprehend little of the calm, imperturbable magnanimity of a self-poised and great mind, where his will is crossed, and his temper roused by contradiction. A stab to the self-love of such a character will rankle long after a much deeper wound inflicted upon the public cause comes to be viewed with indifference. The Examiner shrewdly guesses "that, but for the misunderstanding about Mr. Tait, there would probably have been a better understanding of the part acted by Ministers in the debates on the Ordinances; for certain impressions on the mind, like certain impressions on the sight, remain as continuous after the object causing them has passed

away." In plain terms, the Turton affair was rankling in Lord Durham's galled back when the new blister was applied, and both together were beyond his patience. His flatterers, or the tools of the Whigs, still express a hope—which they can hardly entertain—that he may be induced to remain, and consummate the regeneration of the North American colonies. His remaining would certainly be most desirable to his political friends in Downing street whatever become of Canada; but we fear his "high spirit," his "keen and quick sensibilities," preclude the hope. Every one prophesies that Canada will be ruined by his resignation. Lord Melbourne has written, Lord Glenelg has written, the Queen has written!—all are entreating his pardon or forbearance; and his friends beg that he should not give the Tories and Lord Brougham a triumph. No one can seriously expect that he will yield to those entreaties, after the declarations he has made against Whig treachery and Whig betrayal; of being "*sacrificed* by his friends." If Lord Durham were a high-minded statesman, a true patriot, we could guess what course he would follow; but, being merely a high-tempered nobleman, we know that he will follow. He will return; and wo to the Whigs for one day of consuming wrath! But still they may weather it. And, after all, we know not if either the real friends of his Lordship or of the Canadian people, ought to regret his precipitate return. He has, in every probability, made his escape from an embarrassing position most opportunely; with public sympathy running strongly in his favour among the inconsiderate in this country, and the anti-Canadian party—"the British interest"—flattering him in the colony. He comes back while there are others to share, the blame, which might soon have concentrated upon his head.—And who is to take his place? who, next, in England, that "knows little about Canada," is, in little more than three months, to work the miracles which Lord Durham says he has performed, in "restoring tranquillity and reviving confidence." In other quarters, we hear of nothing but of gathering storms, and of threatened outbreaks; and the Tory papers of the colony regret Lord Durham's departure, because they think that if the French Canadians had offended and roused him by their discontents, he would have shewn spirit in putting them down. The Montreal Gazette, a violent Tory journal, declares—"that the whole *loyal* inhabitants of British North America, reposed the utmost confidence in the Earl of Durham." The only thing he wanted was power, to put down the *disloyal*; who will have another story. It is our grave opinion, looking to the state of affairs in Canada, that Lord Durham has had a fortunate escape; though, bitter as is the provocation he has received, he discovers little magnanimity in throwing up his appointment at the very moment when a truly great man

would have clung to it, until he had realized those mighty hopes on which Lord Durham expatiates, as if to enhance the demerit of preferring the indulgence of his personal feelings and resentments to the good of his country.

In the meantime, we sincerely wish he may remain, and sometimes half hope that he may. If not, when the fiery modern Essex rushes from his ship into the presence of his Sovereign, to resign his appointment, as he threatens to do "if he live," may the royal mantle cover the devoted and venerable head of our beloved Whig Premier, and the cushion of the Throne be his shield!

We intended to bestow a few words upon our friends in Ireland; but the Durham panic, which is carried to almost ridiculous excess, engrosses every thought. The Dublin Pilot, a very able paper, and Mr. O'Connell's principal organ, says we charge it with "intriguing." Not we indeed; intrigue is a business of its patrons; and if the intrigue should be, as it explains, to place Mr. Grote in the room of Spring Rice, and Mr. Hume in the place of Lord John Russell, with a few more liberal changes, why, then, Good speed to it! The "Irish chiefs" have rarely, of late, been so well employed; though we still think the whole of the rotten concern *ought* to, as it *must*, sink together. The affairs of Ireland look brighter: O'Connell is aware of his danger from the Whigs, fatal to all who come into alliance with them; and he is still quite able to extricate himself, damaged somewhat perhaps, but perfectly fit for service.

We meant also to bestow a few words in answer to the challenge of another respectable Liberal Irish print, The Kilkenny Journal. It says—"Will Mr. Tait or Mr. Sharman Crawford, instead of exhibiting the evils—many of which we admit—of keeping in the Whigs, *prove the certain advantages* of putting them out? They may thus gain some converts." The challenge was fair, and fairly given; and we certainly intended in this very month to have accepted of it; but, behold our friend himself announcing that, "before the meeting of Parliament, the cry throughout Ireland will be, 'Overboard with the Whigs, and defiance to the Tories!' we must," he says, "try a new experiment; and that is, to pull no longer in the same boat with the Whigs; let them be flung overboard, and we shall work the gallant vessel into safe harbour, by the strength of our right arms."

This is answer enough; and, moreover, lets in a flood of light upon the O'Connell tactics. In both countries, *the rats are forsaking the ship*.

*From the Times.*

## CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Sir,—I have just seen an article in your paper of the 4th inst., in which you use some discourteous language respecting the proprietors of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. Your grounds for using this language appear chiefly to rest on a paragraph extracted from the *Journal* of July 7, in which the flood which laid down the diluvium is spoken of as one long antecedent to the human creation. This paragraph you state to be a cool declaration that the Bible history is false.

I had thought, Sir, that every well-educated or well-informed person was aware that the flood or floods which deposited the diluvium were now generally regarded by geologists as quite apart from the deluge of scriptural history. If I could have supposed that any public writer, of a rank much below that of the leading journal of Europe, was likely to remain ignorant of this fact, I might perhaps, in writing the article, have taken some pains to make the case clear to him. But, unfortunately, I took it for granted that from the whole tenor of the article, none above even a humbler intellectual rank than those chiefly addressed in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* could have failed to perceive (if not already informed on the subject) that it could not be the Noachian deluge, or any thing of the kind, which wrought effects so tremendous. May I be allowed to hope that your generosity will not permit my brother and me to remain under an opprobrium which has only been incurred through a too high idea of the information and good sense of the class which acknowledges you as its head? If any other inducement can be wanted to prevail upon you to do my brother and me this justice, or at least all the poor justice which the retraction of a wantonly affixed calumny ever gives, I can safely assure you that for the future, in all my writings for the *Journal* and other works I shall estimate the scientific knowledge and intellectual acumen of the newspaper press, and of *The Times* in particular, at a very different rate, so that there is not the least chance of the recurrence of any such stumbling-block for babes in our humble and unworthy pages.

I have the honour to rest, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

19, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, Sept. 7.

To which very singular and imprudent epistle, *THE TIMES* thus answers;—

"In another column we insert a letter from one of the proprietors of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, relative to the extract, of an infidel character, which we recently quoted from that publication. Although the writer doubtless thinks that his mode of rebuking us is a vastly clever and galling one, we shall rather ex-

tend to him the 'generosity' he implores, than visit him with the retaliation which his pertness deserves. When we wrote the strictures to which Mr. Robert Chambers professes to reply, we could have found no difficulty in enumerating a variety of valid apologies; under each of which the proprietors of the inculpatated journal might fairly have exonerated themselves from the charge of having deliberately intended to bring discredit upon revealed religion; and if we refrained from doing so at the time, it was only from a conviction that their own disclaimer, which we confidently expected to follow, would be much more authoritative and satisfactory than any conjectural explanations of ours could possibly be. Of course the pretextual and convenient ruse which Mr. Robert Chambers resorts to, in common with other kindred smatterers, whose mercenary interests impel them to attempt an incongruous and despicable compromise between their infidel dogmas and the credit due to the Mosaic history, was not wholly out of our calculation; though we must add, that we had really thought the Chamberses were too respectable to have stooped to any such wretched shift. It seems, however, from Mr. Robert's letter, that we were as much mistaken in this respect as that gentleman affects to have been, in regard to the amount and accuracy of our knowledge touching the meanness and manœuvres to which geological sceptics can sometimes betake themselves. Accordingly, he now tells us that in the objectionable extract (written confessedly by himself observe, one of the authors of the 'Educational Course') he made no mistake whatever—nothing is to be attributed to haste or oversight—nay, his only error has been that of assuming his readers to be possessed of more knowledge than he now discovers (from our own alleged ignorance) could be justly presumed upon; and he adds, with a certain self-satisfied pomposity which is much too comical to awaken our ire, that 'in future he will estimate the scientific knowledge of the newspaper press, and of *The Times* in particular, so as to avoid the recurrence of any such stumbling-block for babes' like ourselves.

"Now, really, all this is just what the Scotch call *blaw*, and is certainly little calculated to exalt the character of the publication whose interests he is anxious to defend. In spite of Mr. Robert Chambers's puerile petulance, we reiterate that the assertion in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* of the 7th of July, to the effect that the 'most tremendous' flood which the earth has undergone took place *long before the creation of man*, is an infidel assertion, and most indecently gives the lie to the Mosaic narrative.

"It will not do for this flippant speculator to talk to us as if 'the whole tenor of the article' in which the objectionable quotation occurs bears a different construction from what we have put upon it. He must fling his dust into other eyes than ours. The Bible



account of the deluge is, as he knows well, attempted to be set aside by a certain class of geologists. In writing the article on which we have animadverted, it was Mr. Robert Chambers's bounden duty, if he dissented from such attempts, to have guarded himself against the possibility of being implicated in the suspicion of giving them any countenance. 'The whole tenor of the article' does no such thing. On the contrary, when knowingly treading on the most delicate ground of controversy, he foists in a remark which, without having the smallest connexion with the topic treated of, goes directly to unsettle the faith of his young and inexperienced readers.

"Again: the pretext that he was speaking of 'a flood or floods, quite apart from the deluge of Scripture history,' is nothing more than the usual retreat to which your tamer geological sceptics always betake themselves when a bolder avowal is believed to be hardly safe. According to his letter, the effects wrought by the flood or floods in question were not only anterior to those of Noah's deluge, but much more tremendous—although, let it be well observed, the fossil organic and other alluvial deposits which lead Mr. Chambers to this inference could not have been in existence, if Scripture be true, till after the period from which Moses dates the commencement of his history. The sacred historian writes of all things from 'the beginning.' But the Edinburgh journalist goes further back than so comparatively a modern period—speculates about floods and formations which Moses has omitted to detail—declares that these were long antecedent to the creation of man—and therefore must necessarily mean that the alluvial phenomena on which he reasons were in existence before the period from which Scripture dates the origin of all created things. Whether the author of the Pentateuch or the proprietor of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* be the better authority, our readers must judge for themselves, but that the two authorities are at variance there can be no doubt.

"One piece of advice we give Mr. Robert Chambers at parting. Instead of poring over a few fossils, and fancying that he has arrived at a knowledge of the Creator's mysterious workings, let him read the Bible, and study its precepts; and we will undertake to say, that in a few weeks he will acknowledge, with a humbled spirit, that instead of being a great philosopher, he is merely a great simpleton."

*From the Sunbeam.*

MARY HAY.

Ye ken Mary Hay that I loo ye weel,  
My ain auld wife sae kindly and leal,  
Then what gars ye stand wi' the tear in your eye,  
And look ay sae wae when you look at me.  
Do you miss Mary Hay the soft bloom o' my cheek,  
Wi' my hair curlin' round it sae jetty and sleek?

For snaw's on my head, and the roses are gone,  
Since that day o' days I ca'd ye my ain.

Or grieve ye the loss of my e'es youthful fire,  
And the wild notes I sang that you used to admire,  
For I'm darksome and could now life's winter is come,  
And the sweet voice of music within me is dumb.  
But tho' Mary Hay, my e'e be turn'd dim,  
And age wi' its frost stiffens every limb,  
My heart, ye ken well, has nae frost for thee,  
For summer returns at the blink o' your e'e.

The miser baulds firm and still firmer his gold,  
The ivy clasps closer the tree when it's old,  
And you grow the dearer to me, Mary Hay,  
As a' else turns eerie, and life wears away.  
We maun part, Mary Hay, when our journey's done,  
But I'll meet ye again in the world aboon;  
Then what gars ye stand wi' the tear in your e'e,  
And look ay sae wae, when you look at me?

*From the same.*

SOFTLY THE MOONLIGHT IS SHED O'ER  
THE LAKE.

Softly the moonlight is shed o'er the lake,  
Cool is the summer night, wake! O, awake!  
Faintly the curfew is heard from afar,  
List ye! O, list ye! the lively guitar.

See the light pinnacle draws nigh to the shore,  
Swiftly it glides at the heave of the oar;  
Cheerily plays on its buoyant car,  
Nearer and nearer, the lively guitar.

The maid from her lattice looks down on the lake,  
To see the foam sparkle, the bright billows break,  
And to hear in his boat, where he shines like a star,  
Her lover so tenderly touch his guitar.

"Books, dreams, are each a world," says Wordsworth. Why, books themselves, what are they but dreams? To read is, in a manner, to dream: and how often in dreaming have we appeared to read some marvellous tome, never yet printed or written, and of which the composition and perusal were simultaneous. Wonderful are dreams, and wonderful are books!

OPINION OF LORD BYRON.

"Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel, in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment."—"Do me the justice to suppose that '*video meliora proboque*,' however the '*deteriora sequor*' may have been applied to my conduct."

*From the Quarterly Review.*

*Elogio de las Corridos de Toros.* Por Don Manuel Martinez Rueda. Madrid. 1831.

It has long been a moot point whether the bull-fight of Spain should be traced to a Roman or to a Moorish origin. A dislike of deriving anything from the infidels, combined with a hankering after illustrious descent, has rendered some Spaniards anxious to connect this spectacle with the games and sacrifices of the pagans, from whom they have so largely borrowed in their creed and customs. A *bull-feast* (to use the correct language of Gibbon,) a sight only to be seen in Spain, has long been to foreigners an object of curiosity, which we have had ample opportunities of gratifying during three years residence at Seville; the alma mater of tauromachian art. In submitting our lucubrations to our readers, we shall not inflict on them a new description of a bull-fight, that hackneyed stock in trade of literary bagmen.\* We propose to treat the subject in an antiquarian, historical, and toresque light, in which we are not aware that it has hitherto been considered.

Mr. Clarke,† relying on some passages in Livy and Festus, which he misquoted and misunderstood, was the first to assert in England that the modern bull-fights were identical with the Roman *ludi taurilia*, and adopted thence by the Spaniards. Mr. Slidell,‡ who has so admirably described a bull-fight, relying implicitly on Clarke, takes it for granted that the similarity of these ancient and modern games is established. We, who are not of Mr. Clarke's parish, took the trouble to refer to the original passages, and ascertained that all Livy (xxxix. 22) states was merely that certain unimportant news arrived from Spain at the time the *ludi taurilia* were going on, and not, as Mr. Clarke infers, that the games were celebrated on account of the intelligence; on the contrary, he adds *religionis causâ*, in order to distinguish them from the secular games described in the next sentence, given by M. Fulvius on account of the Ætolian campaign, in which, singularly enough, hunting wild beasts was exhibited for the first time, not, however, of bulls, but of lions and panthers. Neither Festus (xviii. 562,) nor Paulus, his Longobard abbeviator, knew what these *taurilia* were; they refer to Varro (*De Ling. Lat.* iv.), who asserts that bulls had nothing to do with them beyond the circumstance that boys wrapped in bull's hides performed certain gymnastic exercises. Servius (*Æn.* 11) gives the better explanation, that a

\* Laborde and Bory St. Vincent, with an accuracy which does honour to Frenchmen, omit the bull-fight, because it 'a été supprimé depuis plusieurs années, ce qui rend inutile de le décrire.' (*Itinéraire d'Espagne*, vol. vi. 497, ed. 1830.)

† E. Clarke. 'Letters on the Spanish Nation,' p. 113. London, 1763.

‡ 'A year in Spain, by a Young American,' vol. i. p. 267. VOL. XXXV.—JANUARY, 1839.

barren cow, '*taurea*,' was sacrificed on these occasions to propitiate the infernal gods, who had visited pregnant women with a pestilence in consequence of their eating bull's flesh, an expiatory institution ordained by Tarquinius Superbus.\* Some thought these *ludi*, '*à luendo*,' were resorted to by the Sabines in order to stay the progress of plague: the ingenious method of checking contagious disorders by collecting multitudes together in a state of excitement, usually adopted by the Spanish clergy in cases of cholera or yellow-fever, is therefore a pagan institution. Even so late as 1523, during a plague under Adrian VI. (the tutor of Charles V.), at whose death the Romans inscribed over his physician's door, 'to the deliverer of his country,' Demetrius, a Greek, killed a bull in the Colosseum, and, the malady chancing to cease, the people gave credit to the pagan panacea (Paul. Jov. 21). In the ancient *taurobolia* the priest was placed in an excavation beneath a grating on which a bull was killed, whose blood, raining on him, washed away the sins of the people;† a toresque regeneration which no Spaniard would now deem heretical, although the Spanish Prudentius, who has so fully described the ceremonial (*peri Step.* x. 1011), was instrumental to its abolition.

We have abundant negative proof that the *taurilia* were not then known in Spain. Silius Italicus (xvi. 285) has detailed the games of Scipio, to which the populace of Andalusia, '*vulgum Balis*,' were expressly invited. Suetonius (in *Cæs.* 37) describes fully the series of triumphs celebrated by Cæsar, in which the Spanish was reserved for the last, because that campaign had assured him the empire of the world. Yet neither mention bull-fights, which certainly would have been introduced, had they been popular in Spain, for the Romans were most curious in representing the peculiarities of conquered countries; nor does Martial, a true Spaniard, a great amateur and author on spectacles, ever mention *men* fighting with bulls; they were only matched with animals in his time. Neither did the ancient Spaniards (though one went from Cadiz to Rome merely to see Livy, and then returned) ever go there to behold the games to which even the wild Arabs hastened (*Mart. de Spec.* iii.); as undoubtedly every modern Moro-Spaniard would do to see a bull-fight, and would *not* do to see a Livy, even if he were paid for it. Neither is this spectacle ever mentioned by Polybius, Strabo, Appian, or Pliny, who knew Spain and Spanish customs so well. We dismiss altogether those tauromachian theories which have been drawn from the images of bulls impressed on the Iberian coins, which we consider may be referred

\* What is known on this obscure subject has been collected by Pitiscus (ii. 495) and Hoffman (iv. 368).

† See the curious engraving and details in Lomerius. Epimenides xxiii. 263.

either to the emblems of Osiris, who was worshipped as Hercules in Spain, or of the Phœnician Astarte, whose royal badge was a bull's head, supposing she herself were not a cow, and merely, as Bochart thought (*Phaleg.* ii. 710), an allegory of the breeding stocks, '*Astoreth*' of the nomad tribes. Still more probable is it that these coins refer to the obvious device of a pastoral and agricultural people. To connect them with bull-fights would be as unreasonable as to maintain that Strabo compared Spain to a bull's hide, because that animal was killed in their arena; or that the *Toros de Guisando*, those landmarks of Phœnician settlers, (which to our eyes appeared wild boars,) were merely commemorative of the toresque propensities of the aboriginal Iberians.

We should observe that even this remote origin would not satisfy a Basque antiquarian. Erro,\*—who deciphers those cuneiform characters on Oscan coins and inscriptions, which, like the Belshazzar-writing on the wall, have puzzled the wisest men, and even Humboldt himself, who went into Biscay to study them†—Erro (c. 14) relates that in 1774, on the ruins of Olunia being used (as is always done in Spain) for the repairs of a church at Peralta, a sculptured alto-relievo was discovered, which represented a man on foot, armed with a pike, facing a bull, and inscribed in the unknown tongue, which Erro interprets 'I the bull-fighter,' and thence demonstrates the Iberian origin of that gentle craft. Señor Erro, who is our personal friend, and a better Carlist than philologist, must excuse us if, agreeing with Humboldt (p. 181) and Somorrostro‡ (the author of a learned treatise on the bulls of Guisando,) we think all the decipherings altogether fanciful. This stone, more precious to Spaniards than any philosopher's, was placed by the curate at the back of his kitchen-chimney, where Erro saw it in 1804; it was then as illegible to the uninitiated as it always was and will be unintelligible to him; in truth, it contributes more to support the parson's puchero-pot than any theories on Basque bulls. These *erro*-neous views, however, coincide with the notions of Pepe Illo, who, though no antiquarian, was at least a very practical man, and the author of the first treatise on the modern system of bull-fighting; where-in he asserts that the 'love of bulls is inherent in man, especially in the Spaniard, among which glorious people there have been bull-fights ever since there were bulls, because the Spanish men are as much more brave than all other men as the Spanish bull is more fierce and valiant than all other bulls.§ The

Peralta curate forgot the immemorial alliance, offensive and defensive, betwixt the bulls and clergy of Spain, when he maltreated the tauromachian stone, worse than the Rev. Mr. Gastrell did the mulberry-tree of Shakspeare. He had never attended the *Festremaduran Taurilla*, which the learned Benedictine Feyjoo has discussed with irresistible gravity.\* In that province, on the vigil of St. Mark, the parish priest of the principal villages, dressed in full canonicals and attended by his flock, proceeded to a herd of cattle, selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark. The proselyte followed his leader to mass, but took small benefit of clergy either in beef or morals, for the next day he relapsed into his pristine state and became no better a Roman Catholic than Nebuchadnezzar. After morning prayers the apostolical bull walked in procession through the village, as the *bœuf gras* does at Paris, his horns decorated with flowers and ribbons, and no hay. He was miraculously tame; the women caressed him, called him *Marco Marcito*, 'Dear little Mark;' he became the god of their idolatry, as the Elean women deified Bacchus under his tauriform incarnation.† If the selected bull declined the honour of sainthood (as John Bull sometimes does of knighthood,) the curate was considered to be in a state of mortal sin, *peccado mortal*, and was regarded with evil eye by the husbands of the best-looking Pasiphaæ. If the animal stopped before any particular house, the inmates were suspected of judaism or heresy, which was nosed by the bull, as truffles are by a poodle. No doubt this olfactory engine, this tauro-pointer-proboscis, was directed against those who had not paid their church-rates; a gentle hint from Marcito quickened the voluntary principle, which we throw out to our excellent friend Mr. Divett and his brown Devons. Dr. Laguna imagined the animal was drugged with wine; the cup of Circe (hard drinking) turned men into beasts—the cup of the curate turned bulls into Roman Catholics; *in vino veritas*. Some thought the animal was dosed with salts, which we conclude were placed on his horns rather than on his tail. Others opined that it was opium, a Battley's bull sedative, forgetting that Spanish bulls had always submitted themselves lowly and reverently to their spiritual pastors, who, in their turns, submitted themselves to bulls from Rome. The archbishop Rodrigo, in his history (*de Reb. His. v. 13.*), records that king Veremundus, in 1038, having falsely suspected a bishop of treasonable correspondence with the Moors, let a wild bull at him as he was coming out of church; the bull ran at the bishop and left his horns in his hands; a respectable county historian assures us that some other savage bulls submitted quietly to be yoked to draw the

\* *Alfabeto de la Lengua Primitiva de España.* J. B. de Erro. Madrid, 1806.

† *Prüfung über die Urbewohner Hispanien*, p. 50. W. V. Humboldt. Berlin. 1821.

‡ *El Acueducto de Segovia*, p. 112. A. G. de Somorrostro. Madrid, 1820.

§ *La Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*, p. 8. 2ad edit. Madrid, 1827.

\* *Teatro Critico*, vol. vi. 205.

† *Plut. Quest. Rom. Reiske vii, 196.*

body of St. Jago to Compostella;\* certainly some in Andalusia volunteered to carry stones for St. Paulinus to build his hermitage.† Spanish bulls, however excellent patriots, know when *not* to be tame; on the French entering Egea, the inhabitants turned a drove of bulls loose, who soon put the invaders to flight.‡ General Gascoyne thought that bull-baits filled the ranks of the army in Lancashire, where the bull was called the recruiting sergeant. These tauromachian strategies were first directed against Amilcar, who was put to rout by the Spaniards driving bullocks in carts against him. (*App. Bell. Hisp.* 428.) Hannibal took a hint from this, and baffled Fabius, by making his Spanish rear-guard drive against the Romans a number of bulls, to whose horns lighted torches had been tied, as was done by Samson to the foxes' tails. (*Polyb.* iii. 93.)

To return, however, to the bull-fights of the Romans; we learn from Pliny (viii. 45) that it was a Thessalian sport, and first exhibited by Cæsar when dictator. Brunke has preserved an epigram of Philippus of Thessalonica, the poet-laureate of bulls, which describes the process—'the well-mounted troops of unarmed bull-drivers spurring their horses up to the bounding bulls, throw the noose (*αμμη*) over their horns, and bring to the ground the powerful animal;' the precise method of the *guachos* in the Pampas. This 'modo de enlazar los toros desde el caballo,' is shown in the ninth plate of Pepe Illo's *Tauromaquia*, edited by Gomez.¶

The representation of this novel spectacle of the Thessalian bull-fight was commemorated by a special coin, a denarius, impressed with the head of Cæsar, and a raging bull on the reverse. The details are differently described by Pliny, Suetonius, and Dio Cassius, who, making no mention of the noose, state the bull was simply pulled to the ground 'agarrado,'—which we have seen performed at Seville by mulattoes from Buenos Ayres, by way of an episode, for such vagaries are not strictly tauromachian. These *Thessalian* bull-fights were only given again by Claudius, that most extravagant deviser of games (*Suet.* 21,) and by his successor Nero (*Dio.* 61). The Thessalians were the 'caballeros,' the riders of antiquity; the myth of the centaurs is explained by these bull-goading horsemen—*Centauri απο του κεντρου Ταυρου.*—(*Pretzsch Chil.* v. 99.)¶

\* Descripcion de Galicia. Melina. 1551. p. 13.

† Cadiz, ilustrada. F. Concepcion. 1690. vi. 222.

‡ A. A. Ibieca. Historia de los Sitios de Zaragoza. Sup. p. 153.

§ Analecta. Brunke ii. 62; and Jacob's Antho. ix. 299.

¶ *Tauromaquia*, por un aficionado, with 30 engravings. Madrid, 1804.

¶ The *horsemanship* is the essential feature. Mr. Wilkinson in his curious and valuable work on the 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' clearly shows that the combat of men on foot and bulls, was known to the Pharaohs 'of the earliest period.' He gives four

The remains of amphitheatres existing at Merida, Murviedro, and Italica, prove that the Romans carried their peculiar games into their colonies; and the regulations therein observed were so suited to the objects in view, without reference to the particular kind of spectacle, whether of men or of beasts, that they again suggested themselves on the revival, or rather reinvention, of the long-disused arena. There is, however, no proof that the Thessalian bull-fight was ever exhibited in Spain during the Roman empire. It was unknown to the Gothic Pliny, St. Isidore, who wrote largely on public amusements, and exhorted the civilians to shun the amphitheatre, 'the seat of madness, blasphemy, and murder, the house of Satan, the abode of evil spirits.' (lib. xviii.) Certainly a bull-fight must have furnished some topics of indignation had that spectacle existed. The remnant of the Goths, after the Moorish invasion, retired to their mountain forests. Soured by defeat, priest-ridden, and poverty-stricken, they had neither inclination nor means to celebrate shows which exhausted the finances of Imperial Rome. No records of public amusements are preserved by their monkish annalists, who chronicled the meagre dates of battles and plagues—the founding a convent—the finding a relic. The Gotho-Spaniards relapsed into that almost ferine barbarism which all ancient authors speak of as the characteristic of the original Iberian character.\* Their savage condition contrasted painfully with the polish of the Moorish court, from whence, in fact, they derived anew the very germ of civilization. It was from that quarter that they learnt, among other things, a love for equestrian and military games: the immemorial recreation of the lance-bearing horsemen of the East, the running at the ring, the jereed (*las cañas*), and the bull-fight, occur in the earliest notices of rejoicings held by the Spanish sovereigns, in imitation of the Moorish caliphs. These three classes of spectacles have come down, coupled together, from the Alphonsos to Ferdinand VII. We ourselves are inclined to trace the origin of the bull-fight to the African and Moorish huntings of the wild boar. This animal, already hateful from religious prejudice, furnished by his fierceness an additional excitement to sportsmen—who lived in an age when danger was courted with the rashest eagerness. The mimic chase was represented to the public in thick cities pent; frequent mention occurs in early Spanish chronicles of the public baiting of the *cerdo*. In the advance of agricultural cultivation, the bull presented a more ready and more formidable antagonist. The national ballads, which, though written in Spanish, were either translations or imitations of Moorish originals, and faithful records of manners and feelings, drawings of it from tombs at Thebes and Beni Hassan. See the last Section of his second volume.

\* *Feris propria quæ hominibus ingenia ferunt.*—*Austin* xlv. 2. *χαλκιστοτεροι ανη και θηριοδοτεροι.*—*Strabo* iii. 156.

dwell on the bull-fights of Granada. We need only refer our Spanish readers to that beautiful ballad of the deeds of Ganzul at the combat given on the festival of St. John the Baptist.\* A chivalrous rivalry existed between the Moors and Castellians, with both of whom the bull-fight formed the chief attraction of royal and religious festivals. It was in earlier times admitted to be of Moorish origin;—

'Para ver acosar Toros valientes,  
Fiesta un tiempo Africana y despues Goda.'

B. DE ARGENSEDLA.

The celebration of a bull-fight is first mentioned in 1107, at Avila, on the marriage of Blasco Muñoz, at which Moors and Christians mutually contended.† They soon extended over Spain, for in 1124 they were given at Saldaña, when Alphonso VII. married the daughter of the Count of Barcelona.‡ The conquest of Andalusia, in the ensuing century, led to a closer connexion with the Moors of Ronda and Granada, the head-quarters of this combat. It is probable that the fighters were Moors, for the profession was included by Alphonso the Wise among those entailing infamy (*Partidas*, viii. 4); and the clergy were prohibited from attending the exhibition. These pains and penalties proved insufficient, for a few years afterwards, Alphonso XI. caused a treatise to be written on 'Monteria;' it was edited at Seville, in 1582.§ Sanctioned by the patronage of this great captain of the age, the conqueror of the Moors, the bull-feast extended into Italy. Gibbon (ch. 71) describes one celebrated in 1332, 'after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards in the Colosseum itself. Each champion successively encountered a wild bull with a single spear; eleven bulls and eighteen nobles of the highest families in Rome were killed.' Thus did the Romans, in fact, borrow from the Spaniards that very game which it has been contended was imported from Italy into the Peninsula.

Pero the Cruel inherited his father's love for the bull-fight. In one given to him in 1351, at Burgos, the body of Garci de Lazo, whom he had just killed, was thrown out of the window and trampled upon by the bulls.|| The feasts were continued by his brother and successor, Henry III. The Conde Pero el Niño, a Spanish Sidney, distinguished himself greatly in one

held at Seville in 1395.\* Constanza, daughter to Don Pedro, and wife of John of Gaunt, established a 'bull-running,' a *corrida de toros*, at her domain of Tutbury, Staffordshire, which took place every year, on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, until discontinued in 1778, in consequence of some men being killed.† The deadly weapons used by Spaniards in these combats attracted the attention of foreigners. Robert Repps writes to John Paston,‡ in 1440, 'there is one come into England, a knight out of Spain, the which knight will run a course with a *sharp* spear for his sovereign lady's sake, whom either Sir Richard Woodville [afterwards Earl of Rivers] or Sir Christopher Talbot [son of the great Talbot] shall deliver to the worship of England and themselves, by God's grace.' The gentle Isabella was so shocked at a bull-fight which she saw at Medina del Campo, that she never would witness another, and wrote, in 1493, to her confessor, the Archbishop of Granada, regretting her inability to abolish them altogether. Her father, John II., delighted in them, and was particularly pleased with one given him at Escalona, in 1433, by Alvaro de Luna.§ In his reign amphitheatres were first constructed; the games previously took place in the squares, as the gladiatorial shows did in the Forum, until the first wooden enclosure was erected in the Campus Martius by Julius Cæsar. The grandson of Isabella, Charles V., killed a bull himself at Valladolid, at the rejoicings of the birth of Philip II. This timid bigot, though he delighted not in deeds of personal bravery, yet instituted the *maestranza*, a corporation of gentlemen destined to promote the breed of horses, and revive the dying principle of chivalry: they were the authorized patrons and managers of amphitheatres—'editores et ludorum curatores.' His son, Philip III., played himself at the jereed with Lord Nottingham, in 1604, and gave him a bull-fight, in which, 'fourteen bulls and four men were slain and divers sore hurt; a sport, in troth, raising more pittie than pleasure.'

Philip IV. passed his inglorious reign in persecuting boars and bulls. The works of contemporary travellers abound in the accounts of the bull-fights (then as now the great lion of Spain), while the Spanish press teemed with toresque treatises, explaining the mysteries of the torear.|| This royal theriomaniac is portrayed in every attitude of the chase in the prints of

\* Romancero de Romances Moriscos. Aug. Duran. vol. i. 36.

† Historia de Avila.—Ariz. ii. 37.

‡ Origen de las fiestas de toros, p. 8.—Nic. Fer. Moratin. Madrid, 1777.

§ The original MSS., illustrated by drawings of costumes and huntings of the 14th century, was stolen by the French from the Carthusian Convent near Seville. Laborde Itinéraire, iii. 265, who observes, 'Son église était d'un genre demigothique. Le Maréchal Soult en fit une excellente citadelle, dont l'église devint le magasin. La bibliothèque ne valait rien; elle a servi à faire des gargousses.'

|| Cronica del Rey Don Pedro, 42.

\* Cronica del Conde Pero Niño, 7.

† Plot's Staffordshire, x. 76.

‡ Paston Letters, i. 7.

§ Cronica del Conde Alvaro de Luna, p. 41.

|| Such as—'Advertencias para torear con el rejon. Luis de Trejo. Madrid, 1639.—Preceptos del Torea. Pedro de Cardenas. Madrid, 1651; reprinted in 1833.—Advertencias para torear. Gregorio de Tapia y Salcedo. Madrid, 1651.—These authors were all gentlemen. Trejo was killed by a bull; Cardenas was a knight of Cortova; Salcedo, a personal friend of Philip IV.

sporting-books;\* while the gallery of Madrid is encumbered with his game-keeper costume and vacant countenance, the unworthy subject of the pencil of Velasquez. Hecatombs were slaughtered in his honour; thirty bulls were killed at his visit to Cadiz.† Lord Clarendon was present when five men perished in one fight. The bull-fight given by him to Charles I., when Prince of Wales, on the 21st of August, 1623, was termed '*il sigillo alle feste*.'‡ The infanta was dressed in white, the colour of the prince, with garter blue ribbons. A singular incident occurred, which we extract from one of the rarest gems of our tauromachian library—'An impartial and brief description of the Plaza of Madrid and the Bull-baiting there; by James Salgado; London, 1683;' which is adorned with a large print, representing the royal spectacle.

'It will not be amiss here to mention what fell out upon such an occasion as this, in the presence of Charles the First of Blessed Memory, who, while Prince of Wales, repaired to the court of Spain, whether to be married to the Infanta, or upon what other design, I cannot well determine: however, all comedies, plays, and festivals (this of the bulls at Madrid being included), were appointed to be as decently and magnificently gone about as possible, for the more sumptuous and stately entertainment of such a splendid prince. Therefore, after three bulls had been killed, and the fourth a coming forth, there appeared four gentlemen in good equipage; not long after, a brisk lady, in most gorgeous apparel, attended with persons of quality, and some three or four grooms, walked all along the square a foot. Astonishment seized upon the beholders, that one of the female sex could assume the unheard boldness of exposing herself to the violence of the most furious beast yet seen, which had overcome, yea almost killed, two men of great strength, courage, and dexterity. Incontinently the bull rushed towards the corner where the lady and her attendants stood; she (after all had fled) drew forth her dagger very unconcernedly, and thrust it most dexterously into the bull's neck, having caught hold of his horn; by which stroke, without any more trouble, her design was brought to perfection; after which, turning about towards the king's balcony, she made her obeysance, and withdrew herself in suitable state and gravity.'

She was, however, a man disguised like Achilles in petticoats. Martial (*de Spect.* vi.) saw a real Roman lady kill a real lion.

Howell, who was present, writes from Madrid to Lord Colchester:—

'There was a great show lately here of baiting of bulls by men, for the entertainment of the prince. It is the chiefest of all Spanish sports. Commonly there are men killed at it; therefore there are priests appointed to be there, ready to confess them. It hath hapned often times that a bull hath taken up two men upon his horns, with their entrails dangling about them. As I

\* Particularly in the Origen y Dignidad de la Caza. By Juan Mateos. Madrid, 1634.

† Cadiz Illustrada, vi. 15.

‡ Vera relazione delle feste reale. Geo. Rap. Malatesta. Milan, 1523.

am told, the Pope hath sent divers bulls against this sport of bulling; yet it will not be left, the nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it.\*

The son of this tauromach Philip IV., Charles II., feeble alike in mind and body, preferred the bonfires of the *auto-da-fe* to these knightly combats. However, on his marriage, in 1679, with Maria of Bourbon, the Duke of Medina Sidonia killed in his presence two bulls, and each at a single blow.

We have now brought the genuine Spanish monarchy and the genuine bull-fight to a close. The accession of Philip V. deluged the Peninsula with Frenchmen, and was fatal to many national peculiarities. The puppies of Paris pronounced the Spaniards and their bulls to be barbarous;—the spectacle which had withstood the influence of Isabella and the interdiction of popes, bowed before the despotism of fashion;—the perriwigged courtiers deserted the arena on which the royal eye looked coldly; while the sturdy people, foes to Frenchmen and innovation, clung closer to the pastimes of their forefathers. 'How does his majesty think a gentleman is to divert himself?' said the nobles, when Louis XIV. abolished duelling. Yet a fatal blow was dealt to the combat: the art, once practised by knights and gentlemen, degenerated into the vulgar butchery of mercenary bull-fighters, who contended not for honour, but base lucre, or, to use the forcible language of lord Melbourne† in a recent debate, it passed 'from a high-minded and generous nobility to a low and truculent democracy.' They were not, however, entirely discontinued; Philip V. celebrated these feasts in 1725; Charles III., followed his father's example at his public entry into Madrid, in 1760. They were given as the seal and ratification of the homage to the Infanta by her father, Ferdinand VII., who presided, to the delight of his loving subjects—

—'et sunt te præsides, Cæsar,  
Deliciæ populi.' Mart. *de Spect.* ii.

This, probably the last grand exhibition, we witnessed, and wish to record some account of it.

On Saturday, the 22nd of June, 1833, the Plaza Mayor of Madrid was royally prepared: the windows converted into boxes, and the lines of architecture throughout defined by silken draperies of crimson and gold, giving the square the effect of a gorgeous theatre. In the centre window of the Town-house a magnificent canopy was erected for Ferdinand and Christina, while the royal family and court were accommodated on each side. The scene was singularly striking: the vast and gaudy enclosure—the dense mass of well-dressed spectators—ladies glittering with diamonds and plumes—nobles, generals, and ambassadors, decorated with orders and embroidery—all lighted up under a blue cloudless sky by the glorious and congenial sun of

\* Epistolæ Hoeliane, sect. iii. l. 20. 7th edit. London. 1705.

† Aug. 9, 1838.

Spain. The king arrived in state about five o'clock, when the arena was cleared by the halberdiers (javelin men), the old guard of the Philips, revived on these occasions, and stationed during the combat under the royal seat. The proceedings commenced by the entrance of the court alguacils, with their white wands of office, mounted on beautiful horses, and preceding the four knights, '*caballeros en plaza*,' clad in the ancient Spanish costume, each of whom was accompanied by his sponsor, '*padrino*,' in a state coach and six, and attended by running footmen in gay liveries of the colours of their respective masters. The sponsors, all grandees, were the Dukes of Frias, Alva, and Infantado, and the Count of Florida Blanca: they were followed by a troop of chulos and toreros, gaily dressed, leading horses from the king's stables, saddled with trappings of silver, their manes and tails plaited with ribbons. The procession moved slowly round the circus, halting to make obeisance to the king. It was succeeded by four troops of forty men on foot in each—one equipped as ancient Spaniards, another as Romans with helmets, the third as wild Indians, the fourth as Moors. Gallienus, according to Pollio, first introduced precisely the same number of bands, arrayed as Goths, Sarmatians, Franks, and Persians. At the given signal, a bull was let loose, and the foremost knight advanced on horseback, attended by two chulos: his position was hazardous; clad in silk, armed only with a short javelin, and unused to the confiot. One knight was severely wounded; and many accidents must have happened had the bulls been of their usual ferocity.\* The safety of the horsemen depended very much on their attendants. The Duke of Infantado had engaged Francisco Montes (the best matador in Spain) to assist his protégé, Don Ignacio Artaiz, who killed two bulls in a gallant style. The magnificent Duke presented a largess of a thousand dollars to both knight and squire.

These 'poor knights, are tempted to risk their lives by a pension given to them if they survive, or to their widows if they fall doing their duty to their king and country. They resemble the Roman '*auctorati*,' one of whom hired himself out as a gladiator, to earn wherewithal to bury his father. It was said that the '*apadrinado*' of the Duke of Alva was entrapped into the fight by his affectionate wife, who, unknown to her faithful mate, assured the duke that he was anxious to enter the lists. The poor man, *héros malgré lui*, moved heaven and earth to prevent this honour being thrust upon him. When he appeared in the Plaza he was nearly dead with fear, until the considerate bull put him out of his misery. He recovered from his wound, but did not get his pension. The system of a

pension is in character with this money-making age; in the original bull-fight of the feudal days 'the knightly conquerors were crowned in the presence of chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands they received the prize of courage and dexterity' (Gibbon, 58). The laws of the '*duelo*,'\* as the combat was termed, were then regulated with chivalrous punctilio; none but those of gentle blood were permitted to engage; the Moorish Musa, Malique, Alabez, &c. &c., are chronicled in taumachian ballads; they found worthy compeers in the Cid Campeador, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Pizarro the conqueror of Peru. The 'most Gothic gentlemen of Spain' were the most distinguished bull-fighters. A son-and-heir of a Duke of Alva, though killed by a bull, lives immortalised (like Lycidas) in a sonnet of Lope de Vega. These noble '*Bestiarii*' fought with the '*rejon*,' a short projectile spear, about four feet long—the exact *pilum* of the Romans, which was taken from the aboriginal Iberian '*Sparus*' (Sil. Ital. viii. 523); the '*Lancea*' (Livy, xxxiv. 15); the *ancorion* of Strabo (iii. 150). To be a good rider and lancer were essential and inseparable qualities; '*Una de las buenas lanzas de España y buen caballero*.' Robertson describes Charles V. at the battle of Muhlberg, 'leading the cavalry in person on a Spanish horse, dressed in a sumptuous habit, and carrying a javelin in his hand,' as painted by Titian, in the finest equestrian portrait in the world, the glory of the Madrid gallery, 'witching the world with noble horsemanship,' mounted, Theodore and Honoria like, on a coal-black steed, full clad in mail, with blood-red plume and deathpale countenance.

The knight, in the old bull-fight, was bound to scorn all assistance, and, if dishorsed or wounded, was pledged '*empeñado*' to wipe off the affront by wounding the bull on the head with his sword. The base multitude looked on, as at the Olympic games, while the best-born and bravest contended. To risk life, like a true knight, was always the sure road to women's love, who best admire those qualities in which they feel themselves to be the most deficient. Hudibras (p. 1, c. 3) has alluded to this potent philtre—

'The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
Subdued by blows their lovers felt;—  
So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies.'

The decline of the noble bull-fight, of which, even in the time of Gil Blas (iv. 7.), the toreros of the old school began to complain, is now complete. It was reserved for his Highness the Infante Don Francisco de Paula to attempt to elevate the fallen science. He condescended to wield with his royal hands the weapons too long polluted by vulgar touch. The talk of

\* Clarke mentions (p. 107) that at the royal bull-feast given in 1760, by Charles III., the bulls were kept fasting for four days, in order that the queen might not be shocked by any tragical occurrence.

\* See for details 'A Journey in Spain,' London, 1670, p. 77; and 'Relation du Voyage d'Espagne,' vol. iii. à la Haye, 1715.

this liberal Infant from his cradle had been of bullocks; bull-fighters were the tutors of his youth, the counsellors of his manhood; his mornings, when at Seville, were spent between giving audiences to Penda, the tailor of majos, and Romero, a retired matador. His royal highness, seconded by his cousin Don Sebastian, and assisted by the Dukes of Osuna and Veraguas, and other sporting grandees, gave a private bull-fight at Moncloa, to Ferdinand VII., which, according to Roman precedent, was repeated in the evening in the presence of the court, to the great displeasure of the illustrious performers, who had wished only to exhibit before the eyes of a royal brother and master. The Spanish Adrian killed with his own hand a lion in the arena; Commodus, the 'Hercules Romanus,' transfixes elephants, and all kinds of animals, except bulls, *τῶν ταυρῶν*, says his biographer Herodian; our royal infant 'Hercules Hispanus' butchered a calf, a 'novillo'—which true bull-fighters place on a par with a cow. However, it was admitted by all that his royal highness killed his calf in good style. Don Sebastian, who is not cast in the mould of a Taglioni, was said, like Falstaff, 'to have carried away his paunch as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and to have roared for merrcy, and still ranne and roared, as ever bull-calf.'—(*Henry IV.*) In the afternoon the Duke of Osuna killed his calf too in a manner worthy of Geryon, the head of his family (the Giron).

The mention of his royal highness and his grace leads us to a further consideration of calves, their birth, parentage, education, and untimely end. The Spanish bulls were immemorially famous. Hercules, that great cattle-lifter, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon; having duly stolen them, he gave some to a worthy hidalgo, who killed one every year in honour of the donor, and the breed remained in the time of Diodorus Siculus. (iv. 18.) They flourished in the rich pastures of Andalusia, from whence, Strabo (iii. 169) tells us, they were obliged, after fifty days, to be driven away, from fear of bursting with fat. Notwithstanding their fat and fierceness; they were never exported to Rome, although large ships freighted with rabbits went regularly from Cadiz to Ostia (*Strabo*, iii. 145); and Spanish horses were in such request, even in the fourth century, that Symmachus sent to Spain to supply those required for the circus.\* Rome was supplied with bulls from Mœvania—'ingentem pascens Mœvania taurum' (*Sil. Ital.* vi. 647). These huge beasts waxed strong in the damp meadows of the Clitumnus, favourable to animal and vegetable life, yet fatal to man. The fiercest bulls in Spain are now bred by Don Manuel de Gaviria, in La Mancha, and pastured near the Jarama, whence came the famous bull, killed

by the Moor Ganzul. The Manchegan bull, small, very powerful and active, is considered to be the original stock of Spain; of this breed was 'Manchangito,' the pet of the Visconde de Miranda, a tauromachian noble of Cordova; who treated him as Caligula did his horse *Incitatus*. Manchangito used to come into the dining-room, but, having one day killed a guest, he was destroyed after violent resistance on the part of the Viscount, and only in obedience to the peremptory mandate of the Prince of the Peace. The best bulls in Andalusia are bred by Cabrera at Utrera, in the identical pastures described by Strabo. This modern Geryon was so pleased with King Joseph when his guest, that he gave him one hundred bulls as a hecatomb, for the rations of the French troops, who, braver and more hungry than Hercules, would have stolen them if he had not thus made a virtue of necessity. Whatever the Spaniards may say, their bulls are far inferior in weight and power to those of John Bull—though they undoubtedly are more fierce and active, as born and bred in more wild and unenclosed countries.

The first step in the life of a bull-calf, is the 'herradura;' the confirmation of his good qualities consists of his being branded with a hot iron; an important ceremony to the young bull and his breeders. Blanco White has described the operations with his usual accuracy. The one-year-old is charged by the herdsman with his 'garrocha' or spear—the *terga fatigamus hastâ* of Virgil (ix. 609) the *αγρον* of Hesychius the real Thessalian goad, *αγρικα βοσκειν* (*Eurip. Hyp.* 221.) 'A bull must attack the horseman twice, bearing the point of the spear on his back, before he is set apart for the bloody honours of the amphitheatre. Such as flinch from the trial are instantly thrown down by the herdsman and prepared for the yoke on the spot' (p. 139). Courage is the test of these youngsters, which was determined in the days of Pliny (viii. 45) by the length of tail—a very fair criterion for bull-headed agitators, who have convenient oaths in heaven. The kings of Spain generally attend at the herradura. Ferdinand VII. was always present when at Aranjuez. The bull-calves destined for the royal herd, 'ganaderia real,' were marked and cut in the ear: those pronounced unfit underwent a worse fate in the presence of the queen, her sister, and the ladies of the court. The fortunate youths who pass their 'little go' without being plucked, are in due time brought again into the schools, when they are baited with tipped horns, 'embolados,' by the populace at large; but neither bipeds nor quadrupeds are meant to be killed; few sporting men attend—they despise a pastime based in falsehood and impotent in conclusion; it is to them as uninteresting as a red-herring hunt to an Apperley, or a sham fight to a Gurwood. They require blood, 'ludi majores sine missione, toros de muerte,' with a Roman impatience. The calf is unworthy their notice, as it was at Rome

\* Symmachus, L. iv. Ep. 6.—'Evectionem impetravi, amicos in Hispaniam misi ob curulium equorum coemptionem.'



—'facili cervicis juvencores' (*Mari. de Spect.* 23). The sight is laughable from the tumbles, bruises, and tossings, of his majesty the many. Notwithstanding the horns are tipped, serious accidents occur occasionally: the Conde de Arcos was killed by a novillo in 1778 (*Peyron.* i. 267). These tips were introduced by the gentle Isabel, as the blunted staves 'rudes' were ordered to be used by the humane Marcus Aurelius. The gravity of Seneca was moved by the ludicrousness of the combat between a bull and a bear (*de Ira*, iii. 43); a cynic himself would laugh at the tussle between mob and calf.

Baiting a bull in any shape is irresistible to the lower orders of Spain, who disregard injuries to the bodies, and, what is worse, to their cloaks. The hostility to the bull is instinctive, and grows with their growth. The children in the streets play at 'toro,' as ours do at leap-frog; they go through the whole mimic fight amongst each other. Few grown-up Spaniards, when journeying through their plains, ever pass a herd of cattle without this dormant propensity breaking out; they provoke the animals to fight by their cloaks 'el capeo,' 'vestibus iratos laxis operire Leones' (*Lucan*). The villagers, who cannot afford the expense of a regular bull-fight, amuse themselves with novillos and 'embolados.' In the wilder districts of the Serrania de Ronda, the oxen brought into towns for slaughter are led by a long rope and baited through the streets. We have seen this in Arcos and Grasa-lema, two Moorish cities, built where the chamois could scarcely climb. A singular custom prevailed at Tarifa (the most Moorish town in Spain.) The governor was wont on certain days to let a bull loose into the streets, when the delight of the inhabitants was to shut their doors, and behold from their grated windows the perplexities of the unwary or strangers, pursued without means of escape in the narrow lanes: although many lives were lost, the governor, Dalmau, otherwise a public benefactor to the place, lost all his popularity in the vain attempt to put the custom down; he failed as the popes had done before him.\* Philip V., unable to destroy the national passion, could only change the fashion and give a lower tone to the spectacle. When St. Simon visited the Plaza of Madrid, the scene of tauromachian glory, the populace cried out with one voice, 'toro, Señor, toro,' which, he adds, Philip V. refused 'par principe de conscience' (*St. Simon*, xix. 81). The Frenchman, as Alberoni said, only wanted a wife and a prayer-book. The cry of 'pan y toros,' bread and bulls, the loaves and fishes of Madrid, like the 'panem et circences' of the Romans, the 'feste farine forche' of the Neapolitans, has furnished the subject of a biting sarcasm to Jovellanos, which

is well worth perusal, though we agree with Lord Holland (*Lope de Vega*, ii. 186,) 'that his aversion to a bull-fight induced Jovellanos to underrate their popularity and exaggerate the evil consequences proceeding from that barbarous but not unmanly amusement.' Neither Bourbon nor Bonaparte could put it down: when Joseph arrived at Madrid, the absorbing subject of inquiry was whether he would renew or suppress the bull-fight. Whenever it has been occasionally suppressed, it is a national punishment; in which view the Pompeians were deprived by Nero of all theatrical amusements for ten years (*Tacitus, Ann.* xiv. 17). Blanco White, in his admirable letter on this subject, states the 'raptures of joy, the beating of every heart, at the granting the bull-fight which had been discontinued for several years. The news of the most decisive victory could not have more elated the spirits of the Andalusians or roused them to greater exertions.' It was from the earliest times considered to be second in interest to the *auto-da-fé* alone, which was, par excellence, 'la plus belle chose qu'il y eust en Espagne.'\* When a bull-fight was in the wind all other things of course gave place. It was thought a sufficient excuse to Lord Clarendon (vi. 331) for his bad lodging and reception, that this spectacle was in preparation. It was deemed to be of such importance that, though Sir Richard Fanshawe, in 1669, was not allowed to enter Madrid, the Duke of Medina Torres made an exception in favour of the bulls, and, moreover, lent him an excellent and shady box—'a la sombra.'†

The diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge, as the means of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number, has obtained the best consideration of the enlightened monarchs and ministers of Castille. They have been falsely accused, by an ingenious French traveller, of having conspired with the clergy in keeping up the bull-fight with a view of brutalizing the innate refinement of the operative classes: 'parce qu'il doit le plus puissamment contribuer à maintenir le peuple dans l'état d'abrutissement.'‡ In reply to this and similar calumnies the advocates for the absolute king boldly refer to one of the last gracious acts of Ferdinand VII., the Spanish Alfred, the foundation of the tauromachian university at Seville, the *Bull-ford* of the Peninsula, of which, as we once had the honour of presiding at the exercises and examinations, we must be permitted to speak with the filial affection of a quondam alumnus. It will hardly be credited that, previously to this national school, no regular means of acquiring a tauromachian education was offered to the nobles or blackguards of Spain. They picked up their information as they could, and

\* The people of Stamford petitioned the House of Commons against the abolition of bull-baits, and in spite of Lord Exeter, their landlord and benefactor.

\* Journal du Voyage d'Espagne. Paris, 1669. p. 356.

† Fanshawe's Original Letters, i. 87.

‡ Souvenirs du Midi, Faure, p. 185.

where they could, in highways and byways, in the fields among herdsmen, in the slaughter-houses among butchers. St. Simon (xix. 150) records that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, whose mother was a Benavente, whose wife was an Infantado, the best blood in Spain, was accustomed, in his thirst for knowledge, 'aller dans les boucheries faire le métier du boucher.'\* The 'matadero' or abattoir of Seville is placed in the suburb of San Bernardo; the neighbouring taverns are frequented by students and the fancy, who discuss the science over a dish of 'menudos,' which can only be eaten there in perfection. The matadero, like the prison, had long been called in the slang of Spain, 'el colegio.' It obtained a royal charter about the same time as our own animal-magnetizing establishment in Gower-street. The identical courier, it is said, who brought the decree from Ferdinand to close up the regular university of Seville, conveyed that which authorized the foundation of the Tauromaquia. Ferdinand, 'meek and gentle with these butchers,' was scared by the three glorious days of July, which once more let slip the dogs of democracy. Mr. Windham had taught him, that 'methodism and jacobinism were leagued against bull-baiting, because not a single bull-fighter was to be found amongst the disaffected, who baited a higher game;' so he chained up the schools of jurisprudence, literature, and even painting; all the medical classes were particularly prohibited, being suspected of liberalism in religion and politics; anatomy was left to be learnt by mangling the living, as was practised by those eminent surgeons Erasistratus and Herophilus, physicians to Phalaris, of brazen bull celebrity. But, if living man was henceforward to be cut up *ad libitum*, the bull was to be operated on *secundum artem*; an amphitheatre was erected near the slaughter-house, where the ill-fed kine destined to supply the ollas of Seville furnished subjects to the students; nor could that nor any kind of death possibly deteriorate the iniquitous quality of the meat. It is at least creditable to the Sevillians that they elevated a shamble into a college, and did not degrade a forum into a Smithfield, as at Rome, nor a temple into a slaughter-house, as at Evora. The inscription over the portal is worthy of the mock-heroic of Lope's Gatomaquia:—'Ferdinando 7º, Pio Feliz Restaurador: para la enseñanza preservadora de la escuela de Tauromachia: 1830.'

Moratin, after lamenting the frequent accidents which had hitherto occurred, records the foundation of this university—'which we owe to the tender solicitude and paternal care of the king our lord, where the

art is taught by principles, and where we have seen with delight the progress made by the first disciples, an earnest of what we may expect from the indefatigable zeal of the professors and directors'—(p. 28.) These 'lanistes' are the celebrated Candido and Romero, who, having killed their ten thousands, and hung up their spears at the Pillars of Hercules in the Alameda, have retired to enjoy their otium cum dignitate and a salary greater than the pay of a colonel (supposing the Spanish army *cæter* was paid):—

—'Romærius armis,  
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro.'

The academy throve from the very commencement—the pupils took kindly to their congenial task, 'studium cum divite venâ;' instruction was neither burdensome to them nor to the state, as the expenses are covered by the sums paid for admission by all those who wish to attend at the examination of the under-graduates. The day depends on royal pleasure and nativities, for royalty and bull-fighting, twin sisters, go hand-in-hand, like the Graces; the Circensian games were the usual Pagan mode of celebrating the birthdays of kings. (Arnob. i. 39.) We have now before us an extraordinary gazette, published on Monday, the 16th of July, 1832, announcing the progress of the Spanish Hercules:—'The most serene lord the Infante Don Francisco de Paula Antonio, with his august spouse and beloved children, have arrived this morning at the city of Carmona, with all felicity and without the least change in their important health; to-morrow at day-break they will continue their journey to this capital. His royal highness has deigned to name Wednesday next for the bull-fight arranged beforehand by the most excellent magistracy (Ayuntamiento) of this city. His royal highness will condescend to fix the hour as soon as he arrives.'

The bills of the play are placarded before the show. We have made a collection of them, of all forms, sizes, and colours, with and without rude engravings of the performance. Those of Madrid naturally assume the grandiloquous State Paper style becoming to that royal court, which when named suffices to silence the world—'calle el mundo, solo Madrid es corte.' The document usually commences thus:—'The king, our lord, whom God preserve, has deigned to appoint, for the benefit of the hospitals, such and such a day, wind and weather permitting'—(si el tiempo lo permite)—a scarcely necessary clause in the blessed climate of Spain; then follows the name of the person who will preside, the breeders and birth-place of the bulls, the colours of their devices, the names of the combatants, the laws to be observed by the public, and the prices of the different seats. 'These placards in the provinces, where there are 'maestranter,' are issued by them, 'in virtue of faculties granted to them by the king our lord, whom God preserve—El Rey,

\* The love for killing oxen still prevails at Rome, where the ambition of the lower orders to be a butcher, is, like their white costume, a remnant of the honourable office of killing at the Pagan sacrifices. In Spain butchers are of the lowest caste, and cannot prove, 'limpieza de sangre,' purity of blood. Francis I. never forgave the 'Becajo de Parigi' applied by Dante to his ancestor.

N. S. (Q. D. G.)' This custom is purely antique. The 'libelli' of the Roman 'editores' contained the names and matches of the gladiators, and were sent into the country (Cicero Phil. ii. 38; Epis. ad Fam. 11;) they were rendered more attractive by drawings of the fight, which Pliny tells us (xxxv. 7) were first introduced by C. Terentius Lucanus. Those coarse paintings of Rutuba and Placidienus, the delight of the Romans (Hor. s. ii. 8. 95,) were prototypes of the portraits of Montes and the death of Pepe Illo, which hang in Andalusian houses, mingled with saints and miracles, and which, we are happy to say, enrich our tauromachian portfolio. The public anxiety subsequent to these announcements is forcibly expressed by Seneca; the people wish time and space to be annihilated and bull-lovers made happy, 'transire medois dies volunt—omnis illis speratæ rei longa dilatio est.' (De Brev. Vit. i. xvi.) Bull-fights take place in summer, when the animals are strongest from abundance of pasture, when the days are longer and calculated for out-of-door spectacles. A Sunday or Saint Monday is generally selected, as the day on which the routine of labour is wont to stand still; all business is at an end; the lawyer deserts his brief, the doctor his patient, the country gentleman his farm: well might Varro complain (De Re. Rus. ii. Præf.) 'that agriculturists crept into the city leaving plough and scythe, preferring to clap their hands in the amphitheatre to rustic labour.'

The bulls destined for the fight are driven the day before towards the city: the 'majos' of Seville never fail to ride out to Tablada (at Madrid to the Arroyo Briñegal,) to see what they are like, as the knowing ones call at Tattersal's on Sunday, instead of attending evening service, which they ought, in their parish churches; the bulls, like Pope's lambs, with 'a blindness to the future kindly given,' pleased to the last, are cropping their savoury food, in company with the 'cabestros,' the Roman 'mansuetarri,' tame oxen (*not* cows, be it said, for the honour of the sex,) who decoy them to their destruction. They are teped by 'patanes,' 'conocidores,' satyrs wilder than themselves, clad in sheepskin jackets, 'zamarras,' with rough fleeces on their thighs, who keep order on horseback with their 'garrocha,' like their Moorish ancestors—

—'Prævectus equo, moderantem cupside Lucas  
Maurum in bella boves.'—*Sil. Ital.* ix. 572.

The driving the bulls to the amphitheatre, the 'encierro,' a service of much danger, has been most graphically described by Blanco White (p. 144.) They are confined in the 'toril,' the ancient 'vivarium—cavea.' In Spain, the land of convents and prisons, the arrangement of these condemned cells is well understood; the best are at Ronda. Solitary confinement is the order of the dens; each animal can be liberated

siagly, by lifting up certain trap-doors, which communicate with the portals of the circus, 'the cochlea ut solet esse in caveâ in quâ tauri pugnare solent.' (Varro de Re Rust. iii. 5.) The amphitheatres of Spain are built outside the city-walls, not from the pagan prejudice that the infernal gods might not enter the capital—although, certainly, if the theatre be the town-house of Satan, the bull-circus is his villa—but to obviate the danger and inconvenience of driving the furious animals through the streets. They are mostly constructed of wood; those begun in stone (with the exception of that at Ronda) are generally unfinished, according to the usual greatness of Spanish undertakings and impotence of conclusion.\* That of Seville, partially finished in masonry, remains open towards the cathedral, and furnishes a Moorish distance to the picturesque foreground. On particular occasions this side is decorated with flags. When the blazing sun setting on the red Giralda tower lights up its fair proportions, like a pillar of fire, the refreshing evening breeze springs up, and the flagging banners wave in triumph over the concluding spectacle.

The Spanish 'Plaza' is most unlike a London 'Place'—those enclosures of stunted smoke-blackened shrubs, fenced in with iron palisades to protect aristocratic nurserymaids from the mob; the Plaza, the only public assembly allowed in Spain, is the gay exchange where the fun and floating capital of wit and epigram are circulated by people who leave outside their frets and worries. The costume, gestures, language, animal spirits, and eagerness of the multitude is a sight of itself; without the merry mob the thing would be nothing; their good humour and excited interest is contagious; poverty when cheerful, said Epicurus, ceases to be poverty. They leave their sorrows behind them, and enter with a gaiety of heart, and a determination to be amused, which laughs at wrinkled care; Castillian gravity flies before the bull; which indubitably induced Mr. Windham in the full debate on Mr. Dog Dent's motion (May 24, 1802,) to argue, 'that seriousness and gravity of manners would destroy merry old England if bull-baiting were abolished.' Nowhere, as Cicero observed, were the temper and feelings of the Roman people more surely shown than in the circus, where all ranks met for one object, fused down into one common mass of humanity. The wooden theatres when empty are poor and shabby, *mesquin* to a degree, but when crowded the appearance is superb; the assembled thousands in their Spanish costume, the novelty of the spectacle, associated with our earliest classical studies, are enhanced by the blue canopy of the heavens, spread above as a mantle. There

\* The first amphitheatre built in Rome of stone was erected by Statilius Taurus at the desire of Augustus. (Suet. 29.) The Colosseum of Vespasian was made by the venerable Bede the touchstone of Rome's eternity.

is something in these out-of-door entertainments, a *Pantheism*; which peculiarly affects the shivering denizens of the catch-cold north, where climate contributes so little to the happiness of man. The transit of the sun over the Plaza, the zodiacal progress into Taurus, is decidedly the best-calculated astronomical observation in Spain. The line of shadow defined on the arena is quite as clearly marked by the gradation of prices; the places exposed to the sun being the cheapest, those in shade the dearest; but the price of all seats compared with the wages of labour is and has always been excessive. The commonest places in 1587\* were from four to six reals each, equivalent to more than a week's labour; in 1659† they cost, even at Ejica, seven and eight reals each; at Seville, in 1832, they varied from five to twenty-four reals (about one to five shillings). Those paid at the royal fights in the Plaza Real are only exceeded by the Venetian extravagance on the first night of a new opera: a window cost, in the time of the Philips, from twenty to thirty pistoles; in 1833 a good balcony was charged ten guineas. The expenses of a common bull-fight may be estimated between 300*l.* and 400*l.*, which will, probably, in the present rapidly-increasing poverty of Spain, tend more to their suppression than all the arguments of all the Spanish Wilberforces. The price of the bulls, of which six or eight are killed, average 20*l.* to 30*l.* each; the horses, of which a dozen are destroyed,‡ about 30*s.*; the matadors receive 20*l.* and 30*l.* for the day; the picadors, chulos, and innumerable attendants in proportion.

There is no sacrifice, no self-denial which a Spaniard will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight. The tempter never can assume form more dangerous to the virtue of an Andaleza than that of a gay *majo* with a ticket for a 'balcon piedra de sombra.' The practical result of bull-fights (in common with religious processions) is to furnish what St. Augustine calls 'bird-lime to the devil.'§ The well-known story of the wizard student of Salamanca turns on his taking his mistress on a cloud to a bull-fight. Those whose poverty, not will, consents, sit in the 'tendido,' and brave the sun's perpendicular height, the air on fire, the African blaze, where the climate sublimates and calms the passions; they defy the fever-heat of the blood, the *coup-de-soleil*, the 'tabardillo;' and why not? The bull-fight is for the benefit of the hospitals, and,

\* Pellicer, *Histrionismo*, ii. 195.

† Journal du Voyage. 1659, 151.

‡ Whilst these sheets were going through the press, we received an account of a bull-fight which took place at the Puerto on the 25th of June last. Fifteen horses were killed; amongst them a celebrated white charger, nearly thirty years old, who had carried Ballesteros through the peninsula war. Not such was the end of *Copenhagen!*

§ 'Ubi homines valde cum muliebribus miscent, nunquam deerit viscum Diabolo.'

as it supports and provides patients, the contributors have the first right to its advantages. All Seville seems crowded into the circus: 'Totam hodie Romam circus capit' (*Juv.* xi. 195). Those excluded remain outside grinding their teeth like the unhappy ghosts on the wrong side of Styx, and listening to the joyous shouts of the thrice blessed within. The men go clad in all the Figaro finery of Andalusia. These ladies (who can afford it) wear white mantillas, the 'albæ lacernæ' of the Romans (*Mart.* xiv. 137). They go, as in the days of Tertullian, first to be seen, *secondly* to see.\* A fan, which indeed is part and parcel of an Andaluza, is indispensable on these occasions to shade her from the sun and cool her excitement. The dress-fans of Spain are made in France, those used at the national bull-fights are Spanish. They are composed of rudely-painted paper, inserted in handles of common reed, and are sold near the doors for a penny each. The Roman ladies used fans painted with the colours of the 'factio' they supported. Martial gives his mistress one to go to the circus (xiv. 28). This present is still considered to be a delicate attention on the part of a 'majo que tiene mundo.' The Gothic ladies attached such importance to this engine of coquetry, that Cyprianus, a dignified clergyman, wrote two epigrams (in defiance of prosody) to intreat Count Galfred to give a fan to his Countess Guisinda; they (the fans, not the epigrams) were very sparkling, and inscribed in letters of gold.† Augustus (*Suet.* 44) first settled the costume of the amphitheatre. He forbid the people going in the 'veste pullâ,' the dark cloak, the 'paño pardo,' made then, as now, of the undyed wool of Andalusia (*Martial*, xiv. 133). This cloak was invariably taken off in the presence of the emperor (*Suet. in Claud.* vi.), as the Spaniards always open theirs when the king passes; nor is it thought well-bred to speak to any one with the cloak folded over the shoulders, 'embozado.' The populace, 'locarii,' are seated in the 'tendido,' the 'podium,' the seats closest to the arena, which were appropriated to the equestrian order at Rome, Claudius affixed the places of the Senators (*Suet.* 21); he, however, gave them leave to go wherever they liked, if clad in plain clothes, *vestitus ordinis* (*Dio.* lx.); and so now the highest nobility, when dressed in the 'majo' costume, descend into the 'tendido,' which is closer to the bulls and combatants. The real thing is to sit near one of the openings, which enables the fancy-man to exhibit his embroidered gaiters and neat leg. It is here that the character of the bull and the behaviour of the bull-fighter are scientifically criticised. The plaza has a dialect peculiar to itself, unintelligible to most Spaniards themselves, while to the sporting-men of Andalusia, it expresses their drolleries with idiomatic

\* 'Videri et videre.' *De Spect.* 25.

† Flores, *Esp. Sagr.* ii. 525.

raciness. A brother-traveller in Spain, and tauromachian philologist, who, like ourselves filed '*El Correo*' of Madrid, which reported the afternoons of the plaza (as Boz did the afternoons at Bow street in the Morning Herald), was himself often unable to understand the full pregnancy of the terms *paravata supralari*, without reference to the Duke of San Lorenzo, who sustained the character of ambassador in London and bull-fighter at Madrid, with equal dignity. This language has long been reduced into a system in Spain, where it is termed '*germania—xerge*,' jargon (the *argot* of France, the *gauner sprache* of Germany, the *gerga* of Italy); a regular vocabulary was published at Barcelona in 1609.\* Antonio, the Spanish Diddin, treats the author somewhat scurvily (*Bib. Nov.* i. 710), '*Joannes Hidalgo nescio quis* (not at all events an Hidalgo), *nec multum interest an sciem ignoremve.*' The fancy Spaniards honour him as their Dr. Johnson, and his dictionary has undergone many editions. It is very useful to the reader of Quevedo.

At the present bull-feasts the king or president sits in a box on the northern, the shady side; the '*oppidum suggestus*;' at Seville an adjoining box to the right is allotted to the canons of the cathedral, who attend in their sable robes, '*nigris lacernis*,' without being made the subject of an epigram (*Mart.* iv. 2). The black-birds of this rookery put on caps of that colour, as judges do before the sentence of death is passed. Blanco White, once a black-bird himself, *rara avis*, tells us 'that such days are fixed upon for the bull-fight as will not, by a long church service, prevent the attendance of canons and prebendaries who choose to be present; for the chapter in a body receive a regular invitation from the *maestranza*.' (*Doblado*, p. 149.) The clergy of Spain have always been, and still are, the most uncompromising enemies of the stage, where they never go; yet neither the cruelty nor profligacy of the amphitheatre has ever roused the zeal of their most elect or most fanatic, as our puritans assailed the bear-bait, which induced the Cavalier Hudibras to defend them, or as the methodists denounced the bull-bait, which was therefore patronised by the Right Hon. W. Windham. The Spanish clergy pay due deference to bulls, both papal and quadruped; they dislike being touched on this subject, and generally reply, '*son cosas de España*'—the usual answer as to everything which appears incomprehensible to strangers. In vain did St. Isidore write a chapter against the amphitheatre—his *chapter* minds him not; in vain did Alphonso the

Wise forbid their attendance. The sacrifice of the bull has always been mixed up with the religion of Rome and Spain. Bull-fights pay no duty of Crusade, and Charles V. in 1523 classed them with acts of charity; '*en correr toros o dar caridades!*' (*Recop.* l. i. t. 10, l. 4.) Charles III. appropriated the profit to the support of the hospitals. The countrymen of Loyola hold to the Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means. Macrobius (*Sat.* x. 3) has a chapter on the gods to whom bulls were sacrificed—

'*Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi pulcher Apollo.*'

A parallel chapter might be written on holy bull-fights. The Spaniards celebrate by them the birth-days of Santiago and of St. Firmin of Zaragoza. Prudentius (who lived there) says that they were the '*delight of the infernal Jupiter*,' as they are now of his chosen on earth. The festival of '*Corpus Christi*,' in which the wafer, the incarnate deity, is carried through the streets, is sealed by a bull-fight.

'*Divisum imperium cum Jove taurus habet.*'

The Romans celebrated the dedications of temples by games. This universal pagan practice has been adopted in Spain, where the slavery of external ceremony is substituted for the spirit and principle of religion. The Franciscans of Seville, when desirous of constructing a convent, asked and obtained permission to exhibit eight bull-feasts, an act of religion and charity which moreover entitled the devout attenders to several years' indulgence from purgatory!\* The Canons attend, as Prudentius describes the vestals at Rome, '*seated in the best places, decked out in the garb of holiness, and feeding their consecrated eyes with mercenary blood and death.*'†

When the Plaza is well filled, the public anxiety for the arrival of the corregidor, '*the prætor*,' becomes intense. Formerly, it amounted almost to phrensy (*Tertullian de Spect.* xvi.). When he enters all eyes are turned to his box, '*omnibus ad podium spectantibus*' (*Juv.* ii. 146), awaiting his signal, which is still given by a white handkerchief—'*cretatam prætor cum vellet mittere mappam*' (*Mart.* xii. 9)—a custom which arose from Nero when at dinner throwing his napkin out of the window to the impatient populace as a signal to commence the games. The proceedings open with the old prologue, the '*prælusio*;' the procession of the gladiators round the arena; the mounted picadors, the chulos, the matadors, and the mules destined to carry off the slain, advance in order, arrayed in the gorgeous costume of Andalusia—'*pompaliter ornati*' (*Pollio in Gallienis*) '*saginâ gladiatoria*' (*Taci. Hist.* ii. 88). St. Cyprian (*Ep.* ii. ad Don.) gives a true account of the joy of the youths, their pride of profession, their glittering apparel tricked out for death—victims '*to*

\* A similar vocabulary of Venetian slang was published in 1549 at Venice, by Zindone Mapheo, '*Nuevo Modo de intendere la Lengua Zerga*,' i.e. *parlare forbesco*. It was from Italy that Mendoza and others imported their picaresque novels. The circus has long been the schools of that particular language which prevails in the ring, and seems peculiar to roguery and low company in all ages and countries.

\* Peyron; *Essais sur l'Espagne*, i. 265.

† Prudent, in *Sym.* ii. 1090. 1108.

make a Roman holiday; 'veste preciosâ viventes juvenes in funus ornantur, malis suis miseri gloriantur.' They are the favourites of the women. It was so of old (Tertullian de Spect. 22). Faustina, the mother of Commodus, 'Taurigeno semine ortum an Humano' (Macrob. vi. 5), confessed to her philosophical husband her love for a gladiator; the emperor, acting on the advice of a seer, killed the man, and effected her cure by washing her with his blood. Madame Abrantes, the wife of the Sansculotte Junot, works out this *pendant*, and introduces the celebrated Duchess of Alva, the friend of the wife of Charles IV., as intriguing with a bull-fighter, and causing his previous mistress to be assassinated. (Scenes Castillanes, vol. ii.) Her account of a bull-fight is ridiculously incorrect. She is learned only in filthy sensualism.

The trumpet now sounds 'et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos;' the president throws the key of the toril to an alguacil, who ought to catch it in his hat: he rides to the door, and then makes his escape amid the jeers of the populace, who, accustomed to fly from him, would rejoice to see the hated minister of the law caught on a bull's horn. The alguacils, however, remain at hand, in case of disturbances; they are the 'mastigopheri,' the 'moderatores ludi,' and keep order with their wands of office. The brilliant combatants now disperse like a bursting shell, and take up their positions; the three picadors draw up to the left near the wooden partition, 'las tablas.' All eyes are now turned to the cochlea, the door of the toril; it is an awful moment, a thousand hearts beat in one bosom; 'unius demencie una vox est' (Tertullian de Spect. 16). The foremost picador prepares for the rush of the escaping bull. Even the oldest, who has killed hecatombs, feels nervous, for he awaits his foe in cold blood. His costume is peculiar; he wears the Moorish broad-brimmed hat (still retained by monks when on a journey); it is the Thesalian 'pileus, petasus;' the Macedonian 'causia,' which the senators, after the reign of Caligula, wore in the amphitheatre. This 'sombbrero,' a real umbrella, is ornamented with ribbons, the 'lemnisci,' the gift of his mistress. The elasticity of his body, clad in a silken embroidered jacket, contrasts with his cumbersome iron-guarded leather-encased legs; his right leg is presented to the bull, and is armed up to the hip; as the knee cannot be bent the right spur is much longer than that of the left leg, which is only protected up to the knee; this is the 'ocrea,' the *ἀσπίς* of the ancients. The spear is rather defensive than offensive; the wound it inflicts is trifling; by the code of the arena only one inch of a three-edged blade is allowable; the steel, 'la pua,' is sheathed by two leather rings, the 'morc' of Isabella, the foils of Marcus Aurelius. These, however, are pushed back when the picador apprehends that the bull is murderous, 'carnicer,' likely to charge home, 'siempre llegan-

do y-con recargo.' None but a brave bull, 'toro claro, bravo, duro y seco,' will face this 'garrocha,' which they remember and dread, especially those who have already smarted under it as novillos. Those who fly from the rod of their youth are termed scientifically, 'blandos,' 'parados,' 'tardes à las varas.' The picador, holding his lance under his right arm, pushes to the right, and pulls his horse to the left; the bull is thus turned from his plunge, and passes on to the next horseman. This is called 'recibir,' 'hoc habet.' A bold bull is not deterred by the wound, but presses on, and generally gores the horse in the flank, who defends himself by kicking. If a bull is turned at the first charge, he seldom again faces the picador readily, 'teme el castigo;' if, on the contrary, he kills the first horse he generally takes courage, and resolutely attacks the others. These are Mr. Windham's game bulls, who like to be baited on Locke's philosophical principle of association. The picador knows at once what wound is fatal, which often is not apparent to the uninitiated. When the horse is gored in the chest, he quietly dismounts, takes off the saddle, and leaves the arena. The bulls vent their fury on the disabled steed so long as life remains; they show more mercy than the Spaniards in thus putting the wounded out of their misery. They snort and snuff at a prostrate animal, and seem to listen if he breathe or not; many of the human combatants escape death by shamming it, as Faletaff did with his hot and termagant Scot. Bulls that paw the ground, 'arañan, escarban la tierra,' are not much esteemed; if they fly, and will not face the picador, they are hooted and despised as public malefactors, beaten by the populace as they pass, and execrated as 'cabra' (goat), or 'vaca' (cow), which is no compliment. A bad bull and a bad torero are scouted; address, energy, and courage are the qualities which ennoble the cruel and disgusting incidents. The Romans absolutely hated,—('etiam odiares'—Cic. *pro Mil.* 34), those gladiators who showed signs of pusillanimity; they were angry if one of the match were not soon killed; 'irascuntur enim pugnantibus nisi celeriter e duobus alter occisus est, et tanquam humanam sanguinem sitiant, oderunt moras.' *Lact. de Vero Cult.* vi. 20. The picador is badly mounted; nothing is economised except the horse; the bull is in full vigour, the horse lean, aged, and fit only for the dog-kennel of an English squire, or carriage of a French peer. This increases the danger to his rider: in the ancient combats, the finest and most spirited horses were used; quick as lightning, and turning to the touch, they escaped the deadly rush. The bull seldom long pursues one object, for he is drawn off by the luring cloaks of the chulos on foot. The eyes of the poor horses are often bound over with a handkerchief, for they will not face the bull. The lacerations of the horses seem to excite no pity among the utilitarian Spaniards, who, if asked why the animal

is not mercifully killed at once, reply, 'he only costs six dollars.' The report in the papers often ends thus, 'thirteen horses were killed—the weather mild and serene' (*Correa*, 16th May, 1832).

The picadors are subject to most severe falls; the bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin, and when his victims fall with a crash on the ground exhausts his fury upon his prostrate foes. The picador manages (if he can) to fall off on the opposite side, in order that his horse may form a barrier between him and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is peopled with heads; every feeling of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight is stamped on their expressive countenances; if happiness is to be estimated by quality, intensity, and concentration, rather than duration (and it is), these are moments of excitement more precious to them than ages of placid, insipid, uniform stagnation. Their feelings are wrought to a pitch, when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, the crimson seams of blood streaking his foam and sweat-whitened body, flies from the infuriated bull still pursuing, still goring; then are displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the dexterous and undismayed picador.\* It is in truth a piteous sight to see the poor mangled horses treading out their entrails, and yet gallantly carrying off their riders unhurt. In the pagan sacrifices, the quivering entrails, 'leviter animata' (*Arnob.* ii. 91), trembling with life, formed the most propitious omens. The Spaniards are no more affected with the reality than the Italians are with the abstract 'tanti palpiti' of Rossini. The miserable horse, when dead, is dragged out, leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as the riverbeds of the arid plains of Barbary are marked by the crimson fringe of the flowering oleanders. A universal sympathy is shown for the horseman in these awful moments; the men rise, the women scream. This soon subsides; the picador, if wounded, is carried out and forgotten—'los muertos no tienen amigos'—a new combatant fills up his gap, the battle rages, he is not missed; new incidents arise, no pause is left for regret or reflection. We remember seeing at Granada a matador cruelly gored by a bull: he was carried away as dead, and his place immediately taken by his son, as coolly as if he was succeeding to his estate and title. Carnerero, the musician, died while fiddling at a ball at Madrid, in 1838; neither the band nor the dancers stopped one moment. The boldness of the picadors is great. Francisco Sevilla, when thrown from his horse and lying under the dying animal, seized the bull, as

\* We remember a Spaniard pointing out to us a similar scene, as 'que bel cuerpo de sangre!' Tertullian reproached his contemporaries with this gloating on blood, 'In amphitheatro derosa et dissipata et in suo sanguine squalentia corpora patientissimis oculis desuper incumbunt.' (*de Spect.* 21.)

he rushed at him, by his ears, turned round to the people, and laughed. The long horns of the bull make it difficult for him to gore a man on the ground; he generally bruises them with his nose. Few picadors, however, although men of bronze, have a sound rib in their body. When one is carried off apparently dead, but returns immediately mounted on a fresh horse, the applause of the spectators resembles, as Horace says, the Garganian Wood or the Tuscan Sea; if the wounded man does not come back, *n'importe!* The blood of a *bestiarius* was ranked by the Romans with that of an animal—'minus quam hominis' (*Tert. Apol.* 9); he was thought no more of than a slave in the blessed philanthropy of the United States.

The first entrance of the bull into the Plaza is a glorious moment; no one can tell how he may behave; he seems amazed at the novelty of his position; torn from his pastures, imprisoned and exposed, he gazes an instant around at the crowd, the glare, and waving handkerchiefs, ignorant of the fate which inevitably awaits him. He bears on his haunch a ribbon, 'la devise,' which designates his breeder, as the sacred Brahmines bulls wear that of Siva. The picador endeavours to snatch this off, to lay the trophy at his true love's feet. The bull is the hero of the drama; but he is condemned without reprieve, 'sine missione,' however gallant his conduct, or desperate his resistance. Sometimes he is even wounded on leaving the toril, to abate his vigour. Something of this is mentioned by Martial, 'lesum caveâ latus bisontis' (ix. 58). Although none of the holy bulls of Spain have spoken like these of the pagans, the symptoms of their distress, their 'quirritatio,' is piteous; they have no Sir Richard Hill, who spoke in 1802 for the bulls, 'poor friendless dumb creatures, who could not speak for themselves,' like Balaam's ass and Sir Richard. They fly in every direction, and often leap over the barrier, putting combatants, soldiers, water-sellers, and police to the rout. The bull is sometimes teased with stuffed figures, the ancient 'pilæ,' which Cicero (*in Balb.*) calls 'homines faneos' (men of straw) in medium ad tentandum periculum projectos; the *τραυματιστὴν, τραυματιστῶν*, of the old glosses, Eusebius mentions that a Jew, placed in a basket, was thrown to bulls in the arena.\* In the time of Philip IV., Salgado relates that not only stuffed figures were used, with leaded feet, which rose upright as soon as the bull knocked them down, but that 'sometimes a despicable peasant was set upon a lean and deformed horse and exposed to a violent death' (p. 9). At other times, to amuse the populace, a monkey is attached to a pole. This is the 'ludicrum incrementum' of Martial (*xiv. 202*)—

'Callidus emissas eludere simius hastas.'

This art of ingeniously tormenting is considered un-

\* *Thæs. Rom. Grævius*, ix. 603.

justifiable homicide by philomimous travellers from *la belle France*, that wilderness of monkeys. When a fierce bull, 'duro, chocante, carnicer, y pegajoso,' has overthrown the three picadors, killed their horses, dispersed the men on foot, and cleared the arena, he stands snorting and pawing the ground, bellowing and lashing his tail, the monarch of all he surveys; the enthusiastic spectators wave their handkerchiefs, shouting 'viva toro! bravo toro!'—the precise cry of the women at the feasts of the tauriform Bacchus\*—*αἰν τραπε! αἰν τραπε!* But when the bull will not attack the picador, but tries to escape, he is not deemed worthy of a noble death; the cry of 'perros! perros!' resounds, which the king grants by pulling his ear, a hint to the whippers-in—

—Cynthia aurem  
Vellit et admonuit.<sup>†</sup>

'Up to the stars the growling mastiffs fly,  
And add new monsters to the frightened sky.'

But they soon pull the bull down, for though they want the square muscular form of the English breed, they are not deficient in pluck.†

When a brave bull, sated with blood, will no longer attack the picador, the trumpet sounds, 'Signa tubæ dederant,' and the second act commences. The picadors retire instantly, and the foot-combatants begin with their darts: these 'chulos,' 'greges catervarii,' are the light infantry and skirmishers. The word simply means a lad—a merryman—as at Astley's. Their duty is to draw off the bull from a wounded horse or endangered picador, which they do with their coloured silken cloaks, the 'pænula gausapina' of Martial (xiv. 145.) Their address and agility is very great; they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, hardly touching the earth; their cloaks are often torn by the bull's horns, of which Martial complains to the Candido of his day (ii. 43, *ad Candidum*)—

'Toga—quæ passa est furias et cornua tauri.'

In this service of self-devotion, no one ever distinguished himself more than Montes. On the 5th of June, 1832, at Aranjuez, in endeavouring to succour the picador Martin, who was in imminent peril, he got between the bull and the barrier, and after dodging him several times, with consummate address, at last, finding the foe press upon him 'con recargo,' he endeavoured to leap the paling, fell back, and was caught on the horns. A bulletin was regularly exhibited every day; and his convalescence excited a more general interest at court than that of Ferdinand himself. On his re-appearance, on the 11th of July, the whole amphitheatre saluted him with congratulations.

Montes was accustomed to advance, with a pole in

\* Plutarch, *Quæst. Rom.* vii. 196. Reiske.  
† The Romans preferred the British bull-dog (Claud. i. Stil. 301). Symmachus mentions seven 'Scoticos anes' which were exhibited in the circus.

his hand, into the middle of the circus, the most exposed place, as farthest from the barrier; then calling the bull to him, 'llamando al toro,' as soon as he rushed at him, fix the pole before his lowered head and vault over him: he grazed the bull's tail on alighting. This feat was considered to be so dangerous, that he was induced by public representation to discontinue it. Nothing, however, is new under the sun of Spain. Prudentius describes the very thing—

'Inde feras volucris temeraria corpora saltu  
Transiliunt, mortisque inter discrimina ludunt.'

Although fatal accidents do not often occur, and we ourselves have never seen a man killed, yet such events are always possible. At Tudela, on the 1st of August, 1833, a bull having killed seventeen horses, a picador named Blanco, and a banderillero, then leapt over the barriers, where he killed a peasant and wounded many others. The 'Correo' which we translate, simply headed the statement, '*Accidents* have happened,' &c.—'Han ocurrido desgracias.' Pepe Illo, who, like Nelson, had received thirty-eight wounds in the wars, died the hero's death. He was killed on the 11th of May, 1801. He had a presentiment of his death, but said that he must do his duty; 'Anadió, que debiendo cumplir con su obligacion, no dejaria el circo, hasta verse con las entrañas en los manos.'

The second act consists in placing the banderillas (barbed darts, ornamented with cut paper), just as the bull stoops, on each side of his neck. This feat is termed by the barber-like French, 'le coiffer.' In 1726 only one dart was placed, which was then called 'harpon.' Sometimes 'banderillas de fuego,' darts armed with crackers, which explode when affixed, are made use of: the Roman 'taurus flammis stimulatus' (Mart. *de Spect.* xix.). The fiery dart is most particularly described by St. Chrysostom, as then placed on the neck, and rendering the bull intolerable.\* The flame, mingled with blood, must faintly recall to the priests of Spain, the superior attractions of the *auto-da-fé*.

The last trumpet now sounds; the arena is cleared; the matador, the man of death, stands before his victim alone. Byron is in error when he says—

'And now the matadores around him play.'

His description otherwise is both correct and poetical. The matador is clad as a 'majo' (Mr. Inglis says in a *court-dress*!)—with no *æs triplex*—no other armour than valour—no aid save skill. Knowledge is here opposed to animal force. The bull presents a splendid exhibition of blind rage and violence;—the man of cool courage and presence of mind. The meeting the bull—single-handed and face to face appears to have been

\* Οὐκ ὥς τις ταυρεῖ, ὥς τις φλογὶ καὶ πυρὶ φερόντι τὰς πλάσιν ἀνὴν ἀπορῶντο; Hom. *ad. Rom.* 21.



known at Ancient Memphis;\* but the *ξαστρον*, or killer with a sword, is never mentioned in the classical bull-fights; those bulls who escaped the lance were handed over to the knives of the mob, and brutally butchered. In the Plaza, the patients are despatched with the nicety and delicacy displayed by a Sangrado in bleeding a fine lady. The matador, on entering, addresses the president; what he says is seldom heard; he is supposed to request permission to kill the bull, or to perish in the attempt. He then throws his cap, 'montera,' on the ground with peculiar action; 'a facie jactare manus,' (*Juvenal Sat.* iii. 106)—'manu veneratus' (*Suet. Claud.* 12). In his right hand he holds a long straight Toledan blade, the 'sacratum venabulum;' in his left he waves the 'muleta'—the red flag, the 'engaño'—which, says our author, 'ought not to be so large as the standard of a religious brotherhood, nor so small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief:' it should be proportioned to the size of the matador, and be sufficient to cover the bull's head. It was first introduced by Francisco Romero of Ronda, though he certainly had never read Pliny (viii. 16), who describes that precise method of killing *hons* as invented by an African peasant, and exhibited in the Roman circus; a bas-relief representing the subject was found at Pompeii. The colour must be the Phœnician red, which conceals the blood (*Sil. Ital.* iii. 236), and is particularly offensive to bulls, as Ovid tells us (*Met.* xii. 102)—

'Haud secus exarsit quam circo taurus aperto,  
Cum sua terribili petit irritamina cornu,  
Phœnicæas vestes, elusæque vulnera sentit.'†

There is always a spare matador in case of accident, a 'media espada or sobre saliente,' the 'gladiator suppositivus' of Martial (v. 24. 8), *suplente*.

The matador, 'el diestro,' advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him, 'citarlo a la suerte, a la *jurisdiction del engaño*,' to subpœna him into the jurisdiction of the trick, as we should say, into Chance-ry. And this trial is quite as awful; the matador stands face to face with the bull, in the presence of inexorable witnesses, the bar and judges, who would rather see the bull kill *him* twice over, than that he should kill the bull contrary to the rules and practice of the court and tauromachian precedent. The matador, during the first two acts, has been studying the character of the bull more intensely than a Lavater or Spurzheim. There must be no mistake; there is no scoring, except on the pate, as Falstaff says. The gladiators did the same to a proverb; 'gladiatorem in arenam capere consilium; aliquid adversarii vultus, aliquid ipsa inclinatio corporis intuentem monet.' (*Seneca, Ep.* 22.) The matador generally looks pale and anxious; life hangs on the edge of a razor, *en el filo de la navaja*; he presents a pic-

\* See Wilkinson, vol. ii. p. 446.

† Taurum color rubicundus excitat.—*Seneca De Irâ*, lib. 30.

ture of fixed purpose and concentration of moral energy. Seneca says truly that the world had seen as many examples of courage in these 'ludo-bestiarii,' as in the Catos and Scipios (*Ep.* 50). It is absolutely necessary to be cool, and preserve the temper; as the same philosopher remarks (*De Irâ*, i. xi.), 'gladiatores ardetur, ira denudat.' He foils and plays with the bull until he has discovered his disposition. The fundamental principle consists in his mode of attack, the stooping his head and shutting his eyes, before he butts; the secret lies in distinguishing whether he acts on the offensive or defensive: those which are fearless, and rush on at once, are the easiest to kill; those which are cunning, wavering, and vacillating, 'marrajo y de sentido,' are very dangerous; those that charge and then stop, turn, or run at the man rather than the flag, are the most difficult and hazardous. The matador must not let the bull run on the muleta above two or three times; the moral tension of the public is too strained to endure a longer suspense; they vent their impatience in jeers, noises, and every possible manner, to irritate the matador. Under such circumstances, Manuel Romero, who had killed a man, was always saluted with cries of 'à la Plaza de Cebada,'—'Tyburn! Luis Ruiz with 'Doña Luisa!' The populace hate those who do not brave death cheerfully, 'qui non lubenter pereunt' (*Seneca De Irâ*, i. 2). Pollio (in Gall. 180) records the joke of Gallio, who gave to a clumsy fighter a crown of honour, and proclaimed his reason to the grumbling spectators, 'taurum toties non ferire difficile est'—that the *not* killing the bull in so many attempts was really difficult.

We refer our readers to the second edition of Pepe Illo's work, wherein all the different 'suertes' or manners of killing the bull are described and illustrated with excellent engravings. First is the 'suerte de fronte, o la veronica,' (for religion sticks to the subject,) when the bull rushes at once on the muleta. Candido ventured to use his hat instead of his flag—Pepe Illo his watch, which he performed at Burgos before the Count d'Artois (Charles X.). The matador waits for him and lets him run on the sword:—*querado*, 'stare in gradu.' The 'volapie,' introduced by Joaquin Rodriguez, is dangerous but beautiful; the bull is met halfway. These methods were quite understood by the Romans,

'Excipient apros, expectabuntque leones,  
Intrabunt ursos, sit modo firma manus.' (*Mart.* xiv. 30)

In fact, a firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art. The sword enters just between the shoulder-blade and spine, as is represented in the Mithraic sacrifice (Louvre, 96); it penetrates to the hilt, Meleager like,

'Splendidaque adversos venabula condit in armos.'

(*Ovid, M.* viii. 419.)

If the thrust be true, death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror—'tis but a moment—all that was force, fury, passion, and life, lies still in death, and quiet for ever—

—'taurus  
Concidit et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem.'  
(Georg. iii.)

Then in the words of Arnobius, 'conclament et assurgunt theatra, cavæ omnes constrepunt fragoribus et plausu' (Lib. iv. 152). The gay team of three mules harnessed abreast, glittering with flags and tinkling with bells, drag off the carcass to the 'spoliarium' at a rapid gallop, which always delights the spectators. The matador now wipes his sword, and bows to the president and public. In the days of Spanish wealth showers of doubloons were thrown to him—

'Nunc veniunt subitis lasciva numismata nimbis.'  
(Mart. viii. 78.)

But the golden age of Spain is past; the populace now throw their hats into the arena, which the matador picks up and wisely returns to them. Montes may say with Myrmillo, as overheard by Seneca—'Myrmillonem e C. Cæsaris ludo audi de raritate munerum querentem—quam bella ætas, inquit, periit!' If the bull will not run at the muleta, or, after receiving the thrust, is for retiring, like Cæsar, to die with dignity in a position, the cruel mode of cutting his hainstrings is resorted to. The instrument used is the Iberian 'bidens,' the 'media luna,' a sharp crescent of steel fixed on a pole. It is represented in the prints of Argote de Molina, p. 9. It is a cowardly blow given from behind, an assassin stab. This vile operation 'el desjarretar,' a most disgusting and painful sight, is despised by the matador, who scorns to attack an enemy incapable of defence. The poor bull drags his slow length on the sand, till an assistant comes with the 'cachetero,' a pointed dagger, and pierces the spinal marrow. The cattle in Spain are slaughtered in this manner, in which the butchers, from practice, have attained such a precision, that they are able infallibly to dart the 'puntilla' into the spine. This instrument is the *opriandagos* of Hesychius; the Numidian 'scalprum,' which was invented by Asdrubal (Livy, xxvii. 49).

The sacrifice of seven bulls will not content the populace if the king be present; they petition and obtain another, a 'toro de gracia,' like the 'gladiatores postulati,' which delighted our Spanish Martial (*de Spect.* 20).

The bull-fighters of Spain are eminently superstitious;—they spring, like our boxers, from the dregs of the people, though we have seen Rafael Perez de Gusman,—a Gusman! adopt the profession—'dedecus urbis, Gracchus.' (Juven. viii. 199.) Their breasts are covered with rosaries and amulets. Pepe Illo,

who was killed at last by a bull, trusted for his safety to his 'tocayo,' his namesake, Saint Joseph, whose chapel adjoins the Seville amphitheatre. The altar was lighted up during the fight with pagan devotion—'Altera pars circi custode sub Hercule tuta est.'—Ovid.

The gladiators of old were not allowed to enter the temples (Sen. de Contr.); the bull-fighter, if killed in the arena, is shut out of the churchyard, as dying 'un-houseled, unanealed;' to obviate this calamity a priest is always in attendance with the consecrated host. But whether the man dies shriven or unshriven, his carcass is worth six guineas less than that of the bull, which is sold for that sum, reeking hot, to the poor—to whose vigorous appetite it is tenderer than hunted hare. The blood of these newly-killed bulls is constantly drunk by Spaniards in the hopes of refreshing a jaded constitution with this renovating specific of the Pagan taurobolis; this draught was recommended in case of obstructions by the old Iberian Sangrados (*αἵμα ποσπαγε*, Dio. vi. 26).<sup>\*</sup> Sir Henry Halford quotes (Essay X.) this practice, in order to prove that bull's blood was not the poison with which Hannibal destroyed himself.† The ancients certainly believed that it was poison, if drunk fresh; Pliny calls it 'pestifer potu maxime' (xi. 38), and recommends nitre and benzoïn as an antidote (xxiii. 10); but, if the blood were taken in a dried and pounded state, it was a specific for glandular affections (viii. 4), as the 'unto del ombre,' or cold cream made from the fat of the heart of a newly-killed man, is considered by Spaniards a certain bear's-grease for the removal of superfluous scars inflicted by jealous knives.

To conclude; the minds of men, like the House of Commons in 1802, are divided on the merits of the bull-fight; the Wilberforces assert (especially foreigners, who, notwithstanding, seldom fail to sanction the arena by their presence) that all the best feelings are blunted—that idleness, extravagance, cruelty, and ferocity are promoted at a vast expense of human and animal life by these pastimes; the Windhams contend that loyalty, courage, presence of mind, endurance of pain, and contempt of death, are inculcated—that, while the theatre is all illusion, the opera all effeminacy, these manly, national games are all truth, and (in the words of Moratin) 'elevate the soul to those grandiose actions of valour and heroism which have

\* The Romans drank the blood of gladiators to cure the epilepsy; Pliny condemned these cannibal cups—these living potions, 'pocula viventia' (xxviii. 1); and Celsus pronounced such a remedy worse than the disease (*de Morb. Com.* iii. 23).

† This poison was the *τοξικον* of the yew-tree, which Pliny says (xvi. 10) grew chiefly in Spain, and according to Strabo, (iii. 165), was always carried about them by the Iberians as a last resource. This was an African and a royal custom: Masinissa was always thus armed 'regio more ad incerta fortunæ venenum' (Livy, xxx. 15).

long proved the Spaniards to be the best and bravest of all nations.' Cicero seems to have thought, with Sir Roger de Coverly, that much might be said on both sides, while Lipsius, an *antiquarian*, naturally inclines to favour a practice of *antiquity*.\*

The efficacy of such sports for sustaining a martial spirit was disproved by the degeneracy of the Romans at the time when bloody spectacles were most in vogue; nor are bravery, humanity, and discipline the characteristics of the bull-fighting Spaniards. We ourselves do not attribute their 'merciless skivering and skewering,' their flogging and murdering women—the atrocities which seemed to have reached the climax in the present civil war—to the bull-fight, the practical result of which has been overrated and misunderstood. Cruel it undoubtedly is, and perfectly congenial to the inherent, inveterate ferocity of Spanish character;† but it is an effect rather than a cause—with doubtless some reciprocating action. We question, indeed, whether the *original* bull-fight had not a greater tendency to humanize than the Olympic games; the 'Fiesta real' of the feudal ages combined the associated ideas of religion and loyalty, while the chivalrous combat nurtured a nice sense of personal honour and a respectful gallantry to woman, which were unknown to the polished Greeks or warlike Romans; and many of the finest features of Spanish character have degenerated since the discontinuance of the original fight, which certainly was more bloody and fatal than the present.

The Spaniards invariably bring forward our boxing-matches in self-justification; but it must always be remembered in our excuse that these are discountenanced by the good and respectable, and legally stigmatised as breaches of the peace; and, although disgraced by beastly drunkenness, brutal vulgarity, ruinous gambling and betting (*sponsiones*), from which the Spanish arena is exempt, they are based on a spirit of *fair play* which forms no principle of the politics, warfare, or bull-fighting of Spain. The Plaza is patronised by church and king, to whom, in justice, all the responsibility of evil consequences must be referred. The show is conducted with great ceremonial, combining many elements of poetry, the beautiful and sublime; and our author (p. 30) proudly says: 'When the countless assembly is honoured by the presence of our august monarchs, the world is *lost in admiration* at the majestic spectacle afforded by the happiest people in the world, enjoying with rapture an exhibition peculiarly their own, and offering to their idolised sovereigns the due homage of the truest and most refined loyalty.'

\* 'Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum nonnullis videri solet' (Tusc. ii. 17; Lipsius, Sat. ii. 35).

† See the pamphlet entitled 'Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable character of a war in Spain.' (Murray, 1837.)

The Spaniards seem almost unconscious of the cruelty of those details which are most offensive to a stranger. They are reconciled by habit, as we are to the bleeding butchers' shops which disfigure our gay streets, and which if seen for the first time would be inexpressibly disgusting. The feeling of the sportsman rules in the arena. In England no sympathy is shown for game,—fish, flesh, or fowl; nor for vermin—stoats, kites, or poachers. The end of the sport is—death; the amusement is the *playing*, the *fine* run, as the prolongation of animal suffering is termed in the tender vocabulary of the chase; the pang of mortal suffering is not regulated by the size of the victim; the bull moreover is always killed, and never exposed to the thousand deaths of the poor wounded hare. Windham protested against 'looking too microscopically into baits or ladies' faces.' The dominion over animals has always been harshly exercised by man. We must not see the bull in Spanish eyes and wink at the fox in our own nor

'Compound for vices we're inclined to  
By damning those we have no mind to.'

It is not clear that animal suffering on the whole predominates over animal happiness. The bull roams in ample pastures, through a youth and manhood free from toil, and only anticipates by a few months the certain fate of the imprisoned, over-laboured, mutilated ox.

In Spain, where capital is scanty, person and property insecure, (evils quintupled since the late democratic reforms,) no one would adventure on the speculation of breeding cattle on a large scale, where the return is so distant, without the certain demand and sale created by the amphitheatre; a small proportion only of the produce possess the requisite qualifications; the surplus and females go to the plough and market, and can be sold cheaper from the profit made on the bulls. Their political economists *proved* that many valuable animals were wasted in the arena—but theories vanished before the fact, that the supply of cattle was rapidly diminished when bull-fights were suppressed: similar results take place as regards the breed of horses, though in a minor degree; those, moreover, which are sold to the Plaza would never be bought by any one else. With respect to the loss of human life—in no land is a man worth so little as in Spain, and in fact more aldermen are killed by turtles than picadors by bulls; while, as to time, these exhibitions always take place on holidays, which even industrious Britons booze away occasionally in pot-houses, and idle Spaniards invariably smoke away in sunshiny *dolce far niente*. The attendance, moreover, of idle spectators prevents idleness in the numerous classes employed directly and indirectly in getting up and carrying out this expensive spectacle.

It is bull-headed philosophy to judge of foreign customs by our own habits, prejudices, and conventional opinions: a cold unprepared, calculating stranger comes without the free-masonry of early associations, and criticises details which are lost on the natives in their enthusiasm and feeling for the whole. Spaniards are brought up to the bull-fight from their infancy; they are too simple to speculate on abstract questions, but associate with the Plaza all their ideas of reward for good conduct, of finery and holiday, in a land where amusements are few—they catch the contagion of pleasure, and in their young bias of imitation approve of what is approved of by their parents. They return to their homes unchanged—playful, timid, or serious, as before; their kindly, social feelings are uninjured, and where is the filial or parental bond more affectionately cherished than in Spain—where are the noble courtesies of life, the kind, considerate, self-respecting demeanour so exemplified as in Spanish society?

The very last bull-fight we witnessed at Seville was attended by seven English ladies, the philosophy of whose emotions afforded deep interest to calm and abstracted reviewers like ourselves; their first feeling is intense curiosity, mingled with a nervous, undefined sensation of dread, an indistinct idea of what is about to befall them, a pleasure to be mixed with a pain, of the precise nature of which they are ignorant, for they do not care to inquire much into a subject which they have heard precondemned. The first sight delights them; a flushed, excited cheek betrays a pleasure which they are ashamed to avow: as the bloody tragedy proceeds they are disgusted, and rarely repeat the visit.

'The heart that is soonest awake to the flower  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorn.'

The successive feelings experienced by male foreigners are admiration, pity, indifference, and weariness of the flesh. The first will be readily understood; the sufferings of the horses cannot be beheld by novices without compassion. 'Misericordia fuit,' said Seneca (Ep. vii.): 'in troth it was more a pittie than a delight,' wrote the herald of Lord Nottingham. This feeling, however, regards the animals who are forced into wounds and death; the men scarcely excite much of it—'volenti non fit injuria'—they are applauded and well paid; their risk is more apparent than real; our British feelings of fair play side with the bull and the gallantry of his unequal defence. The horror of the details is deadened by repetition. 'Hâc consuetudine imbuti humanitatem perdimus,' is the strong but true expression of Lactantius (de Vero Cult. vi. 20.) Such must always be the effect produced on those not bred and brought up to such scenes. Livy (xli. 20) relates that, when the gladiatorial shows were first introduced by the Romans into Asia, the natives were

more frightened than pleased, but by leading them on—'deinde sæpius dando, modo vulneribus tenus, modo sine missione'—from novillos to torros de muerte, from sham-fights to real, they became as fond of them as the Romans. The predominant sensation experienced by ourselves was *bore*, the same thing over and over again, and too much of it. But that is the case with every thing in Spain; their processions and professions are interminable. The younger Pliny, who was no amateur, complains (Ep. ix. 6, 1) of the eternal sameness of seeing what to have seen once was enough—'Nihil novum, nihil varium, nihil quod non semel spectasse sufficit;' Lactantius (de Vero Cult. vi. 20) held them to be nothing but 'levity, vanity, and madness.' When Dr. Johnson witnessed a horse-race, his observation was, that he had not met with such a proof of the paucity of human pleasures as in the popularity of such a spectacle. The life of Spaniards is uniform; their sensations, not blunted by satiety, are intense. Their bull-fight to them is always new and exciting. The more the toresque intellect is cultivated, the greater the capacity for enjoyment; they see a thousand minute beauties, delicate shades, in the character and conduct of the combatants, which escape the superficial glance of untutored spectators. The Spanish ladies are not shocked by novelty, and they are relieved from tedium by the never-flagging, ever-sustained interest in being admired; and far from us and our friends be that frigid philosophy which would presume that their bright eyes, darting the shafts of Cupid, will glance one smile the less, from witnessing these more merciful banderillas.

From the London and Westminster Review,

#### YANKEEANA.

1. *American Broad Grins*. Second Edition. London: Tyas. 1839.
2. *Yankee Notions*. By Timo Tittetwell, Esq. Second Edition. Boston, 1838.
3. *The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville*. London, 1837; Second Series, 1838.
4. *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of West Tennessee*. London, 1834.
5. *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the State of Tennessee*. Written by Himself. Philadelphia, 1834.
6. *Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas*. Written by Himself. London, 1837.
7. *The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, of Downingville*. Written by Himself. Boston, 1834.

These books show that American literature has ceased to be exclusively imitative. A few writers

have appeared in the United States, who, instead of being European and English in their styles of thought and diction, are American—who, therefore, produce original sounds instead of far-off echoes,—fresh and vigorous pictures instead of comparatively idealless copies. A portion of American literature has become national and original, and, naturally enough, this portion of it is that which in all countries is always most national and original—because made more than any other by the collective mind of the nation—the humorous.

We have many things to say on national humour, very few of which we can say on the present occasion. But two or three words we must pass on the heresies which abound in the present state of critical opinion on the subject of national humour: we say *critical*, and not *public*, opinion, for, thank God, the former has very little to do with the latter.

"Lord Byron,"—says William Hazlitt, in a very agreeable and suggestive volume of 'Sketches and Essays,' now first collected by his son,—"was in the habit of railing at the spirit of our good old comedy, and of abusing Shakespeare's Clowns and Fools, which, he said, the refinement of the French and Italian stage would not endure, and which only our grossness and puerile taste could tolerate. In this I agree with him; and it is *pat* to my purpose. I flatter myself that we are almost the only people who understand and relish *nonsense*." This is the excuse for the humour of Shakespeare, his rich and genuine English humour!

In Lord Byron the taste which the above opinion expresses is easily accounted for; it was the consequences of his having early formed himself according to the Pope and Gifford school, which was the dominant one among the Cambridge students of his time. Scottish highland scenery, and European travel, aided by the influences of the revival of a more vigorous and natural taste in the public, made his poems much better than the taste of the narrow school to which he belonged could ever have made them; but above the dicta of this school his critical judgment never rose. We thought the matter more inexplicable as regards William Hazlitt, a man superior to Byron in force and acuteness of understanding—until we found the following declaration of his views:—"In fact, I am very much of the opinion of that old Scotch gentleman who owned that 'he preferred the dullest book he had ever read to the most brilliant conversation it had ever been his lot to hear.'" A man to whom the study of books was so much and the study of men so little as this, could not possibly understand the humour of Shakespeare's Clowns and Fools, or national humour of any sort. The characters of a *Trinculo*, a *Bardolph*, a *Quickley*, or a *Silence*, are matters beyond him. That man was never born whose genuine talk, let it be as dull as it may, and whose character, if studied aright, is not

pregnant with thoughts, deep and immortal thoughts, enough to fill many books. A man is a volume stored all over with thoughts and meanings, as deep and great as God. A book, even when it contains the "life's blood of an immortal spirit," still is not an immortal spirit, nor a God-created form. Wofully fast will be his growth in ignorance who prefers reading books to reading men. But the time-honoured critical journals have critics—

"The earth hath bubbles as the waters hath"—

and William Hazlitt, with his eloquent vehemence, was one of the best of them.

The public have of late, by the appreciation of the genuine English humour of Mr. Dickens, shown that the days when the refinement which revises Shakespeare and ascribes the toleration of his humour to grossness and puerility of taste, or a relish for nonsense, have long gone by. The next good sign is the appreciation of the humour of the Americans, in all its peculiar and unmitigated nationality. Humour is national when it is impregnated with the convictions, customs, and associations of a nation. What these, in the case of America, are, we thus indicated in a former number:—"The Americans are a democratic people; a people without poor; without rich; with a 'far-west' behind them; so situated as to be in no danger of aggression from without; sprung mostly from the Puritans; speaking the language of a foreign country; with no established church; with no endowments for the support of a learned class; with boundless facilities for 'raising themselves in the world;' and where a large family is a fortune. They are Englishmen who are all well off; who never were conquered; who never had feudalism on their soil; and who, instead of having the manners of society determined by a Royal court in all essentials imitative to the present hour of that of Louis the Fourteenth of France had them formed, more or less, by the stern influences of Puritanism.

National American humour must be all this transformed into shapes which produce laughter. The humour of a people is their institutions, laws, customs, manners, habits, characters, convictions,—their scenery, whether of the sea, the city, or the hills,—expressed in the language of the ludicrous, uttering themselves in the tones of genuine and heartfelt mirth. Democracy and the 'far-west' made Colonel Crockett: he is a product of forests, freedom, universal suffrage, and bear-hunts. The Puritans and the American revolution, joined to the influence of the soil and the social manners of the time, have all contributed to the production of the character of Sam Slick. The institutions and scenery the convictions and the habits of a people, become entwined into their thoughts, and of course their merry as well as their serious thoughts. In America, at pr

sent, accidents of steamboats are extremely common, and have therefore a place in the mind of every American. Hence we are told that, when asked whether he was seriously injured by the explosion of the boiler of the St. Leonard steamer, Major N. replied that he was so used to be blown-up by his wife, that a mere steamer had no effect upon him. In another instance laughter is produced out of the very cataracts which form so noble a feature in American scenery. The captain of a Kentucky steam-boat praises his vessel thus:—"She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full pressure—it's hard work to hold her in at the wharfs and landings. *I could run her up a cataract.* She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute—and jumps all the snags and sand-banks." The Falls of Niagara themselves become redolent with humour. "Sam Patch was a great diver, and the last dive he took was off the Falls of Niagara, and he was never heard of agin till t'other day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the Susy Ann whaler, saw him in the South Sea. 'Why,' says Captain Enoch to him—'why, Sam,' says he, 'how on airth did you get here, I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines.'—'Why,' says Sam, 'I didn't get *on earth* here at all, but I came slap *through* it. In that are Niagara dive I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came on these parts. If I don't take the shine off the sea-serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.'"

The curiosity of the public regarding the peculiar nature of American humour, seems to have been very easily satisfied with the application of the all-sufficing word exaggeration. We have, in a former number,\* sufficiently disposed of exaggeration, as an explanation of the ludicrous. Extravagance is a characteristic of American humour, though very far from being a peculiarity of it; and, when a New York paper, speaking of hot weather, says:—"We must go somewhere—we are dissolving daily—so are our neighbours.—It was rumoured yesterday, that three large ridges of fat, found on the side-walk in Wall street, were caused by Thad. Phelps, Harry Ward, and Tom Van Pine, passing that way a short time before:—the humour does not consist in the exaggeration that the heat is actually dissolving people daily—a common-place at which no one would laugh—but in the representation of these respectable citizens as producing ridges of fat. It is humour, and not wit, on account of the infusion of character and locality into it. The man who put his umbrella into bed and himself stood up in the corner, and the man who was so tall that he required to go up a ladder to shave himself, with all their brethren, are not humorous and ludicrous because their peculiarities

are exaggerated, but because the umbrella and the man change places, and because a man by reason of his tallness is supposed too short to reach himself.

The cause of laughter is the ascription to objects of qualities or the representations of objects or persons with qualities the opposite of their own:—Humour is this ascription or representation when impregnated with character, whether individual or national.

It is not at all needful that we should illustrate at length by extracts the general remarks we have made, since the extensive circulation and notice which American humour has of late obtained in England have impressed its general features on almost all minds. But we may recall them more vividly to the reader, and connect them more evidently with the causes in which they originate, by showing very briefly how institutions infuse themselves into men, how the peculiarities of the nation re-appear in the individual, and how, in short, the elements of the society of the United States are ludicrously combined and modified in the characters, real and fictitious, of Sam Slick, Colonel Crockett, and Major Jack Downing.

Sam Slick is described as "a tall thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes, mounted on a good bay horse, something out of condition. He had a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genuine Yankee." His clothes were well made and of good materials, but looked as if their owner had shrunk since they were made for him. A large brooch and some superfluous seals and gold keys, which ornamented his outward man, looked "New England" like. "A visit to the States had, perhaps, I thought"—says the traveller, who describes him, as he fell in with him on the road—"turned this Colchester beau into a Yankee fop." The traveller at one time thought him a lawyer, at another a Methodist preacher, but on the whole was very much puzzled what to make of him. Sam Slick turns out to be an exceedingly shrewd and amusing fellow, who swims prosperously through the world by means of "soft sawder" and "human natur." He is a *go-ahead* man, convinced that the Slicks are the best of Yankees, the Yankees the best of the Americans, and the Americans are generally allowed to be the finest people in the world. He is an enthusiast in railroads. Of the "gals" of Rhode Island he says they beat the *Eyetalians* by a long chalk—they sing so high some on 'em they go clear out o' hearin, like a lark. When a man gets married, he says, his wife "larns him how vinegar is made—Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear, says she, if you want to make it real sharp." The reader will recognise several of the peculiarities of American society in "Setting up for Governor:"—

" 'I never see one of them queer little old-fashioned teapots, like that are in the cupboard of Marm Pug-wash,' said the Clockmaker, 'that I don't think of

\* 'London and Westminster Review' for January 1838, p. 266.

Lawyer Crowningshield and his wife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an evening with them. After I had been there a while, the black house-help brought in a little home-made dipt candle, stuck in a turnip sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and set it down on the table.—‘Why,’ says the Lawyer to his wife, ‘Increase, my dear, what on earth is the meaning o’ that? What does little Viney mean by bringin in such a light as this, that aint fit for even a log hut of one of our free and enlightened citizens away down east; where’s the lamp?’—‘My dear,’ says she, ‘I ordered it—you know they are a goin to set you up for Governor next year, and I allot we must economise or we will be ruined—the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you know, and you’ll have to give up your practice—we can’t afford nothin now.’

“Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee china teapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups and saucers about the bigness of children’s toys. When he seed that, he grew most peskily ryled, his under lip curled down like a peach leaf that’s got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth, and showed his grinders like a bull-dog. ‘What foolery is this?’ said he.—‘My dear,’ said she, ‘it’s the foolery of being Governor; if you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to being the first rung in the ladder, don’t blame me for it. I didn’t nominate you—I had not art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that Convention, at Town Hall.’ Well, he sot for some time without sayin a word, lookin as black as a thunder cloud, just ready to make all natur crack agin. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife’s chair, and takin her face between his two hands, he turns it up and gives her a buss that went off like a pistol—it fairly made my mouth water to see him; thinks I, them lips aint a bad bank to deposit one’s spare kisses in, neither. ‘Increase, my dear,’ said he, ‘I believe you are half right, I’ll decline to-morrow, I’ll have nothin to do with it—I won’t be a Governor on no account.’

“Well, she had to haw and gee like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands; and then she said, ‘Zachariah,’ says she, ‘how you do act, aint you ashamed? Do for gracious sake behave yourself;’ and she coloured up all over like a crimson pany; ‘if you havn’t fozzled all my hair, too, that’s a fact,’ says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as fun, though poutin all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well-dressed house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a real London touch, and another with a tea tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and tea-pot, and a cream jug, and sugar bowl, of the same genuine metal, and a most an elegant set of real gilt china. Then in came Marm Crowningshield herself, lookin as proud as if she would not call the President her cousin; and she gave the Lawer a look, as much as to say, I guess when Mr. Slick is gone I’ll pay you off that are kiss with interest, you dear you—I’ll answer a bill at sight for it, I will, you may depend.

“‘I believe,’ said he, ‘agin, you are right, Increase, my dear, its an expensive kind of honour that bein Governor, and no great thanks neither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider—its enough I guess for a man to govern his own family, aint it, dear?’”

Of Colonel Crockett we shall not say one word further than to direct the attention of our readers to a passage which they may have seen before, but which

they will not regret seeing again, so full is it of meanings regarding both the man and the influences by which he was made what he was. The humours of an English election are somewhat different from those described by Crockett, and he evidently knows little of anything like the loyal affection which the electors of the mother country have for “her Majesty’s likeness in gold.”

“I met with three candidates for the Legislature; a Doctor Butler, who was, by marriage, a nephew to General Jackson, a Major Lynn, and a Mr. McEver, all first-rate men. We all took a horn together, and some person present said to me, ‘Crockett, you must offer for the Legislature.’ I told him I lived at least forty miles from any white settlement, and had no thought of becoming a candidate at that time. So we all parted, and I and my little boy went on home.

“It was about a week or two after this, that a man came to my house, and told me I was a candidate. I told him not so. But he took out a newspaper from his pocket, and show’d me where I was announced. I said to my wife that this was all a burlesque on me, but I was determined to make it cost the man who had put it there at least the value of the printing, and of the fun he wanted at my expense. So I hired a young man to work in my place on my farm, and turned out myself electioneering. I hadn’t been out long before I found the people began to talk very much about the bear-hunter, the man from the cane; and the three gentlemen, who I have already named, soon found it necessary to enter into an agreement to have a sort of caucus at their March court, to determine which of them was the strongest, and the other two was to withdraw and support him. As the court came on, each one of them spread himself, to secure the nomination; but it fell on Dr. Butler, and the rest backed out. The doctor was a clever fellow, and I have often said he was the most talented man I ever run against for any office. His being related to Gen’l. Jackson also helped him on very much; but I was in for it, and I was determined to push ahead and go through, or stick. Their meeting was held in Madison county, which was the strongest in the representative district, which was composed of eleven counties, and they seemed bent on having the member from there.

“At this time Colonel Alexander was a candidate for Congress, and attending one of his public meetings one day, I walked to where he was treating the people, and he gave me an introduction to several of his acquaintances, and informed them that I was out electioneering. In a little time my competitor, Doctor Butler, came along; he passed me without noticing me, and I suppose, indeed, he did not recognise me. But I hailed him, as I was for all sorts of fun; and when he turned to me, I said to him, ‘Well, doctor, I suppose they have weighed you out to me; but I should like to know why they fixed your election for March instead of August? This is,’ said I, ‘a branfire new way of doing business, if a caucus is to make a representative for the people!’ He then discovered who I was, and cried out ‘D—n it, Crockett, is that you?’—‘Be sure it is,’ said I, ‘but I don’t want it understood that I have come electioneering. I have just crept out of the cane, to see what discoveries I could make among the white folks.’ I told him that when I set out electioneering I would go prepared to put every man on as good footing

when I left him as I found him on. I would, therefore, have me a large buckskin hunting-shirt made, with a couple of pockets holding about a peck each; and that in one I would carry a great big twist of tobacco, and in the other my bottle of liquor; for I knowed when I met a man and offered him a dram, he would throw out the quid of tobacco to take one, and after he had taken his horn, I would out with my twist, and give him another chaw. And in this way he would not be worse off than when I found him; and I would be sure to leave him in a first-rate good-humour. He said I could beat him electioneering all hollow. I told him I would give him better evidence of that before August, notwithstanding he had many advantages over me, and particularly in the way of money; but I told him that I would go on the products of the country; that I had industrious children, and the best of coon dogs, and they would hunt every night till midnight to support my election; and when the coon fur wa'n't good I would myself go a wolfing, and shoot down a wolf, and skin his head, and his scalp would be good to me for three dollars, in our state treasury money; and in this way I would get along on the big string. He stood like he was both amused and astonished, and the whole crowd was in a roar of laughter. From this place I returned home, leaving the people in a first-rate way; and I was sure I would do a good business among them. At any rate I was determined to stand up to my lick-log, salt or no salt.

"In a short time there came out two other candidates, a Mr. Shaw and a Mr. Brown. We all ran the race through; and when the election was over, it turned out that I beat them all by a majority of two hundred and forty-seven votes, and was again returned as a member of the Legislature from a new region of the country, without losing a session. This reminded me of the old saying—'A fool for luck, and a poor man for children.'"

Major Jack Downing is, like Sam Slick, a fictitious character, while Crockett, though now dead, was a real one. But in the letters of Major Jack Downing, there is reality enough to show that they express much that is highly characteristic of America. Here is a caricature of some of the toils of a President.

"I cant stop to tell you in this letter how we got along to Philadelphia, though we had a pretty easy time some of the way in the steam-boats. And I cant stop to tell you of half the fine things I have seen here. They took us up into a great hall this morning as big as a meeting-house, and then the folks begun to pour in by thousands to shake hands with the President; federalists and all, it made no difference. There was such a stream of 'em coming in that the hall was full in a few minutes, and it was so jammed up round the door that they could'nt get out again if they were to die. So they had to knock out some of the windows and go out t'other way.

"The President shook hands with all his might an hour or two, till he got so tired he could'nt hardly stand it. I took hold and shook for him once in awhile to help him along, but at last he got so tired he had to lay down on a soft bench covered with cloth and shake as well as he could, and when he could'nt shake he'd nod to 'em as they come along. And at last he got so beat out, he couldn't only wrinkle his forehead and wink. Then I kind of stood behind him and reached my arm round under his, and shook for him for about a half an

hour as tight as I could spring. Then we concluded it was best to adjourn for to-day."

In the following passage, with which we conclude, there is some playful banter on the present President of the United States.

"But you see the trouble ont was, there was some difficulty between I and Mr. Van Buren. Some how or other Mr. Van Buren always looked kind of jealous at me all the time after he met us at New York; and I couldn't help minding every time the folks hollered 'hoorah for Major Downing,' he would turn as red as a blaze of fire. And wherever he stopped to take a bite or to have a chat, he would always work it, if he could, somehow or other so as to crowd in between me and the President. Well, ye see, I wouldn't mind much about it, but would jest step round t'other side. And though I say it myself, the folks would look at me, let me be on which side I would; and after they'd cried hoorah for the President, they'd most always sing out 'hoorah for Major Downing.' Mr. Van Buren kept growing more and more fidgety till we got to Concord. And there we had a room full of sturdy old democrats of New Hampshire, and after they all had flocked round the old President and shook hands with him, he happened to introduce me to some of 'em before he did Mr. Van Buren. At that the fat was all in the fire. Mr. Van Buren wheeled about and marched out of the room looking as though he could bite a board nail off. The President had to send for him three times before he could get him back into the room again. And when he did come, he didn't speak to me for the whole evening. However we kept it from the company pretty much; but when we come to go up to bed that night, we had a real quarrel. It was nothing but jaw, jaw, the whole night. Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Cass tried to pacify us all they could, but it was all in vain, we didn't one of us get a wink of sleep, and shouldn't if the night had lasted a fortnight. Mr. Van Buren said the President had dishonoured the country by placing a military Major on half-pay before the second officer of the government. The President begged him to consider that I was a very particular friend of his; that I had been a great help to him at both ends of the country; that I had kept the British out of Madawaaka away down in Maine, and had marched my company clear from Downingville to Washington, on my way to South Carolina, to put down the nullifiers; and he thought I was entitled to as much respect as any man in the country.

"This nettled Mr. Van Buren peskily.—He said he thought it was a fine time of day if a raw jockey from an obscure village away down east, jest because he had a Major's commission, was going to throw the Vice President of the United States and the heads of Departments into the back ground. At this my dander began to rise, and I stepped right up to him, and says I, Mr. Van Buren, you are the last man that ought to call me a jockey. And if you'll go to Downingville and stand up before my company with Sargeant Joel at one of their head, and call Downingville an obscure village, I'll let you use my head for a foot-ball as long as you live afterwards. For if they wouldn't blow you into ten thousand atoms, I'll never guess again. We got so high at last that the old President hopt off the bed like a boy; for he had laid down to rest him, bein it was near daylight though he couldn't get to sleep."

H. W.



*From the John Bull.*

# TO JOHN BULL.

*Walkus Hothell, Dean-street, So Ho.*

My dear B.,—It is now several years since I rot to you, and I dare to say you thought me defunct; but, although much declined in the "veil of ears," I am still alive and living. I told you we was domesticated at Nice (the nastiest place I ever was at), which we left when poor Lavy died—she is now an angle in Heaven. B., and Fulmer is married again, and what with one thing and 'tother, I never thought to see the Mephistophilis of England no more.

However, my third dotter, which was quite a young cretur when you last heard married a Captain in the army who had been Left tenant of his company many years, and he was recommended to Lord Drum, which as in coarse you know, is gone out Lord High Seditioner to Kennedy. So out my sun-in-law went with his wife to Mountreal, leaving a babby behind; for, although he was in the infantry, he was not allowed a passage for his hair apparent, which I thought hard; but they said there was no birth for the babby, which, as it had been born eleven months before, I believe to be a most impotent falsehood and imposition.

Well, dear B., my sun-in-law was, as I said, rekmened to Lord Drum by Lord Pummiceston, the Secretary for Foraying Affairs, which is as nice a Lord as ever lived or dyed, and so he got this pintement, and I came to England to see my dotter off, and cum back afterwards to London, with Jemimy, which is my youngest, determined to stay a little bit to see sites—and we have got excellent rheums here, wich was a famous house, as our landlord tells us, and where Arthur Muffy, a grate dramatick, rote his *Way to Kip Him*, in Noomber four; also where Grick, the great Roshus, and a Goldsmith, and other respectable people used to come and sup and drink punch—so we are very well off.

Dear B.,—London is much alturd since I lived up by Russell-square; the statutte of King George the Thurd in Pell Mell is a bootiful bit of bronzee. I remember him when I was a gull—quite a little gull—and it is very like. But how the gash has got on—no ile now—all gash. And how they do pull down—the pillar to the Duke of York is a beautiful erection, and the Clubs—dear me, what a change—and that great Plenipotentiary on Milbank; and those rale roads, which is so curious, on account of the Indians and going under the toe-nails. What they mean by switches I don't know, but they seem queer things to play with.

I went yesterday to see the *Bare-ideas* at the Gipsies Hall, in Piccadilly, and at the same time the Waterloo medal, which is curos indeed. The *Bare-ideas* were very odd, and I have no noshun of dancing by way of praying—two gentlemen there entered into conversashun with them in a language which they called Understanece, but I could not understand a word of it, which is more strange, because my late husband's brother-in-law was Captain of a Hingyman.

Then we went to see a divine bell in Regent-street, whose name is Polly Ticknic, I think; and there was a man with a brass pot upon his head, and three eye-holes; he had two or three pipes with cox to them; and he went into the water, and several men pumped wind into him, and he sent up a reck with six leather bags, which a man there called boys, at which Jemimy laffed ready to bust herself; and when the divine belle was a going into the water, I said I would go, because Jemimy wanted to go, and so we paid a shilling a piece; but when I got under

the belle I cood not get up the hole which leads to the bottom, whereupon I resisted spontaneously, and my dotter went down without me. And when she resurrected, her hears was full of dizziness, and if it had not been for a young bew what went down with pistachios on his lip, she said she thought she should have been suffolkhaired.

I had an opportunity of seeing our dear Quean, which I rejoice at, for I love all the ryal family; it was just after she had been investigating a great Lord with one of her garters. I am sorry to see, dear B., that they are going to apply to Parlyment for a hact to pull down King's Place, which must be against Royalty—do what you can to stop it, for I suppose it means something about dear old Windsor, which ought never to be forgotten.

I have been to the Rational Gallery, which is like an oction-room, and is no gallery at all; and I have been out upon the "Assfelt Bytwomen," by way of pavement, which I think will be slippery when it is sloppery; but that is better than rale rode, which is neither good for man nor beast. As for the busses, the very name is enuff for decent people, and what they call the little cabs with the men on the top, is worse still.

I suppose Lord Drum will be home soon. He is gone to try, as I hear, to be made Precedent of what they call the Untied States; but I am told his complexion is too dark to suit their noshuns; which is a pity, because whatever he was out there, my sun-in-law would be sure to be sumthing under him.

You must see, dear B., that I am not what I was. I am now neer upon seventy—my youngest is six and twenty. Tim flies—but he never flies back—however, I was determined not to be in Lundun without writin to you. What a great traggegian Mr. Makeready is, and how butiful his plays is perduced. As for Mr. Von Humbug I cannot bear to go for fear he should be eat up the night I was there. I should not like to see his end. Indeed, dear B., I am very fible and worn down. Every thing goes faster than it did—stem, gash, raleroads—all the whirled are going scampring and scambling, and I can't keep it up; but, as I said before, I couldn't be here without writing.

Poor Lavy, whom you remember was brot home, and is burred in the Norwood symetry, which is a very rheumatic spot, near where the Gipsies was, before the Houses was built—I went to visit her Tom, which is a Sackofagoose, and took the opportunity of seeing the Booley Spaw at top of the ill, which is a lovely spot; rather slippery to get down to, and summut puffing to get out of, but as we resolved to make a day of it, I did not so much care. Lavy has left eight offens to lament her loss. She was a good gull, but in course, as she is gone, theres no help for it, and no use in frettin.

I am going when the young ones come back from Kennedy to take a little house on Winmillhill at Gravesend, which is now a very genteel place, and being opposite to Dilbury Fort, where Queen Anne heard of the aniliation of the Spanish Armadillo, is very interesting to my youngest Jemimy, which is employed in writing a new history of the British Umpire for one of the next yer's splendid Annalls, by order, to suit a bootiful portrait of the late Mr. Lee, the lamented Eye Kontstebel of Weysminster. As I say to her, in such a case, there is nothing like being on the spot.

I must, however, stop, for this is a wriggler house, and, everybody goes to bed hurly. You shall hear from me again, and if you will call, I will intrhroduce Jemimy to you—the only unmarried one—and at twenty-six. Vingt un overdrawn, poor gull—do call. Yours,

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

*From Tate's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS.

They watch! a shepherd band upon the plain,  
Keeping their flocks from ravenous beasts by night—  
When, lo! in heaven as of a sun the light,  
And voice symphonious of a choral train!—  
"Glory to God most high! on earth again.  
Peace and good will to man!—for, dawning bright,  
A star in Bethlehem riseth, that shall reign  
Pre-eminent, when other planets wane—  
The Star of Jacob, sung by prophets old;  
Light of the world, before whose glorious shine  
All other lights are waxing dim and cold,  
Doomed, by the power that made them, to decline;  
But thy dominion, Infant God, shall be  
Lasting and wide as thy eternity!"

L.

*From Tate's Magazine.*

HOME THOUGHTS.\*

BY THE LATE ROBERT NICOLL.

Though Scotland's hills be far awa,  
And her glens, where the clear siller burnies row,  
I see them, and hear her wild breezes blaw  
O'er the moors where the blue bells and heather grow.

Oh, hame is 'sweet!—but thee hames o' thine  
Are the kindest far that the sun doth see;  
And, though far awa I have biggit mine,  
As my mother's name they are dear to me!

I love the tale o' thy glories auld,  
Which thy shepherds tell on the mountain side,  
O' thy Martyrs true, and thy Warriors bauld,  
Who for thee and for freedom lived and died!

Land of my youth! though my heart doth move,  
And sea-like my blood rises high at thy name,  
'Boon a'thing there's as thing in thee I love—  
The virtue and truth o' thy Poor Man's Hame.

The Poor Man's Hame! where I first did ken  
That the soul alone makes the good and great—  
That glitter and glare are false and vain,  
And Deceit upon Glory's slave doth wait.

Thy Poor Man's Hame! wi' its roof o' strae,  
A hut as lowly as lowly can be—  
Through it the blast see cauldrie does gae;  
Yet, Hame o' the Lowly, I'm proud o' thee!

Scotland! to thee thy sons afar  
Send blessings on thy rocks, thy flood and flem—  
On mountain and muir, on glen and scaur—  
But deeper blessings still on thy Poor Man's Hame!

\* These, with some other poetical pieces, were sent by Robert Nicoll to a friend in Edinburgh, shortly after he fixed his residence in Leeds.

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

*An old acquaintance of Oliver's exhibiting decided marks of genius, becomes a public character in the metropolis.*

Upon the very same night when Nancy, having lulled Mr. Sikes to sleep, hurried on her self-imposed mission to Rose Maylie, there advanced towards London by the Great North Road two persons, upon whom it is expedient that this history should bestow some attention.

They were a man and woman, or perhaps they would be better described as a male and female; for the former was one of those long-limbed, knock-kneed, shambling, bony figures, to whom it is difficult to assign any precise age—looking as they do, when they are yet boys, like under-grown men, and when they are almost men, like over-grown boys. The woman was young, but of a robust and hardy make, as she need have been to bear the weight of the heavy bundle which was strapped to her back. Her companion was not encumbered with much luggage, as there merely dangled from a stick which he carried over his shoulder, a small parcel wrapped in a common handkerchief, and apparently light enough. This circumstance, added to the length of his legs, which were of unusual extent, enabled him with much ease to keep some half-dozen paces in advance of his companion, to whom he occasionally turned with an impatient jerk of the head, as if reproaching her tardiness, and urging her to greater exertion.

Thus they toiled along the dusty road, taking little heed of any object within sight, save when they stepped aside to allow a wider passage for the mail-coaches which were whirling out of town, until they passed through Highgate Archway, when the former traveller stopped, and called impatiently to his companion.

"Come on, can't yer? What a lazy-bones yer ar, Charlotte."

"It's a heavy load, I can tell you," said the female, coming up almost breathless with fatigue.

"Heavy! What are yer talking about?—What are yer made for?" rejoined the male traveller, changing his own little bundle as he spoke to the other shoulder. Oh, there yer are resting again. Well, if you ain't enough to tire any-body's patience out, I don't know what is."

"Is it much further?" asked the woman, resting herself on a bank, and looking up, with the perspiration streaming from her face.

"Much further! Yer as good as there," said the long-legged trumper, pointing out before him. "Look there—those are the lights of London."

"They're a good two miles off at least," said the woman despondingly.

"Never mind whether they're two miles off or twenty," said Noah Claypole, for he it was; "but get up and come on, or I'll kick yer; and so I give yer notice."

As Noah's red nose grew redder with anger, and as he crossed the road while speaking, as if fully prepared to put his threat into execution, the woman rose without any further remark, and trudged onward by his side.

"Where do you mean to stop for the night, Noah?" she asked, after they had walked a few hundred yards.

"When could I see him?" asked Noah doubtfully.

"To-morrow morning," replied the Jew.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Um!" said Noah. "What's the wages?"

"Live like a gentleman—board and lodging, pipes and spirits free—half of all you earn, and half of all the young woman earns," replied Mr. Fagin.

Whether Noah Claypole, whose rapacity was none of the least comprehensive, would have acceded even to these glowing terms had he been a perfectly free agent, is very doubtful; but as he recollected that, in the event of his refusal, it was in the power of his new acquaintance to give him up to justice immediately, (and more unlikely things had come to pass,) he gradually relented, and said he thought that would suit him.

"But, yer see," observed Noah, "as she will be able to do a good deal, I should like to take something very light."

"A little fancy-work!" suggested Fagin.

"Ah! something of that sort," replied Noah. "What do you think would suit me now? Something not too trying for the strength, and not very dangerous, you know; that's the sort of thing!"

"I heard you talk of something in the spy way upon the others, my dear," said the Jew. "My friend wants somebody who would do that well, very much."

"Why, I did mention that, and I shouldn't mind turning my hand to it sometimes," rejoined Mr. Claypole slowly; "but it wouldn't pay by itself, you know."

"That's true!" observed the Jew, ruminating, or pretending to ruminate. "No, it might not."

"What do you think, then?" asked Noah, anxiously regarding him. "Something in the sneaking way, where it was pretty sure work, and not much more risk than being at home."

"What do you think of the old ladies?" asked the Jew. "There's a good deal of money made in snatching their bags and parcels, and running round the corner."

"Don't they holler out a good deal, and scratch sometimes?" asked Noah, shaking his head. "I don't think that would answer my purpose. Ain't there any other line open?"

"Stop," said the Jew, laying his hand on Noah's knee. "The kinchin lay."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Claypole.

"The kinchins, my dear," said the Jew, "is the young children that's sent on errands by their mothers, with sixpences and shillings, and the lay is just to take their money away—they've always got it ready in their hands—and then knock 'em into the kennel, and walk off very slow, as if there was nothing else the matter but a child fallen down and hurt itself. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" roared Mr. Claypole, kicking up his legs in an ecstasy. "Lor, that's the very thing!"

"To be sure it is," replied Fagin; "and you can have a few good beats chalked out in Camden-Town, and Battle-Bridge and neighborhoods like that, where they're always going errands, and upset as many kinchins as you want any hour in the day. Ha! ha! ha!" With this Fagin poked Mr. Claypole in the side, and they joined in a burst of laughter both long and loud.

"Well, that's all right!" said Noah when he had recovered himself, and Charlotte had returned. "What time to-morrow shall we say?"

"Will ten do?" asked the Jew, adding, as Mr. Claypole nodded assent: "What name shall I tell my good friend?"

"Mr. Bolter," replied Noah, who had prepared himself for such an emergency. "Mr. Morris Bolter. This is Mrs. Bolter."

"Mrs. Bolter's humble servant," said Fagin, bowing with grotesque politeness. "I hope I shall know her better very shortly."

"Do you hear the gentleman, Charlotte?" thundered Mr. Claypole.

"Yes, Noah, dear!" replied Mrs. Bolter, extending her hand.

"She calls me Noah, as a sort of fond way of talking," said Mr. Morris Bolter, late Claypole, turning to the Jew. "You understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand—perfectly," replied Fagin, telling the truth for once. "Good night! good night!"

With many adieus and good wishes, Mr. Fagin went his way; and Noah Claypole, bespeaking his good lady's attention, proceeded to enlighten her relative to the arrangement he had made, with all that haughtiness and air of superiority becoming not only a member of the sterner sex, but a gentleman who appreciates the dignity of a special appointment on the kinchin lay in London and its vicinity.

#### CHAPTER VI.

*Wherein shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble.*

"And so it was you that was your own friend, was it?" asked Mr. Claypole, otherwise Bolter, when, by virtue of the compact entered into between them, he had removed next day to the Jew's house. "Cod, I thought as much last night!"

"Every man's his own friend, my dear," replied Fagin, with his most insinuating grin. "He han't as good a one as himself any where."

"Except sometimes," replied Morris Bolter, assuming the air of a man of the world. "Some people are nobody's enemies but their own, you know."

"Don't believe that," said the Jew. "When a man's his own enemy, it's only because he's too much his own friend, not because he's careful for every body but himself. Pooh! pooh! there ain't such a thing in nature."

"There oughtn't to be, if there is," replied Mr. Bolter.

"That stands to reason," said the Jew. "Some conjurers say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one!"

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Bolter. "Number one for ever!"

"In a little community like ours, my dear," said the Jew, who felt it necessary to qualify this position, "we have a general number one; that is, you can't consider yourself as number one without considering me too as the same, and all the other young people."

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Bolter.

"You see," pursued the Jew, affecting to disregard this interruption, "we are so mixed up together and identified in our interests that it must be so. For instance, it's your object to take care of number one—meaning yourself."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bolter. "Yer about right there."

"Well, you can't take care of yourself number one, without taking care of me, number one."

"Number two, you mean," said Mr. Bolter, who was largely endowed with the quality of selfishness.

"No, I don't," retorted the Jew. "I'm of the same importance to you as you are to yourself."

"I say," interrupted Mr. Bolter, "yer a very nice man, and I'm very fond of yer; but we ain't quite so thick together as all that comes to."

"Only think," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders and stretching out his hands, "only consider. You've done what's a very pretty thing, and what I love you for doing; but what at the same time would put the cravat round your

throat that's so very easy tied, and so very difficult to untie—*is plain English the halter.*"

Mr. Bolter put his hand to his neckerchief, as if he felt it inconveniently tight, and murmured an assent, qualified in tone but not in substance.

"The gallows," continued Fagin, "the gallows, my dear, is an ugly finger-post, which points out a very short, and sharp turning that has stopped many a bold fellow's career on the broad highway. To keep in the easy road, and to keep it at a distance, is object number one with you."

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Bolter. "What do yer talk about such things for?"

"Only to show you my meaning clearly," said the Jew, raising his eye-brows. "To be able to do that, you depend upon me; to keep my little business all snug, I depend upon you. The first is your number one, the second my number one. The more you value your number one, the more careful you must be of mine; so we come at last to what I told you at first—that a regard for number one holds us all together, and must do so, unless we would all go to pieces in company."

"That's true," rejoined Mr. Bolter thoughtfully. "Oh! yer a cunning old codger!"

Mr. Fagin saw with delight that this tribute to his powers was not mere compliment, but that he had really impressed his recruit with a sense of his wily genius, which it was most important that he should entertain in the outset of their acquaintance. To strengthen an impression so desirable and useful, he followed up the blow by acquainting him, in some detail, with the magnitude and extent of his operations; blending truth and fiction together as best served his purpose, and bringing both to bear with so much art that Mr. Bolter's respect visibly increased, and became tempered, at the same time, with a degree of wholesome fear, which it was highly desirable to awaken.

"It is this mutual trust we have in each other that consoles me under heavy losses," said the Jew. "My best hand was taken from me yesterday morning."

"Yer don't mean to say he died?" cried Mr. Bolter.

"No, no," replied Fagin, "not so bad as that. Not quite so bad."

"What, I suppose he was ——"

"Wanted," interposed the Jew. "Yes, he was wanted."

"Very particular?" inquired Mr. Bolter.

"No," replied the Jew, "not very. He was charged with attempting to pick a pocket, and they found a silver snuff-box on him—his own, my dear, his own, for he took snuff himself, and was very fond of it. They remanded him till to-day, for they thought they knew the owner. Ah! he was worth fifty boxes, and I'd give the price of as many to have him back. You should have known the Dodger, my dear; you should have known the Dodger."

"Well, but I shall know him I hope; don't yer think so?" said Mr. Bolter.

"I'm doubtful about it," replied the Jew with a sigh. "If they don't get any fresh evidence it'll only be a summary conviction, and we shall have him back again after six weeks or so; but if they do, it's a case of lagging. They know what a clever lad he is: he'll be a lifer: they'll make the Artful nothing less than a lifer."

"What do yer mean by lagging and a lifer?" demanded Mr. Bolter. "What's the good in talking of that way to me; why don't yer speak so as I can understand yer?"

Fagin was about to translate these mysterious expressions into the vulgar tongue, and being interpreted, Mr. Bolter would have been informed that they represented that combination of words, "transportation for life," when the dialogue was cut short by the entry of Master Bates, with his hands

in his breeches-pockets, and his face twisted into a look of semi-comical woe.

"It's all up, Fagin," said Charley, when he and his new companion had been made known to each other.

"What do you mean?" asked the Jew with trembling lips.

"They've found the gentleman as owns the box; two or three more's coming to 'dentify him, and the Artful's booked for a passage out," replied Master Bates. "I must have a full suit of mourning, Fagin, and a hatband to wisit him in, afore he sets out upon his travels. To think of Jack Dawkins—Jummy Jack—the Dodger—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common twopenny-halfpenny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd ha' done under a gold watch, chain, and seals, at the lowest. Oh, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his wallables, and go out as a gentleman, and not like a common prig, without no honour nor glory!"

With this expression of feeling for his unfortunate friend, Master Bates sat himself on the nearest chair with an aspect of chagrin and despondency.

"What do you talk about his having neither honour nor glory for?" exclaimed Fagin, darting an angry look at his pupil. "Wasn't he always top-sawyer among you all—is there one of you that could touch him or come near him on any scent—eh?"

"Not one," replied Master Bates, in a voice rendered husky by regret—"not one."

"Then what do you talk of?" replied the Jew angrily; "what are you blubbering for?"

"'Cause it isn't on the rec-ord, is it?" said Charley, chafed into perfect defiance of his venerable friend by the current of his regrets; "'cause it can't come out in the indictment; 'cause nobody will never know half of what he was. How will he stand in the Newgate Calendar? Pr'aps not be there at all. Oh, my eye, my eye, what a blow it is!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the Jew, extending his right hand, and turning to Mr. Bolter in a fit of chuckling which shook him as though he had the palsy; "see what a pride they take in their profession, my dear. Isn't it beautiful?"

Mr. Bolter nodded assent, and the Jew, after contemplating the grief of Charles Bates for some seconds with evident satisfaction, stepped up to that young gentleman and patted him on the shoulder.

"Never mind, Charley," said Fagin, soothingly; "it'll come out, it'll be sure to come out. They'll all know what a clever fellow he was; he'll show it himself, and not disgrace his old pals and teachers. Think how young he is too! What a distinction, Charley, to be lagged at his time of life!"

"Well, it is a honour, that it is!" said Charley, a little consoled.

"He shall have all he wants," continued the Jew. "He shall be kept in the Stone Jug, Charley, like a gentleman—like a gentleman, with his beer every day, and money in his pocket to pitch and toss with, if he can't spend it."

"No, shall he though?" cried Charley Bates.

"Ay, that he shall," replied the Jew, "and we'll have a big wig, Charley—one that's got the greatest gift of the gab—to carry on his defence, and he shall make a speech for himself, too, if he likes, and we'll read it all in the papers—Artful Dodger—shrieks of laughter—here the court was convulsed—oh, Charley, eh?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Master Bates, "what a lark that would be, wouldn't it, Fagin? I say, how the Artful would bother 'em, wouldn't he?"

"Would!" cried the Jew; "he shall—he will!"

"Ah, to be sure, so he will," repeated Charley, rubbing his hands.

"I think I see him now," cried the Jew, bending his eyes upon his pupil.

"So do I," cried Charley Bates—"ha! ha! ha! so do I see it all afore me, upon my soul I do, Fagin. What a game! what a regular game! All the big-wigs trying to look solemn, and Jack Dawkins addressing of 'em as intimate and comfortable as if he was the Judge's own son making a speech arter dinner—ha! ha! ha!"

In fact the Jew had so well humoured his young friend's eccentric disposition, that Master Bates, who had at first been disposed to consider the imprisoned Dodger rather in the light of a victim, now looked upon him as the chief actor in a scene of most uncommon and exquisite humour, and felt quite impatient for the arrival of the time when his old companion should have so favourable an opportunity of displaying his abilities.

"We must know how he gets on to-day by some handy means or other," said Fagin. "Let me think."

"Shall I go?" asked Charley.

"Not for the world," replied the Jew. "Are you mad, my dear?—stark mad, that you'd walk into the very place where—. No, Charley, no—one is enough to lose at a time."

"You do not mean to go yourself, I suppose?" said Charley, with a humorous leer.

"That wouldn't quite fit," replied Fagin, shaking his head.

"Then why don't you send this new cove?" asked Master Bates, laying his hand on Noah's arm; "nobody knows him."

"Why, if he didn't mind," observed the Jew.

"Mind?" interposed Charley. "What should he have to mind?"

"Really nothing, my dear," said Fagin, turning to Mr. Bolter, "really nothing."

"Oh, I dare say about that, yer know," observed Noah, backing towards the door, and shaking his head with a kind of sober alarm. "No, no—none of that. It's not in my department, that isn't."

"Wot department has he got, Fagin?" inquired Master Bates, surveying Noah's lanky form with much disgust. "The cutting away when there's any thing wrong, and the eating all the wittles when there's every thing right; is that his branch?"

"Never mind," retorted Mr. Bolter; "and don't yer take liberties with yer superiors, little boy, or yer'll find yerself in the wrong shop."

Master Bates laughed so vehemently at this magnificent threat, that it was some time before Fagin could interpose and represent to Mr. Bolter that he incurred no possible danger in visiting the police office; that inasmuch as no account of the little affair in which he had been engaged, nor any description of his person had yet been forwarded to the metropolis, it was very probable that he was not even suspected of having resorted to it for shelter; and that, if he were properly disguised, it would be as safe a spot for him to visit as any in London, inasmuch as it would be of all places the very last to which he could be supposed likely to resort of his own free will.

Persuaded, in part, by these representations, but overborne in a much greater degree by his fear of the Jew, Mr. Bolter at length consented, with a very bad grace, to undertake the expedition. By Fagin's directions, he immediately substituted for his own attire a wagoner's frock, velvet breeches, and leather leggings, all of which articles the Jew had at hand. He was likewise furnished with a felt hat, well garnished with turnpike tickets, and a carter's whip. Thus equipped, he was to saunter into the office, as some country fellow from Covent Garden market might be supposed to

do, for the gratification of his curiosity; and as he was as awkward, ungainly, and rawboned a fellow as need be, Mr. Fagin had no fear but that he would look the part to perfection.

These arrangements completed, he was informed of the necessary signs and tokens by which to recognise the Artful Dodger, and was conveyed by Master Bates through dark and winding ways to within a very short distance of Bow street. Having described the precise situation of the office, and accompanied it with copious directions how he was to walk straight up the passage, when he got into the yard take the door up the steps on the right-hand side, and pull off his hat as he went into the room, Charley Bates bade him hurry on alone, and promised to bide his return on the spot of their parting.

Mr. Clappole, or Morris Bolter, as the reader pleases, punctually followed the directions he had received, which—Master Bates being pretty well acquainted with the locality—were so exact that he was enabled to gain the magisterial presence without asking any question, or meeting with any interruption by the way. He found himself jostled among a crowd of people, chiefly women, who were huddled together in a dirty frowsy room, at the upper end of which was a raised platform railed off from the rest, with a dock for the prisoners on the left hand against the wall, a box for the witnesses in the middle, and a desk for the magistrates on the right; the awful locality last named being screened off by a partition which concealed the bench from the common gaze, and left the vulgar to imagine (if they could) the full majesty of justice.

There were only a couple of women in the dock, who were nodding to their admiring friends, while the clerk read some depositions to a couple of policemen and a man in plain clothes who leant over the table. A jailer stood reclining against a dock-rail, tapping his nose listlessly with a large key, except when he repressed an undue tendency to conversation among the idlers, by proclaiming silence, or looked sternly up to bid some woman "take that baby out," when the gravity of justice was disturbed by feeble cries, half smothered in the mother's shawl, from some meagre infant. The room smelt close and unwholesome; the walls were dirt-discoloured, and the ceiling blackened. There was an old smoky bust over the mantle-shelf, and a dusty clock above the dock—the only thing present that seemed to go on as it ought; for depravity, or poverty, or an habitual acquaintance with both, had left a taint on all the animate matter, hardly less unpleasant than the thick greasy scum on every inanimate object that frowned upon it.

Noah looked eagerly about him for the Dodger, but although there were several women who would have done very well for that distinguished character's mother or sister, and more than one man who might be supposed to bear a strong resemblance to his father, nobody at all answering the description given him of Mr. Dawkins, was to be seen. He waited in a state of much suspense and uncertainty until the women, being committed for trial, went flaunting out, and then was quickly relieved by the appearance of another prisoner, whom he felt at once could be no other than the object of his visit!

It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right, preceded the jailer with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and, taking his place in the dock, requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that ere disgraceful situation for.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, ain't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my privileges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now then, wot is this here business? I shall thank the magistrates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for I've got an appointment with a gentleman in the city, and as I'm a man of my word and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then p'r'haps there won't be an action for damages against those as kept me away. Oh no, certainly not!"

At this point the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, deigned the jailer to communicate "the names of them two old files as was on the bench," which so tickled the spectators that they laughed as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request.

"Silence there!" cried the jailer.

"What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates.

"A pick-pocketing case, your worship."

"Has that boy ever been here before?"

"He ought to have been many a time," replied the jailer. "He has been pretty well every where else. I know him well, your worship."

"Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Wery good. That's a case of deformation of character, any way."

Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.

"Now then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk.

"Ah! that's right," added the Dodger; "Where are they? I should like to see 'em."

This was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in the crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which being a very old one, he deliberately put back again, after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger being searched had upon his person a silver snuff-box with the owner's name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the Court Guide, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng particularly active in making his way about, and that the young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

"Have you anything to ask this witness, boy?" said the magistrate.

"I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold any conversation with him," replied the Dodger.

"Have you anything to say at all?"

"Do you hear his worship ask if you're anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. "Did you address yourself to me, my man?"

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabone, your worship," observed the officer with a grin. "Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?"

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Vice President of the House of Commons: but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and respectable circle of acquaintances, as'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up

to their own hat-pegs, 'afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it upon me. I'll—"

"There, he's fully committed!" interposed the clerk. "Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh, ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. "Ah! (to the Bench) it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. You'll pay for this, my fine fellers; I wouldn't be you for something. I wouldn't go free now, if you wos to fall down on your knees to ask me. Here, carry me off to prison. Take me away."

With these last words, the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening till he got into the yard to make a parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officer's face with great glee and self-approval.

Having seen him locked up by himself in a little cell, Noah made the best of his way back to where he had left Master Bates. After waiting here some time, he was joined by that young gentleman, who had prudently abstained from showing himself until he had looked carefully abroad from a snug retreat, and ascertained that his new friend had not been followed by any impertinent person.

The two hastened back together to bear to Mr. Fagin the animating news that the Dodger was doing full justice to his bringing-up, and establishing for himself a glorious reputation.

#### CHAPTER VII.

*The time arrives for Nancy to redeem her pledge for Rose Maylie. She fails. Noah Claypole is employed by Fagin on a secret mission.*

Adopt as she was in all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, the girl Nancy could not wholly conceal the effect which the knowledge of the step she had taken worked upon her mind. She remembered that both the crafty Jew and the brutal Sikes had confided to her schemes which had been hidden from all others, in the full confidence that she was trustworthy, and beyond the reach of their suspicions; and vile as those schemes were, desperate as were their originators, and bitter as were her feelings towards the Jew, who had led her step by step, deeper and deeper down into an abyss of crime and misery, whence was no escape, still there were times when even towards him she felt some relenting, lest her disclosure should bring him within the iron grasp he had so long eluded, and he should fall at last—richly as he merited such a fate—by her hand.

But these were the mere wanderings of a mind unable wholly to detach itself from old companions and associations, though unable to fix itself steadily on one object, resolved not to be turned aside by any consideration. Her fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time, but she had stipulated that her secret should be rigidly kept; she had dropped no clue which could lead to his discovery; she had refused even for his sake a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompassed her: and what more could she do? She was resolved.

Though every mental struggle terminated in this conclusion, they forced themselves upon her again and again, and left their traces too. She grew pale and thin even within a few days. At times she took no heed of what was passing before her, or no parts in conversations, where once she would have been the loudest. At others she laughed without merriment, and was noisy without cause or meaning. At others—often within a moment afterwards—she sat silent and dejected, brooding with her head upon her hands, while



the very effort by which she roused herself told more forcibly than even those indications that she was ill at ease, and that her thoughts were occupied with matters very different and distant from those in course of discussion by her companions.

It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church struck the hour. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. The girl looked up from the low seat on which she crouched and listened too, intently. Eleven.

"An hour this side of midnight," said Sikes, raising the blind to look out, and returning to his seat. "Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this."

"Ah!" replied the Jew, "what a pity, Bill, my dear, that there's none quite ready to be done."

"You're right for once," replied Sikes, gruffly. "It is a pity, for I'm in the humour too."

The Jew sighed and shook his head despondingly.

"We must make up for lost time when we've got things into a good train, that's all I know," said Sikes.

"That's the way to talk, my dear," replied the Jew, venturing to pat him on the shoulder, "it does me good to hear you."

"Does you good, does it?" cried Sikes. "Well, so be it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Jew, as if he were relieved by even this concession. "You're like yourself to-night, Bill, quite like yourself."

"I don't feel like myself when you lay that withered old claw on my shoulder, so take it away," said Sikes, casting off the Jew's hand.

"It makes you nervous, Bill—reminds you of being nabbed, does it?" said the Jew, determined not to be offended.

"Reminds me of being nabbed by the Devil," returned Sikes. "Not by a trap. There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose he is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old'un without any father at all betwixt you, which I shouldn't wonder at a bit."

Fagin offered no reply to this compliment, but pulling Sikes by the sleeve, pointed his finger towards Nancy, who had taken advantage of the foregoing conversation to put on her bonnet, and was now leaving the room.

"Hallo!" cried Sikes. "Nance. Where's the gal going to at this time of night?"

"Not far."

"What answer's that?" returned Sikes. "Where are you going?"

"I say, not far."

"And I say where?" retorted Sikes in a loud voice. "Do you hear me?"

"I don't know where," replied the girl.

"Then I do," said Sikes, more in the spirit of obstinacy than because he had any real objection to the girl going where she listed. "Nowhere. Sit down."

"I'm not well. I told you that before," rejoined the girl. "I want a breath of air."

"Put your head out of the window and take it there," replied Sikes.

"There's not enough there," said the girl; "I want it in the street."

"Then you won't have it," replied Sikes, with which assurance he rose, locked the door, took the key out, and, pulling her bonnet from her head, flung it up to the top of an old press. "There," said the robber: "now stop quietly where you are, will you?"

"It's not such a matter as a bonnet would keep me," said the girl, turning very pale.

"What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Knew what I'm—oh!" cried Sikes, turning to Fagin "she's out of her senses, you know, or she daren't talk to me in that way."

"You'll drive me to something desperate," muttered the girl, placing both hands upon her breast, as though to keep down by force some violent outbreak. "Let me go, will you, this moment—this instant."

"No,"—roared Sikes.

"Tell him to let me go, Fagin. He had better. It'll be better for him. Do you hear me?" said Nancy, stamping her foot upon the ground.

"Hear you!" repeated Sikes, turning round in his chair, to confront her. "Ay, and if I hear you for half a minute longer, the dog shall have such a grip on your throat as'll tear some of that screaming voice out. Wot has come over you, you jade, wot is it?"

"Let me go,"—said the girl, with great earnestness. Then sitting herself down on the floor, before the door, she said, "Bill, let me go; you don't know what you're doing, you don't indeed. For only one hour—do—do."

"Cut my limbs off one by one," said Sikes, seizing her roughly by the arm, "If I don't think the gal's stark raving mad. Get up."

"Not till you let me go—not till you let me go—Never—never!"—screamed the girl.

Sikes looked on for a minute, watching his opportunity, and suddenly pinioning her hands, dragged her, struggling and wrestling with him by the way, into a small room adjoining, where he sat himself on a bench, and thrusting her into a chair, held her down by force. She struggled as implored by turns, until twelve o'clock had struck, and then wearied and exhausted, ceased to contest the point any further. With a caution, backed by many oaths, to make no more efforts to go out that night, Sikes left her to recover at leisure, and rejoined the Jew.

"Phew!" said the housebreaker, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Wot a precious strange gal that is!"

"You may say that, Bill," replied the Jew thoughtfully. "You may say that."

"Wot did she take it into her head to go out to-night for, do you think?" asked Sikes. "Come; you should know her better than me—wot does it mean?"

"Obstinacy, woman's obstinacy, I suppose, my dear," replied the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I suppose it is," growled Sikes. "I thought I had tamed her, but she's as bad as ever."

"Worse," said the Jew thoughtfully. "I never knew her like this, for such a little cause."

"Nor I," said Sikes. "I think she's got a touch of the fever in her blood yet, and it won't come out—eh?"

"Like enough," replied the Jew.

"I'll let her a little blood without troubling the doctor, she's took that way again," said Sikes.

The Jew nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment.

"She was hanging about me all day and night too when I was stretched on my back, and you, like a black-bearded wolf as you are, kept yourself aloof," said Sikes. "We were very poor too all the time, and I think one way or other I worried and fretted her, and that being shut up here so long has made her restless—eh?"

"That's it, my dear," replied the Jew in a whisper. "Hush!"

As he uttered these words, the girl herself appeared and resumed her former seat. Her eyes were swollen and red, she rocked herself to and fro, tossed her head, and after little time burst out laughing.

"Why now she's on the other tack!" exclaimed Sikes, turning a look of excessive surprise upon his companion.

The Jew nodded to him to take no further notice just then, and in a few minutes the girl subsided into her accustomed demeanour. Whispering Sikes that there was no fear of her relapsing, Fagin took up his hat and bade him good night. He paused when he reached the door, and looking round asked if somebody would light him down the dark stairs.

"Light him down," said Sikes, who was filling his pipe. "It's a pity he should break his neck himself, and disappoint the sight-seers. There, show him a light."

Nancy followed the old man down stairs with the candle. When they reached the passage, he laid his fingers upon his lip, and drawing close to the girl, said in a whisper—

"What is it, Nancy dear?"

"What do you mean?" replied the girl in the same tone.

"The reason of all this," replied Fagin. "If he"—he pointed with his skinny forefinger up the stairs—"is so hard with you (he's a brute, Nancc, a brute beast,) why don't you—"

"Well!" said the girl, as Fagin paused with his mouth almost touching her ear, and his eyes looking into hers.

"No matter just now," said the Jew, "we'll talk of this again. You have a friend in me, Nance, a staunch friend. I have the means at hand, quiet and close. If you want revenge on those that treat you like a dog—like a dog! worse than his dog, for he humours him sometimes—come to me. I say come to me. He is the mere hound of a day, but you know me of old, Nance—of old."

"I know you well," replied the girl, without manifesting the least emotion. "Good night."

She shrunk back as Fagin offered to lay his hand on her, but said good night again in a steady voice, and, answering his parting look with a nod of intelligence, closed the doors between them.

Fagin walked towards his own house, intent upon the thoughts that were working within his brain. He had conceived the idea—not from what had just passed, though that had tended to confirm him—but slowly and by degrees, that Nancy, wearied of the house-breaker's brutality, had conceived an attachment for some new friend. Her altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang for which she had once been so zealous, and added to these her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition, and rendered it—to him at least—almost a matter of certainty. The object of this new liking was not among his myrinidons. He would be a valuable acquisition with such an assistant as Nancy, and must (so Fagin argued) be secured without delay.

There was another and a darker object to be gained. Sikes knew too much, and his ruffian taunts had not galled the Jew the less because the wounds were hidden. The girl must know well that if she shook him off, she could never be safe from his fury, and that it would be surely wreaked—to the maiming of limbs or perhaps the loss of life—on the object of her more recent fancy. "With a little persuasion, thought Fagin, "what more likely than that she would consent to poison him? Women have done such things and worse, to secure the same object, before now. There would be the dangerous villain—the man I hate—gone; another secured in his place, and my influence over the girl, with the knowledge of this crime to back it, unlimited."

These things passed through the mind of Fagin during the short time he sat alone in the house-breaker's room; and with them uppermost in his thoughts he had taken the

opportunity afterwards afforded him of sounding the girl in the broken hints he threw out at parting. There was no expression of surprise, no assumption of an inability to understand his meaning! The girl clearly comprehended it. Her glance at parting showed that.

But perhaps she would recoil from a plot to take the life of Sikes, and that was one of the chief ends to be attained. "How"—thought the Jew as he crept homewards, "can I increase my influence with her? What new power can I acquire?"

Such brains are fertile in expedients. If without extracting a confession from herself, he laid a watch, discovered the object of her altered regard, and threatened to reveal the whole history to Sikes (of whom she stood in no common fear) unless she entered into his designs, could he not secure her compliance?

"I can," said Fagin almost aloud. "She durst not refuse me then—not for her life, not for her life. I have it all. The means are ready! and I shall set to work; I shall have you yet."

He cast back a dark look and a threatening motion of the hand towards the spot where he had left the bolder villain, and went on his way, burying his bony hands in the folds of his tattered garments, and wrenching them tightly in his grasp, as though there were a hated enemy crushed with every motion of his fingers.

He rose betimes next morning, and waited impatiently for the appearance of his new associate, who, after a delay that seemed interminable, at length presented himself and commenced a voracious assault upon the breakfast.

"Bolter," said the Jew, drawing up a chair, and seating himself opposite. "Morris Bolter."

"Well, here I am," returned Noah. "What's the matter. Don't yer ask me to do anything till I have done eating. That's a great fault in this place. Yer never get time enough over yer meals."

"You can talk as you eat, can't you?" said Fagin, cursing his dear young friend's greediness from the very bottom of his heart.

"Oh! yes, I can talk; I can get on better when I talk," said Noah, cutting a monstrous slice of bread. "Where's Charlotte?"

"Out," said Fagin, "I sent her out this morning with the other young woman, because I wanted us to be alone."

"Oh!" said Noah, "I wish yer'd ordered her to make some buttered toast first. Well, talk away. Yer won't interrupt me."

There seemed indeed no great fear of anything interrupting him, as he had evidently sat down with a determination to do a great deal of business.

"You did well yesterday, my dear," said the Jew, "beautiful! six shillings and ninepence-half penny on the very first day! The kinchin lay will be a fortune to you."

"Don't yer forget to add three pint pots and a milk-can," said Mr. Bolter.

"No, no, my dear," replied the Jew; "the pint pots were great strokes of genius, but the milk-can was a perfect masterpiece."

"Pretty well, I think, for a beginner," remarked Mr. Bolter complacently. "The pots I took off airy railings, and the milk-can was standing by itself outside a public house, so I thought it might get rusty with the rain, or take cold, yer know. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Jew affected to laugh very heartily, and Mr. Bolter had his laugh out, took a series of large bites, which finished his first hunk of bread and butter, and assisted himself to a second.

"I want you, Bolter," said Fagin, leaning over the table,



"to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution."

"I say," rejoined Bolter, "don't yer go shoving me into danger, or sending me to any more police offices. That don't suit me, that don't, and so I tell yer."

"There's not the smallest danger in it—not the very smallest," said the Jew. "It's only to dodge a woman."

"An old woman?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

"A young one," replied Fagin.

"I can do that pretty well, I know," said Bolter; "I was a regular cunning sneak when I was at school. What am I to dodge her for?—not to—"

"Not to do anything," interrupted the Jew, "but to tell me where she goes to, who she sees, and, if possible, what she says: to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it's a house, and to bring me back all the information you can."

"What'll yer give me?" asked Noah, setting down his cup, and looking his employer eagerly in the face.

"If you do it well, a pound, my dear—one pound," said Fagin, wishing to interest him in the scent as much as possible. "And that's what I never gave yet for any job of work where there wasn't valuable consideration to be gained."

"Who is she?" inquired Noah.

"One of us."

"Oh Lor!" cried Noah, curling up his nose. "Yer doubtful of her, are yer?"

"She has found out some new friends, my dear, and I must know who they are," replied the Jew.

"I see," said Noah, "just to have the pleasure of knowing them, if they're respectable people—eh? Hah! ha! ha!—I'm your man."

"I knew you would be," cried Fagin, elated by the success of his proposal.

"Of course, of course," replied Noah. "Where is she? Where am I to wait for her? When am I to go?"

"All that, my dear, you shall hear from me. I'll point her out at the proper time," said Fagin, "you keep ready, and leave the rest to me."

That night, and the next, and the next again, the spy sat booted and equipped in his carter's dress, ready to turn out at a word from Fagin. Six nights passed—six long weary nights—and on each Fagin came home with a disappointed face, and briefly intimated that it was not yet time. On the seventh he returned earlier, and with an exultation he could not conceal. It was Sunday.

"She goes abroad to-night," said Fagin, "and on the right errand, I'm sure; for she has been alone all day, and the man she is afraid of will not be back much before day-break. Come with me. Quick."

Noah started up without saying a word, for the Jew was in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left the house stealthily, and hurrying through a labyrinth of streets, arrived at length before a public house, which Noah recognised as the same in which he had slept on the night of his arrival in London.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges, as the Jew gave a low whistle. They entered without noise, and the door closed behind them.

Scarcely venturing to whisper, but substituting dumb-show for words, Fagin and the young Jew who had admitted them pointed out the pane of glass to Noah, and signed to him to climb up and observe the person in the adjoining room.

"Is that the woman?" he asked, scarcely above his breath. The Jew nodded "yes."

"I can't see her face well," whispered Noah. "She is looking down and the candle is behind her."

"Stay there," whispered Fagin. He signed to Barney who withdrew. In an instant the lad entered the room adjoining, and under pretence of snuffing the candle, moved it into the required position, and speaking to the girl, caused her to raise her face.

"I see her now," cried the spy.

"Plainly!" asked the Jew.

"I should know her among a thousand."

He hastily descended as the room-door opened, and the girl came out. Fagin drew him behind a small partition which was curtained off, and they held their breath as she passed within a few feet of their place of concealment, and emerged by the door at which they had entered.

"Hist!" cried the lad who held the door. "Noah."

Noah exchanged a look with Fagin, and darted out.

"To the left," whispered the lad. "Take the left hand, and keep on the other side."

He did so, and by the light of the lamps saw the girl's retreating figure already at some distance before him. He advanced as near as he considered prudent, and kept on the opposite side of the street, the better to observe her motions. She looked nervously round once or twice, and once stopped to let two men who were following close behind her pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them, and followed with his eye upon her.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### *The Appointment Kept.*

THE church clocks chimed three-quarters past eleven, as two figures emerged on London Bridge. One which advanced with a swift and rapid step, was that of a woman, who looked eagerly about her as though in quest of some expected object; the other figure was that of a man, who slunk along in the deepest shadow he could find, and at some distance, accommodated his pace to hers, stopping when she stopped, and as she moved, again creeping stealthily on; but never allowing himself, in the ardour of his pursuit, to gain upon her footsteps. Thus they crossed the bridge from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, where the woman, apparently disappointed in her anxious scrutiny of the foot-passengers, turned back. The movement was sudden, but he who watched her was not thrown off his guard by it; for shrinking into one of the recesses which surmount the piers of the bridge, and leaning over the parapet the better to conceal his figure, he suffered her to pass by on the opposite pavement, and when she was about the same distance in advance as she had been before, he slipped quietly down and followed her again. At nearly the centre of the bridge she stopped. The man stopped too.

It was a very dark night. The day had been unfavorable, and at that hour and place there were few people stirring. Such as there were hurried quickly past, very possibly without seeing, but certainly without noticing, either the woman or the man who kept in view. Their appearance was not calculated to attract the importunate regards of such of London's destitute population as chanced to take their way over the bridge that night in search of some cold arch or doorless hovel whereon to lay their head. They stood there in silence, neither speaking nor spoken to by any one who passed.

A mist hung over the river, deepening the glare of the fires that burnt upon the small craft moored off the different wharfs, and rendering darker and more indistinct the murky buildings on the banks. The old smoke-stained storehouses

on either side rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and gables, and frowned sternly upon water too black to reflect even their lumbering shapes. The tower of old Saint Saviour's church, and the spire of Saint Magnus, so long the giant warders of the ancient bridge, were visible in the gloom, but the forest of shipping below the bridge, and the thickly scattered spires of churches above, were nearly all hidden from the sight.

The girl had taken a few restless turns to and fro—closely watched, meanwhile, by her hidden observer—when the heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled for the death of another day. Midnight had come upon the crowded city. The palace, the night cellar, the jail, the mad-house, the chambers of birth and death, of health and sickness, the rigid face of the corpse, and the calm sleep of the child—midnight was upon them all.

The hour had not struck two minutes, when a young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a hackney-carriage within a short distance of the bridge, and, having dismissed the vehicle, walked straight towards it. They had scarcely set foot upon the pavement, when the girl started, and immediately made towards them.

They walked onwards, looking about them with the air of persons who entertained some very slight expectation which had little chance of being realized, when they were suddenly joined by this new associate. They halted with an exclamation of surprise, but suppressed it immediately, for a man in the garments of a countryman came close up—brushed against them indeed—at that precise moment.

"Not here," said Nancy, hurriedly. "I am afraid to speak to you here. Come away—out of the public road—down the steps yonder."

As she uttered these words, and indicated with her hand the direction in which she wished them to proceed, the countryman looked round, and roughly asking what they took up the whole pavement for, passed on.

The steps to which the girl had pointed were those which, on the Surrey bank and on the same side of the bridge as St. Saviour's church, form a landing-stairs from the river. To this spot the man, bearing the appearance of a countryman, hastened unobserved; and after a moment's survey of the place, he began to descend.

These stairs are a part of the bridge; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster, facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen, so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any other on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step.

Noah looked hastily around when he reached this point, and as there seemed no better place of concealment, and, the tide being out, there was plenty of room, he slipped aside, with his back to the pilaster, and there waited, pretty certain that they would come no lower, and that even if he could not hear what was said, he could follow them again with safety.

So tardily stole the time in this lonely place, and so eager was the spy to penetrate the motives of an interview so different from what he had been led to expect, that he more than once gave the matter up for lost, and persuaded himself either they had stopped far above, or resorted to some entirely different spot to hold their mysterious conversation. He was on the very point of emerging from his hiding place, and regaining the road above, when he heard the sound of foot-steps, and directly afterwards of voices almost close to his ear.

He drew himself straight upright against the wall, and scarcely breathing, listened attentively.

"This is far enough," said a voice which was evidently that of a gentleman. "I will not suffer the young lady to go any further. Many people would have distrusted you too much to have come even so far, but you see I am willing to humour you."

"To humour me!" cried the voice of the girl whom he had followed. "You're considerate, indeed, sir. 'To humour me!' Well, well, it's no matter."

"Why, for what," said the gentleman in a kinder tone, "for what purpose can you have brought us to this strange place? Why not have let me speak to you above there, where it is light, and there is something stirring, instead of bringing us to this dark and dismal hole?"

"I told you before," replied Nancy, "that I was afraid to speak to you there. I don't know why it is," said the girl, shuddering, "but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night that I can hardly stand."

"A fear of what?" asked the gentleman, who seemed to pity her.

"I scarcely know of what," replied the girl. "I wish I did. Horrible thoughts of death, and shrouds with blood upon them, and a fear that has made me burn as if I was on fire, have been upon me all day. I was reading a book to-night to while the time away, and the same things came into the print."

"Imagination," said the gentleman, soothing her.

"No imagination," replied the girl in a hoarse voice. "I'll swear I saw 'coffin' written in every page of the book in large black letters—ay, and they carried one close to me in the streets to-night."

"There is nothing unusual in that," said the gentleman.

"They have passed me often."

"Real ones," rejoined the girl. "This was not."

There was something so uncommon in her manner that the flesh of the concealed listener crept as he heard the girl utter these words, and the blood chilled within him. He had never experienced a greater relief than hearing the sweet voice of the young lady, as she begged her to be calm and not allow herself to become the prey of such fearful fancies.

"Speak to her kindly," said the young lady to her companion. "Poor creature! she seems to need it."

"Your haughty religious people would have held their heads up to see me as I am to-night, and preached of flames and vengeance," cried the girl. "Oh dear lady, why ain't those who claim to be God's own folks as gentle and as kind to us poor wretches as you, who, having youth and beauty and all that they have lost, might be a little proud instead of so much humbler?"

"Ah!" said the gentleman. "A Turk turns his face, after washing it well, to the East when he says his prayers; these good people, after giving their faces such a rub with the world as takes the smiles off, turn with no less regularity to the darkest side of heaven. Between the Mussulman and the Pharisee, commend me to the former."

These words appeared to be addressed to the young lady, and were perhaps uttered with the view of affording Nancy time to recover herself. The gentleman shortly afterwards addressed himself to her.

"You were not here last Sunday night," he said.

"I couldn't come," replied Nancy, "I was kept by force."

"By whom?"

"Bill —"

"Him that I told the young lady of before."

"You were not suspected of holding any communication with anybody on the subject which has brought us here to-night, I hope?" asked the old gentleman anxiously.

"No," replied the girl shaking her head. "It's not very easy for me to leave him unless he knows why; I couldn't



have seen the lady when I did, but that I gave him a drink of laudanum before I came away."

"Did he awake before you returned?" rejoined the gentleman.

"No, and neither he nor any of them suspect me."

"Good," said the gentleman: "now listen to me."

"I am ready," replied the girl, as he paused for a moment.

"This young lady," the gentleman began, "has communicated to me and some other friends who can be safely trusted, what you told her nearly a fortnight since. I confess to you that I had doubts at first, whether you were to be implicitly relied upon, but now I firmly believe you are."

"I am," said the girl earnestly.

"I repeat that I firmly believe it. To prove to you that I am disposed to trust you, I tell you without reserve, that we purpose to extort the secret, whatever it may be, from the fears of this man Monks. But if—if—" said the gentleman, "he cannot be secured, or, if secured, he cannot be acted upon as we wish, you must deliver up the Jew."

"Fagin!" cried the girl, recoiling.

"That man must be delivered up by you," said the gentleman.

"I will not do it—I will never do it—" replied the girl. "Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me, I will never do that."

"You will not?" said the gentleman, who seemed fully prepared for this answer.

"Never," returned the girl.

"Tell me why."

"For one reason," rejoined the girl firmly—"for one reason that the lady knows and will stand by me in—I know she will, for I have her promise; and for this other reason besides, that bad life as he has led, I have led a bad life too: there are many of us who have kept the same courses together, and I'll not turn upon them, who might, any of them, have turned upon me, but didn't, bad as they are."

"Then," said the gentleman quickly, as if this had been the point he had been aiming to attain, "put Monks into my hands, and leave me to deal with him."

"What if he turns against the others?"

"I promise you in that case, if the truth is forced from him, there the matter will rest. There must be circumstances in Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye, and if the truth is once elicited, they will go Scot free."

"And if it is not?" suggested the girl.

"Then" pursued the gentleman, "this Jew shall not be brought to justice without your consent. In such a case I could show you reasons, I think, which would induce you to yield it."

"Have I the lady's promise for that?" asked the girl eagerly.

"You have," replied Rose, "my true and faithful pledge."

"Monks would never learn how you knew what you do?" said the girl after a short pause.

"Never," replied the gentleman. "The intelligence should be so brought to bear upon him that he could never even guess."

"I have been a liar and among liars from a little child," said the girl, after another interval of silence, "but I will take your words."

After receiving an assurance from both, that she might safely do so, she proceeded in a voice so low that it was often difficult for the listener to discover even the purport of what she said, to describe by name and situation the public house whence she had been followed that night. From the manner in which she occasionally paused, it appeared as if the gentlemen were making some hasty notes of the information she

communicated. When she had thoroughly explained the localities of the place, the best position from which to watch it without exciting observation, and the night and hour on which Monks was most in the habit of frequenting it, she seemed to consider for a few moments for the purpose of recalling his features and appearance more forcibly to her recollection.

"He is tall," said the girl, "and a strongly made man, but not stout; he has a lurking walk, and, as he walks, constantly looks over his shoulder, first on one side and then on the other. Don't forget that, for his eyes are sunk in his head, so much deeper than any other man's, that you might almost tell him by this alone. His face is dark like his hair and eyes; but, although he can't be more than six or eight and twenty, withered and haggard. His lips are often discoloured and disfigured with the marks of teeth, for he has desperate fits, and sometimes even bites his hands, and covers them with wounds—why did you start?" said the girl, stopping suddenly.

The gentleman replied in a hurried manner, that he was not conscious of having done so, and begged her to proceed.

"Part of this," said the girl, "I've drawn out from other people at the house I tell you of, for I have only seen him twice, and both times he was covered up in a large cloak. I think that's all I can give you to know him by. Stay though," she added, "upon his throat, so high that you can see a part of it below his—neckerchief when he turns his face, there is—"

"A broad red mark, like a burn or scald," cried the gentleman.

"How's this?" said the girl; "you know him."

"The young lady uttered a cry of extreme surprise, and for a few moments they were so still that the listener could distinctly hear them breathe.

"I think I do," said the gentleman, breaking silence. "I should, by your description; we shall see. Many people are singularly like each other though—it may not be the same."

As he expressed himself to this effect, with assumed carelessness, he took a step or two nearer Noah, as he could tell from the distinctness with which he heard him utter—"It must be he!"

"Now," he said, returning—so it seemed by the sound—to the spot where he stood before, "you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman, and I wish you to be the better for it. What can I do to serve you?"

"Nothing," replied Nancy.

"You will not persist in saying that," rejoined the gentleman with a voice and emphasis of kindness that might have touched a much harder and more obdurate heart. "Think now; tell me."

"Nothing, sir," rejoined the girl, weeping. "You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed."

"You put yourself beyond its pale," said the gentleman; "the past has been a dreary waste with you of youthful energies mispent, and such priceless treasures lavished as the Creator bestows but once, and never grants again; but for the future you may hope. I do not say that it is in our power to offer you peace of heart and mind, for that must come as you seek it, but a quiet asylum either in England, or, if you fear to remain here, in some foreign country, it is not only within the compass of our ability, but our most anxious wish to secure to you. Before the dawn of morning, before this river wakes to the fresh glimpse of daylight, you shall be placed as entirely beyond the reach of your former associates, and leave as utter an absence of all traces behind you, as if you were to disappear from the earth this moment. Come. I would not have you go back to exchange one word with any old companion, or take one look at any old

haunt, or breathe the very air which is pestilence and death to you. Quit them all while there is time and opportunity.

"She will be persuaded now," cried the young lady; "she hesitates, I am sure."

"I fear not, my dear," said the gentleman.

"No sir, I do not," replied the girl after a short struggle.

"I am chained to my old life, and loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it; I must have gone too far to turn back—and yet I don't know, for if you had spoken to me some time ago, I should have laughed it off. But,"—she said, looking hastily round—"this fear comes over me again. I must go home."

"Home!" replied the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

"Home, lady, rejoined the girl. "To such a home as I have raised for myself, with the work of my whole life. Let us part. I shall be watched, or seen. Go, go. If I have done you any service, all I ask is that you leave me, and let me go my way alone."

"It is useless," said the gentleman, with a sigh. "We compromise her safety, perhaps, by staying here. We may have detained her longer than she expected, already."

"Yes, yes," urged the girl, "you have."

"What," cried the young lady, "can be the end of this poor creature's life?"

"What?" repeated the girl. "Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water. How many times do you read of such as me who spring into the tide, and leave no living thing to care for or bewail them. It may be years hence, or it may be only months; but I shall come to that at last."

"Do not speak thus, pray," returned the young lady, sobbing.

"It will never reach your ears, dear lady, and God forbid such horrors should," replied the girl. "Good night, good night."

The gentleman turned away.

"This purse," cried the young lady, "take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble."

"No, no," replied the girl, "I have not done this for money. Let me have that to think of. And yet—give me something that you have worn: I should like to have something—no, no, not a ring, your gloves, or handkerchief—anything that I can keep as having belonged to you, sweet lady. There, bless you, God bless you. Good night, good night, good night."

The violent agitation of the girl, and the apprehension of some discovery which would subject her to ill-usage and violence, seemed to determine the gentleman to leave her as she requested. The sound of retreating footsteps were audible, and the voices ceased.

The two figures of the young lady and her companion soon afterwards appeared upon the bridge. They stopped at the summit of the stairs.

"Hark!" cried the young lady, listening. "Did she call? I thought I heard her voice."

"No, my love," replied Mr. Brownlow, looking sadly back. She has not moved, and will not till we are gone."

Rose Maylie lingered, but the old gentleman drew her arm through his and led her with gentle force away. As they disappeared, the girl sunk down nearly at her full length upon one of the stone stairs, and vented the anguish of her heart in bitter tears.

After a time she rose, and with feeble and tottering steps ascended to the street. The astonished listener remained motionless on his post for some minutes afterwards, and having ascertained with many cautious glances round him that he was again alone, crept slowly from his hiding place,

and returned, stealthily and in the shade of the walk, in the same manner as he had descended.

Peeping out more than once when he reached the top to make sure that he was unobserved, the spy darted away at his utmost speed, and made for the Jew's house as fast as his legs would carry him.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### *Fatal Consequences.*

It was nearly two hours before daybreak—that time, which in the autumn of the year, may be truly called the dead of night, when the streets are silent and deserted, when even sound appears to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream—it was at this still and silent hour that the Jew sat watching in his old lair with face so distorted and pale, and eyes so distorted and bloodshot, that he looked less like a man than like some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit.

He sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn coverlet, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon a table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as, absorbed in thought, he bit his long black nails, he disclosed among his toothless gums a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's.

Stretched upon a mattress on the floor lay Noah Claypole, fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, then brought them back again to the candle, which, with long burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

Indeed they were. Mortification at the overthrow of his notable scheme, hatred of the girl who had dared to palter with strangers, an utter distrust of the sincerity of her refusal to yield him up, bitter disappointment at the loss of his revenge on Sikes, the fear of detection and ruin and death, and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all—these were the passionate considerations, that followed on each other with rapid and ceaseless whirl, shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought, and blackest purpose lay working at his heart.

He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street.

"At last," muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last."

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept up stairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down and throwing back his outward coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"There," he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get it; I thought I should have been here three hours ago."

Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the house-breaker involuntarily drew back his chair and surveyed him with a look of real affright.

"Wot now?" cried Sikes. "Wot do you look at a man so for? Speak, will you?"

The Jew raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air; but his passion was so great that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

"Damme!" said Sikes, feeling in his breast with a look of alarm. He's gone mad. I must look to myself here."

"No, no," rejoined Fagin, finding his voice. "It's not—you're not the person, Bill. I've no—no fault to find with you."

"Oh! you haven't, haven't you," said Sikes looking sternly at him, and ostentatiously passing a pistol into a more convenient pocket. "That's lucky—for one of us. Which one that is don't matter."

"I've got that to tell you, Bill," said the Jew, drawing his chair nearer, "will make you worse than me."

"Aye?" returned the robber with an incredulous air. "Tell away. Look sharp, or Nance will think I'm lost."

"Lost!" cried Fagin. She has pretty well settled that in her own mind already."

Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat-collar in his rude hand and shook him soundly.

"Speak, will you," he said; "or if you don't it shall be for want of breath. Open your mouth, and say wot you've got to say in plain words. Out with it, you thundering old cur, out with it."

"Suppose that lad that's lying there—" Fagin began.

Sikes turned round to where Noah was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. "Well," he said, resuming his former position.

"Suppose that lad," pursued the Jew, "was to peach—blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our likenesses, describe every mark that they might know us by, and the crib where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and besides, to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, tried, ear-wigged by the parson, and brought to it on bread and water, but of his own fancy, to please his own taste, stealing out at nights to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?" cried the Jew, with his eyes flashing with rage. "Suppose he did all this; what then?"

"What then?" replied Sikes, with a tremendous oath. "If he were left alive till I came, I'd grind his skull under the iron heel of my boot into as many grains as there are hairs upon his head."

"What if I did it?" cried the Jew, almost in a yell. "I, that know so much, and could hang so many besides yourself."

"I don't know," replied Sikes, clenching his teeth, and turning white at the mere suggestion. "I'd do something in the jail that'd get me put in irons, and if I was tried along with you, I'd fall upon you with them in the open court, and beat your brains afore the people. I should have such strength, muttered the robber, poising his brawny arm, "that I could smash your head as if a loaded wagon had gone over it."

"You would?"

"Would I?" said the housebreaker. "Try me."

"If it was Charley, or the Dodger, or Bet, or—"

"I don't care who," replied Sikes, impatiently. "Whoever it was, I'd serve them the same."

Fagin again looked hard at the robber, and motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him. Sikes leant forward in his chair, looking on with his hands upon his knees, as, if wondering much what all this questioning and preparation was to end in.

"Bolter, Bolter. Poor lad!" said Fagin, looking up with an expression of devilish anticipation, and speaking slowly,

and with marked emphasis. "He's tired—tired with watching for her so long—watching for her, Bill."

"Wot d'ye mean?" asked Sikes, drawing back.

The Jew made no answer, but bending over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting position. When his assumed name had been repeated several times, Noah rubbed his eyes, and giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

"Tell me that again—once again; just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

"Tell yer what?" asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

"That about NANCY," said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. "You followed her?"

"Yes."

"To London Bridge?"

"Yes."

"Where she met two people?"

"So she did."

"A gentleman and a lady, that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all her pals, and Monks first, which she did—and to describe him, which she did—to tell her what house it was we met at and go to, which she did—and where it would be best watched from, which she did—and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this; she told it all, every word, without a threat, without a murmur—she did. Didn't she?" cried the Jew, half mad with fury.

"All right," replied Noah, scratching his head. "That's just what it was."

"What did they say about last Sunday?" demanded the Jew.

"About last Sunday?" replied Noah, considering, "why I told you that before."

"Again—tell it again," cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft as the foam flew from his lips.

"They asked her," said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was,— "they asked her why she didn't come last Sunday, as she promised? She said 'she couldn't.'"

"Why, why?" interrupted the Jew triumphantly, "Tell him that."

"Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before," replied Noah.

"What more of him?" cried the Jew. "What more of the man she had told them of before? Tell him that, tell him that."

"Why, that she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to," said Noah; "and so the first time she went to see the lady, she—ha! ha! ha!—it made me laugh when she said it—that it did—she gave him a drink of laudanum."

"Hell's fire!" cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew.

"Let me go!" Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

"Bill, Bill!" cried the Jew, following him hastily. "A word—only a word."

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the house-breaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

"Let me out," said Sikes. "Don't speak to me—it's not safe! Let me out, I say!"

"Hear me speak a word," rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock. "You won't be—"

"Well," replied the other.

"You won't be—too—violent, Bill?" whined the Jew.



The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.

"I mean," said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless—"not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold."

Sikes made no reply; but, pulling open the door, of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

Without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed, that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill!" cried the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for what I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill," gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "I—I—won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done."

"You know, you she-devil," returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night: and every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life, for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up this one night for you. You *shall* have time to think and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her hand upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and, far apart, lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so; I feel it now; but we must have time—a little, little time."

The house-breaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired, flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice, with all the force he could summon, upon the up-turned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### *The Flight of Sikes.*

Of all bad deeds that, under cover of the darkness, had been committed within wide London bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst. Of all the horrors that rose with an ill scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

The sun—the bright sun, that brings back not light alone, but new life and hope and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly coloured glass and paper-mended window, through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it now in all that brilliant light?

He had not moved: he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand; and, with terror added to hate, he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it—but it was worse to fancy the eyes and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upwards, as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore, that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more—but *such* flesh and blood.

He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was human hair upon the end which blazed, and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was, but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out and burnt them. How those stains were dispersed about the room! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

All this time he had never once turned his back upon the corpse; no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved backwards towards the door, dragging the dog with him, lest he should carry out new evidences of the crime into the streets. He shut it softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. He knew that. God! how the sun poured down upon the very spot!

The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have

got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

He went through Islington, strode up the hill at Highgate, on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go; struck off to the right again almost as soon as he began to descend it, and taking the footpath across the fields, skirted Carn Wood, and came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the Heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge and slept.

Soon he was up again and away—not far into the country, but back towards London by the High Road—then back again—then over another part of the same ground as he had already traversed—then wandering up and down in fields, and lying on ditches' banks to rest, and starting up to make for some other spot and do the same, and ramble on again.

Where could he go to, that was near, and not too public, to get some meat and drink? Hendon. That was a good place, not far off, and out of most people's way. Thither he directed his steps—running sometimes, and sometimes with a strange perversity loitering at a snail's pace, or stopping altogether, and idly breaking the hedges with his stick. But when he got there, all the people he met—the very children at the doors—seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase a bit or drop, though he had tasted no food for many hours; and once more he lingered on the heath uncertain where to go.

He wandered over miles and miles of ground, and still came back to the old place; morning and noon had passed, and the day was on the wane, and still he rambled to and fro, and up and down, and round and round, and still lingered about the same spot. At last he got away, and shaped his course to Hatfield.

It was nine o'clock at night when the man, quite tired out, and the dog limping and lame from the unaccustomed exercise, turned down the hill by the church of the quiet village, and plodding along the little street, crept into a small public-house, whose scanty light had guided them to the spot. There was a fire in the tap-room, and some country labourers were drinking before it. They made room for the stranger, but he sat down in the farthest corner, and eat and drank alone, or rather with his dog, to whom he cast a morsel of food from time to time.

The conversation of the men assembled here turned upon the neighbouring land and farmers, and when these topics were exhausted, upon the age of some old man who had been buried on the previous Sunday; the young men present considering him very old, and the old men present declaring him to have been quite young—not older, one white-haired grandfather said, than he was, with ten or fifteen years of life in him at least—if he had taken care; if he had taken care.

There was nothing to attract attention or excite alarm in this. The robber, after paying his reckoning, sat silent and unnoticed in the corner, and had almost dropped asleep, when he was half awakened by the noisy entrance of a new-comer.

This was an antic fellow, half pedlar and half mountebank, who travelled about the country on foot to vend bones, strops, razors, washballs, harness-paste, medicines for dogs and horses, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, and such like wares, which he carried in a case slung to his back. His entrance was the signal for various homely jokes with the country-

men, which slackened not until he had made his supper and opened his box of treasures, when he ingeniously contrived to unite business with amusement.

"And what be that stoof—good to eat Harry?" asked a grinning countryman, pointing to some composition cakes in one corner.

"This"—said the fellow producing one, "this is t' e infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot, or spatter from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen, or woollen-stuff. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains—all comes out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition. If a lady stains her honour, she has only need to swallow one cake, and she's cured at once—for it's poison. If a gentleman wants to prove his, he has only need to bolt one little square and he has put it beyond a question—for it's quite as satisfactory as a pistol-bullet, and a great deal nastier in the flavour, consequently the more credit in taking it. One penny a square. With all these virtues, one penny a square."

There were two buyers directly, and more of the listeners plainly hesitated. The vendor observing this increased in loquacity.

"It's all bought up as fast as it can be made," said the fellow. "There are fourteen water-mills, six steam-engines, and a galvanic battery, always working upon it, and they can't make it fast enough, though the men work so hard that they die off, and the widows are pensioned directly with twenty pounds a year for each of the children, and a premium of fifty for twins. One penny a square, two half-pence are all the same, and four farthings is received with joy. One penny a square. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains—here is a stain upon the hat of a gentleman in company that I'll take clean out before he can order me a pint of ale."

"Ha!" cried Sikes, starting up, "give that back!"

"I'll take it clean out, sir," replied the man, winking to the company, "before you can come across the room to get it. Gentlemen, all, observe the dark stain upon this gentleman's hat, no wider than a shilling, but thicker than a half-crown. Whether it is a wine-stain, fruit-stain, beer-stain, water-stain, paint-stain, pitch-stain, mud-stain, or blood-stain——"

The man got no farther, for Sikes, with a hideous imprecation, overthrew the table, and tearing the hat from him, burst out of the house.

With the same perversity of feeling and irresolution that had fastened upon him despite himself, all day, the murderer finding that he was not followed, and that they most probably considered him some drunken sullen fellow, turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage-coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognised the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office. He almost knew what was to come, but he crossed over and listened.

The guard was standing at the door waiting for the letter-bag. A man dressed like a game-keeper came up at the moment, and he handed him a basket which lay ready on the pavement.

"That's for your people," said the guard. "Now look alive in there will you? Damn that 'ere bag, it warn't ready night afore last; this won't do, you know."

"Any thing new up in town, Ben?" asked the game-keeper, drawing back to the window-shutters, the better to admire the horses.

"No, nothing that I know on," replied the man, pulling on his gloves. "Corn's up a little. I heard talk of a mur

der, too, down Spitalfield's way, but I don't reckon much upon it."

"Ah, that's quite true," said a gentleman inside, who was looking out the window; "and a very dreadful murder it was."

"Was it, sir?" rejoined the guard, touching his hat. "Man or woman, pray?"

"A woman," replied the gentleman, "it is supposed——"

"New, Ben," cried the coachman, impatiently.

"Damn that 'ere bag," said the guard. "Are you gone to sleep in there?"

"Coming," cried the office-keeper, running out.

"Coming," growled the guard. "Ah! and so's the young 'ooming of property that's going to take a fancy to me; but I don't know when. Here, give hold. All ri-right."

The horn sounded a few cheerful notes, and the coach was gone.

Sikes remained standing in the street, apparently unmoved by what he had just heard, and agitated by no stronger feeling than a doubt where to go. At length he went back again, and took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Alban's.

He went on doggedly, but as he left the town behind him, and plunged further and further into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing, compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped, it did the same; if he ran, it followed—not running too, that would have been a relief, but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne upon one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

At times he turned with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead; but his hair rose from his head, and his blood stood still; for it had turned with him, and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He leaned his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night's sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect and still—a living grave-stone, with its epitaph in blood.

Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

There was a shed in a field he passed that offered shelter for the night. Before the door were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within, and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He *could not* walk on till daylight came again, and here he stretched himself close to the wall to undergo new torture.

For now a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that from which he had escaped. Those widely staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see than think upon, appeared in the midst of the darkness; light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, then came the room with every well known object,—some indeed that he would have forgotten if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in its place, and its eyes were as he saw them when he stole away. He got up and rushed into

the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed, and shrunk down once more. The eyes were there before he had lain himself along.

And here he remained in such a terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger, and springing to his feet, rushed into the open air.

The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood.

The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of fire—mingled with the ringing of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the crackling of flames as they turned round some new obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food. The noise increased as he looked. There were people there—men and women—light, and bustle. It was like new life to him. He darted onward—straight, headlong, dashing through brier and brake, and leaping gate and fence, as madly as the dog who careered with loud and sounding bark before him.

He came upon the spot; there were half-dressed figures, tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile, amidst a shower of falling sparks, and the tumbling down of hot beams. The apertures where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a chaos of raging fire; walls rocked and crumbled into the burning well; the molten lead and iron poured down upon the ground; women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine pumps, and the spouting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar. He shouted too till he was hoarse, and, flying from memory and himself, plunged into the thickest of the throng.

Hither and thither he dived that night, now working at the pumps, and now hurrying through the smoke and flame, but never ceasing to engage himself wherever noise and men were thickest. Up and down the ladders, upon the roofs of buildings, over floors that quaked and trembled with his weight, under the lee of falling bricks and stones—in every part of that great fire was he—but he bore a charmed life, and had neither scratch nor bruise, nor weariness nor thought, till morning dawned again, and only smoke and blackened ruins remained.

This mad excitement over, there returned with tenfold force the dreadful consciousness of his crime. He looked suspiciously about him, for the men were conversing in groups, and he feared to be the subject of their talk. The dog obeyed the significant beck of his finger, and they drew off stealthily together. He passed near an engine where some men were seated, and they called him to share in their refreshment. He took some bread and meat, and as he drank a draught of beer, heard the firemen, who were from London, talking about the murder. "He has gone to Birmingham they say," said one, "but they'll have him yet; for the scouts are out, and by to-morrow night there'll be a cry all through the country."

He hurried off, and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy sleep. He wandered on again, unre-



solved and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night.

Suddenly he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

"There's somebody to speak to there at all events," he thought. "A good hid'ng place too. They'll never expect to nab me there, after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and forcing blunt from Fagin, get abroad to France? Dammé, I'll risk it."

He acted upon this impulse without delay; and choosing the least frequented roads, began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and entering it at dusk, by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

The dog, though—if any description of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing, and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on, looking about for a pond; picking up a heavy stone, and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making, and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong glance at him was sterner than ordinary, skulked a little further to the rear than usual, and covered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool, and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

"Do you hear me call? Come here," cried Sikes, whistling.

The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl, and started back.

"Come back," said the robber, stamping on the ground.

The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Sikes made a running noose, and called him again.

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned, and scoured away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and set down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and he resumed his journey.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Monks and Mr. Brownlow at length meet. Their conversation and the intelligence that interrupts it.*

THE twilight was beginning to close in when Mr. Brownlow alighted from a hackney coach at his own door, and knocked softly. The door being opened, a sturdy man got out of the coach, and stationed himself on one side of the steps, while another man, who had been seated on the box, dismounted too, and stood upon the other side. At a sign from Mr. Brownlow, they helped out a third man, and taking him between them, hurried him into the house. This man was Monks.

They walked in the same manner up the stairs without speaking, and Mr. Brownlow preceding them, led the way into a back room. At the door of this apartment, Monks, who had ascended with evident reluctance, stopped. The two men looked to the old gentleman as if for instructions.

"He knows the alternative," said Mr. Brownlow. "If he hesitates, or moves a finger but as you bid him, drag him into the street, call for the aid of the police, and impeach him as a felon in my name."

"How dare you say this of me?"—asked Monks.

"How dare you urge me to it, young man?"—replied Mr. Brownlow, confronting him with a steady look. "Are

you mad enough to leave this house? Unhand him. There, sir. You are free to go, and we to follow. But I warn you by all I hold most solemn and most sacred, that the instant you set foot in the street, that instant I will have you apprehended on a charge of fraud and robbery. I am resolute and immovable. If you are determined to be the same, your blood be upon your own head."

"By what authority am I kidnapped in the street and brought here by these dogs?" asked Monks, looking from one to the other of the men, who stood beside him.

"By mine, replied Mr. Brownlow. "These persons are indemnified by me. If you complain of being deprived of your liberty, you had power and opportunity to retrieve it as you came along, but you deemed it advisable to remain quiet. I say again, throw yourself for protection upon the law. I will appeal to the law too; but when you have gone too far to recede, do not sue to me for leniency, when the power will have passed into other hands, and do not say I plunged you down the gulf into which you rushed yourself."

Monks was plainly disconcerted, and alarmed besides.—He hesitated.

"You will decide quickly," said Mr. Brownlow, with perfect firmness and composure. "If you wish me to prefer my charges publicly, and consign you to a punishment, the extent of which, although I can, with a shudder, foresee, I cannot control, once more, I say, you know the way. If not, and you appeal to my forbearance, and the mercy of those you have deeply injured, seat yourself without a word in that chair. It has waited for you two whole days."

Monks uttered some unintelligible words, but wavered still.

"You will be prompt," said Mr. Brownlow. "A word from me, and the alternative is gone for ever."

Still the man hesitated.

"I have not the inclination to parley further," said Mr. Brownlow, "and as I advocate the dearest interests of others I have not the right."

"Is there—" demanded Monks with a faltering tongue, "is there—no middle course?"

"None; emphatically none."

Monks looked at the old gentleman with an anxious eye, but, reading in his countenance nothing but severity and determination, walked into the room, and shrugging his shoulders sat down.

"Lock the door on the outside," said Mr. Brownlow to the attendants, "and come when I ring."

The men obeyed, and the two were left alone together.

"This is pretty treatment, sir," said Monks, throwing down his hat and cloak, "from my father's oldest friend."

"It was because I was your father's oldest friend, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow. "It is because the hopes and wishes of young and happy years were bound up with him and that fair creature of his blood and kindred, who rejoined her God in youth and left me here a solitary lonely man—it is because he knelt with me beside his only sister's death-bed, when he was yet a boy, on the morning that would—but Heaven willed it otherwise—have made her my young wife—it is because my seared heart clung to him from that time forth, through all his trials and errors, till he died—it is because old recollections and associations fill my heart, and even the sight of you brings with it old thoughts of him—it is all these things that move me to treat you gently now.—Yes, Edward Leeford, even now—and blush for your unworthiness, who bear that name."

"What has the name to do with it?" asked the other after contemplating half in silence and half in dogged wonder, the agitation of his companion. "What is the name to me?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "nothing to you.—"

But it was *here*, and even at this distance of time, brings back to me, an old man, the glow and thrill which I once felt only to hear it repeated by a stranger. I am very glad you have changed it—very—very."

"This is all mighty fine," said Monks (to retain his assumed designation) after a long silence, during which he had jerked himself, in sullen defiance, to and fro, and Mr. Brownlow had sat shading his face with his hand. "But what do you want with me?"

"You have a brother," said Mr. Brownlow rousing himself, "a brother, the whisper of whose name in your ear, when I came behind you in the street, was in itself almost enough to make you accompany me hither in wonder and alarm."

"I have no brother," replied Monks. "You know I was an only child. Why do you talk to me of brothers? You know that as well as I."

"Attend to what I do know and you may not," said Mr. Brownlow. "I shall interest you bye and bye. I know that of the wretched marriage, into which family pride and the most sordid and narrowest of all ambition forced your unhappy father, when a mere boy, you were the sole and most unnatural issue," returned Mr. Brownlow.

"I don't care for hard names," interrupted Monks, with a jeering laugh. "You know the fact and that's enough for me."

"But I also know," pursued the old gentleman, "the misery, the slow torture, the protracted anguish of that ill assorted union; I know how listlessly and wearily each of that wretched pair dragged on their heavy chain through a world that was poison to them both. I know how cold formalities were succeeded by open taunts; how indifference gave place to dislike, dislike to hate, and hate to loathing, until at last they wrenched the clanking bond asunder, and retiring a wide space apart, carried each a galling fragment of which nothing but death could break the rivets, to hide it in new society, beneath the gayest looks they could assume. Your mother succeeded; she forgot it soon. But it rusted and cankered at your father's heart for years."

"Well, they were separated," said Monks, "and what of that?"

"When they had been separated for some time," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and your mother, wholly given up to continental frivolities, had utterly forgotten the young husband, ten good years her junior, who with prospects blighted lingered on at home, he fell among new friends; *this* circumstance you know already."

"Not I," said Monks, turning away his eyes, and beating his foot upon the ground, as a man who is determined to deny everything, "Not I."

"Your manner no less than your actions assures me that you have never forgotten it, or cease to think of it with bitterness," returned Mr. Brownlow. "I speak of fifteen years ago, when you were not more than eleven years old, and your father but one-and-thirty—for he was, I repeat, a boy when *his* father ordered him to marry. Must I go back to events that cast a shade upon the memory of your parent, or will you spare it and disclose to me the truth?"

"I have nothing to disclose," rejoined Monks, in evident confusion. "You must talk on if you will."

"These new friends, then," said Mr. Brownlow, "were a naval officer retired from active service, whose wife had died some half year before, and left him with two children—there had been more; but of all their family happily but two survived. They were both daughters; one a beautiful creature of nineteen, and the other a mere child of two or three years old."

"What's that to me," asked Monks.

"They resided," said Mr. Brownlow, without seeming to hear the interruption, "in a part of the country to which your father, in his wanderings, had repaired, and where he had taken up his abode. Acquaintance, intimacy, friendship, fast followed each other. Your father was gifted as few men are—he had his sister's soul and person. As the old officer knew him more and more, he grew to love him. I would that it had been ended there. His daughter did the same."

The old gentleman paused. Monks was biting his lips, with his eyes fixed on the floor, seeing this he immediately resumed—

"The end of a year found him contracted, solemnly contracted, to that daughter, the object of the first, true, ardent, only passion, of a guileless, untried girl."

"Your tale is of the longest," observed Monks, moving restlessly in his chair.

"It is a true tale of grief, and trial, and sorrow, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and such tales usually are. If it were one of unmixed joy and happiness, it would be very brief. At length one of those rich relations, to strengthen whose interest and importance your father had been sacrificed—as others are often, it is no uncommon case—died, and to repair the misery he had been instrumental in occasioning, left his panacea for all griefs—*money*. It was necessary that he should immediately repair to Rome, whither this man had sped for health, and where he had died, leaving his affairs in great confusion. He went, was seized with mortal illness there, was followed the moment the intelligence reached Paris by your mother, who carried you with her; he died the day after her arrival, leaving no will—*no will*—so that the whole property fell to her and you."

At this point of the recital, Monks held his breath and listened with a face of intense eagerness, though his eyes were not directed towards the speaker. As Mr. Brownlow paused he changed his position, with the air of one who has experienced a sudden relief, and wiped his hot face and hands.

"Before he went abroad, as he passed through London on his way," said Mr. Brownlow, slowly, and fixing his eyes upon the other's face, "he came to me."

"I never heard of that," interrupted Monks, in a tone to appear incredulous, but savouring more of disagreeable surprise.

"He came to me, and left with me among other things a picture—a portrait painted by himself—a likeness of this poor girl—which he did not wish to leave behind, and could not carry forward in his hasty journey. He was worn by anxiety and remorse almost to a shadow, talked in a wild and distracted strain of ruin and dishonour worked by him, confided to me his intention to convert his whole property at any loss into money, and having settled on his wife and you a portion of his recent acquisition, to fly the country—I guessed too well he would not fly alone—and never see it more.—Even from me, his old and early friend, whose strong attachment had taken root in the earth that covered one most dear to both, even from me he withheld any more particular confession, promising to write and tell me all, and after that to see me—once again for the last time on earth. Alas! *that* was the last time. I had no letter and I never saw him more."

"I went," said Mr. Brownlow, after a short pause, "I went when all was over, to the scent of his—I will not use the term the world would use, for harshness or favour are now alike to him—of his guilty love; resolved, if my fears were realized, that erring child should find one heart and home open to shelter and compassionate her. The family had left that part a week before; they had called in such

trifling debts as were outstanding, discharged them, and left the place by night. Why or whither, none could tell."

Monks drew his breath more freely, and looked round with a smile of triumph.

"When your brother, said Mr. Brownlow, drawing nearer to the other's chair, "when your brother—a feeble, ragged neglected child—was cast in my way by a stronger hand than chance, and rescued by me from a life of vice and infamy—"

"What?" cried Monks, starting.

"By me," said Mr. Brownlow; "I told you I should interest you before long. I say by me—I see that your cunning associate suppressed my name, although, for aught he knew, it would be quite strange to your ears. When he was rescued by me then, and lay recovering from sickness in my house, his strong resemblance to the picture I have spoken of struck me with astonishment. Even when I first saw him in all his dirt and misery, there was a lingering expression in his face that came upon me like a glimpse of some old friend flashing on one in a vivid dream. I will not tell you that he was snared away before I knew his history—"

"Why not?" asked Monks, hastily.

"Because you know it well."

"I!"

"Denial to me is vain," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I shall show you that I know more than that."

"You—you—can't prove anything against me," stammered Monks. "I defy you to do it."

"We shall see," returned the old gentleman with a searching glance. "I lost the boy, and no efforts of mine could recover him. Your mother being dead, I knew that you alone could solve the mystery, if anybody could, and as when I had last heard of you, you were on your own estate in the West Indies—whither, as you well know, you retired upon your mother's death, to escape the consequences of vicious courses here—I made the voyage. You had left it months before, and were supposed to be in London, but no one could tell where. I returned. Your agents had no clue to your residence. You came and went, they said, as strangely as you had ever done; sometimes for days together, and sometimes not for months, keeping, to all appearance, the same low haunts, and mingling with the same infamous herd who had been your associates when a fierce ungovernable boy. I wearied them with new applications; I paced the streets by night and day; but, until two hours ago all my efforts were fruitless, and I never saw you for an instant."

"And now you do see me," said Monks rising boldly, "what then? Fraud and robbery are high sounding words; justified, you think by a fancied resemblance in some young imp to an idle daub of a dead man's. Brother! you don't even know that a child was born of this maudlin pair; you don't even know that."

"I did not," replied Mr. Brownlow, rising too; but within this last fortnight I have learned it all. You have a brother; you know it and him. There was a will, which your mother destroyed, leaving the secret and the gain to you at her own death. It contained a reference to some child likely to be the result of this sad connexion, which child was born and accidentally encountered by you, when your suspicions were first awakened by his resemblance to his father. You repaired to the place of his birth. There existed proofs—proofs long suppressed—of his birth and parentage.—Those proofs were destroyed by you, and now, in your own words to your accomplice the Jew, '*the only proof of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river*,' and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin. Unworthy son; coward, liar—you, who hold your

councils with thieves and murderers in dark rooms at night—you, whose plots and wiles have hurled a violent death upon the head of one worth millions such as you—you, who from your cradle, were gall and bitterness to your own father's heart, and in whom all evil passions vie, and profligacy festered, till they found a vent in a hideous disease which has made your face an index even to your mind—you, Edward Leeford, do you brave me still?"

"No, no, no," returned the coward, overwhelmed by these accumulated charges.

"Every word," cried the old gentleman, "every word that has passed between you and this detested villain, is known to me. Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers, and brought them to my ear; the sight of the persecuted child has turned vice itself, and given it the courage and almost the attributes of virtue. Murder has been done, to which you were morally, if not really a party."

"No; no, interposed Monks. "I—I—know nothing of that. I was going to inquire the truth of the story when you overtook me. I didn't know the cause; I thought it was a common quarrel."

"It was the partial disclosure of your secrets," replied Mr. Brownlow. "Will you disclose the whole?"

"Yes, I will."

"Set your hand to a statement of truth and facts, and repeat it before witnesses?"

"That I promise too."

Remain quietly here until such a document is drawn up, and proceed with me to such a place as I may deem most advisable, for the purpose of attesting it?"

"If you insist upon that, I'll do that also," replied Monks.

"You must do more than that," said Mr. Brownlow.—

"Make restitution to an innocent and unoffending child, for such he is, although the offspring of a guilty and most miserable love. You have not forgotten the provisions of the will. Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned, and then go where you please. In this world, you need meet no more."

While Monks was pacing up and down, meditating with dark and evil looks on this proposal, and the possibilities of evading it—torn by his fears on the one hand, and his hatred on the other—the door was hurriedly unlocked, and a gentleman—Mr. Losberne—entered the room in violent agitation.

"The man will be taken," he cried. "He will be taken to-night."

"The murderer?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, yes," replied the other. "His dog has been seen lurking about some old haunt, and there seems little doubt that his master either is, or will be there under cover of the darkness. Spies are hovering about in every direction. I have spoken to the men who are charged with his capture, and they tell me he can never escape. A reward of a hundred pounds is proclaimed by the government to-night."

"I will give fifty more," said Mr. Brownlow, "and proclaim it with my own lips upon the spot, if I can reach it Where is Mr. Maylie?"

"Harry?"

"As soon as he had seen your friend here safe in a coach with you, he turned off to where he heard this," replied the doctor; "and mounting his horse, sallied forth to join the first party at some place in the outskirts agreed upon between them."

"The Jew," said Mr. Brownlow. "What of him?"

"When I last heard, he had not been taken; but he will be, or is by this time. They're sure of him."

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Mr. Brownlow, in a low voice, of Monks.

"Yes," he replied. "You—you—will be secret with me?"

"I will. Remain here till I return; it is your only hope of safety."

They left the room, and the door was again locked.

"What have you done," asked the doctor in a whisper.

"All that I could hope to do, and even more. Coupling the poor girl's intelligence with my previous knowledge, and the result of our good friend's inquiries on the spot, I left him no loophole of escape, and laid bare the villany, which, by these lights, became plain as day. Write, and appoint the evening after to-morrow, at seven, for the meeting. We shall be down there a few hours before, but shall require rest, and especially a young lady, who may have greater need of firmness than either you or I can quite foresee just now. But my blood boils to avenge this poor murdered creature—which way have they taken?"

"Drive straight to the office, and you will be in time," replied Mr. Losberne. "I will remain here."

The two gentlemen hastily separated; each in a fever of excitement wholly uncontrollable.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### *The pursuit and escape.*

Near to that part of the Thames on which the church of Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest, and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers, and the smoke of close built, low-roofed houses, there exists at the present day, the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown by name to the great mass of its inhabitants.

To reach this place, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow, and muddy streets, thronged by the roughest and poorest of waterside people, and devoted to the traffic they may be supposed to occasion. The cheapest and least delicate provisions are heaped in the shops, the coarsest and commonest articles of wearing apparel dangle at the salesman's door, and stream from the house parapet and windows. Jostling with unemployed labourers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, and the very raff and refuse of the river, he makes his way with difficulty along, assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and defended by the clash of ponderous wagons that bear great piles of merchandise from the stacks of warehouses that rise from every corner. Arriving at length in streets remoter and less frequented than those through which he passed, he walks beneath tottering house-fronts projecting over the pavements, dismantled walls that seem to totter as he passes, chimneys half crushed, half hesitating to fall, windows guarded by rusty iron bars, that time and dust have almost eaten away, and every imaginable sign of desolation and neglect.

In such a neighbourhood, beyond Dockhead, in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch six or eight feet deep, and fifteen, or twenty wide, when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled up at high water by opening the sluices at the head mills from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, jars, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and when his eye

is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries, common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the sluice beneath; windows broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-be smeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

In Jacob's Island the warehouses are roofless and empty, the walls are crumbling down, the windows are windows no more, the doors are falling into the street, the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke. Thirty or forty years ago, before losses and chancery suits came upon it, it was a thriving place; but now it is a desolate island indeed. The houses have no owners; they are broken open and entered upon by those who have the courage, and there they live and there they die. They must have powerful motives for a secret residence, or be reduced to a destitute condition indeed, who seek a refuge in Jacob's Island.

In an upper room of one of the houses—a detached house of a fair size—ruinous in other respects, but strongly defended at door and window, of which the back commanded the ditch, in manner already described, there were assembled three men, who, regarding each other every now and then with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation, sat for some time in profound and gloomy silence. One of these was Toby Crackit, another Mr. Chitling, and the third a robber of fifty years, whose nose had been almost beaten in in some old scuffle, and whose face bore a faithful scar, which might probably be traced back to the same occasion. This man was a returned transport, and his name was Kags.

"I wish," said Toby, turning to Mr. Chitling, "that you had picked out some other crib when the two old ones got too warm, and not come here, my fine feller."

"Why didn't you, blunder-head?" said Kags.

"Well, I thought you'd have been a little more glad to see me than this," replied Mr. Chitling, with a melancholy air.

"Why lookee, young gentleman," said Toby, "when a man keeps himself so very exclusive, as I have done, and by that means has a snug house over his head, with nobody prying and smelling about it, it's rather a sterling thing to have the honour of a visit from a young gentleman (however respectable and pleasant a person he may be to play cards with at convenience) circumstanced as you are."

"Especially when the exclusive young man has got a friend stopping with him, that's arrived sooner than was expected, from foreign parts, and too modest to want to be present to the Judges on his return," added Mr. Kags.

There was a short silence, after which Toby Crackit, seemed to abandon as hopeless any further effort to maintain his usual devil-may-care swagger, turned to Chitling and said—

"When was Fagin took, then?"

"Just at dinner time—two o'clock this afternoon," was the reply. "Charley and I made our lucky up the washer's chimney, and Bolter got into the empty water-butt, head downwards, but his legs were so precious long that they stuck out at the top, and so they took him too."

"And Bet?"

"Poor Bet! she went to see the body to speak to who it was," replied Chitling, his countenance falling more and more, "and went off mad, screaming and raving, and beat-

ing her head against the boards, so they put a strait waistcoat on her and took her to the hospital—and there she is.”

“Wot’s come of young Bates,” demanded Kags.

“He hung about, not to come over here afore dark, but he’ll be here soon,” replied Chitling. “There’s nowhere else to go to now, for the people at the Cripples are all in custody, and the bar of the ken—I went up there and saw it with my own eyes—is filled with traps.”

“This is a smash,” observed Toby, biting his lips. “There’s more than one will go with this.”

“The Sessions are on,” said Kags; “if they get the inquest over; if Bolter turns King’s evidence, as of course he will from what he’s said already; they can prove Fagin an accessory before the fact, and get the trial on on Friday; he’ll swing in six days from this, by G—!”

“You should have heard the people groan,” said Chitling; “the officers fought like devils, or they’d have torn him away. He was down once, but they made a ring round him, and fought their way along. You should have seen how he looked about him, all muddy and bleeding, and clung to them as if they were all his dearest friends. I can see ‘em now, not able to stand upright with the pressing of the mob, and dragging him along amongst them; I can see the people jumping up, one behind another, and snarling with their teeth, and making at him like wild beasts; I can see the blood upon his hair and beard, and hear the dreadful cries, with which the women worked themselves into the centre of the crowd, at the street corner, and swore they’d tear his heart out!” The horror-stricken witness of this scene pressed his hands upon his ears, and with his eyes fast closed, got up and paced violently to and fro like one distracted.

Whilst he was thus engaged, and the two men sat in silence, with their eyes fixed upon the floor, a pattering noise was heard upon the stairs, and Sikes’s dog bounded into the room. They ran to the window, down stairs, and into the street. The dog had jumped in at an open window; he made no attempt to follow them, nor was his master to be seen.

“What’s the meaning of this!” said Toby, when they had returned. “He can’t be coming here. I—I—hope not.”

“If he was coming here, he’d have come with the dog,” said Kags, stooping down to examine the animal, who lay panting on the floor. “Here, give us some water for him, he has run himself faint.”

“He’s drunk it all up, every drop,” said Kags, after watching the dog some time in silence, “covered with mud—lame—half blind—he must have come a long way,”

“Where can he have come from!” exclaimed Toby. “He’s been to the other kens, of course, and finding them filled with strangers, come on here, where he’s been many a time, and often. But where can he have come from first, and how comes he here alone, without the other?”

“He, (none of them called the murderer by his old name,) he can’t have made away with himself; what do you think?” said Chitling.

Toby shook his head.

“If he had,” said Kags, “the dog’d want to lead us away to where he did it. No. I think he’s got out of the country, and left the dog behind him. He must have given him the slip somehow, or he wouldn’t be so easy.”

This solution appearing the most probable one, was adopted as the right, and the dog creeping under a chair, coiled himself to sleep, without further notice from anybody.

It being now dark, the shutter was closed, and a candle lighted and placed upon the table. The terrible events of the two days had made a deep impression upon all three, increased by the danger and uncertainty of their own position.

They drew their chairs close together, starting at every sound. They spoke little, and that in whispers, and were as silent and awe-stricken as if the remains of the murdered woman lay in the next room.

They had sat thus sometime, when suddenly was heard a hurried knock at the door below.

“Young Bates,” said Kags, looking angrily around to check the fear he felt himself.

The knocking came again. “No, it wasn’t he—he never knocked like that.”

Crackit went to the window, and shaking all over, drew in his head.

There was no need to tell them who it was; his pale face was enough. The dog, too, was on the alert in an instant, and ran whining to the door.

“We must let him in,” he said, taking up the candle.

“Isn’t there any help for it?” asked the other man, in a hoarse voice.

“None. He *must* come in.”

“Don’t leave us in the dark,” said Kags, taking down a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighting it with such a trembling hand that the knocking was twice repeated before he had finished.

Crackit went down to the door, and returned followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off—blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days’ growth, wasted flesh, short thick breath—it was the very ghost of Sikes.

He laid his hand upon a chair that stood in the middle of the room, but shuddering as he was about to drop into it, and seeming to glance over his shoulder, dragged it back close to the wall—as close as it would go—ground it against it—and sat down.

Not a word had been exchanged. He looked from one to another in silence. If an eye was furtively raised and met his, it was instantly averted. When his hollow voice broke silence, they all three started. They had never heard its tones before.

“How came that dog here?” he asked.

“Alone. Three hours ago.”

“To-night’s paper says that Fagin’s taken. Is it true, or a lie?”

“Quite true.”

They were silent again.

“Damn you all,” said Sikes, passing his hand across his forehead. “Have you nothing to say to me?”

There was an uneasy movement among them, but nobody spoke.

“You, that keep this house,” said Sikes, turning his face to Crackit; “do you mean to sell me, or to let me be here till this hunt is over?”

“You must stop here, if you think it safe,” returned the person addressed, after some hesitation.

Sikes carried his eyes slowly up the wall behind him, rather trying to turn his head than actually doing it, and said, “Is it—the body—is it buried?”

They shook their heads.

“Why isn’t it?” said the man, in the same glance behind him. “Wot do they keep such ugly things as *that* above the ground for?—who’s that knocking?”

Crackit intimated by a motion of his hand, as he left the room, that there was nothing to fear, and directly came back with Charley Bates behind him. Sikes sat opposite the door, so that the moment the boy entered the room he encountered his figure.

“Toby,” said the boy, falling back as Sikes turned his eyes towards him, “why didn’t you tell me this down stairs?”



There had been something so tremendous in the shrinking off of the three, that the wretched man was willing to propitiate even this lad. Accordingly he nodded and made as though he would shake hands with him.

"Let me go into some other room," said the boy, retreating still farther.

"Why, Charley," said Sikes, stepping forward, "Don't you—don't you know me?"

"Don't come nearer me," answered the boy, still retreating, and looking with horror in his eyes upon the murderer's face. "You monster!"

The man stepped half-way, and they looked at each other, but Sikes's eye sunk gradually to the ground.

"Witness you three," cried the boy, shaking his clenched fist, and becoming more and more excited as he spoke.

"Witness you three—I'm not afraid of him—If they come here after him, I'll give him up; I will. I tell you out at once; he may kill me for it, if he likes, or if he dares, but if I'm here I'll give him up. I'd give him up if he was to be boiled alive. Murder! Help! If there's the pluck of a man among you three, you'll help me. Murder! Help! Down with him."

Pouring out these cries, and accompanying them with violent gesticulations, the boy actually threw himself single-handed upon the strong man, and in the intensity of his energy, and the suddenness of the surprise, brought him heavily to the ground.

The three spectators seemed quite transfixed and stupefied. They offered no interference, and the boy and man rolled on the ground together, the former, heedless of the blows that showered upon him, wrenching his hand tighter and tighter in the garments about the murderer's breast, and never ceasing to call for help with all his might.

The contest, however, was too unequal to last long. Sikes had him down, and his knee upon his throat, when Crackit pulled him back with a look of alarm, and pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—crossing the nearest wooden bridge. One man on horseback seemed to be among the crowd, for there was the noise of hoofs rattling on the uneven pavement; the gleam of light increased, the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices, as would have made the boldest quail.

"Help!" shrieked the boy, in a voice that rent the air. "He's here; he's here. Break down the door."

"In the King's name," cried voices without; and the hoarse cry rose again, but louder.

"Break down the door," screamed the boy. "I tell you they'll never open it. Run straight to the room where the light is. Break down the door."

Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window-shutters as he ceased to speak—and a loud huzza burst from the crowd—giving the listener, for the first time, some adequate idea of its immense extent.

"Open the door of some place where I can lock this screaming hell-babe," cried Sikes fiercely, running to and fro, and dragging the boy, now, as easily as if he were an empty sack. "That door. Quick." He flung him in, bolted it and turned the key. "Is the down-stairs door fast?"

"Double locked and chained," replied Crackit, who, with the other two men, still remained quite helpless and bewildered.

"The panels, are they strong?"

"Lined with sheet iron."

"And the windows too?"

"Yes, and the windows."

"Damn you," cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and menacing the crowd, "do your worst; I'll cheat you yet!"

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of that infuriated throng—some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead. Among them all, none showed such fury as the man on horseback, who throwing himself out of the saddle, and bursting through the crowd as if he were parting water, cried beneath the window in a voice that rose above all others, "Twenty guineas to the man who brings a ladder."

The nearest voices took up the cry, and a hundred echoed it. Some called for ladders, some for sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro as if to seek them, and still came back and roared again; some spent their breath in impotent curses and execrations; some pressed forward with the ecstasy of madmen, and thus impeded the progress of those below; some among the boldest attempted to climb up the water-spout and crevices in the wall; and all waved to and fro in the darkness beneath, like a field of corn moved by an angry wind, and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

"The tide!" cried the murderer, as he staggered back into the room and shut the faces out. "The tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope. They're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself at last."

The panic stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up to the house-top.

All the windows in the rear of the house had been long ago bricked up except one small trap in the room where the boy was locked, and that was too small even for the passage of his body. But from this aperture he had never ceased to call on those without to guard the back, and thus, when the murderer emerged at last on the house-top, by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour round, pressing upon each other in one unbroken stream.

He planted a board, which he had carried up with him for the purpose, so firmly against the door that it must be a matter of great difficulty to open it from the inside, and creeping over tiles, looked over the low parapet.

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumphant execration, to which all their previous shoutings had been whispers. Again and again it rose; those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning, took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him.

On pressed the people from the front—on, on, on, in one strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to light them up and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up or torn bodily out; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window, and cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the crowd upon it, and still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

"They have him now," cried a man on the nearest bridge! "Hurrah."

The crowd grew light with uncovered heads, and again the shout uprose.

"I promise fifty pounds," cried an old gentleman from the same quarter; "fifty pounds to the man who takes him alive. I will remain here till he comes to ask me for it."

There was another roar. At this moment the word was passed among the crowd that the door was forced at last, and that he who had first called for the ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, and the people at the windows seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged pellmell to the spot they had left, each man crushing and striving with his neighbour, and all panting with impatience to get near the door and look upon the criminal, as the officers brought him out. The cries and shrieks of those who were pressed almost to suffocation, or trampled down and trodden under foot in the confusion, were dreadful; the narrow ways were completely blocked up; and at this time, between the rush of some to regain the space in front of the house, and the unavailing struggles of others to extricate themselves from the mass, the immediate attention was distracted from the murderer, although the universal eagerness for his capture was, if possible, increased.

The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd and the impossibility of escape, but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch, and at the risk of being stifled, endeavouring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house, which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose by the aid of his hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then and drop.

At the very instant that he brought the loop over his head previous to slipping it beneath his arm pits, and when the old gentleman before mentioned (who had clung so tight to the railings of the bridge as to resist the force of the crowd, and retain his position) earnestly warned those about him that the man was about to lower himself down—at that very instant the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

"The eyes again?" he cried, in an unearthly screech.—Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet; the noose was at his neck; it ran up with his weight tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs, and there he hung with the open knife clched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock, but it stood it bravely. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall, and the boy thrusting aside the dangling body, which obscured his view, called to the people to come and take him out for God's sake.

A dog which had laid concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Affording an explanation of more mysteries than one, and comprehending a proposal of marriage, with no word of settlement or pin-money.*

THE events narrated in the last chapter were yet but two days old, when Oliver found himself at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a travelling carriage rolling fast towards his native town. Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and Mrs. Bedwin and the good Doctor, were with him, and Mrs. Brownlow followed in a post-chaise, accompanied by one other person, whose name had not been mentioned.

They had not talked much upon the way, for Oliver was in a flutter of agitation and uncertainty, which deprived him of the power of collecting his thoughts, and almost of speech, and appeared to have scarcely less effect on his companions, who shared it in at least an equal degree. He and the two ladies had been very carefully made acquainted by Mr. Brownlow, with the nature of the admissions which had been forced from Monks, and although they knew that the object of their present journey was to complete the work which had been so well begun, still the whole matter was enveloped in enough of doubt and mystery to leave them in endurance of the most intense suspense.

The same kind friend had, with Mr. Loebner's assistance, cautiously stopped all channels of communication through which they could receive intelligence of the dreadful occurrences that had so recently taken place. "It is quite true," he said, "that they must know them before long, but it might be at a better time than the present, and it could not be at a worse." So they travelled on in silence, each busied with reflection on the object which had brought them together, and no one disposed to give utterance to the thoughts which crowded upon all.

But if Oliver, under these inferences, had remained silent, while they journeyed towards his birth-place by a road he had never seen, how the whole current of his recollections ran back to old times, and what a crowd of emotions were awakened up in his breast when they turned into that which he had traversed on foot, a poor, homeless, wandering boy, without a friend to help him, or a roof to shelter his head.

"See there—there," cried Oliver, eagerly clasping the hand of Rose; and pointing out at the carriage window, "that's the stile I came over; there's the hedges I crept behind for fear any one should overtake me and force me back, yonder is the path across the fields leading to the old house when I was a little child. Oh, Dick! Dick! my dear old friend, if I could only see you now!"

"You will see him soon," replied Rose, gently taking his folded hands between her own. "You shall tell him how happy you are, and how rich you have grown, and that, in all your happiness, you have none so great as the coming back to make him happy too."

"Yes, yes," said Oliver, "and we'll—we'll take him away from here, and have him clothed and taught, and send him to some quiet country place, where he may grow strong and well—shall we?"

Rose nodded "yes," for the boy was smiling through such happy tears that she could not speak.

"You will be kind and good to him, for you are to every one," said Oliver. "It will make you cry, I know, to hear what I can tell, but never mind, never mind, it will be all over, and you will smile again. I know that too—to think how changed he is; you did the same with me. He said, 'God bless you' to me when I ran away," cried the boy with a burst of affectionate emotion, "and I will say, 'God bless you' now, and show him how I love him for it?"

As they approached the town, and at length drove through

its narrow streets, it became matter of no strong difficulty to restrain the boy within reasonable bounds. There was Sowerberry's the undertaker's, just as it used to be, smaller and less imposing in appearance than he remembered it—all the well known shops and houses, with almost every one of which he had some slight incident connected—Gamfield's cart, the very cart he used to have, standing at the old public house door—the work-house, the dreary prison of his youthful days, with its dismal windows, frowning on the streets—the same lean porter standing at the gate, at the sight of whom Oliver involuntarily shrunk back, and then laughed at himself for being so foolish, then cried then laughed again—scores of faces at the doors and windows that he knew quite well—nearly everything as if he had left it but yesterday, and all his recent life had been but a happy dream.

But it was pure, earnest, joyful reality. They drove straight to the door of the chief hotel, (which Oliver used to stare up at with awe, and think a mighty palace, but which had somehow fallen off in grandeur and size,) and here was Mr. Grimwig, all ready to receive them, kissing the young lady and the old one too, when they got out of the coach, as if he were the grandfather of the whole party, all smiles and kindness, and not offering to eat his head—no, not once; not even when he contradicted a very old postboy about the nearest road to London, and maintained he knew it best, though he had only come that way once, and that time fast asleep.—There was dinner prepared, and there were bedrooms ready, and everything was arranged, as if by magic.

Notwithstanding all this, when the first half-hour was over, the same silence and constraint prevailed that had marked their journey down. Mr. Brownlow did not join them at dinner, but remained in a separate room. The two other gentlemen hurried in and out with anxious faces, and during the short intervals that they were present conversed apart. Once Mrs. Maylie was called away, and after being absent for nearly an hour, returned with eyes swollen with weeping.—All these things made Rose and Oliver, who were not in any new secrets, nervous and uncomfortable. They sat wondering in silence, or, if they exchanged a few words, spoke in whispers, as if they were afraid to hear the sound of their own voices.

At length, when nine o'clock had come, and they began to think they were to hear no more that night, Mr. Losberne and Mr. Grimwig entered the room, followed by Mr. Brownlow and a man whom Oliver almost shrieked with surprise to see; for they told him it was his brother, and it was the same man he had met at the market town, and seen looking in with Fagin at the window of his little room. He cast a look of hate, which even then he could not dissemble, at the astonished boy, and sat down near the door. Mr. Brownlow, who had papers in his hand, walked to a table near which Rose and Oliver were seated.

"This is a painful task," said he. "But these declarations, which have been signed in London before many gentlemen, must be in substance repeated here. I would have spared you the degradation, but we must have them from your own lips before we part, and you know why."

"Go on," said the person addressed, turning away his face. "Quick, I have done enough. Don't keep me here."

"This child," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing Oliver to him, and laying his hand upon his head, is your half-brother, the illegitimate son of your father, and my dear friend, Edwin Leeferd, by poor Agnes Fleming, who died in giving him birth."

"Yes," said Monks, scowling at the trembling boy, the beating of whose heart he might have heard. "That is their bastard child."

"The term you use," said Mr. Brownlow, sternly, "is a VOL. XXXV.—JANUARY, 1839.

reproach to those who long since passed beyond the feeble censure of the world. It reflects true disgrace on no one living except you who use it. Let that pass. He was born in this town!"

"In the workhouse of this town," was the sullen reply. "You have the story there." He pointed emphatically to the papers as he spoke.

"I must have it here, too," said Mr. Brownlow, looking round upon the listeners.

"Listen then," returned Monks. "His father being taken ill at Rome, as you know, was joined by his wife, my mother, from whom he had been long separated, who went from Paris and took me with her—to look after his property for what I know, for she had no great affection for him, nor he for her. He knew nothing of us, for his senses were gone; and he slumbered on till next day, when he died. Among the papers in his desk, were two dated on the night his illness first came on, directed to yourself, and enclosed in a few short lines to you, with an intimation on the cover of the package that it was not to be forwarded till he was dead. One of these papers was a letter to this girl Agnes, and the other a will."

"What of the letter," asked Mr. Brownlow.

"The letter! a sheet of paper crossed and crossed again with a penitent confession, and prayers to God to help her. He had palmed a tale upon the girl, that some secret mystery—to be explained one day—prevented his marrying her just then, and so she had gone on, trusting patiently to him, until she trusted too far, and lost what none could give her back. She was at that time within a few months of her confinement. He told her all he had meant to do to hide her shame if he had lived, and prayed her, if he died, not to curse his memory, or think the consequences of their sin would be visited on her or their young child; for all the guilt was his. He reminded her of the day he had given her the little locket and the ring with her christian name engraved upon it, and a blank left for that which he hoped one day to have bestowed upon her—prayed her yet to keep it, and wear it next her heart, as she had done before—and then ran on wildly in the same words over and over again, as if he had gone distracted—as I believe he had."

"The will," said Mr. Brownlow, as Oliver's tears fell fast.

"I will go on to that. The will was in the same spirit. He talked of miseries which his wife had brought upon him, of the rebellious disposition, vice, malice, and premature bad passions of you, his only son, who had been trained to hate him, and left you and your mother each an annuity of eight hundred pounds. The bulk of his property he divided into two equal portions—one for Agnes Fleming, and the other for their child, if it should be born alive and ever come of age. If it was a girl, it was to come into the money unconditionally; but if a boy, only on one stipulation, that in his minority he should never have stained his name with any public act of dishonour, meanness, cowardice or wrong. He did this, he said, to mark his confidence in the mother, and his conviction—only strengthened by approaching death—that the child would share her gentle heart and noble nature. If he was disappointed in this expectation, then the money was to come to you, first then, and not till then, when both children were equal, would he recognize your prior claim upon his purse, who had none upon his heart, but had, from an instant, repulsed him with coldness and aversion."

"My mother," said Monks in a louder tone, "did what a woman should have done—she burnt this will. The letter never reached its destination, but that and other proofs she kept, in case they ever tried to lie away the blot. The girl's father had the truth from her, with every aggravation that her violent hate—I love her for it now—could add. Goaded



by shame and dishonour, he fled with his children into a remote corner of Wales, changing his very name, that his friends might never know of his retreat; and here, no great while afterwards, he was found dead in his bed. The girl had left her home in secret some weeks before; he had searched for her on foot in every town and village near, and it was on the night that he returned home, assured that she had destroyed herself, to hide her shame and his, that his old heart broke."

There was a short silence here, until Mr. Brownlow took up the thread of the narrative.

"Years after this," he said, "this man's—Edward Leeferd's mother came to me. He had left her when only eighteen; robbed her of jewels and money; gambled, squandered, forged, and fled to London, where, for two years, he had associated with the lowest outcasts. She was sinking under a painful and incurable disease, and wished to recover him before she died. Enquiries were set on foot; strict searches made—unavailing for a long time—but ultimately successful—and he went back with her to France."

"There she died," said Monks, "after a lingering illness; and on her death-bed she bequeathed these secrets to me, together with her unquenchable and deadly hatred of all whom they involved, though she need not have left me that, for I had inherited it long before. She would not believe that the girl had destroyed herself and the child too, but was filled with the impression that a male child had been born and was alive. I swore to her, if ever it crossed my path, to hunt it down; never to let it rest, to pursue it with the bitterest and most unrelenting animosity; to vent upon it the hatred that I deeply felt; and to spit upon the empty vaunt of that insulting will by dragging it if I could, to the very gallows foot. She was right. He came in my way at last; I began well, and, but for babbling drabs, I would have finished as I began; I would, I would!"

As the villain folded his arms tied together, and muttered curses on himself in the impotence of baffled malice, Mr. Brownlow turned to the terrified group beside him, and explained that the Jew who had been his old accomplice and confidant, had a large reward for keeping Oliver ensnared, of which some part was to be given up in the event of his being rescued, and that a dispute on this head had led to their visit to the country-house for the purpose of identifying him.

"The locket and ring," said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Monks.

"I bought them from the man and woman I told you of, who stole them from the corpse," answered Monks, without raising his eyes. "You know what became of them."

Mr. Brownlow merely nodded to Mr. Grimwig, who disappearing with great alacrity, shortly returned, pushing in Mrs. Bumble, and dragging her unwilling consort after him.

"Do my hi's deceive me?" cried Mr. Bumble, with ill-feigned enthusiasm, "or is that little Oliver? Oh, Oliver, if you know'd how I've been grieving for you!"

"Hold your tongue, fool," murmured Mrs. Bumble.

"Isn't natur, Mrs. Bumble?" remonstrated the work-house master. "Can't I be suffered to feel—I as brought him up porochially—when I see him a setting here among ladies and gentlemen of the very affablest description! I always loved that boy as if he'd been my—my—my own grandfather," said Mr. Bumble, baling for an appropriate comparison. "Master Oliver, my dear, you remember the blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat? Ah! he went to heaven last week in a oak coffin with plated handles, Oliver."

"Come, sir," said Mr. Grimwig, tartly, "suppress your feelings."

"I will do my endeavours, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "How do you do, sir? I hope you are very well."

This salutation was addressed to Mr. Brownlow, who had stepped up to within a short distance of the respectable couple, and who inquired as he pointed to Monks, "Do you know that person?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble, flatly.

"Perhaps you don't," said Mr. Brownlow, addressing her spouse.

"I never saw him in all my life," said Mr. Bumble.

"Nor sold him anything, perhaps?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble.

"You never had, perhaps, a certain gold locket and ring?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Certainly not," replied the matron. "What are we brought here to answer to such nonsense as this for?"

Again Mr. Brownlow nodded to Mr. Grimwig, and again that gentleman limped away with extraordinary readiness. But not again did he return without a stout man and wife; for this time he led in two palsied women, who shook and tottered as they walked.

"You shut the door the night old Sally died," said the foremost one, raising her shrivelled head; "but you couldn't shut out the sound, nor stop the chinks."

"No, no," said the other, looking round her, and wagging her toothless jaws, "no, no, no."

"We heard her try to tell you what she'd done, and saw you take a paper from her hand; and watched you, too, next day, to the pawnbroker's shop," said the first.

"Yes," added the second; "and it was a locket and gold ring. We found out that, and saw it given you. We were by. Oh! we were by."

"And we know more than that, resumed the first; "for she told us often, long ago, that the young mother had told her, that feeling she should never get over it, she was on her way, at the time she was taken ill, to die near the grave of the father of the child."

"Would you like to see the pawnbroker, himself?" asked Mr. Grimwig, with a motion towards the door.

"No," replied the woman. "If he," she pointed to Monks, "has been coward enough to confess, as I see he has, and you have sounded all these bags till you found the right ones, I have nothing more to say, I did sell them, and they're where you'll never get them. What then?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "except that it remains for us to take care that you are neither of you employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave the room."

"I hope," said Mr. Bumble, looking about him with great ruefulness, as Mr. Grimwig disappeared with the two old women, "I hope that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my porochial office?"

"Indeed it will," replied Mr. Brownlow. "You must make up your mind to that, and think yourself well off besides."

"It was all Mrs. Bumble. She would do it," urged Mr. Bumble; first looking round to ascertain that his partner had left the room.

"That is no excuse," returned Mr. Brownlow. "You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and, indeed, are the more guilty of the two in the eye of the law, for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, "the law is an ass—an idiot. If that is the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience."

Laying great stress on the repetition of these two words, Mr. Bumble fixed his hat on very tight, and putting his hands in his pockets, followed his helpmate down stairs.

smart, and thus linked together a little society whose condition approached as nearly to one of perfect happiness as can ever be known in this changing world.

Soon after the marriage of the young people, the worthy doctor returned to Chertsey, where, bereft of the presence of his old friends, he would have been discontented, if his temperament had admitted of such a feeling, and would have turned quite feverish if he had known how.

For two or three months, he contented himself with hinting that he feared the air began to disagree with him; and then, finding that the place really was to him no longer what it had been before, settled his business on his assistant, took a bachelor's cottage just outside the village of which his young friend was pastor, and instantaneously recovered. Here he took to gardening, planting, fishing, carpentering, and various other pursuits, of a similar kind, all undertaken with his characteristic impetuosity; and in each and all he has since become famous throughout the neighbourhood as a most profound authority.

Before his removal, he had managed to contract a strong friendship for Mr. Grimwig, which that eccentric gentleman cordially reciprocated. He is accordingly visited by him a great many times in the course of the year; and on all such occasions, Mr. Grimwig plants, fishes, and carpenters with great ardour, doing everything in a very singular and unprecedented manner, but always maintaining, with his favourite asseveration, that his mode is the right one. On Sundays, he never fails to criticise the sermon to the young clergyman's face, always informing Mr. Losborne in strict confidence, afterwards, that he considers it an excellent performance, but thinks it as well not to say so. It is a standing and very favourite joke for Mr. Brownlow, to rally him on his old prophecy concerning Oliver, and to remind him of the sight on which they sat with the watch between them, waiting his return; but Mr. Grimwig contends that he was right in the main and in proof thereof remarks, that Oliver did not come back, after all, which always calls forth a laugh on his side, and increases his good humour.

Mr. Noah Claypole receiving a free pardon from the crown, in consequence of being admitted approver against the Jew, and considering his profession not altogether so safe a one as he could wish, was for some little time at a loss for the means of a livelihood, not burthened with too much work. After some consideration, he went into business as an informer, in which calling he realizes a genteel subsistence. His plan is to walk out once a week during church-time attended by Charlotte, in respectable attire. The lady faints away at the doors of charitable publicans, and the gentleman, being accommodated with three penny-worth of brandy to restore her, lays an information next day, and pockets half the penalty.—Sometimes, Mr. Claypole faints himself, but the result is the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, deprived of their situations, were gradually reduced to great indigence and misery, and finally became paupers in that very same workhouse in which they had once lorded it over others. Mr. Bumble has been heard to say, that in this reverse and degradation, he has not even spirit to be thankful for being separated from his wife.

As to Mr. Giles and Britles, they still remain in their old posts, although the former is bald, and the last named boy quite grey. They sleep at the parsonage, but divide their attention so equally between its inmates and Oliver, and Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Losborne, that to this day the villagers have never been able to discover to what establishment they properly belong.

Master Charles Bates, appalled by Sike's crime, fell into a train of reflection whether an honest life was not, after all, the best. Arriving at the conclusion that it certainly was,

he turned his back upon the scenes of his past life, resolved to amend it in some new sphere of action. He struggled hard, and suffered much for some time; but, having a contented disposition and a good purpose, succeeded in the end, and from being a farmer's drudg and a carrier's lad, is now the merriest young grazier in Northamptonshire.

And now, the hand that traces these words, falters as it approaches the conclusion of its task, and would weave, for a little longer space, the thread of these adventures.

I would fain linger yet with a few of those among whom I have so long moved, and share their happiness by endeavouring to depict it. I would show Rose Maylie in all the bloom and grace of early womanhood, shedding upon her secluded path in life such soft and gentle light as fall on all who trod it with her, and shone into their hearts. I would paint her the life and joy of the fireside circle, and the evening summer group; I would follow her through the sultry field at noon, and hear the low tones of her sweet voice in the moonlit evening walk; I would watch her in all her goodness and charity abroad, and the smiling, untiring discharge of domestic duties at home, I would paint her and her dead sister's child, happy in their mutual love, and passing whole hours together in picturing the friends whom they had so sadly lost; I would summon before me once again those joyous little faces that clustered round her knee, and listen to their merry prattle; I would recall the tones of that clear merry laugh, and conjure up the sympathising tear that glistened in that soft blue eye.—These, and a thousand looks and smiles, and turns of thought, and speech—I would fain recall them every one.

How Mr. Brownlow went on from day to day filling the mind of his adopted child with stores of knowledge, and becoming attached to him more and more as his nature developed itself and showed the thriving seeds of all he could wish him to become—how he traced in him new traits of his early friend, that awakened in his own bosom old remembrances, melancholy, and yet sweet and soothing—how the two orphans, tried by adversity, remembered its lessons in mercy to others, and mutual love, and fervent thanks, to Him who had protected and preserved them—these are all matters which need not to be told; for I have said that they were truly happy, and without strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

Within the altar of the old village church stands a white marble tablet, which bears as yet but one word, 'Agnes.'—There is no coffin in that tomb, and may it be many, many years, before another name is placed above it. But if the spirits of the dead ever come back to earth, to visit spots hallowed by the love—the love beyond the grave—of those whom they knew in life, I do believe that the shade of that poor girl often hovers about that solemn nook—ay, though it is a church and she was weak and erring.

*From the London Westminster Review.*

#### LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

1. *The Preamble*. No. VII.—*Lord Durham's Return*.—November, 1838.
2. *The Quebec Gazette of the 9th October, 1838.*

There were consequences dependent upon Lord Durham's mission to Canada, calculated to make it the turning point of English politics for years to come, and to raise every incident connected with it, however secondary in appearance,

to the character of an event in history. It was not merely because the interests consigned to his charge, to be rescued from a state of peril and difficulty without any recent example, were the lives and fortunes of a million of British subjects, and the British dominion over possessions among the most intrinsically valuable, however hitherto mismanaged, of that vast empire on which "the sun never sets." In addition to so large a portion of the territory, there was delivered into his keeping the character also of England; her reputation in the eyes of all nations for wisdom and foresight, for justice, clemency, and magnanimity; at one of those critical instants when Europe, Asia, and America were looking on, to watch how England would act under this trial—whether like an irritated despot, or a serious and thoughtful ruler, intent upon profiting by experience, and gathering from her failures the most valuable kind of knowledge, that of her own mistakes. And along with interests of this importance to the physical resources and to the honour of England, there hung also upon Lord Durham's measures the contingency of a war: war with men of our own race and language—war with the great customer of our foreign trade—war with the only power by which that of England has ever yet been baffled—a war of opinion, and a war against liberty, in which the sympathy of all Europe would have been with our enemies; the only war which could bring us into conflict with the free nations of the world and with the despots at once. All this was involved in the result of Lord Durham's mission; and something greater still than all this, because involving, in its remoter consequences, these and all other national interests: the prospects of the popular cause in England; the possibility of an effective popular party, and of a Liberal Ministry worthy of the name.

What was the situation of politics? On one side, the great aristocratic party, recovered from the sudden shock which laid it prostrate in 1832, was progressively and rapidly reasserting its ascendancy; the illegitimate influences of property, the power to bribe and the power to starve, slowly but surely resuming the dominion which belongs to them—under our present electoral system—at all seasons except those of temporary popular excitement. To this natural progress what was there to be opposed? A body, consisting indeed of half the nation on the showing of their enemies, five-sixths of it on their own showing, and who, under all disadvantages and abatements, still possessed between two and three hundred voices in Parliament; but whose objects and opinions were ostentatiously repudiated by their ostensible chiefs—standing actually paralyzed for want of a common banner—for want of a bond of union, and leaders. There was one man to whom this party might look, to whom it had for years looked, as the man who might supply this want; the one person of his rank and influence who was identified with their opinions, the one person identified with their opinions who might be thought of, who *had* been thought of, as the head of a future Administration. Lord Durham was this man. Of no other man was there the same reason to hope both that he might be *willing* to put himself at the head of the Liberals, and that he would be *able* by doing so to render them the predominant party. And he alone was so marked out for the position, by every consideration of character, station, and past services, that if he chose to assume it he could do so without rivalry or dispute; that all the best heads and hands which the party could produce would flock round him with their services and their counsels; and the whole of its effective strength would come forth at his voice, and give him that decisive majority in the House of Commons, with which he might again break the power of the aristocratic faction, and this time provide more effectually that the dead might not be able to revive.

Such was Lord Durham's position; such the consequences depending upon his qualifications for government. And these qualifications were now to be tried by a most unexpected, a most severe, but at the same time a most appropriate test. Severe, because the difficulties were arduous, and the file of precedents contained no case in point; but appropriate, because such circumstances are those which test the possession of the very qualities that are required.

Nations are not governed nor saved by fine sentiments, or clever personalities, or dialectical acuteness, or book-knowledge, or general theories. If they could, the Liberal party would not now be in search of a leader. A true politician knows how to put all these things to their proper use. But the man we want is the one who can recommend himself not solely by the ability to talk, nor even merely to think, but by the ability to *do*. We want a man who can wrestle with actual difficulties and subdue them; who can read "the aim of selfish natures hard to be spelled," can bend men's stubborn minds to things against which their passions rise in arms; who needs not sacrifice justice to policy, or policy to justice, but knows how to do justice, and attain the ends of policy by it. We want a man who can sustain himself where the consequences of every error he commits, instead of being left to accumulate for posterity, come back to him the next week or the next month, and throw themselves in his path; where no voting of bystanders can make that success, which is, in truth failure; where there is a real thing to be done, a positive result to be brought about, to have accomplished which is success—not to have accomplished it, defeat.

The world has a memorable example of such a man in Washington, and an inferior, but still a great one, within his sphere, in the Duke of Wellington. Such a man as the first, or even as the last, we cannot look to have; but a much inferior degree of the same qualities would suffice us. Even these could not have accomplished what they did, had they not been well helped and counselled. We do not need a man who can be sufficient without help, but a man who can avail himself of help; who knows where to find help; who can either do or get done what the situation requires, by the best means it affords. We need a man who can seize the *great* circumstances of his political position; who can see where his objects lie, and what things stand between him and them; can conceive the outline of a policy by which they may be attained; and find men competent to assist him in filling up the details.

The popular party will soon be either the ascendant power in this country, or a thin, feeble, and divided opposition to the Tory ascendancy, according as they are or are not supposed to possess, or to be capable of producing, such men. It is what the world, at present, by no means gives them credit for. The world never gives credit to anybody for good qualities till it is compelled to do so. It denied them honesty, it denied them learning, literary accomplishments, philosophy, oratory, while it could; it now denies them capacity for action. They are considered essentially impractical. Can they wonder at it? In the first place, this is a change always made in politics against honest men. Next, it is a change always made against men who stand up for general principles, or distant objects. But, above all, it is always made against men who are untried, and who there is no desire should be tried. They are untried. They have to prove that they can be men of action. They have their spurs yet to win.

Lord Durham, then, the man marked out as the leader for this party—as for the present, almost its only possible leader—was suddenly in a position in which he would be obliged to show whether he was a man of action, or could

"Young lady," said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Rose, "give me your hand. Do not tremble: you need not fear to hear the few remaining words we have to say."

"If they have—I do not know how they can—but if they have any reference to me," said Rose, "pray let me hear them at some other time. I have not strength or spirits now."

"Nay," returned the old gentleman, drawing her arm through his, "You have more fortitude than this, I am sure. Do you know this young lady, sir?"

"Yes," replied Monks.

"I never saw you before," said Rose faintly.

"I have seen you often," returned Monks.

"The father of the unhappy Agnes had two daughters," said Mr. Brownlow. "What was the fate of the other—the child?"

"The child," replied Monks, "when her father died, in a strange place, in a strange name, without a letter, book, or scrap of paper, that yielded the faintest clue by which his friends or relatives could be traced—the child was taken by some wretched cottagers, who reared it as their own."

"Go on," said Mr. Brownlow, signing to Mrs. Maylie to approach, "go on."

"You couldn't find the spot to which these people had repaired," said Monks; "but where friendship fails, hatred will often force a way. My mother found it; after a year of cunning search—ay, and found the child."

"She took it, did she?"

"No. The people were poor, and began to sicken—at least the man did—of their fine humanity, so she left it with them, giving them a small present of money, which would not last long, and promising more, which she never meant to send. She didn't quite rely, however, on their discontent and poverty for the child's unhappiness, but told the history of the sister's shame, (with such alterations as suited her) bade them take good heed of the child, for she came of bad blood, and told them she was illegitimate, and sure to go wrong one time or other. The circumstances countenanced all this; the people believed it, and there the child dragged on an existence miserable enough to satisfy us, until a widow, residing then at Chester, saw the girl by chance—pitied her, and took her home. There was some cursed spell against us; for, in spite of all our efforts, she remained there and was happy; I lost sight of her two or three years ago, and saw her no more until a few months back."

"Do you see her now?"

"Yes, leaning on your arm."

"But not the less my niece," cried Mrs. Maylie, folding the fainting girl in her arms; "not the less my dearest child. I wouldn't lose her now for all the treasures of the world—my sweet companion—my own dear girl."

"The only friend I ever had," cried Rose, clinging to her; "the kindest, best of friends. My heart will burst—I cannot bear all this."

"You have borne more, and been, through all, the best and gentlest creature that ever shed happiness on every one she knew," said Mrs. Maylie, embracing her tenderly. "Come, come, my love, remember who this is who waits to elasp you in his arms. Poor child! see here—look, look my dear."

"Not aunt," cried Oliver, throwing his arms about her neck; "I'll never call her aunt—sister, my own dear sister, that something taught my heart to love so dearly from the first. Rose, dear, darling Rose."

Let the tears which fell, and the broken words which were exchanged, in the long close embrace between the orphans, be sacred. A father, sister, and mother were gained and lost in that one moment. Joy and grief were mingled

in the cup, but there were no bitter tears, for even grief itself arose so softened, and clothed in such sweet and tender recollections, that it became a solemn pleasure and lost all character of pain.

They were a long, long time alone. A soft tap at the door at length announced that some one was without. Oliver opened it, glided away, and gave place to Harry Maylie.

"I know it all," he said, taking a seat beside the lovely girl. "Dear Rose, I know it all."

"I am not here by accident," he added, after a lengthened silence, "nor have I heard all this to-night, for I knew it yesterday—only yesterday. Do you guess that I have come here to remind you of a promise?"

"Stay," said Rose. "You do know all?"

"All. You gave me leave at any time within a year to renew the subject of our last discourse."

"I did."

"Not to press you to alter your determination," pursued the young man, "but to hear you reject it if you would. I was to lay whatever of station or fortune I might possess at your feet; and if you still adhered to your former determination, I pledged myself by no word or act to seek to change it."

"The same reasons which influenced me then will influence me now," said Rose firmly. "If I ever owed a strict and rigid duty to her whose goodness saved me from a life of indigence and suffering, when should I ever feel it as I do to night? It is a struggle," said Rose, "but one I am proud to make; it is a pang, but one my heart shall bear."

"The disclosure of to-night," Harry began.

"The disclosures of to-night," replied Rose softly, "leaves me in the same position with reference to you, as that in which I stood before."

"You harden your heart against me, Rose," urged her lover.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," said the young lady, bursting into tears, "I wish I could and spare myself this pain."

"Then why inflict it on yourself?" said Harry, taking her hand. "Think, dear Rose, what you have heard to-night."

"And what have I heard? what have I heard?" cried Rose, "That a sense of his deep disgrace so worked upon my own father, that he shunned all—there; we have said enough, Harry, we have said enough."

"Not yet, not yet," cried the young man, detaining her as she rose. "My hopes, my wishes, prospects, feelings, every thought in life—except my love for you—have undergone a change. I offer you now no distinction among a bustling crowd, no mingling with a world of malice and detraction, where the blood is called into honest cheeks by aught but real disgrace and shame; but a home—a heart and home—yes, dearest Rose, and those alone, are all I have to offer."

"What does this mean?" faltered the young lady.

"It means but this—that when I left you last, I left you with the firm determination to level all fancied barriers between yourself and me; resolved that if my world could not be yours, I would make yours mine; that no pride of birth should curl the lip at you, for I would turn from it. This I have done. Those who have shrunk from me because of this, have shrunk from you and proved you so far right. Such power and patronage—such relatives of influence and rank, as smiled upon me then, look coldly now, but there are smiling friends and waving trees in England's richest county, and by one village church—mine, Rose, my own—there stands a rustic dwelling, which you can make me prouder of than all the hopes I have renounced, increased a thousand-fold. This is my rank and station now, and here I lay it down."

"It's a trying thing waiting supper for lovers," said Mr. Grimwig, walking up, and pulling his pocket handkerchief from over his head.

Truth to tell, the supper *had* been waiting a most unreasonable time. Neither Mrs. Maylie, nor Harry, nor Rose (who all came in together,) could offer a word in extenuation.

"I had serious thoughts of eating my head off to-night," said Mr. Grimwig, "for I began to think I should get nothing else. I'll take the liberty, if you'll allow me, of saluting the bride that is to be."

Mr. Grimwig lost no time in carrying this notice into effect upon the blushing girl, and the example being contagious, was followed both by the Doctor and Mr. Brownlow. Some people affirm that Harry Maylie had been observed to set it originally in a dark room adjoining; but the best authorities consider this down right scandal, he being young and a clergyman.

"Oliver, my child," said Mrs. Maylie, "where have you been? and why do you look so sad? There are tears stealing down your face at this moment. What is the matter?"

It is a world of disappointment—often to hopes we most cherish, and hopes that do our nature the greatest honour. Poor Dick was dead!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### *The Jew's last night alive.*

The court was paved from floor to roof with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space; from the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries. All looks were fixed upon one man—the Jew. Before him and behind, above, below, on the right and on the left—he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament all bright with gleaming eyes. He stood there in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times he turned his eyes upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel in mute appeal that he would even then urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began, and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him as though he listened still.

A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself, and looking around, he saw that the jurymen had turned together to consider of their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes, and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury in impatient wonder how they could delay, but in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could be read the faintest sympathy with him, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and, looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

They only sought permission to retire. He looked wist-

fully into their faces one by one when they passed out, though to see which way the greater number bent; but it was fruitless. The jailor touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he would not have seen it.

He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was a young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point, and made another with his knife, any idle spectator might have done.

In the same way, when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and about its cost, and how he put it on. There was an old gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now came back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner what he had had, and where he had had it, and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

Not that all this time his mind was for an instant free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus even while he trembled and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it, or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold, and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it, and then went on to think again.

At length there was a cry of silence and a breathless look from towards the door. The jury returned, and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—nor a breath—Guilty!

The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another and another, and then it echoed deep loud groans, that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made; but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and as dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dress of solemnity; he looked hastily up, as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively.

The address was solemn and impressive—the sentence fearful to hear; but he stood like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still bent forward, his under jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring on before him, when the jailor put his hand upon his arm and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for a instant and obeyed.

They led him through a paved room under the court where some prisoners were waiting until their turn came and others were talking to their friends, who crowded round a grate which looked into the open yard. There was no door there to speak to him: but as he passed, the prisoners fell back to render him more visible to the people who were climb-

ing to the bars, and they assailed him with opprobrious names, and screeched and hissed. He shook his fist, and would have spat upon them, but his conductors hurried him on through a gloomy passage, lighted by a few dim lamps, into the interior of the prison.

Here he was searched, that he might not have about him the means of anticipating the law; this ceremony performed, they led him to one of the condemned cells, and left him there—alone.

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After awhile he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him at the time that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and, by degrees, suggested more, so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold—some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die—and joked too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down; and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell—sat upon that very spot. It was very dark; why did't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years—scores of men must have passed their last hours there—it was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies—the cap, the noose the pinioned arms—the faces that he knew even beneath that hideous veil—Light, light!

At length, when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared, one bearing a candle which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall, and the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night; for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other wretches are glad to hear the church clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with one deep hollow sound—death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off—day, there was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long, and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. One time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night! he had only two more nights to live. And as he thought of this the day broke—Sunday. It was not until the night of this last awful day, that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hopes of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him, and they for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin hurried to and fro in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used

to such sights—recalled from them with horror. He grew so terrible at last in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and so the two kept watch together.

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each others' heels, where would he be when they came round again? Eleven. Another struck ere the voice of the hour before had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven ———

Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish—not only from the eyes, but too often and too long from the thoughts of men, never held so dreadful a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hanged to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him then.

From early in the evening until midnight, little groups of two or three presented themselves at the lodge-gate, and inquired with anxious faces whether any reprieve had been received. These being answered in the negative, communicated the welcome intelligence to others in the street, who pointed out to one another the door from which he must come out, and showed where the scaffold would be built, and walking with unwilling steps away, turned back to conjure up the scene. By degrees they fell off one by one; and for an hour, in the dead of night, the street was left to solitude and darkness. The space before the prison was cleared, and a few strong barriers, painted black, had been already thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd; when Mr. Brownlow and Oliver appeared at the wicket, and presented an order of admission to the prison, signed by one of the sheriffs. They were immediately admitted into the lodge.

"Is the young gentleman to come too, sir?" said the man whose duty it was to conduct them. "It's not a sight for children, sir."

"It is not indeed, my friend," rejoined Mr. Brownlow, "but my business with this man is intimately connected with him, and as this child has seen him in the full career of his success and villany, I think it better—even at the cost of some pain and fear—that he should see him now."

These few words had been said apart, so as to be inaudible to Oliver. The man touched his hat, and, glancing at him with some curiosity, opened another gate opposite to that at which they had entered, and led them on, through dark and winding ways, towards the cells.

"This," said the man, stopping in a gloomy passage where a couple of workmen were making some preparations in profound silence—"This is the place he passes through. If you step this way, you can see the door he goes out at."

He led them into a store kitchen, fitted with coppers for dressing the prison food, and pointed to a door. There was an open grating above it, through which came the sound of men's voices, mingled with the noise of hammering, and the throwing down of boards. They were putting up the scaffold.

From this place they passed through several strong gates, opened by other turnkeys, from the inner side, and having crossed an open yard, ascended a flight of narrow steps, and

came into a passage with a row of strong doors on the left hand. Motioning them to remain where they were, the turnkey knocked at one of these with his bunch of keys. The two attendants, after a little whispering, came out into the passage, stretching themselves, as if glad of the temporary relief, and motioned the visitors to follow the jailer into the cell. They did so. The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without seeming conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

"Good boy, Charley—well done," he mumbled—"Oliver too—ha, ha, ha—Oliver too—quite the gentleman now—quite the—take that boy away to bed."

The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver, and whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

"Take him away to bed," cried the Jew. "Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—the somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it—Bolter's throat, Bill, never mind the girl. Bolter's throat as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off."

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into precisely the same attitude of listening that he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my lord; a very old, old man."

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down. "Here's somebody wants to see you, to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin, are you a man?"

"I shant be one long," replied the Jew, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead; what right have they to butcher me?"

As he spoke, he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow, and, shrinking to the further corner of the seat, demanded to know what they wanted there.

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down. "Now, sir, tell him what you want—quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow, advancing, "which were placed in your hands for better security, by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one—not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow, solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death; but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead, that Monks has confessed, that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here. Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him towards him, "are in a canvass bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear, I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do. Let me say one prayer; say only one upon your knees with me; and we will talk till morning."

"Outside—outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe you. You can get me out if you take me so. Now then, now then."

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew; "that'll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now."

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir? inquired the turnkey.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I hoped we could recal him to a sense of his real position——"

"Nothing will do that sir," replied the man shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on," cried the Jew. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster."

The man laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He writhed and struggled with the power of desperation, and sent up shriek upon shriek, that penetrated even those massive walls, and rung in their ears until they reached the open yard.

It was sometime before they left the prison, for Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak that for an hour or more he had not the strength to walk.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled. The windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards, to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling and joking. Every thing told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the very centre of all—the black stage, the cross beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### *And Last.*

The fortunes of those who have figured in this tale are nearly closed, and what little remains to their historian to relate, is told in few and simple words.

Before three months had passed, Rose Fleming and Harry Maylie were married in the village church which was hence forth to be the scene of the young clergyman's labours; on the same day they entered into possession of their new and happy home.

Mrs. Maylie took up her abode with her son and daughter-in-law, to enjoy during the tranquil remainder of her days the greatest felicity that age and worth can know—the contemplation of the happiness of those on whom the warmest affections and tenderest cares of a well spent life have been unceasingly bestowed.

It appears on a full and careful investigation, that if the wreck of property remaining in the custody of Monks (which had never prospered in his hands or those of his mother,) were equally divided between himself and Oliver, it would yield to each little more than three thousand pounds. By the provisions of his father's will, Oliver would have been entitled to the whole; but Mr. Brownlow, unwilling to deprive the elder son of the opportunity of retrieving his former vices, and pursuing an honest career, proposed this mode of distribution, to which his young charge most joyfully acceded.

Monks, still bearing that assumed name, retired with his portion to a distant part of the New world, where, having quickly squandered it, he once more fell into his old courses, and after undergoing a long confinement for some fresh act of fraud and knavery, at length sunk under an attack of his old disorder, and died in prison.

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his own son, and removing with him and the old housekeeper to within a mile of the parsonage-house where his dear friends resided, gratified the only remaining wish of Oliver's warm and earnest

become one. This was a conjuncture of the deepest import to all Liberals. And it was a conjuncture to try the quality, not of Lord Durham only, but of many persons besides. It was an occasion for sifting the really practical part of the great Liberal body from the impractical. According to the disposition they manifested to aid or to obstruct Lord Durham in a business so vital to Liberal objects; according to the manner in which they judged him, or rather to the principles which they brought with them to judge him by, they would afford decisive evidence to which of those two sections of Liberals they belonged.

Now, then, what circumstances had Lord Durham to deal with? A country, the two divisions of whose inhabitants had just been cutting each other's throats, and in which the majority openly sympathised with an insurrection just suppressed, and suppressed only by a military force which they were physically unable to resist; one party still crying loudly for the blood of the other, which in its turn was muttering vengeance for the blood already shed. With one of these parties, the more numerous though momentarily the weaker, the public opinion of a neighbouring country, where public opinion is omnipotent, was urged by every motive of political sympathy and national aggrandizement to fraternize; the violent *acts* of the Loyalists of Upper Canada, and the violent *words* of a Lieutenant-Governor, had aided to these incitements of ambition and sympathy the incitements of resentment; and if the storm burst which was manifestly gathering, a hundred thousand men would have been across the frontier before the news could reach England; four-fifths of the population of the Canadas would have risen to join them; and, in a fortnight, the fifteen thousand troops that garrison British America would have been shut up in the fortress of Quebec, or driven into the sea. The opposite party was comparatively weak on the American continent; but it was the energetic party; and made ample amends for its inferiority there, by its preponderance here. It had the whole of the aristocratic party enthusiastically in its interest. It had alone the ear of the English public. It was called the British party. All that was known of it by ninety-nine men out of a hundred was that it was the "loyal" party—the party of British connection. It had all the Tory and almost the whole of the Liberal press for its organs. In this dilemma was Lord Durham. One step too much towards the French side, and he might expect to be recalled, and to have all his projects for the good of Canada defeated, all his measures reversed. One step too much to the English side, and the empire was involved in the most ruinous, the most dishonourable, and the most fratricidal of wars.

Here were real difficulties; here was an emergency not to be conjured away by phrases; here was the occasion for a Governor-General, let him be a Conservative or Liberal, to show whether he was a pedant and a formalist, or a man of action and reality; whether the Shibboleth of his party governed him, or he it; whether the attainment of his end, or the rules which he had learnt by heart, were dearest to him; whether he was a man bent upon succeeding in his object, or a man like the old Austrian tacticians opposed to Napoleon, or the physician in Moliere, who would rather kill his patient by rule than save him contrary to it.

What indication would Lord Durham have given of himself—to which of the classes above characterized would he have proved himself to belong, if he had proposed to himself to cope with such a combination of circumstances as we have described, by the mere common places of Liberalism? Could he have been fit for his post if he had looked into a book of rules or a catechism of doctrines for his conduct, and not at his position, and the ends and means which it dictated?

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We claim for Lord Durham, from dispassionate men of all parties, the recognition that he *did* apply his mind to those ends and means; that he took, in every essential particular, a just and a comprehensive view of them; that the scheme of policy which he conceived, and began to execute, contained within itself every element of success; that he has even already, to a very great extent, succeeded; and would have succeeded altogether if he had met with no obstacles but those which he could calculate upon, none but what were inherent in his situation; if each of his measures had been opposed by those only to whose principles it was adverse; if Conservatives had not rushed in to destroy a Conservative measure, Radicals to denounce the act which saved the lives of Radical leaders; both forgetting the essentials of their political creed to the common-places of it, and doing thereby as much as one act could do towards proving themselves the pedants and formalists which the latter are called, but which is now proved to be a character fully as applicable to the former. We leave the Tories in the hands of the 'Standard,' a journal whose superiority to its party in real *understanding* of the principles they profess, never more strikingly asserted itself—and which on this occasion has merged the party passions it so strongly participates, in the sympathy of talent for talent and vigour for vigour, and given the candid construction at all times, and the support in time of need, due from consistent Tories to an officer of the Crown, engaged in an enterprise not of party but of national concernment, amidst difficulties over which only the honourable forbearance of the disinterested of all parties could enable him to triumph.

When Lord Durham landed in Canada the insurrection was already suppressed; the work of the sword was done, and what remained was to heal its wounds, and obviate the necessity of again drawing it. Lord Durham saw that the *sine quâ non* of success in this was a reconciliation of parties. Without it he might, indeed, have kept Canada by force, if the United States would have let him; but only by making the yoke of the mother country a tyranny; only by making her an object of detestation, of imprecation, to her subjects; never under such a government could Canada have been a safe place for Englishmen to dwell in; never could she have been anything but a drain upon our finances in peace, upon our military resources during actual or apprehended war. To restore a free constitution, and to restore it at the earliest period possible, was the only means of governing Canada which parliament had contemplated, the only one which Lord Durham either could, or, we may presume to say, would, be a party to.

But the constitution being supposed re-established, was the struggle of the majority and minority to be renewed, which was all the fruit it had yet borne, and the sole justification, if justification there was, of its suspension? We waive all the matters of principle and of policy involved in the question whether the restoration of a constitution, without a previous reconciliation of parties would have been desirable; but would it, we ask, have been *possible*? If a House of Representatives must be an instrument of one exasperated party or of the other, could Lord Durham expect the Lords and Commons of Great Britain to put that instrument into the hands of the party whom they considered disaffected? and could it, without the grossest injustice, and without consequences in the end still more fatal, have been put into the hands of the other?

To heal, therefore, the breach between the two parties; to avoid, so far as possible, whatever would either put in evidence the extent of the animosity which already existed, or give fresh occasion to it; to make it apparent that if there ever had been, there no longer was, any quarrel between the



ances, and that representative institutions might be restored without giving rise to a permanent conflict between the English and the French population—was the one condition of success in Lord Durham's enterprise; and to attain this, we challenge controversy when we assert, that his whole series of measures was admirably calculated.

The first thing to be disposed of, was the traces of the past insurrection, the political prisoners. We are not going to argue over again the worn-out topic of the ordinance. We said enough on that matter in the second edition of our last number.\* We have nothing to add to our defence of it; we have only to point out its relation to that comprehensive scheme for a reconciliation of parties which Lord Durham had conceived, and which we assert that he has in every respect acted up to. Had he granted an unconditional amnesty, he would have set the leaders of the French Canadians, including all who had been prominent in the insurrection, at large among their countrymen, to resume all their former influence, before he could form the slightest judgment whether that influence would be used for him or against him, to calm the irritation of the people or to exasperate it. He well knew that in the latter event they could do in the one way what would be far more than a match for all he could do in the other. We speak not of the irreconcilable offence

which would have been given to the party so lately fighting with the insurgents, as it believed for life or death, and whose cries for the blood its fears demanded (cries not wholly unsupported, if report speak true, by the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada) could only have been kept in check by something which would carry with it the wiser heads of the Loyalist party itself. On the other hand, if he had tried these men by an unpacked jury, that is to say, a jury of their own party, the result would equally have been their liberation, with the character of persecuted men, and with the whole train of consequences flowing from the animosities engendered by the trial.\* And was he to pack a jury? or to try them by the judges, by the men most odious to their party, without a jury? or was a court-martial to be the resource? or a special commission appointed for the nonce? Imagine them so tried, imagine them found guilty by any of these tribunals, and of course sentenced to death, and the sentences commuted for transportation to Bermuda! What those in England, who are so bitter against Lord Durham now, would have said of him then, we know not; but when he, by what the French Canadians would have deemed a violation of all law, had procured a sentence which they would have considered to be in defiance of all justice, what chance would the persecutor of their leaders have had of gaining their confidence, what chance of winning back their affections to British rule?

Lord Durham disposed of the prisoners in the only way compatible with his policy, a policy not of *talking* about conciliation, but of *aiming* at it; and never in a similar situation did any government that we know of act with a happier union of vigour and lenity. And so it has been pronounced by as good judges of the principles of liberty as any English

\* We will only, since we have been accused of setting up a defence for the Ordinance at variance with Lord Durham's own, point to the fact that Lord Durham's statement, now when we have it, exactly tallies with ours. We said, that the banishment of certain persons from the colony, during the Governor-General's pleasure, was not punishment without trial; not punishment at all, but a measure of precaution removing from the province those whose presence in it would for the time be injurious; not a judicial, but a legislative act—a *privilegium*, in the language of the Roman law; an ostracism, not a punishment. What says Lord Durham? "As it was essential to my plans for the future tranquility and improvement of the colony, that I should commence by *allaying actual irritation*, I had in the first place to determine the fate of those who were under prosecution, and to provide for the present security of the province, by *removing the most dangerous disturbers of its peace*. . . . I could not, without trial and conviction, take any measure of a purely penal character. But I thought myself justified in availing myself of an acknowledgment of guilt, and adopting measures of precaution against a small number of the most culpable or most dangerous of the accused."

Mr. Roebuck, who is the party alleging that the despatch to Lord Glenelg described the Ordinance as a measure not of precaution, but of punishment, must have in view the following passage:—"I next applied myself, by answers to addresses and private applications, to the discouragement of any notion of the possibility of a general amnesty, and announced that my determination was to *punish the guilty*, and to extend mercy to the misguided." So far Mr. Roebuck's assertion is apparently justified; but what follows? "for which purpose, I issued a special commission for the trial of the prisoners, and sent the Attorney-General with it to Montreal." The men whom he intended to punish he intended to try; and the trial only did not take place because they pleaded guilty. There is not a single expression suggesting the most remote idea of punishment, which can fairly be applied to M. Papineau and those who had fled.

We cannot so completely exculpate the despatch from another of Mr. Roebuck's accusations. We regret that Lord Durham should, by implication, have called M. Papineau and the others the chief leaders and instigators of the Revolt, when he had no evidence against them but depositions *ex parte*, and when some of them, and M. Papineau in particular, positively deny the charge. But though we cannot think this justifiable, we see a wide difference between using these unguarded expressions in a confidential despatch which he could not foresee would be called for by Parliament, and what Mr. Roebuck terms "denouncing" M. Papineau "as a traitor," with "much emphasis," and "with all the formality of law."

\* Our case, in this part of it, has been much strengthened since we formerly wrote, by the publication of the letter in which the prisoners in confinement petitioned to be disposed of without trial. As this important document has not attracted the degree of attention it merits, we reprint it.

"Montreal Gaul, June 25, 1833.

"My Lord,—We have some reason to apprehend that the expressions used by us in a letter addressed to your Lordship on the 18th instant may appear vague and ambiguous.

"Our intention, my Lord, was distinctly to avow that in pursuit of objects dear to the great mass of our population, we took a part that has eventuated in a charge of high treason.

"We professed our willingness to plead guilty, *whereby to avoid the necessity of a trial, and to give, as far as in our power, tranquillity to the country*; but whilst we were thus disposed to contribute to the happiness of others, we could not condescend to shield ourselves under the provisions of an ordinance passed by the late special council of the province."

"Permit us then, my Lord, to perform this great duty, to mark our entire confidence in your Lordship, to place ourselves at your disposal, without availing ourselves of provisions which would degrade us in our own eyes, by marking an unworthy distrust on both sides.

"With this short explanation of our feelings, we again place ourselves at your Lordship's discretion, and pray that the peace of the country may not be endangered by a trial.

"We have the honour to be, my Lord, with a united respect, your Lordship's most obedient humble servants,

"R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,	H. A. GAUVIN,
WOLFFRED NELSON,	S. MARCHESEAU,
R. DES RIVIERES,	J. H. GODDU,
L. X. MASON,	B. VIGER.

"The Right Hon the Earl of Durham, Governor-General, &c."

Thus, then, if Lord Durham thought that the trial of the prisoners would be a public evil, by impeding the return of tranquillity, he did not stand alone in the opinion; authorities, which the friends at least of the popular party in Canada cannot reject, fully bore him out in it.

\* Sir John Colborne's

democrats, the people of the United States; whom this act above all others contributed to detach from the cause of Canadian separation; and (together with the assiduous cultivation of every opportunity of counteracting, by the expression of sentiments of good will, the impression which some of his predecessors had made by the ostentatious avowal of opposite ones) has restored that peace and friendship between two great nations, which, so long as Lord Durham's policy is followed up, as the spirit of his administration shall rule in Canada, there is no danger that we should again see broken.

In every other act from which the spirit of his policy could be seen, the same general view of his position is apparent. His first act on entering the country, the composition of his two councils, was a declaration that he would put himself into the hands of neither party. But while he kept himself independent of both, he did not exclude either, from a share in his deliberations or in his favours. He gave, or offered, appointments to influential men on both sides,\* and availed himself of the opinions of the moderate men of both, so far as they were willing to communicate them. It has been stated in print that he endeavoured, through the medium of Mr. Wakefield, to open a communication even with M. Papineau; but we are informed that this is incorrect, and that Mr. Wakefield acted solely on his own prompting; affording, however, by what he did, an opening to M. Papineau for fair and honourable explanation, which that gentleman, we will venture to say with more passion than judgment, rejected.† But the institutions which he was

\* Unfortunately, while his offers to influential British Canadians were commonly accepted, those to French Canadians were rejected. When Adam Thom, formerly editor of the 'Montreal Herald,' was appointed an Assistant Commissioner of the Municipal Inquiry, Lord Durham made overtures of a similar nature to M. Tache, the finest Frenchman for the purpose to be found in all Canada; but that gentleman refused, because he would not serve in the same Commission with Mr. Thom.

This appointment has been made a ground of bitter reproach against Lord Durham; and it has been asserted that Mr. Thom (though not editor at the time) was the author of the brutal paragraphs in the 'Montreal Herald,' about "fattening people for the gallows." But Mr. Thom positively denies this, and we have evidence that Lord Durham disbelieved it. He found in Thom a man whom he deemed fit for his purpose, and finding few such men, it was his resolution not to pass them over. His predecessors, proceeding on a false notion of conciliation as he did on the true one, excluded the able men of each party, for fear of offending the other; and the result was that the men elevated to office were the least marked and in useful men of each party—the insignificant, and the incompetent—those who, because they had done nothing, had afforded to the other party no particular ground of attack. Lord Durham has said, "I will not follow this rule. I will take into office the ablest men of each party. I will take men whom their own party confides in, never caring how obnoxious they are to their opponents. I will please the latter by taking their best men in their turn."

On the same principle he has just appointed James Stuart, one of the ablest leaders of the British party, to be Chief Justice at the King's Bench, although removed from the Attorney-Generalship by Lord Aylmer, in consequence of charges preferred against him by the Assembly. But his professional qualifications were pre-eminent, and it is not the interest even of the French, if they are to have opponents in high office, to have the feeblest and most insignificant of them and have to struggle against hostility and imbecility combined. A stupid enemy is more to be desired than an able one, because less likely to acquire the power of doing harm; but give them the power, and it is from the stupid one that we pray heaven to defend us!

One appointment of Lord Durham's ought to be specially agreeable to those who condemn the last-mentioned:—those who, in the case of James Stuart, think the most eminent superiority of legal attainments no recommendation to a man implicated with party, ought not in the case of Mr. Arthur Buller to adopt a contrary standard, and represent legal experience as the grand consideration and impartiality as altogether secondary. Lord Durham, we have little doubt, did the best he could in both instances; he appointed Mr. Stuart for his law. Mr. Arthur Buller for his freedom from party; both for their ability. Those who know Mr. Arthur Buller, either privately or in his late capacity of a Charity Commissioner, are of opinion that the sarcasms against frivolity and want of talent seldom were less appropriately employed.

† It is singular that the same persons, who attack Lord Durham for courting, as they think, the extreme loyalist party, by giving appointments to members of it, are no less bitter against him for what,

about to bestow on the colony, are what exhibit above all the superiority of his conceptions, and those of his advisers, over the peddling expedients of common-place politics. It is there that we can estimate the difference between a policy of conciliation and one of compromise; between the vulgar *juste-milieu* of mere time-servers, and that which aims at contenting all parties by being just to all. There are few statesmen in our days, who may not take a lesson from the means which Lord Durham chose for carrying with him the opinion of the majority of both races; from the system of healing measures which he devised, to detach the reasonable and disinterested portion of both parties from the unreasonable.

Though the leaders of parties have generally unworthy objects in view, their followers, as it has been often said, have almost always honest ones. Canada is no exception to this rule. Both the English and the French have grievances, which each believes that the other will not suffer to be removed. Among the demands of the French have long figured, in the most prominent place, free municipal institutions and a general system of education; and these they complain that the English will not let them have. The English want a system of registration, the commutation of feudal tenures, internal improvements, and facilities for colonization; and complain that they could not get these from the French when the latter were masters of the Assembly.

We are not going to discuss the justice of these complaints; how greatly exaggerated the last are, we showed in a former article, from the evidence of Lord Gosford and his Commissioners.\* But there must be some colour for them. They must have some appearance of truth, by which they are rendered credible, or they would not be serviceable even as prettexts. It is evident that disinterested English Canadians believe the one set of assertions, disinterested French Canadians the other. It is evident that the English and French generally, and not merely factious leaders on either side, see in each other the hindrance to their obtaining those improvements which impartial third parties would bestow upon them. The course, then, for Lord Durham was to seize the golden opportunity of giving to both what they were entitled to; of removing all that had occasioned heart-burning between the honest of the two parties, all that afforded the dishonest of either a handle for misrepresentation. This was Lord Durham's duty; and to his honour be it said, this he would have done, this lesson he leaves for his successor.

The measures which were on the point of completion when his career was cut short, were four in number: all of first-rate importance, all such as ought to have been given, even though not asked for; two of them had been long demanded by the popular party, two by the English population. The first was, free municipal institutions: not only

on the same principle, they should approve—for endeavoring to come to some arrangement with M. Papineau, which might recall him to this country, with a prospect of his aiding instead of impeding the measures in progress towards good government and tranquillity. We must express our unaffected astonishment that any man not a rapid Ultra-Tory—much more that Mr. Roebuck—should use language of the severest moral condemnation against Lord Durham on the imputation that, after holding forth M. Papineau to the world (say rather to Lord Glenelg) as a 'leader and instigator of revolt,' he sent an agent to treat with him. Is an instigator of revolt a person beyond the pale of human intercourse? and is the new doctrine of the friends of liberty? If Lord Durham did think M. Papineau a man who rebelled against an established government, is it not a recognised fact that such may be men of the purest intentions and of the most unblemished honour? Could Lord Durham have given stronger evidence of his anxiety to be just to the French Canadians than by seeking to enter into communication with the man who best understood and had most faithfully served their objects, and whose mistrust of the English government nothing but the most straightforward dealing could give him a chance to remove?

\* See 'London and Westminster Review' for January last, pp. 518, 524-5, and the note to p. 526.



the grand instrument of honest local management, but the great "normal school" to fit a people for representative government, and which have never yet existed in Canada. The preparation of this law was undertaken by Mr. Charles Buller, whose admirable speech in the House of Commons on that very subject no one can have forgotten. The second measure was a comprehensive scheme of general education. The third was a Registry Act, for titles to landed property. The fourth was for the commutation of feudal tenures in Montreal, where they are peculiar, and peculiarly obnoxious to the English population. These were to be followed by others, among which the Proclamation enumerates "large and solid schemes of colonization and internal improvement," a "revision of the defective laws which regulate real property and commerce," the introduction of "a pure and competent administration of justice," the "eradication of the manifold abuses engendered by the negligence and corruption of former times, and so lamentably fostered by civil disunions." These are the projects in the midst of which Lord Durham has been interrupted; these the services, which Parliament thought fit to take from him the power of rendering. We know it is one thing to aim at these noble objects, another thing to accomplish them; we cannot tell with what degree of skill he, or his advisers, would have performed a task, difficult, without much trial and experience, even to the ablest men. But how many English statesmen can be named, capable of rising to the conception of such objects? Is there one other who, in Lord Durham's situation, would have had the public spirit and courage even to attempt the realization of them?

Passing now from what is known of Lord Durham's projects to what is only believed, to the scheme, so far as yet matured, which he is understood to have had in view for the future constitution of the colony; this, too, so far as anything is known of it, is constructed upon the same great principle of impartial justice; the removal of all real evils; the satisfaction of the just demands of either side. The French sought to be freed from the *incubus* of a Legislative Council, a second chamber, representing neither the English nor the French population, neither the colony nor the mother country, but possessing a veto on every proposal emanating from either, and which it actually exercised against measures equally desired by both. From this grievance it is understood that Lord Durham was prepared to relieve them.\* The English complained that the French of Lower Canada, by their majority in the House of Assembly, possessed a veto on all measures which concerned the five colonies collectively; that the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the roads and canals, the post office and custom regulations, of all British America, were under the control of a portion of the people of one colony, who had no good-will, it was affirmed, either to commerce or colonization, and who, aiming at a separate nationality, were rather hostile than friendly to the improvement of the purely British provinces. Lord Durham's plan took such affairs entirely out of their cognizance, and placed them and all matters of common concernment under a federal body, to be chosen by all the provinces, and subject, in the same manner with the local legislatures, to the veto of the mother country. This project, the principle of which so exactly met the difficulties of the case, that every one who has sincerely applied his mind to an amicable adjustment, has hit upon it—that for a moment it united the

suffrages of Mr. Roebuck and of Lord John Russell—had the further advantage, that it was the only legitimate means of destroying the so-much-talked-of nationality of the French Canadians. It would compel them to consider themselves, not as a separate family, but an integral portion of a larger body; it would merge their nationality of race in a nationality of country; instead of French Canadians it would make them British Americans; and this without bringing into their house and home, into their social and domestic relations, the customs of another people (which, whether practised on all of them or on a part, would be one of the last excesses of despotism,) or establishing, as hitherto, over not only their necks but those of the English population, a petty oligarchy of the latter.

The mode in which the suffrage was to be regulated under the proposed constitution has not yet transpired, and we cannot, for this and other reasons, at present pronounce an opinion upon the scheme as a whole. There will be time enough and materials enough for discussing what must be the principal topic of the approaching session of Parliament. In the mean time let us come to the questions—was Lord Durham justified in resigning? and, if he resigned, can the manner be defended in which he published to the colony the reasons of his resignation?

We think that he was justified. When a man has had grievous cause given for resentment it is easy to accuse him of being actuated by it. But we see no ground for any such imputation. We see nothing in his conduct which is not defensible on public grounds. He declares that the moral force and consideration of his government were gone. What else was to be expected? The attacks in Parliament, the mere vituperation of his enemies, he could have stood; but to have the first and only completed act of his government annulled, was to strike with impotence all that he could thereafter do. If men at the distance of half the globe, in utter ignorance of the facts of the case and the situation of the colony, at the dictation of personal enmity and party spite, were suffered to overturn one of his acts, his friends not merely looking on tamely, but, after a few deprecatory words, actually turning round to aid in the deed, and themselves giving the mortal blow—what better fate could he expect for any other of his proceedings? If the Conservative House so treated his Conservative measure, what hope was there for his Radical ones? Facts, which he did not then know, have justified his anticipations. On the very day preceding that which brought the news of his retirement, the chief newspaper organ at once of the Ministry and of the English Canadian party, fulminated an anathema against his plan of a federal legislature; and it is some consolation for the abrupt close of his government, when we see that, however wisely his plans might have been formed, he would not have been suffered to carry them. The coalition between the Tory party at home, and those who are Liberals at home and Tories in the colonies—between the enemies of a representative constitution altogether, and the enemies of any which does not make the minority preponderant—would have been too strong for Lord Durham at the distance of half the globe; and the battle for good government in Canada, as well as for reform in Great Britain, will have to be fought here. Add, too, that Parliament, while showing so patriotic a zeal for keeping him within his powers, declined to render those powers sufficient; the ground assigned for the refusal being expressly the *unfitness* of Lord Durham to have that extension of power which Lord Melbourne at first solicited, but meekly withdrew his prayer without waiting for its rejection.

Lord Durham saw that he could do no good in Canada if the every-day weapon of a faction for making war upon

\* It has been recently asserted that this part of Lord Durham's plan has been given up. We should most deeply lament such an abandonment, and are convinced that it could only have been thought of, if at all, as a concession to some imaginary necessity. But the statement does not rest upon sufficient authority to entitle it to credence.

another, its engine for working its adversaries out and itself on, was to be a presumptuous interference with his administration; and he felt that if his friends were not prepared to sack him better, they should have looked out for a man who had no enemies.

Such measures as those which he had in view required, as he truly says, "all the strength which the cordial and steadfast support of the authorities at home can alone give to their distant authorities; all the moral force" that could be derived by a government "from the assurance that its acts would be final, and its engagements religiously observed."

... Of what avail are the purposes and promises of a delegated power, whose acts are not respected by the authority from which it proceed? With what confidence can I invite co-operation, or impose forbearance, whilst I touch ancient laws and habits, as well as deep-rooted abuses, with the weakened hands that have ineffectually essayed but a little more than the ordinary vigour of the police of troubled times?"

But the Proclamation! We are not surprised at the cry which has been raised against this noble and plain-spoken document. We can conceive what gall and wormwood, to certain class of official men, a state paper must be, so "remarkable" (it has been well said) "for its disregard of conventional usages, and its contemptuous treatment of the mysteries of state-craft." To speak so much truth to the governed concerning their government, has been not unnaturally reprobated, as contrary to all rule—as an embarrassment wantonly thrown in the path of his successor—an appeal to the public of the colony from the government at home—a sacrifice of the tranquillity of the province to childish pique.

We wonder that those who are in so much haste to call the Proclamation inflammatory, do not ask themselves what here was for it to inflame? Whether all upon whom the topics introduced into it could have any inflammatory effect, were not already roused to such a pitch of indignation, that he calm though feeling manner in which their sentiments were responded to by the Governor-General, was more calculated to temper than to add fuel to the fire? It can hardly be supposed that those who hanged Lords Brougham and Melbourne in effigy, and who voted the addresses and passed the resolutions of which such multitudes have reached us, waited to form their opinion on the affront to Lord Durham until he told them that it was one. His address was no appeal to them; their sentence was already pronounced. The whole scope and object of the Proclamation has been carelessly misapprehended. It was not a complaint; there was no more complaint in it than was unavoidable. Its purpose, its declared purpose, was to explain the reasons of his retirement. All the addresses, all the resolutions, were solicitations to him to retain the government: the Proclamation was his answer.

If the only use of making this explanation had been to ratify personal feelings, by guarding his motives from misconstruction, then, as there would have been no public good to be attained, private sentiments, however creditable, might have found a more appropriate expression through private channels. But it was not as a mere matter of individual feeling that it was important for him to retain the confidence of all among the Canadian people who had bestowed it upon him. Though no longer their Governor, his connexion with them was not to cease; upon him it was devolved to watch over their interests in England; he was the only man in the kingdom of first-rate political influence, the only man ever thought of as minister, or as a party leader, who did not at that moment stand convicted, in the minds of those whom he was addressing, of the grossest ignorance of all the circumstances of the colony, and the most presumptuous

incapacity in legislating for it. When this last specimen of presumption and incapacity was making the whole British population of both the Canadas join with the French Canadians in denouncing the principle of distant colonial government, and the very officials talk familiarly of a separation, was it nothing to show to Canada that there was one British statesman who could understand her wants and feel for her grievances—that from any councils in the mother country in which he had influence she might expect justice—and that the man, on whose constancy and magnanimity so much depended, was not throwing up his mission from personal disgust, but returning to England because the manoeuvres of his enemies had changed the place where he could serve them from Quebec to the House of Lords?

Viewed in this light, it seems to us that the Proclamation, with all in it that has been envenomed against—the undrugging acknowledgment of past misgovernment and present abuses—the disclosure of his generous schemes for the improvement of the laws and administration, and for conferring "on an united people," not a restricted, but, "a more extensive enjoyment of free and responsible government"—so far from needing any apology, points out Lord Durham, beyond almost anything else which he has done, as the fit leader for the great Reform party of the empire. The proclamation was the necessary employment and winding up of his short administration—the explanation which was due to the people of Canada for the past, and the best legacy which he could leave to them for the future. So far from being inflammatory, it was in all probability the only kind of address to the people, which, in the then state of men's minds, could have had any healing effect.

As we have said all along, the main end of his administration was the reconciliation of the two parties, by exhibiting to both, embodied in a series of measures, a policy which, by satisfying the just claims of both, should convince them that there was no necessity for their being enemies—that both might hope for justice under a government knowing no distinction between them. If this, the one thing needful, was now debarred him by the mother country, was it not the next best thing, since he could not leave healing measures, to leave healing principles behind him? Next to doing the noble things spoken of in the proclamation, to point out as fit to be done, was the thing most calculated—was the one thing calculated—to restore harmony in the colony. If the policy there chalked out is that on which alone a reconciliation of parties and races can be founded; then, since he could not give them the policy itself, he has done well and wisely in giving them the hope of such a policy; in giving them the idea of it, as a possible thing which they should strive for, instead of separation, or the mere predominance of their own side; and which, as far as his influence reaches, he will yet help them to obtain.

These considerations are still further strengthened if we reflect in what position the disallowance of the ordinance found Lord Durham with respect to the French Canadians. He has as yet done nothing to redress what they deemed their grievances. His plans for their benefit, like all his other plans of general improvement, were yet unfinished; and they were a people too little accustomed to good treatment from their rulers to give their confidence until earned by actual benefits. Lord Durham had done enough to convince the more intelligent and experienced people of the United States—not enough to convince the French Canadians. Of the amnesty, qualified by the ordinance, they knew not at first what to think; but when they learnt from the despatch laid before Parliament that "Sir John Colborne and the heads of what is called the British party" had approved of it, from that moment (we know the fact) the French



though previously undecided, deemed it their part to disapprove of it. This was mere prejudice in them; if Lord Durham could carry the British party with him in clemency to the French, the greater was the credit due to him; and having to give an account of his measures in a quarter where lenity was more likely to be imputed to it than severity, he naturally availed himself of the fact that it had obtained the acquiescence of those whose error was not likely to be on the lenient side. But when we consider how the French Canadians have seen governor after governor become the tool of the officials, and how seldom the two parties have concurred in approving of the same measures, we cannot wonder that a governor who had done but one great act, and that act in concert, as it now appeared, with the dominant faction, should not yet have made much progress in attaching the other party to his government.

If, then, Lord Durham had left matters in this state; if he had departed leaving no explanation to the Canadians of his principles and of his ulterior purposes, he would have gone away without doing a single act which could prove to the French population that there existed a British statesman willing to redress their grievances, and without giving a single lesson to the English party of what was due to the French. We maintain that, surrounded as he was at the last by the English inhabitants—leaving the country amidst the mingled sounds of their plaudits and their lamentations, while the bulk of the French Canadians kept sullenly aloof—he had, from all these causes, an appearance of being the man of a party, of giving his countenance to the exclusive principles of a class, which appearance he was bound to throw off—from which it would have been criminal in him not to have taken the most direct means of freeing himself. And we foretel that his having done so will yet be found to be the greatest thing yet done to facilitate the settlement of Canada on a basis just, and therefore capable of being permanent. The whole English population are now committed, as far as the strongest public demonstrations can commit them, to the policy of a man, who has told them unambiguously and minutely, and in a manner admitting of no misunderstanding, that his plans involve full justice to the French Canadians. They have invested with their confidence, they have acknowledged as their virtual representative, the man who is identified with the principle of conciliation instead of coercion, of equal justice to all instead of the predominance of the few over the many. The English population have stood up openly as a distinct body from the jobbing official *clique* which has hitherto assumed to be its representative; and it may be hoped that the settlement of Canada which they will now exert themselves for, will be conceived under the inspiration of Lord Durham rather than that of the late legislative council.

It is time to conclude. We have attempted to do justice to the absent—to show that, instead of having done anything to justify the clamour which has been raised from so many discordant quarters against them, Lord Durham and his advisers, so far as their conduct can be judged of, have displayed qualities among the rarest to be found in English politicians, and which, wheresoever found, conspicuously mark out the possessors for that station at the head of the Reform party which the present Ministers have thought fit to abandon. But their defence is now in their own hands. They will soon be here, not only to combat their enemies, but to perform the more important duty of expounding their own views; and we shall not be long without full opportunity of judging whether Lord Durham is equal to the great destiny to which he is called (and which is not a destiny for any man who cannot give active guid-

ance), or is wanting in the courage to claim it, or the energy and skill for its achievement.

Meanwhile he has been thwarted, but he has not failed. He has shown how Canada ought to be governed; and if anything can allay her dissensions, and again attach her to the mother country, this will. He has at the critical moment taken the initiative of a healing policy; that seeks popularity, not by courting it, but by deserving it, and conciliation, not by compromise, but by justice—by giving to everybody, not the half of what he asks, but the whole of what he ought to have. If this example had not been set at this juncture, the colony was lost; having been set, it may be followed, and the colony may be saved. He has disposed of the great immediate embarrassment, the political offenders. He has shown to the well-intentioned of both sides an honourable basis on which they may accommodate their differences. He has detached from the unreasonable of one party their chief support, the sympathy of the United States; and it is reserved for him to detach from the unreasonable of the other the sympathy of the people of England. He comes home master of the details of those abuses which he has recognized as the original causes of the disaffection; prepared to expose these as they have never before been exposed, and to submit to Parliament, after the most comprehensive inquiry which has ever taken place, the system on which the North American Colonies may be preserved and well governed hereafter.

If this be failure, failure is but the second degree of success; the first and highest degree may be yet to come.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

## ZICCI.—A TALE.\*

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was about a month after the date of Zicci's departure and Glyndon's introduction to Mejnour, when two Englishmen were walking arm in arm through the Toledo.

"I tell you," said one (who spoke warmly), "that if you have a particle of common sense left in you, you will accompany me to England. This Mejnour is an impostor more dangerous—because more in earnest—than Zicci. After all, what do his promises amount to? You allow that nothing can be more equivocal. You say that he has left Naples—that he has selected a retreat more congenial than the crowded thoroughfares of men to the studies in which he is to initiate you; and this retreat is among the haunts of the fiercest bandits of Italy,—haunts which Justice itself dare not penetrate:—fitting hermitage for a sage! I tremble for you. What if this stranger—of whom nothing is known—be leagued with the robbers; and these lures for your credulity bait but the traps for your property, perhaps your life? You might come off cheaply by a ransom of half your fortune: you smile indignantly;—well! put common sense out of the question: take your own view of the matter. You are to undergo an ordeal which Mejnour himself does not profess to describe as a very tempting one. It may, or it may not, succeed; if it does not, you are menaced with the darkest evils; and if it does, you cannot be better off than the dull and joyless mystic whom you have taken for a master. Away with this folly. Enjoy youth while it is left to you. Return with me to England: forget these dreams

\* Continued from the last volume.

Enter your proper career; form affections more respectable than those which lured you awhile to an Italian adventuress; and become a happy and distinguished man. This is the advice of sober friendship; yet the promises I hold out to you are fairer than those of Mejnour."

"Merton," said Glyndon, doggedly, "I cannot, if I would, yield to your wishes. A power that is above me urges me on; I cannot resist its fascination. I will proceed to the last in the strange career I have commenced. Think of me no more. Follow yourself the advice you give to me—and be happy."

"This is madness," said Merton passionately, but with a tear in his eye; "your health is already failing; you are so changed I should scarcely know you—come—I have already had your name entered in my passport: in another hour I shall be gone, and you, boy that you are, will be left, without a friend, to the deceits of your own fancy, and to the machinations of this relentless mountebank."

"Enough," said Glyndon coldly; "you cease to be an effective counsellor when you suffer your prejudices to be thus evident. I have already had ample proof," added the Englishman, and his pale cheek grew more pale, "of the power of this man—if man he be, which I sometimes doubt—and, come life, come death, I will not shrink from the paths that allure me. Farewell, Merton—if we never meet again—if you hear amidst our old and cheerful haunts that Clarence Glyndon sleeps the last sleep by the shores of Naples, or amidst the Calabrian hills—say to the friends of our youth, 'He died worthily, as thousands of martyr-students have died before him, in the pursuit of knowledge.'"

He wrung Merton's hand as he spoke, darted from his side, and disappeared amidst the crowd.

This day Merton left Naples: the next morning Glyndon also quitted the City of Delight, alone, on horseback. He bent his way into those picturesque, but dangerous parts of the country, which at that time were infested by banditti, and which few travellers dared to pass, even in broad daylight, without a strong escort. A road more lonely cannot well be conceived than that on which the hoofs of his steed, striking upon the fragments of rock that encumbered the neglected way, woke a dull and melancholy echo. Large tracts of waste land, varied by the rank and profuse foliage of the south, lay before him: occasionally a wild goat peeped down from some rocky crag, or the discordant cry of a bird of prey, startled in its sombre haunts, was heard above the hills. These were the only signs of life; not a human being was met—not a hut was visible. Wrapped in his own ardent and solemn thoughts, the young man continued his way, till the sun had spent its noon-day heat, and a breeze that announced the approach of eve sprung up from the unseen ocean that lay far distant to his right. It was then that a turn in the road brought before him one of those long, desolate, gloomy villages which are found in the interior of the Neapolitan dominions;—and now he came upon a small chapel on one side the road, with a gaudily painted image of the Virgin in the open shrine. Around this spot, which in the heart of a Christian land retained vestiges of the old idolatry, (for just such were the chapels that in the Pagan age were dedicated to the demon-saints of mythology,) gathered six or seven miserable and squalid wretches, whom the Curse of the Leper had cut off from mankind. They set up a shrill cry as they turned their ghastly visages towards the horseman; and without stirring from the spot, stretched out their gaunt arms, and implored charity in the name of the Merciful Mother. Glyndon hastily threw them some small coin, and, turning away his face, clapped spurs to his horse, and relaxed not his speed till he entered the village. On either side the narrow and miry street, fierce and haggard

forms—some leaning against the ruined walls of blackened huts—some seated at the threshold—some lying at full length in the mud—presented groups that at once invoked pity and aroused alarm; pity for their squalor—alarm for the ferocity imprinted on their savage aspects. They gazed at him, grim and sullen, as he rode slowly up the rugged street; sometimes whispering significantly to each other, but without attempting to stop his way. Even the children hushed their babble, and ragged urchins, devouring him with sparkling eyes, muttered to their mothers, "We shall feast well to-morrow!" It was, indeed, one of those hamlets in which Law sets not its sober step—in which Violence and Murder house secure—hamlets common then in the wilder parts of Italy—in which the peasant was but the gentler name for the robber.

Glyndon's heart somewhat failed him as he looked around, and the question he desired to ask died upon his lips. At length, from one of the dismal cabins emerged a form superior to the rest. Instead of the patched and ragged overall which made the only garment of the men he had hitherto seen, the dress of this person was characterized by all the trappings of Calabrian bravery. Upon his raven hair, the glossy curls of which made a notable contrast to the matted and elfin locks of the savages around, was placed a cloth cap with a gold tassel hung down to his shoulder; his mustachoes were trimmed with care, and a silk kerchief of gay hues was twisted round a well-shaped but sinewy throat; a short jacket of rough cloth was decorated with several rows of gilt flagree buttons; his nether garments fitted tight to his limbs, and were curiously braided; while, in a broad particoloured sash, were placed four silver-hilted pistols; and the sheathed knife, usually worn by Italians of the lower order, was mounted in ivory elaborately carved. A small *carabina* of handsome workmanship was slung across his shoulder, and completed his costume. The man himself was of middle size, athletic, yet slender—with straight and regular features—sunburnt, but not swarthy; and an expression of countenance which, though reckless and bold, had in it frankness rather than ferocity, and, if defying, was not altogether unprepossessing.

Glyndon, after eyeing this figure for some moments with great attention, checked his rein, and asked in the provincial *patois*, with which he was tolerably familiar, the way to the "Castle of the Mountain."

The man lifted his cap as he heard the question, and approaching Glyndon, laid his hand upon the neck of the horse, and said in a low voice, "Then you are the Cavalier whom our patron the Signior expected. He bade me wait for you here, and lead you to the castle. And indeed, Signior, it might have been unfortunate, if I had neglected to obey the command."

The man then, drawing a little aside, called out to the bystanders in a loud voice, "Ho—ho, my friends—pay honour—forth and for ever all respect to this worshipful Cavalier. He is the expected guest of our blessed patron of the Castle of the Mountain. Long life to him! May he, like his host, be safe by day and by night—in the hill and on the waste—against the dagger and the bullet—in limb and in life! Cursed be he who touches a hair of his head, or a haircuff in his pouch. Now and for ever we will protect and honour him—for the law or against the law—with the faith and to the death. Amen—Amen!"

"Amen!" responded in wild chorus a hundred voices, and the scattered and straggling groups pressed up the street, nearer and nearer to the horseman.

"And that he may be known," continued the Englishman's strange protector, "to the eye and to the ear, I place around him the white sash, and I give him the sacred watch-



word—'Peace to the Brave.' Signior, when you wear this sash, the proudest in these parts will bare the head and bend the knee—Signior, when you utter this watchword, the bravest hearts will be bound to your bidding. Desire you safety, or ask you revenge—to gain a beauty, or to lose a foe—speak but the word, and we are yours, we are yours! Is it not so, comrades?" And again the hoarse voices shouted, "Amen, Amen!"

"Now, Signior," whispered the bravo, in good Italian, "if you have a few coin to spare, scatter them among the crowd, and let us begone."

Glyndon, not displeased at the concluding sentence, emptied his purse in the streets; and while, with mingled oaths, blessings, shrieks, and yells, men, women, and children scrambled for the money, the bravo, taking the rein of the horse, led it a few paces through the village at a brisk trot, and then turning up a narrow lane to the left, in a few minutes neither houses nor men were visible, and the mountains closed their path on either side. It was then that, releasing the bride and slackening his pace, the guide turned his dark eyes on Glyndon with an arch expression, and said—

"Your Excellency was not, perhaps, prepared for the hearty welcome we have given you."

"Why, in truth, I *ought* to have been prepared for it, since my friend, to whose house I am bound, did not disguise from me the character of the neighbourhood. And your name, my friend, if I may so call you?"

"Oh, no ceremonies with me, Excellency. In the village I am generally called Maestro Paulo. I had a surname once, though a very equivocal one—and I have forgotten that, since I retired from the world."

"And was it from disgust—from poverty—or from some—some ebullition of passion which entailed punishment—you betook yourself to the mountains?"

"Why, Signior," said the bravo, with a gay laugh, "hermits of my class seldom love confessional. However, I have no secrets while my step is in these defiles, my whistle in my pouch, and my carbine at my back." With that the robber, as if he loved permission to talk at his will, hemmed thrice, and began with much humour; though, as his tale proceeded, the memories it roused seemed to carry him farther than he at first intended, and reckless and light-hearted ease gave way to that fierce and varied play of countenance and passion of gesture which characterize the emotions of his countrymen.

"I was born at Terracina—a fair spot, is it not? My father was a learned monk, of rich birth; my mother—Heaven rest her!—an inn-keeper's pretty daughter. Of course there was no marriage in the case; and when I was born, the monk gravely declared my appearance to be miraculous. I was dedicated from my cradle to the altar—and my head was universally declared to be the orthodox shape for a cowl. As I grew up, the monk took great pains with my education; and I learned Latin and psalmody as soon as less miraculous infants learn crowing. Nor did the holy man's care stint itself to my interior accomplishments. Although vowed to poverty, he always contrived that my mother should have her pockets full; and, between her pockets and mine, there was soon established a clandestine communication; accordingly, at fourteen, I wore my cap on one side, stuck pistols in my belt, and assumed the swagger of a cavalier and a gallant. At that age my mother died, and about the same period my father, having written a History of the Pontifical Bulls, in forty volumes, and being, as I said, of high birth, obtained a Cardinal's hat. From that time he thought fit to disown your humble servant. He bound me over to an honest notary at Naples, and gave me two hundred crowns by way of provision.—Well, Signior, I saw enough of

the law to convince me that I should never be rogue enough to shine in the profession. So, instead of spoiling parchment, I made love to the notary's daughter. My master discovered our innocent amusement, and turned me out of doors—that was disagreeable. But my Ninetta loved me, and took care that I should not lie out in the streets with the lazzaroni. Little jade, I think I see her now, with her bare feet, and her finger on her lips, opening the door in the summer nights, and bidding me creep softly into the kitchen,—where, praised be the saints! a flask and a manchet always awaited the hungry amoroso. At last, however, Ninetta grew cold. It is the way of the sex, Signior. Her father found her an excellent marriage in the person of a withered old picture-dealer. She took the spouse, and very properly clapped the door in the face of the lover. I was not disheartened, Excellency; no, not I. Women are plentiful while we are young. So, without a ducat in my pocket, or a crust for my teeth, I set out to seek my fortune on board of a Spanish merchantman. That was duller work than I expected; but luckily we were attacked by a pirate—half the crew were butchered, the rest captured. I was one of the last—always in luck, you see, Signior—monk's sons have a knack that way! The captain of the pirate took a fancy to me. 'Serve with us,' said he. 'Too happy!' said I. Behold me then a pirate. O jolly life! how I blest the old notary for turning me out of doors! What feelings—what fighting—what wooing—what quarreling! Sometimes we ran ashore and enjoyed ourselves like princes—sometimes we lay in a calm for days together on the loveliest sea that man ever traversed. And then, if the breeze rose, and a sail came in sight, who so merry as we? I passed three years in that charming profession, and then, Signior, I grew ambitious.—I caballed against the captain—I wanted his post. One still night we struck the blow. The ship was like a log in the sea,—no land to be seen from the mast-head—the waves like glass, and the moon at its full. Up we rose—thirty of us and more. Up we rose with a shout—we poured into the captain's cabin—I at the head. The brave old boy had caught the alarm, and there he stood at the doorway, a pistol in each hand—and his one eye (he had only one) wore to meet them the pistols were.

"'Yield,' cried I, 'your life shall be safe.'"

"'Take that,' said he, and whizz went the pistol: but the saints took care of their own, and the ball passed my cheek, and shot the boatswain behind me. I closed with the captain, and the other pistol went off without mischief in the struggle: such a fellow he was, six feet four without his shoes! Over we went—rolling each on the other. *Santa Maria!*—no time to get hold of one's knife.—Meanwhile all the crew were up, some for the captain, some for me—clashing and firing, and a rearing and groaning, and now and then a heavy splash in the sea! Fine supper for the sharks that night! At last old Bilboa got uppermost; out flashed his knife; down it came, but not in my heart. No! I gave my left arm as a shield, and the blade went through me through up to the hilt, with the blood spirting up like rain from a whale's nostril. With the weight of the blow the stout fellow came down, so that his face touched mine with my right hand I caught him by the throat, turned him over like a lamb, Signior, and faith it was soon all up with him: the boatswain's brother, a fat dutchman, ran me through with a pike.

"'Old fellow,' said I, as he turned up his terrible eyes at me, 'I bare you no malice, but we must try to get on in this world, you know.' The captain grinned and gave up the ghost. I went upon deck—what a sight! Twenty bed fellows stark and cold, and the moon sparkling on the puddles of blood as calmly as if it were water. Well, Signior

the victory was ours, and the ship mine: I ruled merrily enough for six months. We then attacked a French ship twice our size; what sport it was! And we had not had a good fight so long: we were quite like virgins at it! We got the best of it, and won the ship and cargo. They wanted to pistol the captain, but that was against my laws; so we gagged him, for he scolded as loud as if we were married to him: left him and the rest of his crew on board our own vessel, which was terribly battered; clapped our black flag on the Frenchman's, and set off merrily, with a brisk wind in our favour. But luck deserted us on forsaking our own old ship. A storm came on—a plank struck—several of us escaped in the boats; we had lots of gold with us but no water. For two days and two nights we suffered horribly; but at last we ran ashore near a French seaport: our sorry plight moved compassion, and as we had money we were not suspected: people only suspect the poor. Here we soon recovered our fatigues, rigged ourselves out gaily, and your humble servant was considered as noble a captain as ever walked deck. But now, alas, my fate would have it that I should fall in love with a silk-mercier's daughter. Ah! how I loved her—the pretty Clara! Yes, I loved her so well that I was seized with horror at my past life; I resolved to repent—to marry her—and to settle down into an honest man. Accordingly, I summoned my messmates, told them my resolution, resigned my command, and persuaded them to depart. They were good fellows; engaged with a Dutchman, against whom I heard afterwards they made a successful mutiny, but I never saw them more. I had two thousand crowns still left; with this sum I obtained the consent of the silk-mercier, and it was agreed that I should become a partner in the firm. I need not say that no one suspected that I had been so great a man, and I passed for a Neapolitan goldsmith's son instead of a cardinal's. I was very happy then, Signior, very—I could not have harmed a fly! Had I married Clara, I should have been as gentle a mercier as ever handled a measure."

The bravo paused a moment, and it was easy to see that he felt more than his words and tone betokened. "Well, well, we must not look back at the past too earnestly,—the sunlight upon it makes one's eyes water. The day was fixed for our wedding—it approached: on the evening before the appointed day, Clara, her mother, her little sister, and myself were walking by the port, and as we looked on the sea, I was telling them old gossip tales of mermaids and sea serpents; when a red-faced, bottle-nosed Frenchman clapped himself right before me, and placing his spectacles very deliberately astride his proboscis, echoed out, '*Sacre, mille tonnerres!* this is the damned pirate that boarded the *Niobe!*'"

"None of your jests," said I mildly. "Ho, ho," said he. "I can't be mistaken. Help there," and he gripped me by the collar. I replied, as you may suppose, by laying him in the kennel; but it would not do. The French captain had a French lieutenant at his back, whose memory was as good as his master's. A crowd assembled—other sailors came p—the odds were against me. I slept that night in prison; and, in a few weeks afterwards, I was sent to the galleys. They spared my life because the old Frenchman politely remarked that I had made my crew spare his. You may believe that the oar and the chain were not to my taste. I, and two others, escaped; they took to the road, and have, no doubt, been long since broken on the wheel. I, soft soul, could not commit another crime to gain my bread, for Clara as still at my heart with her soft eyes; so, limiting my guerries to the theft of a beggar's rags, which I compensated by leaving him my galley attire instead, I begged my way to the town where I left Clara. It was a clear winter's day when I approached the outskirts of the town. I had no

fear of detection, for my beard and hair were as good as a mask. Oh, Mother of Mercy! there came across my way a funeral procession! There now,—you know it. I can tell you no more. She had died, perhaps of love,—more likely of shame. Do you know how I spent that night? I will tell you:—I stole a pick-axe from a mason's shed, and all alone and unseen, under the frosty heavens, I dug the fresh mould from the grave,—I lifted the coffin,—wrenched the lid,—I saw her again—again. Decay had not touched her. She was always pale in life!—I could have sworn she lived!—It was a blessed thing to see her once more,—and all alone too! But then, at dawn, to give her back to the earth,—to close the lid, to throw down the mould, to hear the pebbles rattle on the coffin,—that was dreadful! Signior, I never knew before, and I don't wish to think now, how valuable a thing human life is. At sunrise I was again a wanderer; but now, that Clara was gone, my scruples vanished, and again I was at war with my betters. I contrived, at last, at O——, to get taken on board a vessel bound to Leghorn, working out my passage. From Leghorn I went to Rome, and stationed myself at the door of the cardinal's palace. Out he came,—his gilded coach at the gate.

"Ho, father," said I, "don't you know me?"

"Who are you?"

"Your son," said I, in whisper.

"The cardinal drew back, looked at me earnestly, and mused a moment, 'All men are my sons,' quoth he then, very mildly, 'there is gold for thee. To him who begs once, alms are due; to him who begs twice, jails are open. Take the hint, and molest me no more. Heaven bless thee!' With that he got into his coach and drove off to the Vatican. His purse, which he had left behind, was well supplied. I was grateful and contented, and took my way to Terracina. I had not long passed the marshes, when I saw two horsemen approach at a canter.

"You look poor, friend," said one of them, halting; 'yet you are strong.'

"Poor men and strong are both servicable and dangerous, Signior Cavalier."

"Well said—follow us."

## CHAPTER II.

### The Convicts.

"I obeyed, and became a bandit. I rose by degrees; and as I have always been mild in my calling, and have taken purses without cutting throats, I bear an excellent character, and can eat my macaroni at Naples without any danger to life and limb. For the last two years I have settled in these parts, where I held sway, and where I have purchased land. I am called a farmer, Signior; and I myself now only rob for amusement, and to keep my hand in. I trust I have satisfied your curiosity. We are within a hundred yards of the castle."

"And now," asked the Englishman, whose interest had been much excited by his companion's narrative, "and how came you acquainted with my host? and by what means has he so well conciliated the good will of yourself and your friends?"

Maestro Paulo turned his black eyes very gravely towards his questioner. "Why, Signior," said he, "you must surely know more of the foreign cavalier with a hard name than I do. All I can say is, that about a fortnight ago I chanced to be standing by a booth in the Toledo of Naples, when a sober looking gentleman touched me by the arm, and said 'Maestro Paulo, I want to make your acquaintance; do me the favour



to come into yonder tavern, and drink a flask of lacryma.' 'Willingly,' said I. So we entered the tavern. When we were seated, my new acquaintance thus accosted me:—'The Count d'O—— has offered to let me hire his old castle near B——. You know the spot?'

"'Extremely well; no one has inhabited it for a century at least; it is half in ruins, Signior. A queer place to hire—I hope the rent is not heavy.'

"'Maestro Paulo,' said he, 'I am a philosopher, and don't care for luxuries. I want a quiet retreat for scientific experiments. The castle will suit me very well provided you will accept me as a neighbour, and place me and my friends under your special protection. I am rich; but I shall take nothing to the castle worth robbing. I will pay one rent to the count, and another to you.'

"With that we soon came to terms; and as the strange Signior doubled the sum I myself proposed, he is in high favour with all his neighbours. We would guard the old castle against an army. And now Signior, that I have been thus frank, be frank with me. Who is this singular Cavalier?"

"Who? he himself told you, a philosopher."

"Hem! searching for the philosopher's stone—eh? a bit of a magician;—afraid of the priests?"

"Precisely. You have hit it."

"I thought so; and you are his pupil?"

"I am."

"I wish you well through it," said the robber seriously, and crossing himself with much devotion: I am not much better than other people, but one's soul is one's soul. I do not mind a little honest robbery, or knocking a man on the head if need be—but to make a bargain with the devil!—Ah! take care, young gentleman, take care."

"You need not fear," said Glyndon, smiling; my preceptor is too wise and too good for such a compact. But here we are, I suppose. A noble ruin—a glorious prospect!"

Glyndon paused delightedly, and surveyed the scene before and below with the eye of a poet and a painter. Insensibly, while listening to the bandit, he had wound up a considerable ascent, and now he was upon a broad ledge of rock covered with mosses and dwarf shrubs. Between this eminence and another of equal height, upon which the castle was built, there was a deep but narrow fissure, overgrown with the most profuse foliage, so the eye could not penetrate many yards below the rugged surface of the abyss; but the profoundness might be well conjectured by the hoarse, low, monotonous roar of waters unseen that rolled below, and the subsequent course of which was visible at a distance in a perturbed and rapid stream, that intersected the waste and desolate valleys. To the left, the prospect seemed almost boundless;—the extreme clearness of the purple air serving to render distinct the features of a range of country that a conqueror of old might have deemed in itself a kingdom. Lonely and desolate as the road which Glyndon had passed that day had appeared, the landscape now seemed studded with castles, spires and villages. Afar off, Naples gleamed whitely in the last rays of the sun, and the rose-tints of the horizon melted into the azure of her glorious bay. Yet more remote, and in another part of the prospect, might be caught, dim and shadowy, and backed by the darkest foliage, the ruined pillars of the ancient Posidonia. There, in the midst of his blackened and sterile realms rose the dismal Mount of Fire: while, on the other hand, winding through variegated plains, to which distance lent all its magic, glittered many and many a stream, by which Etruscan and Sybarite, Roman and Saracen and Norman, had, at intervals of ages, pitched the invading tent. All the visions of the past—the stormy and dazzling histories of southern Italy—rushed over the ar-

tist's mind as he gazed below. And then, slowly turning to look behind, he saw the gray and mouldering walls of the castle in which he sought the secrets that were to give to hope in the Future a mightier empire than memory owns in the Past. It was one of those baronial fortresses with which Italy was studded in the earlier middle ages, having but little of the Gothic grace or grandeur which belongs to the ecclesiastical architecture of the same time; but rude, vast, and menacing, even in decay. A wooden bridge was thrown over the chasm, wide enough to admit two horsemen abreast; and the planks trembled and gave back a hollow sound as Glyndon urged his jaded steed across.

A road that had once been broad, and paved with rough flags, but which now was obliterated by long grass and rank weeds, conducted to the outer court of the castle hard by; the gates were open, and half the building in this part was dismantled; the ruins partially hid by ivy that was the growth of centuries. But on entering the inner court, Glyndon was not sorry to notice that there was less appearance of neglect and decay; some wild roses gave a smile to the gray walls, and in the centre there was a fountain, in which the waters still trickled coolly, and with a pleasing murmur, from the jaws of a gigantic triton. Here he was met by Mejnour with a smile.

"Welcome, my friend and pupil," said he; "he who seeks for Truth, can find in these solitudes an immortal Academe."

The attendants which Mejnour had engaged for his strange abode, were such as might suit a philosopher of few wants. An old Armenian, whom Glyndon recognized as in the mystic's service at Naples; a tall, hard-featured woman, from the village, recommended by Maestro Paulo, and two long-haired, smooth-spoken, but fierce-visaged youths from the same place, and honoured by the same sponsorship, constituted the establishment. The rooms used by the sage were commodious and weather-proof, with some remains of ancient splendour in the faded arms that clothed the walls and the huge tables of costly marble and elaborate carving. Glyndon's sleeping apartment communicated with a kind of belvedere or terrace that commanded prospects of unrivalled beauty and extent, and was separated, on the other side, by a long gallery, and a flight of ten or a dozen stairs, from the private chamber of the mystic. There was about the whole place a sombre and yet not displeasing depth of repose. It suited well with the studies to which it was now to be appropriated.

For several days Mejnour refused to confer with Glyndon on the subjects nearest to his heart.

"All without," said he, "is prepared, but not all within; your own soul must grow accustomed to the spot, and filled with the surrounding nature: for nature is the source of all inspiration."

With these words which savoured a little of jargon, Mejnour turned to lighter topics. He made the Englishman accompany him in long rambles through the wild scenes around, and he smiled approvingly when the young artist gave way to the enthusiasm which their fearful beauty could not have failed to rouse in a duller breast; and then Mejnour poured forth to his wondering pupil the stores of a knowledge that seemed inexhaustible and boundless. He gave accounts the most curious, graphic, and minute, of the various races (their characters, habits, creeds, and manners,) by which that fair land had been successively overrun. It is true, that his descriptions could not be found in books, and were unsupported by learned authorities; but he possessed the true charm of the tale-teller, and spoke of all with the animated confidence of a personal witness.—Sometimes, too, he would converse upon the more durable and the loftier mys-

ories of Nature with an eloquence and a research which invested them with all the colours rather of poetry than science. Insensibly the young artist found himself elevated and soothed by the lore of his companion; the fever of his wild desires was slaked.—His mind became more and more lulled into the divine tranquillity of contemplation; he felt himself a nobler being; and in the silence of his senses he imagined that he heard the voice of his soul.

It was in this state that Mejnour evidently sought to bring the Neophyte, and in this elementary initiation the mystic was like every more ordinary sage. For he who seeks to discover, must first reduce himself into a kind of abstract idealism, and be rendered up, in solemn and sweet bondage, to the faculties which CONTEMPLATE and IMAGINE.

Glyndon noticed that, in their rambles, Mejnour often paused where the foliage was richest, to gather some herb or flower; and this reminded him that he had seen Zicci similarly occupied. "Can these humble children of nature," (said he one day to Mejnour), "things that bloom and wither in a day, be serviceable to the science of the higher secrets? Is there a pharmacy for the soul as well as the body, and do the nurdlings of the summer minister not only to human health but spiritual immortality?"

"If" answered Mejnour, "before one property of herbalism was known to them, a stranger had visited a wandering tribe; if he had told the savages that the herbs, which every day they trampled under foot, were endowed with the most potent virtues; that one would restore to health a brother on the verge of death; that another would paralyze into idiocy their wisest sage; that a third would strike lifeless to the dust their most stalwart champion; that tears and laughter, vigour and disease, madness and reason, wakefulness and sleep, existence and dissolution, were coiled up in those unregarded leaves,—would they not have held him a sorcerer or a liar? To half the virtues of the vegetable world mankind are yet in the darkness of the savages I have supposed. There are faculties within us with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have power. The *moloy* of the ancients is not all a fable."

One evening, Glyndon had lingered alone and late upon the ramparts,—watching the stars as, one by one, they broke upon the twilight. Never had he felt so sensibly the mighty power of the heavens and the earth upon man! how much the springs of our intellectual being are moved and acted upon by the solemn influences of nature! As a patient on whom, slowly and by degrees, the agencies of mesmerism are brought to bear, he acknowledged to his heart the growing force of that vast and universal magnetism which is the life of creation, and binds the atom to the whole. A strange and ineffable consciousness of power, of the something GREAT within the perishable clay, appealed to feelings at once dim and glorious,—rather faintly recognized than all unknown. An impulse, that he could not resist, led him to seek the mystic. He would demand, that hour, his initiation into the worlds beyond our world—he was prepared to breathe a divine air. He entered the castle, and strode through the shadowy and star-lit gallery which conducted to Mejnour's apartment.

*To be Continued.*

"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,  
Let the Dead Past, bury its dead!  
Act! Act! in the glorious Present,  
Heart within, and God o'er head."—LONGFELLOW.

*From the Dublin University Magazine.*

## FARDAROUGH, THE MISER.

PART VI.

To those whose minds and bodies are of active habits, there can be scarcely any thing more trying than a position in which the latter is deprived of its usual occupation, and the former forced to engage itself only on the contemplation of that which is painful. In such a situation, the mental and physical powers are rendered incapable of mutually sustaining each other; for we all know that mere corporal employment lessens affliction, or enables us in a shorter time to forget it, whilst the acuteness of bodily suffering on the other hand, is blunted by those pursuits which fill the mind with agreeable impressions. During the few days, therefore, that intervened between the last interview which Connor held with Nogher McCormick, and the day of his final departure he felt himself rather relieved than depressed by the number of friends who come to visit him for the last time. He was left less to solitude and himself than he otherwise would have been, and, of course, the days of his imprisonment were neither so dreary nor oppressive as the uninterrupted contemplation of his gloomy destiny would have rendered them. Full of the irrepressible ardour of youth, he longed for that change which he knew must bring him onward in the path of life; and in this how little did he resemble the generality of other convicts, who feel as if time were bringing about the day of their departure with painful and more than ordinary celerity. At length the interviews between him and all those whom he wished to see were concluded, with the exception of three, viz.—John O'Brien, and his own parents, whilst only two clear days intervened until the period of his departure.

It was on the third morning previous to that unhappy event, that the brother of his Una—the most active and indefatigable of all those who had interested themselves for him—was announced as requesting an interview. Connor, although prepared for this, experienced on the occasion, as every high-minded person would do, a strong feeling of degradation and shame as the predominant sensation. That, indeed, was but natural, for it is undoubtedly true that we feel disgrace lie more heavily upon us in the eyes of those we esteem, than we do under any other circumstances. This impression, however, though as we have said the strongest, was far from being the only one he felt. A heart like his could not be insensible to the obligations under which the generous and indefatigable exertions of young O'Brien had placed him. But, independently of this, he was Una's brother, and the appearance of one so dear to her, gave to all his love for her a character of melancholy tenderness, more deep and full than he had probably ever experienced before. Her brother would have been received with extraordinary warmth on his own account, but in addition to that, Connor knew that he now came on behalf of Una herself. It was, therefore, under a tumult of mingled sensations, that he received him in his gloomy apartment—gloomy in despite of all that a humane gaoler could do to lessen the rigours of his confinement.

"I cannot welcome you to such a place as this is," said Connor, grasping and wringing his hand, as the other entered, "although I may well say that I would be glad to see you any where, as I am, indeed, to see you even here. I know what I owe you, an' what you have done for me."

"Thank God," replied the other, returning his grasp with equal pressure, "thank God, that, at all events, the worst of what we expected will not——" He paused, for on looking

at O'Donovan, he observed upon his open brow a singular depth of melancholy, mingled less with an expression of shame, than with the calm but indignant sorrow of one who could feel no resentment against him with whom he spoke.

O'Brien saw, at a glance, that Connor, in consequence of something in his manner, joined to his inconsiderate congratulations, imagined that he believed him guilty. He lost not a moment, therefore, in correcting this mistake.

"It would have been dreadful," he proceeded, "to see innocent blood shed, through the perjury of a villain—for, of course, you cannot suppose for a moment that one of our family suppose you to be guilty."

"I was near doin' you injustice, then," replied the other; "but I ought to know that if you did think me so, you wouldn't now be here, nor act as you did. Not but that I thought it possible, on another account you—. No," he added, after a pause, "that would be doin' the brother of Una injustice."

"You are right," returned O'Brien, "No circumstance of *any* kind"—and he laid a peculiar emphasis on the words—"no circumstance of *any* kind, could bring me to visit a man capable of such a mean and cowardly act; for, as to the loss we sustained, I wouldn't think of it. You, Connor O'Donovan, are not the man to commit any act, either the one or the other. If I did not *feel* this, you would not see me before you." He extended his hand to him while he spoke, and the brow of Connor brightened as he met his grasp.

"I believe you," he replied; "and now I hope we may shake out like men that understand one another. In case you hadn't come, I intended to lave a message for you with my mother. I believe you know all Una's secrets?"

"I do," replied O'Brien, "just as well as her confessor."

"Yes, I believe that," said Connor. "The sun in heaven is not purer than she is. The only fault she ever could be charged with, was her love for me; and heavily, oh! far too heavily, has she suffered for it."

"I, for one, never blamed her on that account," said her brother. "I knew that her good sense would have at any time, prevented her from forming an attachment to an unworthy object; and upon the strength of her own judgment, I approved of that which she avowed for you. Indeed I perceived it myself before she told me; but upon attempting to gain her secret, the candid creature at once made me her confidant."

"It is like her," said Connor; she is all truth. Well would it be for her, if she had never seen me. Not even the parting from my father and mother sinks my heart with so much sorrow, as the thought that her love for me has made her so unhappy. It's a strange case, John O'Brien, an' a trying one; but since it is the will of God, we must submit to it. How did you leave her? I heard she was getting better."

"She is better," said John—"past danger, but still very delicate and feeble. Indeed she is so much worn down, that you would scarcely know her. The brightness of her dark eye is dead—her complexion gone. Sorrow, as she says herself, is in her and upon her. Never, indeed, was a young creature's love so pure and true."

O'Donovan made no reply for some time; but the other observed that he turned away his face from him, as if to conceal his emotion. At length his bosom heaved vehemently, three or four times, and his breath came and went with a quick and quivering motion, that betrayed the powerful struggle which he felt.

"I know it is but natural for you to feel deeply," continued her brother; "but as you have borne every thing heretofore with so much firmness, you must not break down now."

"But you know it is a deadly thrial to be for ever separated from such a girl. Sufferin' so much, you say—so worn! Her dark eye dim with—oh, it is, it is a deadly thrial—a heart-breaking thrial! John O'Brien," he proceeded, with uncommon earnestness, "you are her only brother, an' she is your only sister. Oh, will you, for the sake of God, and for my sake, if I may take the liberty of sayin' so—but, above all things, will you, for her own sake, when I am gone, comfort and support her, an' raise her heart, if possible, out of this heavy throuble?"

Her brother gazed on him with a melancholy smile, in which might be read both admiration and sympathy.

"Do you think it possible that I would, or could omit to cherish and sustain poor Una, under such trying circumstances? Every thing considered, however, your words are only natural—only natural."

"Don't let her think too much about it," continued O'Donovan. "Bring her out as much as you can—let her not be much by herself. But this is folly in me," he added; "you know yourself better than I can instruct you how to act."

"God knows," replied the brother, struck and softened by the mournful anxiety for her welfare, which Connor expressed, "God knows, that all you say, and all I can think of besides, shall be done for our dear girl—so make your mind easy."

"I thank you," replied the other; "from my soul, an' from the bottom of my heart, I thank you. Endeavour to make her forget me, if you can; an' when this passes away out of her mind, she may yet be happy—a happy wife an' a happy mother—an' she can then think of her love for Connor O'Donovan, only as a troubled drama that she had in her early life."

"Connor," said the other, "this is not right—you must be firmer;" but as he uttered the words of reproof, the tears almost came to his eyes.

"As for my part," continued Connor, "what is the world to me now, that I've lost her? It is—it is a hard and a dark fate, but why it should fall upon us, I do not know. It's as much as I can do to bear it as I ought."

"Well, well," replied John, "don't dwell too much on it. I have something else to speak to you about."

"Dwell on it!" returned the other; "as God is above me, she's not one minute out of my thoughts; an' I tell you, I'd rather be dead this moment, than forget her. Her memory now is the only happiness that is left to me—my only wealth in this world."

"No," said John, "it is not. Connor, I have now a few words to say to you, and I know they will prove whether you are as generous as you are said to be; and whether your love for my sister is truly tender and disinterested. You have it now in your power to ease her heart very much of a heavy load of concern which she feels on your account. Your father, you know, is now a ruined man, or I should rather say a poor one. You are going out under circumstances the most painful. In the country to which you are unhappily destined, you will have no friends—and no one living feels this more acutely than Una; for observe me, I am now speaking on her behalf, and acting in her name. I am her agent. Now Una is richer than you might imagine, being the possessor of a legacy left her by our grandfather by my father's side. Of this legacy, she herself stands in no need—but you may and will, when you reach a distant country. Now, Connor, you see how, that admirable creature loves you—you see how that love would follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth. Will you, or rather are you capable of being as generous as she is?—and can you show her that you are as much above the absurd prejudices of the world, and its cold forms, as he ought to be who is loved by a crea-

ture so truly generous and delicate as Una! You know how very poorly she is at present in health; and I tell you candidly, that your declining to accept this as a gift and memorial by which to remember her, may be attended with very serious consequences to her health."

Connor kept his eyes fixed upon the speaker, with a look of deep and earnest attention: and as O'Brien detailed with singular address and delicacy these striking proofs of Una's affection, her lover's countenance became an index of the truth with which his heart corresponded to the noble girl's tenderness and generosity. He seized O'Brien's hand—

"John," said he, "You are worthy of bein' Una's brother, and I could say nothing higher in your favour; but in the same time, you and she both know that I want nothing to enable me to remember her by. This is a proof I grant you, that she loves me truly: but I knew *that* as well before, as I do now. In this business I cannot comply with her wish an' yours, an' you musn't press me. You, I say, musn't press me. Through my whole life I have never lost my own good opinion, but if I did what you want me now to do, I couldn't respect myself—I would feel lowered in my own mind. In short, I'd feel unhappy, an' that I was too mean to be worthy of your sister. Once far all, then, I cannot comply in this business with your wish an' her's."

"But the anxiety produced by your refusal, may have very dangerous effects on her health."

"Then you must contrive somehow to console my refusal from her, till she gets recovered. I couldn't do what you want me; an' if you press me farther upon it, I'll think you don't respect me as much as I'd wish her brother to do. Oh, God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, "must I love you, my darling Una, for ever? I must, I must; an' the drame of all we hoped is past—but never, never, will she leave my heart. Her eye dim, an' her cheek pale! an' all for me—for a man covered with shame and disgrace! Oh, John, John, what a heart!—to love me in spite of all this, an' in spite of the world's opinion along with it!"

At this moment one of the turnkeys entered, and told him that his mother and a young lady were coming up to see him.

"My mother?" he exclaimed, "I am glad she is come; but I didn't expect her till the day after to-morrow. A young lady! Heavens above, what young lady could come with my mother?"

He involuntarily exchanged looks with O'Brien, and a thought flashed on the instant across the minds of both. They immediately understood each other.

"Undoubtedly," said John, "it can be no other—it is she—it is Una. Good God, how is this? The interview and separation will be more than she can bear—she will sink under it."

Connor made no reply, but sat down and pressed his right hand upon his forehead, as if to collect energy sufficient to meet the double trial which was now before him.

"I have only one course, John," said he, "now, and that is, to appear to be—what I am not—a firm-hearted man. I must try to put on a smiling face before them."

"If it be Una," returned the other, "I shall withdraw for a while. I know her extreme bashfulness in many cases; and I know, too, that any thing like a restraint upon her heart at present—In a word, I shall retire for a little."

"It may be as well," said Connor; "but so far as I am concerned, it makes no difference—just as you think proper."

"Your mother will be a sufficient witness," said the delicate-minded brother; "but I will see you again after they shall have left you."

"You must," replied O'Donovan. "Oh see me—see

me again. I have something to say to you of more value even than Una's life."

The door then opened, and assisted, or rather supported by the governor of the gaol, and one of the turnkeys, Honor O'Donovan and Una O'Brien entered the gloomy cell of the guiltless convict.

The situation in which O'Donovan was now placed, will be admitted, we think, by the reader, to have been one equally unprecedented and distressing. It has been often said, and on many occasions with perfect truth, that opposite states of feeling existing in the same breast generally neutralize each other. In Connor's heart, however, there was in this instance nothing of a conflicting nature. The noble boy's love for such a mother, bore in its melancholy beauty a touching resemblance to the purity of his affection for Una O'Brien—each exhibiting in its highest character those virtues which made the heart of the mother proud and loving, and that of his beautiful girl generous and devoted. So far, therefore, from their appearance together tending to concentrate his moral fortitude, it actually divided his strength, and forced him to meet each with a heart subdued and softened by his love for the other.

As they entered, therefore, he approached them, smiling as well as he could; and first taking a hand of each, would have led them over to a deal form beside the fire, but it was soon evident, that owing to their weakness and agitation united, they required greater support. He and O'Brien accordingly helped them to a seat, on which they sat with every symptom of that exhaustion which results at once from illness and mental suffering.

Let us not forget to inform our readers that the day of this mournful visit was that on which, according to his original sentence, he should have yielded up his life as a penalty to the law.

"My dear mother," said he, "you an' Una know that this day ought not to be a day of sorrow among us. Only for the goodness of my friends, an' of government, it's not my voice you'd be now listenin' to—but that is now changed—so no more about it. I'm glad to see you both able to come out."

His mother, on first sitting down, clasped her hands together, and in a silent ejaculation, with closed eyes, raised her heart to the Almighty, to supplicate aid and strength to enable her to part finally with that boy who was, and ever had been, dearer to her than her own heart. Una trembled, and on meeting her brother so unexpectedly, blushed faintly, and, indeed, appeared to breathe with difficulty. She held a bottle of smelling salts in her hand.

"John," she said, "I will explain this visit."

"My dear Una," he replied, affectionately, "you need not—it requires none—and I beg you will not think of it one moment more. I must now leave you together for about half an hour, as I have some business to do in town that will detain me about that time." He then left them.

"Connor," said his mother, "sit down between this darlin' girl an' me, till I spake to you."

He sat down and took a hand of each.

"A darlin' girl she is, mother. It's now I see how very ill you have been, my own Una."

"Yes," she replied, "I was ill—but when I heard that your life was spared, I got better."

This she said with an artless but melancholy *naïveté*, that was very trying to the fortitude of her lover. As she spoke she looked fondly but mournfully into his face.

"Connor," proceeded his mother, "I hope you are fully sensible of the mercy God has shown you, under this great trial?"



"I hope I am, indeed, my dear mother. It is to God I surely owe it."

"It is, an' I trust that go where you will, and live where you may, the day will never come when you'll forget the debt you owe your Almighty, for preventin' you from bein' cut down like a flower in the very bloom of your life. I hope avillish machree, that that day will never come."

"God forbid it ever should, mother dear."

"Thin you may learn from what has happened, avick agus ashore, never, oh never to despair of God's mercy—no matter into what thrial or difficulty you may be brought. You see whin you naither hoped for it here, nor expected it, how it came for all that."

"It did, blessed be God."

"Your goin' now, ahagur, to a strange land, where you'll meet—ay, where my darlin' boy will meet the worst of company; but remember, alanna villish, that your mother, well as she loves you, an well, I own, as you deserve to be loved—that mother that hung over the cradle of her only one—that dressed him, an' reared him, an' felt many a proud heart out of him—that mother would sooner at any time see him in his grave, his sowl bein' free from stain, than to know that his heart was corrupted by the world, an' the people you'll meet in it."

Something in the last sentence must have touched a chord in Una's heart, for the tears, without showing any other external signs of emotion, streamed down her cheeks.

"My advice then to you—an' oh, avick machree, machree, it is my last, the last you will ever hear from my lips—"

"Oh, mother, mother," exclaimed Connor, but he could not proceed—voice was denied him. Una here sobbed aloud.

"You bore your thrial nobly, my darlin' son—you must thin bear this as well; an' you, a colleen dhas, remember your promise to me afore I consinted to come with you this day."

The weeping girl here dried her eyes, and by a strong effort hushed her grief.

"My advice, thin, to you, is never to neglect your duty to God, for if you do it wanst or twist, you'll begin by degrees to get careless—thin, bit by bit, ashore, your heart will harden, your conscience will leave you, an' wickedness an' sin, an' guilt will come upon you. It's no matther, ashore, how much wicked comrades may laugh an' jeer at you; keep you thrue to the will of your good God, an' to your religious duties, an' let them take their own course. Will you promise me to do this, *avillish machree*?"

"Mother, I have always shrove to do it, an' with God's assistance, always will."

"An' my son, too, will you bear up undher this life a man. Remember, Connor darlin', that although you're lavin' us for ever, yet your poor father an' I have the blessed satisfaction of knowin' that we're not childless—that you're alive, an' that you may yet do well an' be happy. I mintion these things, accushla machree, to show you that there's nothin' over you so bad, but you may shew yourself firm and manly undher it—act as you have done. It's you, ashore, ought to comfort your father an' me; an' I hope whin you're partin' from him, that you'll—Oh God, support him! I wish, Connor darlin', that that partin' was over, but I depend upon you to make it as light upon him as you can."

She paused, apparently from exhaustion. Indeed it was evident, either that she had little else to add, or that she felt too weak to speak much more, with such a load of sorrow and affliction on her heart.

"There is one thing, Connor jewel, that I needn't mintion. Of coorse you'll write to us as often as you conveniently can. Oh do not forget that, for you know that that bit of paper from

your own hand, is all belongin' to you we will ever see more. Avick machree, machree, many a long look out we will have for it. It may keep the ould man's heart from breakin'."

She was silent, but as she uttered the last words, there was a shaking of the voice, which gave clear proof of the difficulty with which she went through the solemn task of being calm, which for the sake of her son, she had heroically imposed upon herself.

She was now silent, but as is usual with Irishwomen under the influence of sorrow, she rocked herself involuntarily to and fro, whilst, with closed eyes, hands clasped as before, she held communion with God, the only true source of comfort.

"Connor," she added, after a pause, during which he and Una, though silent from respect to her, were both deeply affected; "sit forint me, avick machree, that, for the short time you're to be with me, I may have you before my eyes.—Huath now, a colleen machree, an' remember your promise. Where's the stringth you said you'd show?"

She then gazed with a long look of love and sorrow upon the fine countenance of her manly son, and nature would be no longer restrained—

"Let me lay my head upon your breast," said she; "I'm attemptin' too much—the mother's heart will give out the mother's voice—will speak the mother's sorrow! Oh, my son, my son, my darlin', manly son—are you lavin' your lovin' mother for evermore, for evermore?"

She was overcome; placing her head upon his bosom, her grief fell into that beautiful but mournful wail with which, in Ireland, those of her sex weep over the dead.

Indeed, the scene assumed a tenderness, from this incident, which was inexpressibly affecting; inasmuch as the cry of death was but little out of place when bewailing that beloved boy whom, by the stern decree of law, she was never to see again.

Connor kissed her pale cheek and lips, and rained down a flood of bitter tears upon her face; and Una, borne away by the enthusiasm of her sorrow, threw her arms also around her, and wept aloud.

At length, after having, in some degree, eased her heart, she sat up, and with that consideration and good sense for which she had ever been remarkable, said—

"Nature must have its way; an' surely, within reason, it's not sinful seein' that God himself has given us the feelin's of sorrow, whin thin that we love is lavin' us—lavin' us never, never to see them agin. It's only nature, after all: and now ma colleen dhas."

Her allusion to the final separation of those who love—or, in her own words, "to the feelin's of sorrow, whin thin we love is lavin' us"—was too much for the heart and affections of the fair girl at her side, whose grief now passed all the bounds which her previous attempts at being firm had prescribed to it.

O'Donovan took the beloved one in his arms, and, in the long embrace which ensued, seldom were love and sorrow so singularly and mournfully blended.

"I don't want to prevent you from cryin', a coolen machree; for I know it will lighten an' aise your heart," said Honor; "but remember your wakeness, and your poor health; an' Connor avourneen, don't you—if you love her—don't forget the state her health's in either."

"Mother, mother, you know it's the last time I'll ever look upon my Una's face again," he exclaimed. "Oh, well ma I be loath an' unwilling to part with her. You'll think of me, my darlin' life, when I'm gone—not as a guilty man, Una dear, but as one that if he ever comitted a crime, was lovin' you an' bringin' you to this unhappy state."

"God sees my heart this day," she replied—and she spoke with difficulty—"that I could and would have travelled over the world; borne joy and sorrow, hardship and distress—good fortune and bad—all happily, if you had been by my side—if you had not been taken from me. Oh, Connor, Connor, you may well pity your Una—for your's I am and was—another's I will never be. You are entering into scenes that will relieve you by their novelty—that will force you to think of other things and of other persons than those you've left behind you; but oh, what can I look upon that will not fill my heart with despair and sorrow, by reminding me of you and your affection?"

"*Fareer guir*," exclaimed the mother, speaking involuntarily aloud, and interrupting her own word with sobs of bitter anguish—"Fareer guir, *ma colleen dhas*, but that's the heavy truth with us all. Oh, the ould man—the ould man's heart will break all out, when he looks upon the place, an' every thing else that our boy left behind him."

"Dear Una," said Connor, "you know that we're partin' now for ever."

"My breaking heart tells me that," she replied. "I would give the wealth of the world that it was not so—I would—I would."

"Listen to me, my own life. You must not let your love for me lie so heavy upon your heart. Go out and keep your mind employed upon other thoughts—by degrees you'll forget—no, I don't think you could altogether forget me—me—the first, Una, you ever loved."

"And the last, Connor—the last I ever will love."

"No, no. In the presence of my lovin' mother, I say that you must not think that way. Time will pass, my own Una, an' you will yet be happy with some other. You're very young; an', as I said, time will wear me by degrees out of your mimicry."

Una broke hastily from his embrace, for she lay upon his breast all this time—

"Do you think so, Connor O'Donovan?" she exclaimed; but on looking into his face, and reading the history of deep-seated sorrow which appeared there so legible, she again fled to him and wept."

"Oh, no," she continued, "I cannot quarrel with you now; but you do the heart of your own Una injustice, if you think it could ever feel happiness with another. Already I have my mother's consent to enter a convent—and to enter convent is my fixed determination."

"Oh, mother," said Connor, "how will I love this blessed girl? how will I part with her?"

Honor rose up, and, by two or three simple words, disclosed more forcibly, more touchingly, than any direct exhibition of grief could have done, the inexpressible power of the misery she felt at this eternal separation from her only boy. He seized Una's two hands, and, kissing her lips, said, in tones of the most heart-rending pathos—

"Oh, Una, Una, pity me—I am his mother!"

Una threw herself into her arms, and sobbed out—

"Yes, and mine."

"Thin you'll obey me as a daughter should," said Honor. "This is too much for you, Oona; part we both must from n, an' neither of us is able to bear much more."

"She here gave Connor a private signal to be firm, pointing, unobservedly to Una's pale cheek, which at the moment upon her bosom.

"Connor," she proceeded, "Oona has what you sent her gher—an' he is breakin' his heart too—gave it to me; my daughter, for I will always call her so, has it this nite next her lovin's heart. Here is her's, an' let it lie t your's."

Connor seized the glossy ringlet from his mother's hands, and placed it at the moment next to the seat of his undying affection for the fair girl from whose ebony locks it had been taken.

His mother then kissed Una again, and, rising, said—

"Now, my daughter, remember I am your mother, an' obey me."

"I will," said Una, attempting to repress her grief—"I will; but—"

"Yis, darlin' you will. Now, Connor, my son, my son—Connor?"

"What is it, mother darlin'?"

"We're goin', Connor—we're lavin' you—be firm—be a man. Are n't you my son, Connor? my only son—an' the ould man—an' never, never more—kneel down—kneel down till I bless you. Oh, many, many a blessin' has risen from your mother's lips an' your mother's heart, to Heaven for you, my son, my son!"

Connor knelt, his heart bursting, but he knelt not alone. By his side was his own Una, with meek and bended head, awaiting for his mother's blessing.

She then poured forth that blessing: first upon him who was nearest to her heart, and afterwards upon the worn but still beautiful girl, whose love for that adored son had made her so inexpressibly dear to her. Whilst she uttered this fervent but sorrowful benediction, a hand was placed upon the head of each, after which she stooped and kissed them both, but without shedding a single tear.

"Now," said she, "comes the mother's wakeness; but my son will help me by his manliness—so will my daughter. I am very weak. Oh, what heart can know the sufferin's of this hour, but mine? My son, my son—Connor O'Donovan, my son!"

At this moment John O'Brien entered the room; but the solemnity and pathos of her manner and voice hushed him so completely into silent attention, that it is probable she did not perceive him.

"Let me put my arms about him and kiss his lips once more, an' then I'll say farewell."

She again approached the boy, who opened his arms to receive her, and after having kissed him and looked into his face, said, "I will now go—I will now go;" but instead of withdrawing, as she had intended, it was observed that she pressed him more closely to her heart than before; plied her hands about his neck and bosom, as if she were not actually conscious of what she did; and at length sunk into a forgetfulness of all her misery upon the aching breast of her unhappy son.

"Now," said Una, rising into a spirit of unexpected fortitude, "now, Connor, I will be her daughter, and you must be her son. The moment she recovers we must separate, and in such a manner as to show that our affection for each other shall not be injurious to her."

"It is nature only," said her brother: "or, in other words, the love that is natural to such a mother for such a son, that has overcome her. Connor, this must be ended."

"I am willin' it should," replied the other. "You must assist them home, and let me see you again to-morrow. I have something of the deepest importance to say to you."

Una's bottle of smelling salts soon relieved the woe-worn mother; and, ere the lapse of many minutes, she was able to summon her own natural firmness of character. The lovers, too, strove to be firm; and, after one long and last embrace, they separated from Connor with more composure than, from the preceding scene, might have been expected.

(Continued on page 147.)

## MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

BY B. SIMMONS.

"This morn is merry June I'row,  
The rose is budding fin—  
But it sha'l bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas but a day—but then that day  
Was lit by June's long jocund ray ;  
When bright and happy Sho and I,  
On soaring *Comrah's* summit high,  
Strayed from the throng 'mid heather flowers,  
Where *Fée-champère* sped the hours,  
And sought that mountain's mightiest height  
From whence, we said, our ardent eyes  
Might best drink in the green delight  
That in that matchless landscape lies,

'Twas fond pretence! to us in vain,  
Far Ormond spread its broad domain,  
And lured our gaze with sparkling flood,  
And castled cliff and giant wood.  
Vainly the distant Barrow rolled  
His course, a coil of slender gold,  
Or Nore's blue waters danced and played  
Round Woodstock's banks and beechen glade.  
Ah, there no more the wild harp swells  
That shook those violet-breathing dells,  
And shed a deathless spell along  
Each grove's sweet gloom in *Psyche's* song! \*  
In vain Barnane, the thunder-riven,  
Far northward cleft the summer heaven,  
Or on the horizon stretched away,  
A streak of light, slept *Youghal* bay.  
We gazed but once, and gazing turned,  
Filled with the love that round us burned,  
And spoke as speechless glances speak  
The thoughts that kindle lip and cheek ;  
And that bright lady fair, with face  
All pale, and darkly-glancing grace,  
Cast to the gladdened earth her eyes,  
And, faltering, took the purple seat  
Boon Nature to her child supplies,  
Whilst I sat duteous at her feet.

We never met before, and knew  
We never more should meet again ;  
For seaward at that moment blew  
The breeze should bear her o'er the main,  
O'er half hoarse Ocean's sounding foam,  
To light with love another's home,  
And be to me, through years afar,  
Lone memory's deeply-mirrored star.  
And yet we talked n't sadly there,

But wished our barks of life had been  
Together wafted earlier, ere

Dark Fate had heaved its gulf between.  
And still I asked, in trembling tone,  
Of him who claimed her as his own,  
And of those gorgeous Western skies,  
Whose glory lingered in her eyes.

And when she murnur'd 'twas her wont  
In that far land, at fall of day,  
Lulled by cool breeze and tinkling font,  
To sleep the sultry eve away,  
I vowed, if minstrel spirit might  
Spring from its earthly fetters free,  
That ever at that hour my sprite

Should in her bower attendant be,  
And whisper mid the odours shed  
By gathered roses round her head,  
Or mix my memory with the wail  
Of song from neighboring nightingale,  
Or babbling in the waters' fall,  
To her hushed ear my name recall.  
And that sweet listener's sole reply  
Was blushing cheek and bended eye,  
And heath-flower plucked all hastily,  
Which well, she said, might emblem be  
Of fickle Bard's inconstancy,

A truant tribe and light of faith,  
Whose very life's essential bloom  
Was fed by woman's fragrant breath,  
It mattered not of whom ;  
And much she feared the freshening gale  
Would hardly rustle in the sail  
Which bears hence when I, who now  
Low at her feet devoted bow,  
Would, in the self-same spot so dear,  
Pour the same tale to other ear.

Fast died the day—on Galty Peak  
Fair Evening leant her rosy cheek,  
And up that sky of bluest June  
Wheeled from the Deep the solemn moon,  
When gay companions thronging round  
Proclaimed the fugitives were found,  
And festive mirth rushed in between,  
And all was as it ne'er had been.  
—We meet no more—that revel past,  
Our first sweet meeting was the last.

And years have gone—and Time has stolen  
Hope from the heart, light from the eye—  
And feelings then, all passion-swollen,  
Now shrunk to arid darkness lie.  
And that long-lost regretted one  
Is—Angel of the Rainbow—gone,  
And treads her path of woman's pain  
In isles beyond the Western main.  
How little deems the stranger who,  
Amid the Carib's sparkling sea,  
That pale and graceful One may view,  
Shrined in her home tranquillity,  
That she who there so sheltered dwells,  
In warm Bermuda's musky dells,  
Once braved the breezes of the North,  
And, from their wild hills looking forth,  
Had loitered through the summer day  
With mountain-bard as wild as they  
In utmost Thulé far away.

And still that dreaming Bard will think  
That, haply, on the silver brink  
Of that clear sea, at vesper hour,  
When memory most exerts its power,  
The lone fair muser there will raise  
At times her melancholy gaze  
To the dim West, and while its star  
Trembles, like lover's heart, afar,  
Will ask if he, who at her side  
Sat, eager-browed and restless-eyed,  
One blessed day, now feels with her  
How minutes stamp the strife of years—  
How passion's gusts, the soul which stir,  
Leave to that ruffled worshipper  
Of all its stormy joy but tears.

\* This beautiful spot was occasionally the residence of Mrs. H. Tighe, the Author of *Psyche*.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Of the great despair for Miss Snevellicci, and the first appearance of Nicholas upon any Stage.*

NICHOLAS was up betimes in the morning; but he had scarcely begun to dress, notwithstanding, when he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and was presently saluted by the voices of Mr. Folair the pantomimist, and Mr. Lenville, the tragedian.

"House, house, house!" cried Mr. Folair.

"What, hol within there!" said Mr. Lenville, in a deep voice.

Confound these fellows! thought Nicholas; they have come to breakfast, I suppose. "I'll open the door directly, if you'll wait an instant."

The gentlemen entreated him not to hurry himself; and to beguile the interval, had a fencing bout with their walking sticks on the very small landing-place, to the naspeakable discomposure of all the other lodgers down stairs.

"Here, come in," said Nicholas, when he had completed his toilet. "In the name of all that's horrible, don't make that noise outside."

"An uncommon snug little box this," said Mr. Lenville, stepping into the front room, and taking his hat off before he could get in at all. "Pernicious snug."

For a man at all particular in such matters it might be a trifle too snug," said Nicholas; "for, although it is undoubtedly a great convenience to be able to reach anything you want from the ceiling or the floor, or either side of the room, without having to move from your chair, still these advantages can only be had in an apartment of the most limited size."

"It isn't a bit too confined for a single man," returned Mr. Lenville. "That reminds me,—my wife, Mr. Johnson—I hope she'll have some good part in this piece of yours?"

"I glanced at the French copy last night," said Nicholas. "It looks very good, I think."

"What do you mean to do for me, old fellow?" asked Mr. Lenville, poking the struggling fire with his walking-stick, and afterwards wiping it on the skirt of his coat. "Anything in the gruff and grumble way?"

"You turn your wife and child out of doors," said Nicholas; "and in a fit of rage and jealousy stab your eldest son in the library."

"Do I though!" exclaimed Mr. Lenville. "That's very good business."

"After which," said Nicholas, "you are troubled with remorse till the last act, and then you make up your mind to destroy yourself. But just as you are raising the pistol to your head, a clock strikes—ten."

"I see," cried Mr. Lenville. "Very good."

"You pause," said Nicholas; you recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in your infancy. The pistol falls from your hand—you are overcome—you burst into tears, and become a virtuous and exemplary character for ever afterwards."

"Capital!" said Mr. Lenville: "that's a sure card, a sure card. Get the curtain down with a touch of nature like that, and it'll be a triumphant success."

"Is there anything good for me?" inquired Mr. Folair, anxiously.

"Let me see," said Nicholas. "You play the faithful and attached servant; you are turned out of doors with the wife and child."

"Always coupled with that infernal phenomenon," sighed Mr. Folair: "and we go into poor lodgings, where I won't take any wages, and talk sentiment, I suppose?"

"Why—yes," replied Nicholas; "that is the course of the piece."

"I must have a dance of some kind, you know," said Mr. Folair. "You'll have to introduce one for the phenomenon, so you'd better make it a *pas de deux* and save time."

"There's nothing easier than that," said Mr. Lenville, observing the disturbed looks of the young dramatist.

"Upon my word I don't see how it's to be done," rejoined Nicholas.

"Why, isn't it obvious?" reasoned Mr. Lenville.

"Gadzooks, who can help seeing the way to do it!—you astonish me! You get the distressed lady, and the little child, and the attached servant, into the poor lodgings, don't you?—Well, look here. The distressed lady sinks into a chair, and buries her face in her pocket-handkerchief—'What makes you weep, mama?' says the child. 'Don't weep, mama, or you'll make me weep too!'—'And me!' says the faithful servant, rubbing his eyes with his arm. 'What can we do to raise your spirits, dear mama?' says the little child. 'Aye, what can we do?' says the faithful servant. 'Oh, Pierre!' says the distressed lady; 'Would that I could shake off these painful thoughts.'—'Try, ma'am, try,' says the faithful servant; 'rouse yourself, ma'am; be amused.'—'I will,' says the lady, 'I will learn to suffer with fortitude. Do you remember that dance, my honest friend, which, in happier days, you practised with this sweet angel? It never failed to calm my spirits then. Oh! let me see it once again before I die!'—There it is—cue for the band, *before I die*,—and off they go. That's the regular thing; isn't it, Tommy?"

"That's it," replied Mr. Folair. "The distressed lady, overpowered by all recollections, faints at the end of the dance, and you close in with a picture."

Profiting by these and other lessons, which were the result of the personal experience of the two actors, Nicholas willingly gave them the best breakfast he could, and when he at length got rid of them applied himself to his task, by no means displeased to find that it was so much easier than he had at first supposed. He worked very hard all day, and did not leave his room until the evening, when he went down to the theatre, whither Smike had repaired before him to go on with another gentleman as a general rebellion.

Here all the people were so much changed that he scarcely knew them. False hair, false colour, false calves, false muscles—they had become different beings. Mr. Lenville was a blooming warrior of most exquisite proportions; Mr. Crummles, his large face shaded by a profusion of black hair, a Highland outlaw of most majestic bearing; one of the old gentlemen a gaoler, and the other a venerable patriarch; the comic countryman, a fighting-man of great valour, relieved by a touch of humour; each of the master Crummles a prince in his own right; and the low-spirited lover a desponding captive. There was a gorgeous banquet ready spread for the third act, con-

spirited lover a desponding captive. There was a gorgeous banquet ready spread for the third act, consisting of two pasteboard vases, one plate of biscuits, a black bottle, and a vinegar cruet; and, in short, everything was on a scale of the utmost splendour and preparation.

Nicholas was standing with his back to the curtain, now contemplating the first scene, which was a Gothic archway, about two feet shorter than Mr. Crummles, through which that gentleman was to make his first entrance, and now listening to a couple of people who were cracking nuts in the gallery, wondering whether they made the whole audience, when the manager himself walked familiarly up and accosted him.

"Been in front to-night?" said Mr. Crummles.

"No," replied Nicholas, "not yet. I am going to see the play."

"We've had a pretty good Let," said Mr. Crummles. "Four front places in the centre, and the whole of the stage-box."

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas; "a family, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Crummles, "yes. It's an affecting thing. There are six children, and they never come unless the phenomenon plays."

It would have been difficult for any party, family or otherwise, to have visited the theatre on a night when the phenomenon did *not* play, inasmuch as she always sustained one, and not uncommonly two or three, characters every night; but Nicholas, sympathising with the feelings of a father, refrained from hinting at this trifling circumstance, and Mr. Crummles continued to talk uninterrupted by him.

"Six," said that gentleman; "Pa and Ma eight, aunt nine, governess ten, grandfather and grandmother twelve. Then there's the footman, who stands outside, with a bag of oranges and a jug of toast-and-water, and sees the play for nothing through the little pane of glass in the box-door—it's cheap at a guinea; they gain by taking a box."

"I wonder you allow so many," observed Nicholas.

"There's no help for it," replied Mr. Crummles; "it's always expected in the country. If there are six children, six people come to hold them in their laps. A family-box carries double always. Ring in the orchestra, Grudden."

That useful lady did as she was requested, and shortly afterwards the tuning of three fiddles was heard. Which process having been protracted as long as it was supposed that the patience of the audience could possibly bear it, was put a stop to by another jerk of the bell, which, being the signal to begin in earnest, set the orchestra playing a variety of popular airs, with involuntary variations.

If Nicholas had been astonished at the alteration for the better which the gentlemen displayed, the transformation of the ladies was still more extraordinary. When, from a snug corner of the manager's box, he beheld Miss Snevellicci in all the glories of white muslin with a gold hem, and Mrs. Crummles in all the dignity of the outlaw's wife, and Miss Bravassa in all the sweetness of Miss Snevellicci's confidential friend, and Miss Belawney in the white silks of a page doing duty everywhere and swearing to live and die in the service of everybody, he could scarcely contain his admiration, which testified itself in great applause, and the closest possible attention to the business of the scene. The plot was most interesting. It belonged to no particular age, people, or country,

and was perhaps the more delightful on that account, as nobody's previous information could afford the remotest glimmering of what would ever come of it. An outlaw had been very successful in doing something somewhere, and came home in triumph, to the sound of shouts and fiddles, to greet his wife—a lady of masculine mind, who talked a good deal about her father's bones, which it seemed were unburied, though whether from a peculiar taste on the part of the old gentleman himself, or the reprehensible neglect of his relations, did not appear. This outlaw's wife was somehow or other mixed up with a patriarch, living in a castle a long way off, and this patriarch was the father of several of the characters, but he didn't exactly know which, and was uncertain whether he had brought up the right ones in his castle, or the wrong ones, but rather inclined to the latter opinion, and, being uneasy, relieved his mind with a banquet, during which solemnly somebody in a cloak said "Beware!" which somebody was known by nobody (except the audience) to be the outlaw himself, who had come there for reasons unexplained, but possibly with an eye to the spoons. There was an agreeable little surprise in the way of certain love passages between the desponding captive and Miss Snevellicci, and the comic fighting-man and Miss Bravassa; besides which, Mr. Lenville had several very tragic scenes in the dark, while on throat cutting expeditions, which were all baffled by the skill and bravery of the comic fighting-man (who overheard whatever was said all through the piece) and the intrepidity of Miss Snevellicci, who adopted tights, and therein repaired to the prison of her captive lover, with a small basket of refreshments and a dark lantern. At last it came out that the patriarch was the man who had treated the bones of the outlaw's father-in-law with so much disrespect, for which cause and reason the outlaw's wife repaired to his castle to kill him, and so got into a dark room, where, after a great deal of groping in the dark, everybody got hold of everybody else, and took them for somebody besides, which occasioned a vast quantity of confusion, with some pistolling, loss of life, and torchlight; after which the patriarch came forward, and observing, with a knowing look, that he knew all about his children now, and would tell them when they got inside, said that there could not be a more appropriate occasion for marrying the young people than that, and therefore he joined their hands, with the full consent of the indefatigable page, who (being the only other person surviving) pointed with his cap into the clouds, and his right hand to the ground; thereby invoking a blessing and giving the cue for the curtain to come down, which it did amidst general applause.

"What did you think of that?" asked Mr. Crummles, when Nicholas went round to the stage again. Mr. Crummles was very red and hot, for your outlaw are desperate fellows to shout.

"I think it was very capital, indeed," replied Nicholas; "Miss Snevellicci in particular was uncommonly good."

"She's a genius," said Mr. Crummles; "quite genius, that girl. By-the-bye, I've been thinking of the bringing out that piece of yours on her bespeak night."

"When?" asked Nicholas.

"The night of her bespeak. Her benefit night when her friends and patrons bespeak the play," said Mr. Crummles.

"Oh! I understand," replied Nicholas.

"You see," said Mr. Crummles, "it's sure to go on such an occasion, and even if it should not work up quite as well as we expect, why it will be her risk, you know, and not ours."

"Yeats, you mean," said Nicholas.

"I said mine, didn't I?" returned Mr. Crummles.

"Next Monday week. What do you say now? You'll have done it, and are sure to be up in the lover's part long before that time."

"I don't know about 'long before,'" replied Nicholas; "but by that time I think I can undertake to be ready."

"Very good," pursued Mr. Crummles, "then we'll call that settled. Now, I want to ask you something else. There's a little—what shall I call it—a little canvassing takes place on these occasions."

"Among the patrons, I suppose?" said Nicholas.

"Among the patrons; and the fact is, that Snevellicci has had so many bespeaks in this place, that she wants an attraction. She had a bespeak when her mother-in-law died, and a bespeak when her uncle died; and Mrs. Crummles and myself have had bespeaks on the anniversary of the phenomenon's birthday and our wedding-day, and occasions of that description, so that, in fact, there's some difficulty in getting a good one. Now won't you help this poor girl, Mr. Johnson?" said Crummles, sitting himself down on a drum, and taking a great pinch of snuff as he looked him steadily in the face.

"How do you mean?" rejoined Nicholas.

"Don't you think you could spare half-an-hour to-morrow morning, to call with her at the houses of one or two of the principal people?" murmured the manager in a persuasive tone.

"Oh dear me," said Nicholas, with an air of very strong objection, "I shouldn't like to do that."

"The infant will accompany her," said Mr. Crummles. "The moment it was suggested to me, I gave permission for the infant to go. There will not be the smallest impropriety—Miss Snevellicci, Sir, is the very soul of honour. It would be of material service—the gentleman from London—author of the new piece—actor in the new piece—first appearance on any boards—it would lead to a great bespeak, Mr. Johnson."

"I am very sorry to throw a damp upon the prospects of anybody, and more especially a lady," replied Nicholas; "but really I must decidedly object to making one of the canvassing party."

"What does Mr. Johnson say, Vincent?" inquired a voice close to his ear; and, looking round, he found Mrs. Crummles and Miss Snevellicci herself standing behind him.

"He has some objection, my dear," replied Mr. Crummles, looking at Nicholas.

"Objection!" exclaimed Mrs. Crummles. "Can it be possible?"

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Miss Snevellicci. "You surely are not so cruel—oh, dear me!—Well, I—to think of that now, after all one's looking forward to it."

"Mr. Johnson will not persist, my dear," said Mrs. Crummles. "Think better of him than to suppose it. Gallantry, humanity, all the best feelings of his nature, must be enlisted in this interesting cause."

"Which moves even a manager," said Mr. Crummles, smiling.

"And a manager's wife," added Mrs. Crummles, in her accustomed tragedy tones. "Come, come, you will relent, I know you will."

"It is not in my nature," said Nicholas, moved by these appeals, "to resist any entreaty, unless it is to do something positively wrong; and, beyond a feeling of pride, I know nothing which should prevent my doing this. I know nobody here either, and nobody knows me. So be it then. I yield."

Miss Snevellicci was at once overwhelmed with blushes and expressions of gratitude, of which latter commodity neither Mr. nor Mrs. Crummles was by any means sparing. It was arranged that Nicholas should call upon her at her lodgings at eleven next morning, and soon afterwards they parted: he to return home to his authorship; Miss Snevellicci to dress for the after-piece; and the disinterested manager and his wife to discuss the probable gains of the forthcoming bespeak, of which they were to have two-thirds of the profits by solemn treaty of agreement.

At the stipulated hour next morning, Nicholas repaired to the lodgings of Miss Snevellicci, which were in a place called Lombard-street, at the house of a tailor. A strong smell of ironing pervaded the little passage, and the tailor's daughter, who opened the door, appeared in that flutter of spirits which is so often attended upon the periodical getting up of a family's linen.

"Miss Snevellicci lives here, I believe?" said Nicholas, when the door was opened.

The tailor's daughter replied in the affirmative.

"Will you have the goodness to let her know that Mr. Johnson is here?" said Nicholas.

"Oh, if you please you're to come up stairs," replied the tailor's daughter, with a smile.

Nicholas followed the young lady, and was shown into a small apartment on the first floor, communicating with a back room; in which, as he judged from a certain half-subdued clinking sound as of cups and saucers, Miss Snevellicci was then taking her breakfast in bed.

"You're to wait, if you please," said the tailor's daughter, after a short period of absence, during which the clinking in the back room had ceased, and been succeeded by whispering—"She won't be long."

As she spoke she pulled up the window-blind, and having by this means (as she thought) diverted Mr. Johnson's attention from the room to the street, caught up some articles which were airing on the fender, and had very much the appearance of stockings, and darted off.

As there were not many objects of interest outside the window, Nicholas looked about the room with more curiosity than he might otherwise have bestowed upon it. On the sofa lay an old guitar, several thumb'd pieces of music, and a scattered litter of curl-papers: together with a confused heap of play-bills, and a pair of soiled white satin shoes with large blue rosettes. Hanging over the back of a chair was a half-finished muslin apron with little pockets ornamented with red ribbons, such as waiting-women wear on the stage, and by consequence are never seen with anywhere else. In one corner stood the diminutive pair of top-boots in which Miss Snevellicci was accustomed to enact the little jockey, and, folded on a chair hard by, was a small parcel, which bore a very suspicious resemblance to the companion smalls.

But the most interesting object of all, was perhaps the open scrap-book, displayed in the midst of some theatrical duodecimos that were strewn upon the table, and pasted into which scrap-book were various critical notices of Miss Snevellicci's acting, extracted from different provincial journals, together with one poetic address in her honour, commencing—

Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth  
Thrice-gifted SNEVELLICCI came on earth,  
To thrill us with her smile, her tear, her eye,  
Sing, God of Love, and tell me quickly why.

Besides this effusion, there were innumerable complimentary allusions, also extracted from newspapers, such as—"We observe from an advertisement in another part of our paper of to-day, that the charming and highly-talented Miss Snevellicci takes her benefit on Wednesday, for which occasion she has put forth a bill of fare that might kindle exhilaration in the breast of a misanthrope. In the confidence that our fellow-townsmen have not lost that high appreciation of public ability and private worth, for which they have long been so pre-eminently distinguished, we predict that this charming actress will be greeted with a bumper." "To Correspondents.—J. S. is misinformed when he supposes that the highly-gifted and beautiful Miss Snevellicci, nightly captivating all hearts at our pretty and commodious little theatre, is *not* the same lady to whom the young gentleman of immense fortune, residing within a hundred miles of the good city of York, lately made honourable proposals. We have reason to know that Miss Snevellicci is the lady who was implicated in that mysterious and romantic affair, and whose conduct on that occasion did no less honour to her head and heart, than do her histrionic triumphs to her brilliant genius." A most copious assortment of such paragraphs as these, with long bills of benefits all ending with "Come Early," in large capitals, formed the principal contents of Miss Snevellicci's scrap-book.

Nicholas had read a great many of these scraps, and was absorbed in a circumstantial and melancholy account of the train of events which had led to Miss Snevellicci's spraining her ankle by slipping on a piece of orange-peel flung by a monster in human form, (so the paper said,) upon the stage at Winchester,—when that young lady herself, attired in the coal-skuttle bonnet and walking-dress complete, tripped into the room, with a thousand apologies for having detained him so long after the appointed time.

"But really," said Miss Snevellicci, "my darling Led, who lives with me here, was taken so very ill in the night that I thought she would have expired in my arms."

"Such a fate is almost to be envied," returned Nicholas, "but I am very sorry to hear nevertheless."

"What a creature you are to flatter!" said Miss Snevellicci, buttoning her glove in much confusion.

"If it be flattery to admire your charms and accomplishments," rejoined Nicholas, laying his hand upon the scrap-book, "you have better specimens of it here."

"Oh you cruel creature, to read such things as those. I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face afterwards, positively I am," said Miss Snevellicci, seizing the book and putting it away in a closet.

"How careless of Led! How could she be so naughty."

"I thought you had kindly left it here, on purpose for me to read," said Nicholas. And really it did seem possible.

"I wouldn't have had you see it for the world!" rejoined Miss Snevellicci. "I never was so vexed—never. But she is such a careless thing, there's no trusting her."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the phenomenon, who had discreetly remained in the bedroom up to this moment, and now presented herself with much grace and lightness, bearing in her hand a very little green parasol with a broad fringe border, and no handle. After a few words of course, they sallied into the street.

The phenomenon was rather a troublesome companion, for first the right sandal came down, and then the left, and these mischances being repaired, one leg of the little white trowsers was discovered to be longer than the other; besides these accidents, the green parasol was dropped down an iron grating, and only fished up again with great difficulty and by dint of much exertion. However it was impossible to scold her, as she was the manager's daughter, so Nicholas took it all in perfect good humour, and walked on with Miss Snevellicci, arm in arm on one side, and the offending infant on the other.

The first house to which they bent their steps, was situated in a terrace of respectable appearance. Miss Snevellicci's modest double-knock was answered by a foot-boy, who, in reply to her inquiry whether Mrs. Curdle was at home, opened his eyes very wide, grinned very much, and said he didn't know, but he'd inquire. With this, he showed them into a parlour where he kept them waiting, until the two women-servants had repaired thither, under false pretences, to see the play-actors, and having compared notes with them in the passage, and joined in a vast quantity of whispering and giggling, he at length went up stairs with Miss Snevellicci's name.

Now, Mrs. Curdle was supposed, by those who were best informed on such points, to possess quite the London taste in matters relating to literature and the drama; and as to Mr. Curdle, he had written a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in *Romeo and Juliet*, with an inquiry whether he really had been a "merry man" in his lifetime, or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. He had likewise proved, that by altering the received mode of punctuation, any one of Shakespeare's plays could be made quite different, and the sense completely changed; it is needless to say, therefore, that he was a great critic, and a very profound and most original thinker.

"Well, Miss Snevellicci," said Mrs. Curdle, entering the parlour, "and how do *you* do?"

Miss Snevellicci made a graceful obeisance, and hoped Mrs. Curdle was well, as also Mr. Curdle, who at the same time appeared. Mrs. Curdle was dressed in a morning wrapper, with a little cap stuck upon the top of her head; Mr. Curdle wore a loose robe on his back, and his right fore-finger on his forehead after the portraits of Sterne, to whom somebody or other had once said he bore a striking resemblance.

"I ventured to call for the purpose of asking whether you would put your name to my bespeak,

ma'am," said Miss Snevellicci, producing documents.

"Oh! I really don't know what to say," replied Mrs. Curdle. "It's not as if the theatre was in its high and palmy days—you needn't stand, Miss Snevellicci—the drama is gone, perfectly gone."

"As an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions, and a realisation of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye, the drama is gone, perfectly gone," said Mr. Curdle.

"What man is there now living who can present before us all these changing and prismatic colours with which the character of Hamlet is invested?" exclaimed Mrs. Curdle.

"What man indeed—upon the stage?" said Mr. Curdle, with a small reservation in favour of himself. "Hamlet! Pooh! ridiculous! Hamlet is gone, perfectly gone."

Quite overcome by these dismal reflections, Mr. and Mrs. Curdle sighed, and sat for some short time without speaking. At length the lady, turning to Miss Snevellicci, inquired what play she proposed to have.

"Quite a new one," said Miss Snevellicci, "of which this gentleman is the author, and in which he plays; being his first appearance on any stage. Mr. Johnson is the gentleman's name."

"I hope you have preserved the unities, Sir?" said Mr. Curdle.

"The original piece is a French one," said Nicholas. "There is abundance of incident, sprightly dialogue, strongly-marked characters—"

"—All unavailing without a strict observance of the unities, Sir," returned Mr. Curdle. "The unities of the drama before everything."

"Might I ask you," said Nicholas, hesitating between the respect he ought to assume, and his love of the whimsical, "might I ask you what the unities are?"

Mr. Curdle coughed and considered. "The unities, Sir," he said, "are a completeness—a kind of a universal dove-tailedness with regard to place and time—a sort of a general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatic unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject, and thought much. I find, running through the performances of this child," said Mr. Curdle, turning to the phenomenon, "a unity of feeling, a breath, a light and shade, a warmth of colouring, a tone, a harmony, a glow, an artistic development of original conceptions, which I look for in vain among older performers—I don't know whether I make myself understood?"

"Perfectly," replied Nicholas.

"Just so," said Mr. Curdle, pulling up his neckcloth. "That is my definition of the unities of the drama."

Mrs. Curdle had sat listening to this lucid explanation with great complacency, and it being finished, inquired what Mr. Curdle thought about putting down their names.

"I don't know, my dear; upon my word I don't know," said Mr. Curdle. "If we do, it must be distinctly understood that we do not pledge ourselves to the quality of the performances. Let it go forth to the world, that we do not give *them* the sanction of our names, but that we confer the distinction merely upon

Miss Snevellicci. That being clearly stated, I take it to be, as it were, a duty, that we should extend our patronage to a degraded stage even for the sake of the associations with which it is entwined. Have you got two-and-sixpence for half-a-crown, Miss Snevellicci?" said Mr. Curdle, turning over four of those pieces of money.

Miss Snevellicci felt in all the corners of the pink reticule, but there was nothing in any of them.—Nicholas murmured a jest about his being an author, and thought it best not to go through the form of feeling in his own pockets at all.

"Let me see," said Mr. Curdle; "twice four's eight—four shillings a-piece to the boxes, Miss Snevellicci, is exceedingly dear in the present state of the drama—three half-crowns is seven-and-six; we shall not differ about sixpence, I suppose. Sixpence will not part us, Miss Snevellicci?"

Poor Miss Snevellicci took the three half-crowns with many smiles and bows, and Mrs. Curdle, adding several supplementary directions relative to keeping the places for them, and dusting the seat, and sending two clean bills as soon as they came out, rang the bell as a signal for breaking up the conference.

"Odd people those," said Nicholas, when they got clear of the house.

"I assure you," said Miss Snevellicci, taking his arm, "that I think myself very lucky they did not owe all the money instead of being sixpence short.—Now, if you were to succeed, they would give people to understand that they had always patronised you; and if you were to fail, they would have been quite certain of that from the very beginning."

The next house they visited they were in great glory, for there resided the six children who were so enraptured with the public actions of the phenomenon, and who, being called down from the nursery to be treated with a private view of that young lady, proceeded to poke their fingers into her eyes, and tread upon her toes, and show her many other little attentions peculiar to their time of life.

"I shall certainly persuade Mr. Borum to take a private box," said the lady of the house, after a most gracious reception. "I shall only take two of the children, and will make up the rest of the party, of gentlemen—your admirers, Miss Snevellicci. Augustus, you naughty boy, leave the little girl alone."

This was addressed to a young gentleman who was pinching the phenomenon behind, apparently with the view of ascertaining whether she was real.

"I am sure you must be very tired," said the mama, turning to Miss Snevellicci. "I cannot think of allowing you to go without first taking a glass of wine.—Fie, Charlotte, I am ashamed of you. Miss Lane, my dear, pray see to the children."

Miss Lane was the governess, and this entreaty was rendered necessary by the abrupt behaviour of the youngest Miss Borum, who, having filched the phenomenon's little green parasol, was now carrying it bodily off, while the distracted infant looked helplessly on.

"I am sure, where you ever learnt to act as you do," said good-natured Mrs. Borum, turning again to Miss Snevellicci, "I cannot understand (Emma, don't stare so); laughing in one piece, and crying in the next, and so natural in all—oh, dear!"

"I am very happy to hear you express so favourable an opinion," said Miss Snevellicci. "It's quite delightful to think you like it."

"Like it!" cried Mrs. Borum. "Who can help liking it! I would go to the play twice a week if I could: I dote upon it—only you're too affecting sometimes. You do put me in such a state—into such fits of crying! Goodness gracious me, Miss Lane, how can you let them torment that poor child so?"

The phenomenon was really in a fair way of being torn limb from limb, for two strong little boys, one holding on by each of her hands, were dragging her in different directions as a trial of strength. However, Miss Lane (who had herself been too much occupied in contemplating the grown-up actors, to pay the necessary attention to these proceedings) rescued the unhappy infant at this juncture, who, being recruited with a glass of wine, was shortly afterwards taken away by her friends, after sustaining no more serious damage than a flattening of the pink gauze bonnet, and a rather extensive creasing of the white frock and trowsers.

It was a trying morning, for there were a great many calls to make, and everybody wanted a different thing; some wanted tragedies, and others comedies; some objected to dancing, some wanted scarcely anything else. Some thought the comic singer decidedly low, and others hoped he would have more to do than he usually had. Some people wouldn't promise to go, because other people wouldn't promise to go; and other people wouldn't go at all, because other people went. At length, and by little and little, omitting something in this place, and adding something in that, Miss Snevellicci pledged herself to a bill of fare which was comprehensive enough, if it had no other merit (it included among other trifles, four pieces, divers songs, a few combats, and several dances); and they returned home pretty well exhausted with the business of the day.

Nicholas worked away at the piece, which was speedily put into rehearsal, and then worked away at his own part, which he studied with great perseverance and acted—as the whole company said—to perfection. And at length the great day arrived. The crier was sent round in the morning to proclaim the entertainments with sound of bell in all the thoroughfares; extra bills of three feet long by nine inches wide, were dispersed in all directions, flung down all the areas, thrust under all the knockers, and developed in all the shops; they were placarded on all the walls too, though not with complete success, for an illiterate person having undertaken this office during the indisposition of the regular bill-sticker, a part were posted sideways and the remainder upside down.

At half-past five there was a rush of four people to the gallery-door; at a quarter before six there were at least a dozen; at six o'clock the kicks were terrific; and when the elder master Crummles opened the door, he was obliged to run behind it for his life. Fifteen shillings were taken by Mrs. Grudden in the first ten minutes.

Behind the scenes the same unwonted excitement prevailed. Miss Snevellicci was in such a perspiration that the paint would scarcely stay on her face.—Mrs. Crummles was so nervous that she could hardly remember her part. Miss Bravassa's ringlets came out of curl with the heat and anxiety; even Mr. Crummles himself kept peeping through the hole in the curtain, and running back every now and then to announce that another man had come in'o the pit.

At last the orchestra left off, and the curtain rose upon the new piece. The first scene, in which there

was nobody particular, passed off calmly enough, but when Miss Snevellicci went on in the second, accompanied by the phenomenon as child, what a roar of applause broke out! The people in the Borum box rose as one man, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and uttering shouts of "bravo!" Mrs. Borum and the governess cast wreaths upon the stage, of which some fluttered into the lamps, and one crowned the temples of a fat gentleman in the pit, who, looking eagerly towards the scene, remained unconscious of the honor; the tailor and his family kicked at the panels of the upper boxes till they threatened to come out altogether; the very ginger-beer boy remained transfixed in the centre of the house; a young officer, supposed to entertain a passion for Miss Snevellicci, stuck his glass in his eye as though to hide a tear. Again and again Miss Snevellicci curtsied lower and lower, and again the applause came down louder and louder. At length when the phenomenon picked up one of the smoking wreaths and put it on sideways over Miss Snevellicci's eye, it reached its climax, and the play proceeded.

But when Nicholas came on for his crack scene with Mrs. Crummles, what a clapping of hands there was! When Mrs. Crummles (who was his unworthy mother,) sneered, and called him "presumptuous boy," and he defied her, what a tumult of applause came on! When he quarrelled with the other gentleman about the young lady, and producing a case of pistols, said, that if he *was* a gentleman, he would fight him in that drawing-room, till the furniture was sprinkled with the blood of one, if not of two—how boxes, pit, and gallery joined in one most vigorous cheer! When he called his mother names, because she wouldn't give up the young lady's property, and she relenting, caused him to relent likewise, and fall down on one knee and ask her blessing, how the ladies in audience sobbed! When he was hid behind the curtain in the dark, and the wicked relation poked a sharp sword in every direction, save where his legs were plainly visible, what a thrill of anxious fear ran through the house! His air, his figure, his walk, his look, everything he said or did, was the subject of commendation. There was a round of applause every time he spoke. And when at last, in the pump-and-tub scene, Mrs. Grudden lighted the blue fire, and all the unemployed members of the company came in, and tumbled down in various directions—not because that had anything to do with the plot, but in order to finish off with a tableau—the audience (who had by this time increased considerably) gave vent to such a shout of enthusiasm, as had not been heard in those walls for many and many a day.

In short, the success both of new piece and new actor was complete, and when Miss Snevellicci was called for at the end of the play, Nicholas led her on, and divided the applause.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

*Concerning a young lady from London, who joins the company, and an elderly admirer who follows in her train; with an affecting ceremony consequent on their arrival.*

The new piece being a decided hit, was announced for every evening of performance until further notice.

and the evenings when the theatre was closed, were reduced from three in the week to two. Nor were these the only tokens of extraordinary success; for on the succeeding Saturday Nicholas received, by favour of the indefatigable Mrs. Grudden, no less a sum than thirty shillings; besides which substantial reward, he enjoyed considerable fame and honour, having a presentation copy of Mr. Curdle's pamphlet forwarded to the theatre, with that gentleman's own autograph (in itself an inestimable treasure) on the fly-leaf, accompanied with a note, containing many expressions of approval, and an unsolicited assurance that Mr. Curdle would be very happy to read Shakspeare to him for three hours every morning before breakfast during his stay in the town.

"I've got another novelty, Johnson," said Mr. Crummles one morning in great glee.

"What's that?" rejoined Nicholas. "The pony?"

"No, no, we never come to the pony till everything else has failed," said Mr. Crummles. "I don't think we shall come to the pony at all this season. No, no, not the pony."

"A boy phenomenon, perhaps?" suggested Nicholas.

"There is only one phenomenon, Sir," replied Mr. Crummles impressively, "and that's a girl."

"Very true," said Nicholas. "I beg your pardon. Then I don't know what it is, I am sure."

"What should you say to a young lady from London?" inquired Mr. Crummles. "Miss So-and-so, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane?"

"I should say she would look very well in the bills," said Nicholas.

"You're about right there," said Mr. Crummles; "and if you had said she would look very well upon the stage too, you wouldn't have been far out. Look here; what do you think of that?"

With this inquiry Mr. Crummles severally unfolded a red poster, and a blue poster, and a yellow poster, at the top of each of which public notification was inscribed in enormous characters—"First appearance of the unrivalled Miss Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane!"

"Dear me!" said Nicholas, "I know that lady."

"Then you are acquainted with as much talent as was ever compressed into one young person's body," retorted Mr. Crummles, rolling up the bills again; "that is, talent of a certain sort—of a certain sort. 'The Blood Drinker,'" added Mr. Crummles with a prophetic sigh, "'The Blood Drinker' will die with that girl; and she's the only sylph I ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph."

"When does she come down?" asked Nicholas.

"We expect her to-day," replied Mr. Crummles. "She is an old friend of Mrs. Crummles's. Mrs. Crummles saw what she could do—always knew it from the first. She taught her, indeed, nearly all she knows. Mrs. Crummles was the original Blood Drinker."

"Was she, indeed?"

"Yes. She was obliged to give it up though."

"Did it disagree with her?" asked Nicholas, smiling.

"Not so much with her, as with her audiences," replied Mr. Crummles. "Nobody could stand it. It was too tremendous. You don't quite know what Mrs. Crummles is, yet."

Nicholas ventured to insinuate that he thought he did.

"No, no, you don't," said Mr. Crummles; "you

don't indeed. I don't, and that's a fact; I don't think her country will till she is dead. Some new proof of talent bursts from that astonishing woman every year of her life. Look at her—mother of six children—three of 'em alive, and all upon the stage!"

"Extraordinary!" cried Nicholas.

"Ah! extraordinary indeed," rejoined Mr. Crummles, taking a complacent pinch of snuff, and shaking his head gravely. "I pledge you my professional word I didn't even know she could dance till her last benefit, and then she played Juliet and Helen Macgregor, and did the skipping-rope hornpipe between the pieces. The very first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson," said Mr. Crummles, drawing a little nearer, and speaking in the tone of confidential friendship, "she stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fire-works."

"You astonish me!" said Nicholas.

"She astonished me!" returned Mr. Crummles, with a very serious countenance. "Such grace, coupled with such dignity! I adored her from that moment."

The arrival of the gifted subject of these remarks put an abrupt termination to Mr. Crummles's eulogium, and almost immediately afterwards, Master Percy Crummles entered with a letter, which had arrived by the General Post, and was directed to his gracious mother; at sight of the superscription whereof, Mrs. Crummles exclaimed, "From Henrietta Petowker, I do declare!" and instantly became absorbed in the contents.

"Is it——?" inquired Mr. Crummles, hesitating.

"Oh yes, it's all right," replied Mrs. Crummles, anticipating the question. "What an excellent thing for her, to be sure!"

"It's the best thing altogether that I ever heard of, I think," said Mr. Crummles; and then Mr. Crummles, Mrs. Crummles, and Master Percy Crummles all fell to laughing violently. Nicholas left them to enjoy their mirth together, and walked to his lodgings, wondering very much what mystery connected with Miss Petowker could provoke such merriment, and pondering still more on the extreme surprise with which that lady would regard his sudden enlistment in a profession of which she was such a distinguished and brilliant ornament.

But in this latter respect he was mistaken; for—whether Mr. Vincent Crummles had paved the way, or Miss Petowker had some special reason for treating him with even more than her usual amiability—their meeting at the theatre next day was more like that of two dear friends who had been inseparable from infancy, than a recognition passing between a lady and gentleman who had only met some half-dozen times, and then by mere chance. Nay, Miss Petowker even whispered that she had wholly dropped the Henriettes in her conversations with the manager's family, and had represented herself as having encountered Mr. Johnson in the very first and most fashionable circles; and on Nicholas receiving this intelligence with unfeigned surprise, she added with a sweet glance that she had a claim on his good nature now, and might tax it before long.

Nicholas had the honour of playing in a slight piece with Miss Petowker that night, and could not but observe that the warmth of her reception was mainly attributable to a most persevering umbrella in the upper boxes; he saw, too, that the enchanting actress cast many sweet looks towards the quarter whence these



sounds proceeded, and that every time she did so the umbrella broke out afresh. Once he thought that a peculiarly shaped hat in the same corner was not wholly unknown to him, but being occupied with his share of the stage business he bestowed no great attention upon this circumstance, and it had quite vanished from his memory by the time he reached home.

He had just sat down to supper with Smike, when one of the people of the house came outside the door, and announced that a gentleman below stairs wished to speak to Mr. Johnson.

"Well, if he does, you must tell him to come up, that's all I know," replied Nicholas. "One of our hungry brethren, I suppose, Smike."

His fellow-lodger looked at the cold meat, in silent calculation of the quantity that would be left for dinner next day, and put back a slice he had cut for himself, in order that the visitor's encroachments might be less formidable in their effects.

"It is not anybody who has been here before," said Nicholas, "for he is tumbling up every stair. Come in, come in. In the name of wonder—Mr. Lillyvick!"

It was, indeed, the collector of water-rates who, regarding Nicholas with a fixed look and immovable countenance, shook hands with most portentous solemnity and sat himself down in a seat by the chimney-corner.

"Why, when did you come here?" asked Nicholas.

"This morning, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick.

"Oh! I see; then you were at the theatre to-night, and it was your umbrella—"

"This umbrella," said Mr. Lillyvick, producing a fat green cotton one with a battered ferrule: "what did you think of that performance?"

"So far as I could judge, being on the stage," replied Nicholas, "I thought it very agreeable."

"Agreeable!" cried the collector. "I mean to say, Sir, that it was delicious."

Mr. Lillyvick bent forward to pronounce the last word with greater emphasis; and having done so, drew himself up, and frowned and nodded a great many times.

"I say, delicious," repeated Mr. Lillyvick. "Absorbing, fairy-like, toomultuous." And again Mr. Lillyvick drew himself up, and again he frowned and nodded.

"Ah!" said Nicholas, a little surprised at these symptoms of ecstatic approbation. "Yes, she is a clever girl."

"She is a divinity," returned Mr. Lillyvick, giving a collector's double knock on the ground with the umbrella before-mentioned. "I have known divine actresses before now, sir; I used to collect—at least I used to *call for*—and very often call for—the water-rate at the house of a divine actress, who lived in my beat for upwards of four years, but never—no, never, Sir—of all divine creatures, actresses or no actresses, did I see a diviner one than is Henrietta Petowker."

Nicholas had much ado to prevent himself from laughing; not trusting himself to speak, he merely nodded in accordance with Mr. Lillyvick's nods, and remained silent.

"Let me speak a word with you in private," said Mr. Lillyvick.

Nicholas looked good-humouredly at Smike, who, taking the hint, disappeared.

"A bachelor is a miserable wretch, sir," said Mr. Lillyvick.

"Is he?" asked Nicholas.

"He is," rejoined the collector. "I have lived in the world for nigh sixty years, and I ought to know what it is."

"You *ought* to know, certainly," thought Nicholas; "but whether you do or not, is another question."

"If a bachelor happens to have saved a little matter of money," said Mr. Lillyvick, "his sisters and brothers, and nephews and nieces, look to that money, and not to him; even if by being a public character he is the head of the family, or as it may be the main from which all the other little branches are turned on, they still wish him dead all the while, and get low-spirited every time they see him looking in good health, because they want to come into his little property. You see that?"

"O, yes," replied Nicholas: "it's very true, no doubt."

"The great reason for not being married," resumed Mr. Lillyvick, "is the expense; that's what's kept me off, or else—Lord!" said Mr. Lillyvick, snapping his fingers, "I might have had fifty women."

"Fine women?" asked Nicholas.

"Fine women, Sir!" replied the collector; "aye! not so fine as Henrietta Petowker, for she is an uncommon specimen, but such women as don't fall into every man's way, I can tell you that. Now suppose a man can get a fortune in his wife instead of with her—eh?"

"Why, then, he is a lucky fellow," replied Nicholas.

"That's what I say," retorted the collector, patting him benignantly on the side of the head with his umbrella; "just what I say: Henrietta Petowker, the talented Henrietta Petowker, has a fortune in herself, and I am going to—"

"To make her Mrs. Lillyvick?" suggested Nicholas.

"No, Sir, not to make her Mrs. Lillyvick," replied the collector. "Actresses, Sir, always keep their maiden names, that's the regular thing—but I'm going to marry her; and the day after to-morrow, too."

"I congratulate you, Sir," said Nicholas.

"Thank you, Sir," replied the collector, buttoning his waistcoat. "I shall draw her salary, of course, and I hope after all that it's nearly as cheap to keep two as it is to keep one; that's a consolation."

"Surely you don't want any consolation at such a moment?" observed Nicholas.

"No," replied Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head nervously: "no—of course not."

"But how come you both here, if you're going to be married, Mr. Lillyvick?" asked Nicholas.

"Why, that's what I came to explain to you," replied the collector of water-rate. "The fact is, we have thought it best to keep it secret from the family."

"Family!" said Nicholas. "What family?"

"The Kenwiges of course," rejoined Mr. Lillyvick. "If my niece and the children had known a word about it before I came away, they'd have gone into fits at my feet, and never have come out of 'em till I took an oath not to marry anybody—or they'd have got out a commission of lunacy, or some dreadful thing," said the collector, quite trembling as he spoke.

"To be sure," said Nicholas. "Yes; they would have been jealous, no doubt."

"To prevent which," said Mr. Lillyvick, "Henrietta Petowker (it was settled between us) should come down here to her friends, the Crummleses, under pretence of this engagement, and I should go down to Guildford the day before, and join her on the coach there, which I did, and we came down from Guildford yesterday together. Now, for fear you should be writing to Mr. Noggs, and might say anything about us, we have thought it best to let you into the secret. We shall be married from the Crummleses' lodgings, and shall be delighted to see you—either before church or at breakfast-time, which you like. It won't be expensive, you know," said the collector, highly anxious to prevent any misunderstanding on this point; "just muffins and coffee, with perhaps a shrimp or something of that sort for a relish, you know."

"Yes, yes, I understand," replied Nicholas. "Oh, I shall be most happy to come; it will give me the greatest pleasure. Where's the lady stopping—with Mrs. Crummles?"

"Why, no," said the collector; "they couldn't very well dispose of her at night, and so she is staying with an acquaintance of hers, and another young lady; they both belong to the theatre."

"Miss Snellicci, I suppose?" said Nicholas.

"Yes that's the name."

"And they'll be bridesmaids, I presume?" said Nicholas.

"Why," said the collector, with a rueful face, "they will have four bridesmaids; I'm afraid they'll make it rather theatrical."

"Oh no, not at all," replied Nicholas, with an awkward attempt to convert a laugh into a cough.

"Who may the four be? Miss Snellicci of course—Miss Ledrook—"

"The—the phenomenon," groaned the collector.

"Ha, ha!" cried Nicholas. "I beg your pardon, I don't know what I'm laughing at—yes, that'll be very pretty—the phenomenon—who else?"

"Some young woman or other," replied the collector, rising; "some other friend of Henrietta Petowker's. Well, you'll be careful not to say anything about it, will you?"

"You may safely depend upon me," replied Nicholas. "Won't you take anything to eat or drink?"

"No," said the collector; "I haven't any appetite. I should think it was a very pleasant life, the married one—eh?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," rejoined Nicholas.

"Yes said the collector; "certainly. Oh yes. No doubt. Good night."

With these words, Mr. Lillyvick, whose manner had exhibited through the whole of this interview a most extraordinary compound of precipitation, hesitation, confidence and doubt; fondness, misgiving, meanness, and self-importance, turned his back upon the room, and left Nicholas to enjoy a laugh by himself if he felt so disposed.

Without stopping to enquire whether the intervening day appeared to Nicholas to consist of the usual number of hours of the ordinary length, it may be remarked that, to the parties more directly interested in the forthcoming ceremony, it passed with great rapidity, inasmuch that when Miss Petowker awoke on the succeeding morning in the chamber of Miss Snel-

licci, she declared that nothing should ever persuade her that that really was the day which was to behold a change in her condition.

"I never will believe it," said Miss Petowker; "I cannot really. 'It's of no use talking, I never can make up my mind to go through with such a trial!'"

On hearing this, Miss Snellicci and Miss Ledrook, who knew perfectly well that their fair friend's mind had been made up for three or four years, at any period of which time she would have cheerfully undergone the desperate trial now approaching if she could have found any eligible gentleman disposed for the venture, began to preach comfort and firmness, and to say how very proud she ought to feel that it was in her power to confer lasting bliss on a deserving object, and how necessary it was for the happiness of mankind in general that women should possess fortitude and resignation on such occasions; and that although for their parts they held true happiness to consist in a single life, which they would not willingly exchange—no, not for any worldly consideration—still (thank God), if ever the time *should* come, they hoped they knew their duty too well to repine, but would they rather submit with meekness and humility of spirit to a fate for which Providence had clearly designed them with a view to the contentment and reward of their fellow-creatures.

"I might feel it was a great blow," said Miss Snellicci, "to break up old associations and what-do-you-call em of that kind, but I would submit my dear, I would indeed."

"So would I," said Miss Ledrook; "I would rather court the yoke than shun it. I have broken hearts before now, and I'm very sorry for it: for it's a terrible thing to reflect upon."

"It is indeed," said Miss Snellicci. "Now Led, my dear, we must positively get her ready, or we shall be too late, we shall indeed."

This pious reasoning, and perhaps the fear of being too late, supported the bride through the ceremony of robing, after which, strong tea and brandy were administered in alternate doses as a means of strengthening her feeble limbs and causing her to walk steadier.

"How do you feel now, my love?" inquired Miss Snellicci.

"Oh, Lillyvick!" cried the bride—"If you knew what I am undergoing for you!"

"Of course he knows it, love, and will never forget it," said Miss Ledrook.

"Do you think he won't?" cried Miss Petowker, really showing great capability for the stage. "Oh, do you think he won't? Do you think Lillyvick will always remember it—always, always, always?"

There is no knowing in what this burst of feeling might have ended, if Miss Snellicci had not at that moment proclaimed the arrival of the fly, which so astounded the bride that she shook off divers alarming symptoms which were coming on very strong, and running to the glass adjusted her dress, and calmly declared that she was ready for the sacrifice.

She was accordingly supported into the coach, and there "kept up" (as Miss Snellicci said) with perpetual sniffs of *sal volatile* and sips of brandy and other gentle stimulants, until they reached the manager's door, which was already opened by the two master Crummleses, who wore white cockades, and were decorated with the choicest and most resplendent

waistcoats in the theatrical wardrobe. By the combined exertions of these young gentlemen and the bridesmaids, assisted by the coachman, Miss Petowker was at length supported in a condition of much exhaustion to the first floor, where she no sooner encountered the youthful bridegroom than she fainted with great decorum.

"Henrietta Petowker!" said the collector; "cheer up, my lovely one."

Miss Petowker grasped the collector's hand, but emotion choked her utterance.

"Is the sight of me so dreadful, Henrietta Petowker?" said the collector.

"Oh no, no, no," rejoined the bride; "but all the friends—the darling friends—of my youthful days—to leave them all—it is such a shock!"

With such expressions of sorrow, Miss Petowker went on to enumerate the dear friends of her youthful days one by one, and to call upon such of them as were present to come and embrace her. This done, she remembered that Mrs. Crummles had been more than a mother to her, and after that, that Mr. Crummles had been more than a father to her, and after that, that the Master Crummles and Miss Ninetta Crummles had been more than brothers and sisters to her. These various remembrances being each accompanied with a series of hugs, occupied a long time, and they were obliged to drive to church very fast, for fear they should be too late.

The procession consisted of two fays; in the first of which were Miss Bravassa (the fourth bridesmaid), Mrs. Crummles, the collector, and Mr. Folair, who had been chosen as his second on the occasion. In the other were the bride, Mr. Crummles, Miss Snevellicci, Miss Ledrook, and the phenomenon. The costumes were beautiful. The bridesmaids were quite covered with artificial flowers, and the phenomenon, in particular, was rendered almost invisible by the portable arbour in which she was enshrined. Miss Ledrook, who was of a romantic turn, wore in her breast the miniature of some field-officer unknown, which she had purchased, a great bargain, not very long before; the other ladies displayed several dazzling articles of imitative jewellery, almost equal to real; and Mrs. Crummles came out in a stern and gloomy majesty, which attracted the admiration of all beholders.

But, perhaps the appearance of Mr. Crummles was more striking and appropriate than that of any member of the party. This gentleman who personated the bride's father, had, in pursuance of a happy and original conception, "made up" for the party arraying himself in a theatrical wig, of a style and pattern commonly known as a brown George, and moreover assuming a snuff-coloured suit, of the previous century, with grey silk stockings, and buckles to his shoes. The better to support his assumed character he had determined to be greatly overcome, and, consequently, when they entered the church, the sobs of the affectionate parent were so heart-rending that the pew-opener suggested the propriety of his retiring to the vestry, and comforting himself with a glass of water before the ceremony began.

The procession up the aisle was beautiful. The bride, with the four bridesmaids, forming a group previously arranged and rehearsed; the collector, followed by his second, imitating his walk and gestures, to the indescribable amusement of some theatrical friends in the gallery; Mr. Crummles, with an infirm

and feeble gait; Mrs. Crummles advancing with that stage walk, which consists of a stride and a stop alternately—it was the completest thing ever witnessed. The ceremony was very quickly disposed of, and all parties present having signed the register (for which purpose, when it came to his turn, Mr. Crummles carefully wiped and put on an immense pair of spectacles), they went back to breakfast in high spirits. And here they found Nicholas awaiting their arrival.

"Now then," said Crummles, who had been assisting Mrs. Grudden in the preparations, which were on a more extensive scale than was quite agreeable to the collector. "Breakfast, breakfast."

No second invitation was required. The company crowded and squeezed themselves at the table as well as they could, and fell to, immediately: Miss Petowker blushing very much when anybody was looking, and eating very much when anybody was not looking; and Mr. Lillyvick going to work as though with the cool resolve, that since the good things must be paid for by him, he would leave as little as possible for the Crummleses to eat up afterwards.

"It's very soon done, Sir, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Folair of the collector, leaning over the table to address him.

"What is soon done, Sir?" returned Mr. Lillyvick.

"The tying up—the fixing oneself with a wife," replied Mr. Folair. "It don't take long, does it?"

"No, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick, colouring. "It does not take long. And what then, Sir?"

"Oh! nothing," said the actor. "It don't take a man long to hang himself, either, eh? ha, ha!"

Mr. Lillyvick laid down his knife and fork, and looked round the table with indignant astonishment.

"To hang himself!" repeated Mr. Lillyvick.

A profound silence came upon all, for Mr. Lillyvick was dignified beyond expression.

"To hang himself!" cried Mr. Lillyvick again.

"Is any parallel attempted to be drawn in this company between matrimony and hanging?"

"The noose, you know," said Mr. Folair, a little crest-fallen.

"The noose, Sir?" retorted Mr. Lillyvick. "Does any man dare to speak to me of a noose, and Henrietta Pe—"

"Lillyvick," suggested Mr. Crummles.

—"and Henrietta Lillyvick in the same breath!" said the collector. "In this house, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Crummles, who have brought up a talented and virtuous family, to be blessings and phenomenons, and what not, are we to hear talk of nooses?"

"Folair," said Mr. Crummles, deeming it a matter of decency to be affected by this allusion to himself and partner, "I'm astonished at you."

"What are you going on in this way at me for?" urged the unfortunate actor. "What have I done?"

"Done, Sir!" cried Mr. Lillyvick, "aimed a blow at the whole frame-work of society—"

"And the best and tenderest feelings," added Crummles, relapsing into the old man.

"And the highest and most estimable of social ties," said the collector. "Noose! As if one was caught, trapped into the married state, pinned by the leg, instead of going into it of one's own accord and glorying in the act!"

"I didn't mean to make it out, that you were

caught and trapped, and pinned by the leg," replied the actor. "I'm sorry for it; I can't say any more."

"So you ought to be, Sir," returned Mr. Lillyvick; "and I am glad to hear that you have enough of feeling left to be so."

The quarrel appearing to terminate with this reply, Mrs. Lillyvick considered that the fittest occasion (the attention of the company being no longer distracted) to burst into tears, and require the assistance of all four bridesmaids, which was immediately rendered, though not without some confusion, for the room being small and the table-cloth long, a whole detachment of plates were swept off the board at the very first move. Regardless of this circumstance, however, Mrs. Lillyvick refused to be comforted until the belligerents had passed their words that the dispute should be carried no further, which, after a sufficient show of reluctance, they did, and from that time Mr. Folair sat in moody silence, contenting himself with pinching Nicholas's leg when anything was said, and so expressing his contempt both for the speaker and the sentiments to which he gave utterance.

There were a great number of speeches made, some by Nicholas, and some by Crummles, and some by the collector; two by the master Crummles in returning thanks for themselves, and one by the phenomenon on behalf of the bridesmaids, at which Mrs. Crummles shed tears. There was some singing too, from Miss Ledrook and Miss Bravassa, and very likely there might have been more, if the fly-driver, who stopped to drive the happy pair to the spot where they proposed to take steamboat to Ryde, had not sent in a peremptory message intimating, that if they didn't come directly he should infallibly demand eighteen-pence over and above his agreement.

This desperate threat effectually broke up the party. After a most pathetic leave-taking, Mr. Lillyvick and his bride departed for Ryde, where they were to spend the next two days in profound retirement, and whither they were accompanied by the infant, who had been appointed travelling bridesmaid on Mr. Lillyvick's express stipulation, as the steamboat people, deceived by her size, would (he had previously ascertained) transport her at half price.

As there was no performance that night, Mr. Crummles declared his intention of keeping it up till everything to drink was disposed of; but Nicholas having to play Romeo for the first time on the ensuing evening, contrived to slip away in the midst of a temporary confusion, occasioned by the unexpected development of strong symptoms of inebriety in the conduct of Mrs. Grudden.

To this act of desertion he was led, not only by his own inclinations, but by his anxiety on account of Smike, who, having to sustain the character of the Apothecary, had been as yet wholly unable to get any more of the part into his head than the general idea that he was very hungry, which—perhaps from old recollections—he had acquired with great aptitude.

"I don't know what's to be done, Smike," said Nicholas, laying down the book. "I am afraid you can't learn it, my poor fellow."

"I am afraid not," said Smike, shaking his head. "I think if you—but that would give you so much trouble."

"What?" inquired Nicholas. "Never mind me."

"I think," said Smike, "if you were to keep saying

it to me in little bits, over and over again, I should be able to recollect it from hearing you."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Nicholas. "Well said. Let us see who tires first.—Not I, Smike, trust me. Now then. 'Who calls so loud?'"

"'Who calls so loud?'" said Smike.

"'Who calls so loud?'" repeated Nicholas.

"'Who calls so loud?'" cried Smike.

Thus they continued to ask each other who called so loud, over and over and over again; and when Smike had that by heart, Nicholas went to another sentence, and then to two at a time, and then to three, and so on, until at midnight poor Smike found to his unspeakable joy that he really began to remember something about the text.

Early in the morning they went to it again, and Smike, rendered more confident by the progress he had already made, got on faster and with better heart. As soon as he began to acquire the words pretty freely, Nicholas showed him how he must come in with both hands spread out upon his stomach, and how he must occasionally rub it, in compliance with the established form by which people on the stage always denote that they want something to eat. After the morning's rehearsal they went to work again, nor did they stop, except for a hasty dinner, until it was time to repair to the theatre at night.

Never had master a more anxious, humble, docile pupil. Never had pupil a more patient, unwearying, considerate, kind-hearted master.

As soon as they were dressed, and at every interval when he was not upon the stage, Nicholas renewed his instructions. They prospered well. The Romeo was received with hearty plaudits and unbounded favour, and Smike was pronounced unanimously, alike by audience and actors, the very prince and prodigy of Apothecaries.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

*Is fraught with some danger to Miss Nickleby's peace of mind.*

THE place was a handsome suite of private apartments in Regent street; the time was three o'clock in the afternoon to the dull and plodding, and the first hour of morning to the gay and spirited; the persons were Lord Frederick Verisopht, and his friend sir Mulberry Hawk.

These distinguished gentlemen were reclining listlessly on a couple of sofas, with a table between them, on which were scattered in rich confusion the materials of an untasted breakfast. Newspapers lay strewn about the room, but these, like the meal, were neglected and unnoticed; not, however, because any flow of conversation prevented the attractions of the journals from being called into request, for not a word was exchanged between the two, nor was any sound uttered, save when one, in tossing about to find an easier resting-place for his aching head, uttered an exclamation of impatience, and seemed for the moment to communicate a new restlessness to his companion.

These appearances would in themselves have furnished a pretty strong clue to the extent of the debauch of the previous night, even if there had not been other indications of the amusements in which it had been

passed. A couple of billiard balls, all mud and dirt, two battered hats, a champagne bottle with a soiled glove twisted round the neck, to allow of its being grasped more surely in its capacity of an offensive weapon; a broken cane; a card-case without the top; an empty purse; a watch-guard snapped asunder; a handful of silver, mingled with fragments of half-smoked cigars, and their stale and crumbled ashes;—these, and many other tokens of riot and disorder, hinted very intelligibly at the nature of last night's gentlemanly frolics.

Lord Frederick Verisopht was the first to speak. Dropping his slippered foot on the ground, and, yawning heavily, he struggled into a sitting posture, and turned his dull languid eyes towards his friend, to whom he called in a drowsy voice,

"Hallo!" replied Sir Mulberry, turning round,

"Are we going to lie here all da-a-y?" said the Lord.

"I don't know that we're fit for anything else," replied Sir Mulberry; "yet awhile, at least. I haven't a grain of life in me this morning."

"Life!" cried Lord Verisopht. "I feel as if there would be nothing so snug and comfortable as to die at once."

"Then why don't you die?" said Sir Mulberry.

With which inquiry he turned his face away, and seemed to occupy himself in an attempt to fall asleep.

His hopeful friend and pupil drew a chair to the breakfast-table, and essayed to eat; but, finding that impossible, lounged to the window, then loitered up and down the room with his hand to his fevered head, and finally threw himself again on his sofa, and roused his friend once more.

"What the devil's the matter?" groaned Sir Mulberry, sitting upright on the couch.

Although Sir Mulberry said this with sufficient ill-humour, he did not seem to feel himself quite at liberty to remain silent; for, after stretching himself very often, and declaring with a shiver that it was "infernal cold," he made an experiment at the breakfast-table, and proving more successful in it than his less-seasoned friend, remained there.

"Suppose," said Sir Mulberry, pausing with a morsel on the point of his fork, "Suppose we go back to the subject of little Nickleby, eh?"

"Which little Nickleby; the money-lender or the ga-a-l?" asked Lord Verisopht.

"You take me, I see," replied Sir Mulberry. "The girl, of course."

"You promised me you'd find her out," said Lord Verisopht.

"So I did," rejoined his friend; "but I have thought further of the matter since then. You distrust me in the business—you shall find her out yourself."

"Na—ay," remonstrated Lord Verisopht.

"But I say yes," returned his friend. "You shall find her out yourself. Don't think that I mean, when you can—I know as well as you that if I did, you could never get sight of her without me. No. I say you shall find her out—*shall*—and I'll put you in the way."

"Now, curse me, if you ain't a real, dextrous, downright, thorough-paced friend," said the young Lord, on whom this speech had produced a most reviving effect.

"I'll tell you how," said Sir Mulberry. "She was at that dinner as a bait for you."

"No!" cried the young Lord. "What the day—"

"As a bait for you," repeated his friend; "old Nickleby told me so himself."

"What a fine old cock it is!" exclaimed Lord Verisopht; "a noble rascal!"

"Yes," said Sir Mulberry, "he knew she was a smart little creature—"

"Smart!" interposed the young Lord, "Upon my soul, Hawk, she's a perfect beauty—a—a picture, a statue, a—a—upon my soul she is!"

"Well," replied Sir Mulberry, shrugging his shoulders and manifesting an indifference, whether he felt it or not; "that's a matter of taste; if mine doesn't agree with yours, so much the better."

"Confound it!" reasoned the Lord, "you were thick enough with her that day, anyhow. I could hardly get in a word."

"Well enough for once, well enough for once," replied Sir Mulberry; "but not worth the trouble of being agreeable to again. If you seriously want to follow up the niece, tell the uncle that you must know where she lives, and how she lives, and with whom, or you are no longer a customer of his. He'll tell you fast enough."

"Why didn't you say this before?" asked Lord Verisopht, "instead of letting me go on burning, consuming, dragging out a miserable existence for an a-age!"

"I didn't know it in the first place," answered Sir Mulberry carelessly; "and in the second, I didn't believe you were so very much in earnest."

Now, the truth was that in the interval which had elapsed since the dinner at Ralph Nickleby's, Sir Mulberry Hawk had been furtively trying by every means in his power to discover whence Kate had so suddenly appeared, and whither she had disappeared. Unassisted by Ralph, however, with whom he had held no communication since their angry parting on that occasion, all his efforts were wholly unavailing, and he had therefore arrived at the determination of communicating to the young Lord the substance of the admission he had gleaned from that worthy. To this he was impelled by various considerations; among which the certainty of knowing whatever the weak young man knew was decidedly not the least, as the desire of encountering the usurer's niece again, and using his utmost arts to reduce her pride, and revenge himself for her contempt, was uppermost in his thoughts. It was a politic course of proceeding, and one which could not fail to redound to his advantage in every point of view, since the very circumstance of his having extorted from Ralph Nickleby his real design in introducing his niece to such society, coupled with his extreme disinterestedness in communicating it so freely to his friend, could not but advance his interests in that quarter, and greatly facilitate the passage of coin (pretty frequent and speedy already) from the pockets of Lord Frederick Verisopht to those of Sir Mulberry Hawk.

Thus reasoned Sir Mulberry, and in pursuance of this reasoning he and his friend soon afterwards repaired to Ralph Nickleby's, there to execute a plan of operations concerted by Sir Mulberry himself, avowedly to promote his friend's object, and really to attain his own.

They found Ralph at home, and alone. As he led them into the drawing-room, the recollection of the scene which had taken place there seemed to occur to him, for he cast a curious look at Sir Mulberry, who bestowed upon it no other acknowledgment than a careless smile.

They had a short conference upon some money matters then in progress, which were scarcely disposed of when the lordly dupe (in pursuance of his friend's in-

structions) requested with some embarrassment to speak to Ralph alone.

"Alone, eh?" cried Sir Mulberry, affecting surprise. "Oh, very good. I'll walk into the next room here. Don't keep me long, that's all."

So saying, Sir Mulberry took up his hat, and humming a fragment of a song, disappeared through the door of communication between the two drawing-rooms, and closed it after him.

"Now, my lord," said Ralph, "what is it?"

"Nickleby," said his client, throwing himself along the sofa on which he had been previously seated, so as to bring his lips nearer to the old man's ear, "what a pretty creature your niece is!"

"Is she, my lord?" replied Ralph. "Maybe—maybe—I don't trouble my head with such matters."

"You know she's a deyv'lish fine girl," said the client. "You must know that, Nickleby. Come, don't deny that."

"Yes, I believe she is considered so," replied Ralph. "Indeed, I know she is. If I did not, you are an authority on such points, and your taste, my lord—on all points, indeed—is undeniable."

Nobody but the young man to whom these words were addressed could have been deaf to the sneering tone in which they were spoken, or blind to the look of contempt by which they were accompanied. But Lord Frederick Verisopht was both, and took them to be complimentary.

"Well," he said, "p'raps you're a little right, and p'raps you're a little wrong—a little of both, Nickleby. I want to know where this beauty lives, that I may have another peep at her, Nickleby."

"Really—" Ralph began in his usual tones.

"Don't talk so loud," cried the other, achieving the great point of his lesson to a miracle. "I don't want Hawk to hear."

"You know he is your rival, do you?" said Ralph, looking sharply at him.

"He always is, d-a-amn him," replied the client; "and I want to steal a march upon him. Ha, ha, ha! He'll eat up so rough, Nickleby, at our talking together without him. Where does she live, Nickleby, that's all? Only tell me where she lives, Nickleby."

"He bites," thought Ralph. "He bites."

"Eh, Nickleby, eh?" pursued the client. "Where does she live?"

"Really, my lord," said Ralph, rubbing his hands slowly over each other, "I must think before I tell you."

"No, not a bit of it, Nickleby; you mustn't think at all," replied Verisopht. "Where is it?"

"No good can come of your knowing," replied Ralph. "She has been virtuously and well brought up; to be sure she is handsome, poor, unprotected—poor girl, poor girl."

Ralph ran over this brief summary of Kate's condition as if it were merely passing through his own mind, and he had no intention to speak aloud; but the shrewdly look which he directed at his companion as he delivered it, gave this poor assumption the lie.

"I tell you I only want to see her," cried his client. "A ma-an may look at a pretty woman without harm, mayn't he? Now, where *does* she live? You know you're making a fortune out of me, Nickleby, and upon my soul nobody shall ever take me to any body else, if you only tell me this."

"As you promise that, my Lord," said Ralph, with

feigned reluctance, "and as I am most anxious to oblige you, and as there's no harm in it—no harm—I'll tell you. But you had better keep it to yourself, my Lord; strictly to yourself." Ralph pointed to the adjoining room as he spoke, and nodded expressively.

The young Lord, feigning to be equally impressed with the necessity of this precaution, Ralph disclosed the present address and occupation of his niece, observing that from what he heard of the family they appeared very ambitious to have distinguished acquaintances, and that a Lord could, doubtless, introduce himself with great ease, if he felt disposed.

"Your object being only to see her again," said Ralph, "you could effect it at any time you chose by that means."

Lord Verisopht acknowledged the hint with a great many squeezes of Ralph's hard, horny hand, and whispering that they would now do well to close the conversation, called to Sir Mulberry Hawk that he might come back.

"I thought you had gone to sleep," said Sir Mulberry, reappearing with an ill-tempered air.

"Sorry to detain you," replied the gull; "but Nickleby has been so ama-azingly funny that I couldn't tear myself away."

"No, no," said Ralph; "it was all his lordship. You know what a witty, humorous, elegant, accomplished man Lord Frederick is. Mind the step, my Lord—Sir Mulberry, pray give way."

With such courtesies as these, and many low bows, and the same cold sneer upon his face all the while, Ralph busied himself in showing his visitors down stairs, and otherwise than by the slightest possible motion about the corners of his mouth, returned no show of answer to the look of admiration with which Sir Mulberry Hawk seemed to compliment him on being such an accomplished and most consummate scoundrel.

There had been a ring at the bell a few moments before, which was answered by Newman Noggs just as they reached the hall. In the ordinary course of business Newman would have either admitted the new-comer in silence, or have requested him or her to stand aside while the gentleman passed out. But he no sooner saw who it was, than as if for some private reason of his own, he boldly departed from the established custom of Ralph's mansion in business hours, and looking towards the respectable trio who were approaching, cried in a loud and sonorous voice, "Mrs. Nickleby!"

"Mrs. Nickleby!" cried Sir Mulberry Hawk, as his friend looked back, and stared him in the face.

It was, indeed, that well-intentioned lady, who, having received an offer for the empty house in the city, directed to the landlord, had brought it post-haste to Mr. Nickleby without delay.

"Nobody *you* know," said Ralph. "Step into the office, my—my—dear. I'll be with you directly."

"Nobody I know!" cried Sir Mulberry Hawk, advancing to the astonished lady. "Is this Mrs. Nickleby—the mother of Miss Nickleby—the delightful creature that I had the happiness of meeting in this house the very last time I dined here? But no;" said Sir Mulberry, stopping short. "No, it can't be. There is the same cast of features, the same indescribable air of—But no; no. This lady is too young for that."

"I think you can tell the gentleman, brother-in-law, if it concerns him to know," said Mrs. Nickleby, acknowledging the compliment with a graceful bend, "that Kate Nickleby is my daughter."

"Her daughter, my Lord!" cried Sir Mulberry, turning to his friend. "This lady's daughter, my Lord."

"My Lord!" thought Mrs. Nickleby. "Well, I never did—!"

"This, then, my Lord," said Sir Mulberry, "is the lady to whose obliging marriage we owe so much happiness. This lady is the mother of sweet Miss Nickleby. Do you observe the extraordinary likeness, my Lord? Nickleby—introduce us."

Ralph did so, in a kind of desperation.

"Upon my soul, it's a most delightful thing," said Lord Frederick, pressing forward: "How do you do?"

Mrs. Nickleby was too much flurried by these uncommonly kind salutations, and her regrets at not having on her bonnet, to make any immediate reply, so she merely continued to bend and smile, and betray great agitation.

"A—and how is Miss Nickleby?" said Lord Frederick. "Well, I hope?"

"She is quite well, I'm obliged to you, my Lord," returned Mrs. Nickleby, recovering. "Quite well. She wasn't well for some days after that day she dined here, and I can't help thinking, that she caught cold in that hackney coach coming home: Hackney coaches, my lord, are such nasty things, that it's almost better to walk at any time, for although I believe a hackney coachman can be transported for life, if he has a broken window, still they are so reckless, that they nearly all have broken windows. I once had a swelled face for six weeks, my lord, from riding in a hackney coach—I think it was a hackney coach," said Mrs. Nickleby, reflecting, "though I'm not quite certain, whether it wasn't a chariot; at all events I know it was a dark green, with a very long number, beginning with a nought and ending with a nine—no, beginning with a nine and ending with a nought, that was it, and of course the stamp office people would know at once whether it was a coach or a chariot if any inquiries were made there—however that was, there it was with a broken window, and there was I for six weeks with a swelled face—I think that was the very same hackney coach, that we found out afterwards, had the top open all the time, and we should never even have known it, if they hadn't charged us a shilling an hour extra for having it open, which it seems is the law, or was then, and a most shameful law it appears to be—I don't understand the subject, but I should say the Corn Laws could be nothing to *that* act of Parliament."

Having pretty well run herself out by this time, Mrs. Nickleby stopped as suddenly as she had started off, and repeated that Kate was quite well. "Indeed," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't think she was ever better, since she had the hooping-cough, scarlet-fever and measles, all at the same time, and that's the fact."

"Is that letter for me?" growled Ralph, pointing to the little packet Mrs. Nickleby held in her hand.

"For you, brother-in-law," replied Mrs. Nickleby, "and I walked all the way up here on purpose to give it you."

"All the way up here!" cried Sir Mulberry, seizing upon the chance of discovering where Mrs. Nickleby had come from. "What a confounded distance! How far do you call it now?"

"How far do I call it!" said Mrs. Nickleby. "Let me see. It's just a mile from our door to the old Bailey."

"No, no. Not so much as that," urged Sir Mulberry.

"Oh! It is indeed," said Mrs. Nickleby. "I appeal to his lordship."

"I should decidedly say it was a mile," remarked Lord Frederick, with a solemn aspect.

"It must be; it can't be a yard less," said Mrs. Nickleby. "All down Newgate Street, all down Cheapside, all up Lombard Street, down Gracechurch Street, and along Thames Street, as far as Spigwiffin's Wharf. Oh! It's a mile."

"Yes, on second thoughts I should say it was," replied Sir Mulberry. "But you don't surely mean to walk all the way back?"

"Oh no," rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. "I shall go back in an omnibus. I didn't travel about in omnibusses, when my poor dear Nicholas was alive, brother-in-law. But as it is, you know—"

"Yes, yes," replied Ralph impatiently, "and you had better get back before dark."

"Thank you, brother-in-law, so I had," returned Mrs. Nickleby. "I think I had better say good by at once."

"Not stop and—rest?" said Ralph, who seldom offered refreshments unless something was to be got by it. "Oh dear me, no," returned Mrs. Nickleby, glancing at the dial.

"Lord Frederick," said Sir Mulberry, "we are going Mrs. Nickleby's way. We'll see her safe to the omnibus!"

"By all means. Ye-es."

"Oh! I really couldn't think of it!" said Mrs. Nickleby.

But Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht were peremptory in their politeness, and leaving Ralph, who seemed to think, not unwisely, that he looked less ridiculous as a mere spectator, than he would have done if he had taken any part in these proceedings, they quitted the house with Mrs. Nickleby between them; that good lady in a perfect ecstasy of satisfaction, no less with the attentions shown her by two titled gentlemen, than with the conviction, that Kate might now pick and choose, at least between two large fortunes, and most unexceptionable husbands.

As she was carried away for the moment by an irresistible train of thought, all connected with her daughter's future greatness, Sir Mulberry Hawk and his friend exchanged glances over the top of the bonnet which the poor lady so much regretted not having left at home, and proceeded to dilate with great rapture, but much respect, on the manifold perfections of Miss Nickleby.

"What a delight, what a comfort, what a happiness, this amiable creature must be to you," said Sir Mulberry, throwing into his voice an indication of the warmest feeling.

"She is indeed, Sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby; "she is the sweetest-tempered, kindest-hearted creature—and so clever!"

"She looks clayver," said Lord Verisopht, with the air of a judge of cleverness.

"I assure you she is, my lord," returned Mrs. Nickleby. "When she was at school in Devonshire, she was universally allowed to be beyond all exception the very cleverest girl there, and there were a great many very clever ones too, and that's the truth—twenty-five young ladies, fifty guineas a-year without the *et-ceteras*, both the Miss Dowdles, the most accomplished, elegant, fascinating creatures—Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Nickleby, "I never shall forget what pleasure she used



to give me and her poor dear papa, when she was at that school, never—such a delightful letter every half year, telling us that she was the first pupil in the whole establishment, and had made more progress than anybody else! I can scarcely bear to think of it even now. The girls wrote all the letters themselves," added Mrs. Nickleby, "and the writing-master touched them up afterwards with a magnifying glass and a silver pen; at least I think they wrote them, though Kate was never quite certain about that, because she didn't know the handwriting of hers again; but any way, I know it was a circular which they all copied, and of course it was a very gratifying thing—very gratifying."

With similar recollections Mrs. Nickleby beguiled the tediousness of the way, until they reached the omnibus, which the extreme politeness of her new friends would not allow them to leave until it actually started, when they took their hats, as Mrs. Nickleby solemnly assured her hearers on many subsequent occasions, "completely off," and kissed their straw-coloured kid gloves till they were no longer visible.

Mrs. Nickleby leant back in the furthest corner of the conveyance, and, closing her eyes, resigned herself to a host of most pleasing meditations. Kate had never said a word about having met either of these gentlemen; "that," she thought, "argues that she is strongly prepossessed in favour of one of them." Then the question arose, which one could it be. The lord was the youngest, and his title was certainly the grandest; still Kate was not the girl to be swayed by such considerations as these. "I will never put any constraint upon her inclinations," said Mrs. Nickleby to herself; "but upon my word I think there's no comparison between his lordship and Sir Mulberry—Sir Mulberry is such an attentive gentlemanly creature, so much manner, such a fine man, and has so much to say for himself. I hope it's Sir Mulberry—I think it must be Sir Mulberry!" And then her thoughts flew back to her old predictions, and the number of times she had said, that Kate with no fortune would marry better than other people's daughters with thousands; and, as she pictured with the brightness of a mother's fancy all the beauty and grace of the poor girl who had struggled so cheerfully with her new life of hardship and trial, her heart grew too full, and the tears trickled down her face.

Meanwhile, Ralph walked to and fro in his little back office, troubled in mind by what had just occurred. To say that Ralph loved or cared for—in the most ordinary acceptation of those terms—any one of God's creatures, would be the wildest fiction. Still, there had somehow stolen upon him from time to time a thought of his niece which was tinged with compassion and pity; breaking through the dull cloud of dislike or indifference which darkened men and women in his eyes, there was, in her case, the faintest gleam of light—a most feeble and sickly ray at the best of times—but there it was, and it showed the poor girl in a better and purer aspect than any in which he had looked on human nature yet.

"I wish," thought Ralph, "I had never done this. And yet it will keep this boy to me, while there is money to be made. Selling a girl—throwing her in the way of temptation, and insult, and coarse speech. Nearly two thousand pounds profit from him already though. Pshaw! match-making mothers do the same every day."

He sat down, and told the chances, for and against, on his fingers.

"If I had not put them in the right track to-day," thought Ralph, "this foolish woman would have done so. Well. If her daughter is as true to herself as she should be from what I have seen, what harm ensues? A little teasing, a little humbling, a few tears. Yes," said Ralph, aloud, as he locked his iron safe. "She must take her chance. She must take her chance."

#### MRS. JAMESON'S WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA.

PREPARING to start from New York to the capital of Upper Canada in the earlier part of their winter, Mrs. JAMESON was assured that she had chosen the very worst time. A little earlier, the roads and rivers would have been open; a little later, they would have been firmly frozen and firmly snowed; as it was, there would be neither land nor water, ice nor snow, but a villainous compound of each. Our heroine, however, had travelled "half over the Continent of Europe;" the predicted hardships conveyed no definite ideas to her mind; and she started in the steamer "to Albany or"—according to articles—"as far as the ice permitted." This was within thirty miles of their destined end; and the journey thence to Toronto was one scene of wearying hardship, which realized in suffering the definite idea the eloquence of her American friends had not been able to depict.

Once safely arrived, Mrs. JAMESON passed her winter in Canada, in observing the society of the capital, and in an excursion to Niagara; whose Falls disappointed her, in the depth of winter, when all save the mighty river was bound up in the stillness and repose of an icy death. In the summer, she made tours through various parts of the country, and passed over to the American towns of Buffalo and Detroit. From this last city she steamed through Lake St. Clair, and the gigantic island sea of Lake Huron, to the Indian Missionary settlements on the island of Mackinaw. After a sojourn there, she travelled in a Canadian canoe, rowed by the far-famed voyageurs, to the sault Ste. Marie (the Falls of St. Mary,) situated in the strait which conveys the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron, and the last resting-place of civilization—if that can be properly called civilization where the inhabitants are only Indians and fur-traders.

Of what she saw, thought, felt, or read, Mrs. JAMESON kept a journal, for transmission to a friend. Of this journal, or a revision of it, the volumes before us consist: and their author apologizes for the tone of personal feeling on the plea of necessity—it was found impossible to get rid of it; and the attempt to write a work containing the results of her journey was unsuccessful. These difficulties we can in some measure conceive; and in most cases the records of her journal have a freshness and truth which well compensate for a little sentimental reflection or elegant reverie—not to say that the commentary is frequently sound. We see no necessity, however, for reminiscences of German actresses, and criticisms on German authors, in a book on the Canadas. These might easily have been spared; for, however good, they are out of place. In other respects, the

work is lively, elegant, and attractive; full of slight sketches of the country and people of Upper Canada, and some judicious views of the aborigines; with a good deal of interesting information on existing affairs, which, coming in a by-way from a lady, is the more useful, as being less likely to be tinged by party bias.

And this information establishes two points clearly,—the discontent in Upper Canada with the system of English rule; and the superiority of the Americans to the Canadians in all the material arts of “going ahead” in a new country. In speaking of discontent, it must be distinctly understood, that it is not an aversion to the Mother Country: on the contrary, those who have emigrated to Canada retain a fond remembrance of, or a pining for the land of their birth, and the Canadian-born regard it with a kind of superstitious sentiment. Neither does their discontent arise from abstract notions of government, or any political feeling. It has its origin in plain, practical, self-interested causes, constantly coming home to every man in his affairs. They complain of *neglect and injuries*—of the apathy of the public at large; of the ignorance and indifference of the Legislature; and of the easy way in which they are abandoned to the tender mercies of the Colonial office.

I saw of course something of the state of feeling on both sides, (says Mrs. Jameson in her preface,) but not enough to venture a word on the subject. Upper Canada appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English Government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the Mother Country. The want of a sea-port, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the Government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression everywhere visible. And a system of mistakes and male-administration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but to the whole tendency of our Colonial government; the perpetual change of officials and change of measures; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it; add these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy, on the part of the government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy! But I feel I am getting beyond my depth. Let us hope that the reign in our young Queen will not begin, like that of Maria Theresa, with the loss of one of her fairest provinces; and that hereafter she may look upon the map of her dominions without the indignant blushes and tears

with which Maria Theresa, to the last moment of her life, contemplated the map of her dismembered empire, and regretted her lost Silesia.

The general evils described in this passage operate daily in their results, inducing continual discord between the people of the Canadas, their Colonial rulers, and the Colonial Office at home; and injuring the interests of the colonists in a variety of ways. One extract, incidentally bearing upon a point which every individual must feel, will indicate their nature and ramifications.

#### POSTAGE IN THE CANADAS.

The poor emigrants who have not been long from the Old Country, round whose hearts tender remembrances of parents, and home and home friends, yet cling in all the strength of fresh regret and unsubdued longing, sometimes present themselves at the post-offices, and on finding that their letters cost three shillings and fourpence, or perhaps five or six shillings, turn away in despair. I have seen such letters not here only, but often and in greater numbers at the larger post-offices; and have thought with pain how many fond, longing hearts must have bled over them. The torture of Tantalus was surely nothing to this.

At Brandford I saw forty-eight such letters, and an advertisement from the postmaster, setting forth that these letters, if not claimed and paid for by such a time, would be sent to the dead letter-office.

The management of the Post-office in Upper Canada will be found among the “grievances” enumerated by the discontented party; and without meaning to attach any blame to the functionaries, I have said enough to show that the letter-post of Canada does not fulfil its purpose of contributing to the solace and advantage of the people, whatever profit it may bring to the revenue.

Connected with the anomalies of the Government, but not altogether with the Home Government, though the people seem to fancy so, is the state of the roads. This is a subject of our author's complaint on almost every journey. Here is a sample.

The whole drive would have been productive of unmixed enjoyment, but for one almost intolerable drawback. The roads were throughout so execrably bad, that no words can give you an idea of them. We often sunk into mud-holes above the axletree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, were my poor bones dislocated. A wheel here and there, or broken shaft lying by the wayside, told of former wrecks and disasters. In some places they had, in desperation, flung huge boughs of oak into the mud abyss, and covered them with clay and sod, the rich green foliage projecting on either side. This sort of illusive contrivance would sometimes give way, and we were nearly precipitated in the midst. By the time we arrived at Blandford, my hands were swelled and blistered by continually grasping with all my strength an iron bar in front of my vehicle, to prevent myself from being flung out, and my limbs ached wofully. I never beheld or imagined such roads. It is clear that the people do not apply any, even the commonest, principles of road-making; no drains are cut, no attempt is made at levelling or preparing a foundation. The settlers around are too much engrossed by the necessary toil for a daily subsistence to give a moment of their time

to road-making, without compulsion or good payment. The statute labour does not appear to be duly enforced by the commissioners and magistrates; and there are no labourers, and no spare money; specie, never very plentiful in these parts, is not to be had at present; and the 500,000% voted during the last session of the Provincial Parliament for the repair of the roads, is not yet even raised, I believe. [This was just before the outbreak. How must matters be now?]

Nor is this all: the vile state of the roads, the very little communication between places not far distant from each other, leave it in the power of ill-disposed persons to sow mischief among the ignorant, isolated people.

On emerging from a forest road seven miles in length, we stopped at a little inn to refresh the poor jaded horses. Several labourers were lounging about the door, and I spoke to them of the horrible state of the roads. They agreed, one and all, that it was entirely the fault of the Government; that their welfare was not cared for; that it was true that money had been voted for the roads, but that before any thing could be done, or a shilling of it expended, it was always necessary to write to the Old Country to ask the King's permission—which might be sent or not; who could tell? And meantime they were ruined by the want of roads, which it was nobody's business to reclaim.

It was in vain that I attempted to point out to the orator of the party the falsehood and absurdity of this notion. He only shook his head, and said he knew better.

One man observed, that as the team of Admiral V— (one of the largest proprietors in the district) had lately broken down in a mud-hole, there was some hope that the roads about here might be looked to.

Intemperance is said to be the vice both of the States and the Canadas; but, according to Mrs. JAMESON, the Canadians must far excel the Statesmen. The latter would seem to muzz themselves; but the Canadians are perfect drunkards, wasting health and life in the indulgence. These circumstances, the character of the mass of emigrants, and the checks to prosperity in the ill-working of the government, seem to be the cause of the difference between the two frontiers. At all events there is a difference, and a mortifying one. The following picture is from the neighbourhood of Detroit, the verge of settled life in either country; but something analogous may be found along the whole line.

Yesterday and to-day, feeling better, I have passed some hours straying or driving about on the British shore.

I hardly know how to convey to you an idea of the difference between the two shores; it will appear to you as incredible as it is to me incomprehensible. Our shore is said to be the most fertile, and has been the longest settled; but to float between them (as I did to day in a little canoe made of a hollow tree, and paddled by a half-breed imp of a boy) to behold on one side a city, with its towers and spires and animated population, with villas and handsome houses stretching along the shore, and a hundred vessels or more, gigantic steamers, brigs, schooners, crowding the port, loading and unloading; all the bustle, in short, of prosperity and commerce; and, on the other side, a little straggling hamlet, one schooner, one little wretched steamboat, some windmills, a Catholic chapel or two, a supine ignorant peasantry, all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness! Can I, can any

one, help wondering at the difference, and asking whence it arises? There must be a cause for it surely; but what is it? Does it lie in past or in present—in natural or accidental circumstances? in the institutions of the government, or the character of the people? Is it remediable? is it a necessity? is it a mystery? what and whence is it? Can you tell? or can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic to behold and solve the difficulty?

The climate of Lower Canada is more severe than that of the Upper country. But even the Upper is bad enough. If the Guards should be ordered on "actual service" this winter, they will sigh for the parade of the Parks and the "table of St. James's."

#### WEATHER FOR A BIVOUAC.

The cold is at this time so intense, that the ink freezes while I write, and my fingers stiffen round the pen; a glass of water by my bed-side, within a few feet of the hearth, (heaped with logs of oak and maple, kept burning all night long,) is a solid mass of ice in the morning. God help the poor emigrants who are yet unprepared against the rigour of the season! yet this is nothing to the climate of the Lower Province, where, as we hear, the thermometer has been thirty degrees below zero.

#### A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

I think but for this journey I never could have imagined the sublime desolation of a northern winter, and it has impressed me strongly. In the first place, the whole atmosphere appeared as if converted into snow, which fell in thick, tiny, starry flakes, till the buffalo robes and furs about us appeared like swansdown and the harness on the horses of the same delicate material. The whole earth was a white waste: the road, on which the sleigh-track was only just perceptible, ran for miles in a straight line; on each side rose the dark, melancholly pine-forest, slumbering drearily in the hazy air. Between us and the edge of the forest were frequent spaces of cleared or half-cleared land, spotted over with the black charred stumps and blasted trunks of once magnificent trees, projecting from the snow-drift. These, which are perpetually recurring objects in a Canadian landscape, have a most melancholly appearance. Sometimes wide openings occurred to the left, bringing us in sight of Lake Ontario and even in some places down upon the edge of it: in this part of the lake the enormous body of the water and its incessant movements prevents it from freezing, and the dark waves rolled in, heavily plunging on the icy shore with a sullen booming sound. A few rocks from the land, the cold gray waters, and the cold gray snow-encumbered atmosphere, were mingled with each other, and each seemed either. The only living thing I saw in a space of about twenty miles, was a magnificent bald-headed eagle, which, after sailing a few turns in advance of us alighted on the topmost bough of a blasted pine; and slowly folding his great wide wings, looked down upon us as we glided beneath him.

We left little room for the lighter or more miscellaneous matters to which these volumes profusely abound. We must be content with three extracts of this kind,—two on American manners; the other a sample of Mrs. JAMESON's better kind of personal reflection.

## AMERICAN DRIVER.

One dark night, I remember, as the sleet and rain were falling fast and our Extra was slowly dragged by wretched brutes of horses through what seemed to me "sloughs of despond," some package ill-stowed on the roof, which in the American stages presents no resting place either for man or box, fell off. The driver alighted to fish it out of the mud. As there was some delay, a gentleman seated opposite to me put his head out of the window to inquire the cause; to whom the driver's voice replied, in an angry tone, "I say, you mister, don't you sit jabbering there, but lend a hand to heave these things aboard!" To my surprise, the gentleman did not appear struck by the insolence of this summons but immediately jumped out and lent his assistance. This is merely the manner of the people; the driver intended no insolence, nor was it taken as such, and my fellow travellers could not help laughing at my surprise.

## LIBRARIAN AT DETROIT.

Wishing to borrow some books, to while away the long solitary hours in which I am *obliged* to rest, I asked for a circulating library, and was directed to the only one in the place. I had to ascend a steep staircase, so disgustingly dirty, that it was necessary to draw my drapery carefully round me to escape pollution. On entering a large room, unfurnished except with book-shelves, I found several men sitting or rather sprawling upon the chairs, and reading the newspapers. The collection of books was small; but they were not of a common or vulgar description. I found some of the best modern publications of French and English. The man—gentleman, I should say, for all are gentlemen here—who stood behind the counter, neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed on my entrance, nor showed any officious anxiety to serve or oblige; but, with this want of what *we* English consider due courtesy, there was no deficiency of real civility—far from it. When I inquired on what terms I might have some books to read, this gentleman desired I would take any books I pleased, and not think about payment or deposit. I remonstrated, and represented that I was a stranger at an inn; that my stay was uncertain, &c.; and the reply was, that from a lady and a stranger he could not think of receiving remuneration; and then gave himself some trouble to look out the books I wished for, which I took away with me. He did not even ask the name of the hotel at which I was staying; and when I returned the books, persisted in declining all payment from "a lady and a stranger."

Whatever attention and politeness may be tendered to me, in either character, as a lady or as a stranger, I am always glad to receive from any one, in any shape. In the present instance, I could indeed have dispensed with the *form*; a pecuniary obligation, small or large, not being much to my taste; but what was meant for courtesy, I accepted courteously—and so the matter ended.

## MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.

In conversing with him (the Bishop of Michigan) and the Missionaries on the spiritual and moral condition of his diocese, and these newly-settled regions in general, I learned many things which interested me very much; and there was one thing discussed which

especially surprised me. It was said that two-thirds of misery which came under the immediate notice of a popular clergyman, and to which he was called to minister, arose from the infelicity of the conjugal relations; there was no question here of open immorality and discord, but simply of infelicity and unfitness. The same thing has been brought before me in every country, every society in which I have been a sojourner and an observer; but I did not look to find it so broadly placed before me here in America, where the state of morals, as regards the two sexes, is comparatively pure; where the marriages are early, where conditions are equal, where the means of subsistence are abundant, where the women are much petted and considerably by the men—too much so.

For a result, then, so universal, there must be a cause or causes as universal, not depending on any particular customs, manners, or religion, or political institutions. And what are these causes? Many things do puzzle me in this strange world of ours—many things in which the new world and the old world are equally incomprehensible. I cannot understand why an evil everywhere acknowledged and felt is not remedied somewhere, or discussed by some one, with a view to a remedy; but no, it is like putting one's hand into the fire only to touch upon it; it is the universal braille, the patrefying sore, on which you must not lay a finger, or your patient (that is, society) cries out and resists; and like a sick baby, scratches and kicks its physician.

Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician; let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare and eternal salvation! Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at a foundation of human existence, morality and happiness; mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why then should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Love and Death, the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of existence, the two points on which God's universe turns—which He, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which he has left us in all other things.

Death must come, and Love must come—but the state in which they find us? whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings? *This*, I suppose, depends on ourselves: and for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue,—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy; countless immorality; the death that comes early and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature.

The practical man connected with the Canadas, is

the politician who may have had his attention excited by Governor ARTHUR's span-new proclamation respecting the Church question, will do well to look at Mrs. JAMESON's book. It contains a clear, brief, and even elegant sketch of the history and facts of the subject, as well as of the conflicting views entertained by the three parties who move in it. We would have quoted it, but for its length, and to abridge it, would in a measure mar its effect.

## FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.—PART VI.

(CONTINUED.)

The next day, according to promise, John O'Brien paid him an early visit, in order to hear what Connor had assured him was of more importance even than Una's life itself. Their conference was long and serious, for each felt equally interested in its subject-matter. When it was concluded, and they had separated, O'Brien's friends observed that he appeared like a man whose mind was occupied by something that occasioned him to feel deep anxiety. What the cause of this secret care was, he did not disclose to any one except his father, to whom, in a few days afterwards, he mentioned it. His college vacation had now nearly expired: but it was mutually agreed upon, in the course of the communication he then made, that for the present he should remain with them at home, and postpone his return to Maynooth, if not abandon the notion of the Priesthood altogether. When the Bodagh left his son, after this dialogue, his open, good-humoured countenance seemed clouded, his brow thoughtful, and his whole manner that of a man who has heard something more than usually unpleasant; but whatever this intelligence was, he, too, appeared equally studious to conceal it. The day now arrived on which Connor O'Donovan was to see his other parent for the last time, and this interview he dreaded, on the old man's account, more than he had done even the separation from his mother. Our readers may judge, therefore, of his surprise on finding that his father exhibited a want of sorrow or of common feeling that absolutely amounted almost to indifference.

Connor felt it difficult to account for a change so singular and extraordinary in one with whose affection for himself he was so well acquainted. A little time, however, and an odd hint or two thrown out in the early part of their conversation, soon enabled him to perceive, either that the old man laboured under some strange hallucination, or had discovered a secret source of comfort known only to himself. At length it appeared to the son that he had discovered the cause of this unaccountable change in the conduct of his father; and, we need scarcely assure our readers, that his heart sank into new and deeper distress at the words from which he drew the inference.

"Connor," said the miser, "I had great luck yestherday. You renimber Antony Cusack, that ran away from me wid seventy-three pounds fifteen shillin's an' nine pence, now better than nine years ago.—Many a curse he had from me for his roguery; but, somehow, it seems he only *thruv* underher them. His son Andy called on me yestherday mornin', an' *ped* me to the last farden, inth'rest an' all. Wasn't I in luck?"

"It was very fortunate, father, an' I'm glad of it."

"It was, indeed, the hoighth o' luck. Now, Connor, you think one thing, an' that is, that we're partin'

for ever, an' that we'll never see one another till we meet in the next world. Isn't that what you think?—Eh, Connor?"

"It's hard to tell what may happen, father. We may see one another even in this; stranger things have been brought about."

"I tell you, Connor, we'll meet agin; I have made out a plan in my own head for that; but the luckiest of all was the money yestherday."

"What is the plan, father?"

"Don't ax me, avick, bekase it's better for you not to know it. I may be disappointed, but it's not likely aither; still it 'ud be risin' expectations in you, an' if it didn't come to pass, you'd only be more unhappy; an' you know, Connor darlin', I wouldn't wish to be the manes of making your poor heart sore for one minute. God knows the same young heart has suffered enough, an' more than it ought to suffer.—Connor!"

"Well, father?"

"Keep up your spirits, darlin', don't be at all cast down, I tell you."

The old man caught his son's hands ere he spoke, and uttered these words with a voice of such tenderness and affection, that Connor, on seeing him assume the office of comforter, contrary to all he had expected, felt himself more deeply touched than if his father had fallen, as was his wont, into all the impotent violence of grief.

"It was only comin' here to-day, Connor, that I thought of this plan; but I wish to goodness your poor mother knew it, for thin maybe she'd let me minton it to you."

"If it would make me any way unhappy," replied Connor, "I'd rather not hear it; only whatever it is, father, if it's agaiast my dear mother's wishes, don't put it in practice."

"I couldn't Connor, widout her consent, barrin' we'd—but there's no use in that; only keep up your spirits, Connor dear. Still I'm glad it came into my head, this plan; for if I thought that I'd never see you agin, I wouldn't know how to part wid you; my heart 'ud fairly break, or my head 'ud get light. Now, won't you promise me not to fret, acushla machree!—an' to keep your heart up, an' your spirits?"

"I'll fret as little as I can, father. You know there's not much pleasure in frettin', an' that no one would fret if they could avoid it; but will you promise me, my dear father, to be guided an' advised, in whatever you do, or intend to do, by my mother—my blessed mother?"

"I will—I will, Connor; an' if I had always done so, maybe it isn't here now you'd be standin', an' my heart breakin' to look at you; but, indeed, it was God, I hope, put this plan into my head; an' the money yestherday—that, too, was so lucky—far more so, Connor dear, than you think. Only for that—but sure no matter, Connor, we're not partin' for evermore now; so, acushla machree, let your mind be aisey.—Cheer up, cheer up my darlin' son."

Much more conversation of this kind took place between them during the old man's stay, which he prolonged almost to the last hour. Connor wondered, as was but natural, what the plan so recently fallen upon by his father could be. Indeed, sometimes he feared that the idea of their separation had shaken his intellect, and that his allusions to this mysterious discovery, mixed up, as they were, with the uncommon delight he expressed at having recovered Cusack's money, boded nothing less than the ultimate derangement of

his faculties. One thing, however, seemed obvious—that, whatever it might be, whether reasonable or otherwise, his father's mind was exclusively occupied by it; and that, during, the whole scene of their parting, it sustained him in a manner for which he felt it utterly impossible to account. It is true he did not leave him without shedding tears, and bitter tears; but they were unaccompanied by the wild vehemence of grief which had, on former occasions, raged through and almost desolated his heart. The reader may entertain some notion of what he would have felt on this occasion, were it not for the "plan," as he called it, which supported him so much, when we tell him that he blessed his son three or four times during their interview, without being conscious that he had blessed him more than once. His last words to him were to keep up his spirits, for that there was little doubt but they would meet again.

The next morning, at day-break, "their noble boy," as they fondly and proudly called him, was conveyed to the transport, in company with many others; and, at the hour of five o'clock, *r. m.*, that melancholy vessel weighed anchor, and spread her broad sails to the bosom of the ocean.

Although the necessary affairs of life are, after all, the great assurgers of sorrow, yet there are also cases where the heart persists in rejecting the consolation brought by time, and in clinging to the memory of that which it loved. Neither Honor O'Donovan nor Una O'Brien could forget our unhappy hero, nor school their affections into the apathy of ordinary feelings.—Off Fardorougha we might say the same; for, although he probably felt the want of his son's presence more keenly even than his wife, yet his grief, notwithstanding its severity, was mingled with the interruption of a habit—such as is frequently the prevailing cause of sorrow in selfish and contracted minds. That there was much selfishness in his grief, our readers, we dare say, will admit. At all events, a scene which took place between him and his wife, on the night of the day which saw Connor depart from his native land for ever, will satisfy them of the different spirit which marked their feelings on that unfortunate occasion.

Honor had, as might be expected, recovered her serious composure, and spent a great portion of that day in offering up her prayers for the welfare of their son. Indeed much of her secret grief was checked by the alarm which she felt for her husband, whose conduct on that morning before he left home was marked by the wild excitement, which of late had been so peculiar to him. Her surprise was consequently great when she observed, on his return, that he manifested a degree of calmness, if not serenity, utterly at variance with the outrage of his grief, or we should rather say, the delirium of his despair, in the early part of the day. She resolved, however, with her usual discretion, not to catechise him on the subject, lest his violence might revive, but to let his conduct explain itself, which she knew in a little time it would do. Nor was she mistaken. Scarcely had an hour elapsed, when, with something like exaltation, he disclosed his plan, and asked her advice and opinion. She heard it attentively, and for the first time since the commencement of their affliction, did the mother's brow seem unburthened of the sorrow which sat upon it, and her eye to gleam with something like the light of expected happiness. It was, however, on their retiring to rest that night that the affecting contest took place, which exhibited so strongly the contrast between their characters.

We mentioned in a preceding part of this narrative, that ever since her son's incarceration Honor had slept in his bed, and with her head on the very pillow which his had so often pressed. As she was about to retire, Fardorougha, for a moment, appeared to forget his "plan," and every thing but the departure of his son. He followed Honor to his bedroom, which he traversed, distractedly clasping his hands, kissing his boy's clothes, and uttering sentiments of extreme misery and despair.

"There's his bed," he exclaimed; "there's our boy's bed—but where his he himself?—gone, gone for ever! There's his clothes, our darlin' son's clothes; look at them. Oh God, oh God! my heart will break outright, Oh Connor, our boy, our boy, are you gone from us for ever! We must sit down to our breakfast in the mornin', to our dinner, an' to our supper at night, but our noble's boy's face we'll never see—his voice we'll never hear."

"Ah, Fardorougha, it's thrue, it's thrue," replied the wife; "but remember he's not in the grave, not in the clay of the church-yard; we haven't seen him carried there, and laid down under the heart-breakin' sound of the dead-bell; we haven't hard the cowl'd noise of the clay fallin' in upon his coffin. Oh no, no—thanks, everlastin' thanks to the God that has spared our boy's life! How often have you an' I hard people say over the corpses of their children, 'Oh, if he was only alive I didn't care in what part of the world it was, or if I was never to see his face again, only that he was livin'.' An' wouldn't they, Fardorougha dear, give the world's wealth to have their wishes? Oh they would, they would—an' thanks for ever be to the Almighty! our boy is livin', and may yit be happy. Fardorougha, let us not fly into the face of God, who has in his mercy spared our son."

"I'll sleep in his bed," replied the husband; "on the very spot he lay on I'll lie."

This was indeed trenching, and selfishly trenching upon the fast mournful privilege of the mother's heart. Her sleeping here was one of those secret but melancholy enjoyments, which the love of a mother or of a wife will often steal, like a miser's theft, from the very board of their own sorrows. In fact, she was not prepared for this, and when he spoke she looked at him for some time in silent amazement.

"Oh no, Fardorougha dear—the mother, the mother, that her breast was so often his pillow, has the best right, now that he's gone, to lay her head where his lay. Oh, for heaven's sake, lave that poor pleasure to me, Fardorougha."

"No, Honor, you can bear up under grief better than I can. I must sleep where my boy sleep."

"Fardorougha, I could go upon my knees to you, an' I will, avourneen, if you'll grant me this."

"I can't, I can't," he replied, distractedly; "I could sleep no where else. I love everything belongin' to him. I can't, Honor, I can't, I can't."

"Fardorougha, my heart—his mother's heart is fixed upon it, an' was. Oh lave this to me, acushla, lave this to me—it's all I axe."

"I couldn't, I couldn't—my heart is breakin'—it'll be sweet to me—I'll think I'll be nearer him,"—and as he uttered these words the tears flowed copiously down his cheeks.

His affectionate wife was touched with compassion, and immediately resolved to let him have his way, whatever it might cost herself.

"God pity you," she said; "I'll give it up, I'll

give it up, Fardorougha. Do, sleep where he sleep; I can't blame you, nor I don't; for sure it's only a proof of how much you love him." She then bade him good night, and, with spirits dreadfully weighed down by this singular incident, withdrew to her lonely pillow; for Connor's bed had been a single one, in which of course two persons could not sleep together. Thus did these bereaved parents retire to seek that rest which nothing but exhausted nature seemed disposed to give them, until at length they fell asleep under the double shadow of night and a calamity which filled their hearts with so much distress and misery.

In the mean time, whatever these two families might have felt for the sufferings of their respective children in consequence of Bartle Flanagan's villainy, that plausible traitor, had watched the departure of his victim with a palpitating anxiety almost equal to what some unhappy culprit, in the dock of a prison, would experience when the foreman of his jury hands down the sentence which is either to hang or acquit him. Up to the very moment on which the vessel sailed, his cruel but cowardly heart was literally sick with the apprehension that Connor's mitigated sentence might be still further commuted to a term of imprisonment. Great, therefore, was his joy, and boundless his exultation on satisfying himself that he was now perfectly safe in the crime he had committed, and that his path was never to be crossed by him, whom, of all men living, he had most feared and hated. The reader is not to suppose, however, that by the ruin of Connor, and the revenge he consequently had gained upon Fardorougha, the scope of his dark designs was by any means accomplished. Far from it; the fact is, his measures were only in a progressive state. In Nogher McCormick's last interview with Connor, our readers will please to remember that a hint had been thrown out by that attached old follower, of Flanagan's entertaining certain guilty purposes involving nothing less than the abduction of Una. Now in justice even to Flanagan, we are bound to say that no one living had ever received from himself any intimation of such an intention. The whole story was fabricated by Nogher for the purpose of getting Connor's consent to the vengeance which it had been determined to execute upon his enemy. By a curious coincidence, however, the story, though decidedly false so far as Nogher knew to the contrary, happened to be literally and absolutely true. Flanagan, indeed, was too skilful and secret, either to precipitate his own designs until the feelings of the parties should abate and settle down, or to place himself at the mercy of another person's honesty. He knew his own heart too well to risk his life by such dangerous and unseasonable confidence. Some months consequently passed away since Connor's departure, when an event took place which still gave him further security. This was nothing less than the fulfilment by Fardorougha of that plan to which he looked forward with such prospective satisfaction. Connor had not been a month gone when his father commenced to dispose of his property, which he soon did, having sold out his farm to good advantage. He then paid his rent, the only debt he owed; and having taken a passage to New South Wales for himself and Honor, they departed with melancholy satisfaction to seek that son without whose society they found their desolate hearth gloomier than the cell of a prison.

This was followed, too, by another circumstance—but one apparently of little importance—which was, the removal of Biddy Nulty to the Bodagh's family, through the interference of Una, by whom she was treated with singular affection, and admitted to her confidence.

Such was the position of the parties after a lapse of five months subsequent to the transportation of Connor. Flanagan had conducted himself with great circumspection, and, so far as public observation could go, with much propriety. There was no change whatsoever perceptible, either in his dress or manner except that alluded to by Nogher of his altogether declining to taste any intoxicating liquid. In truth, so well did he act his part, that the obloquy raised against him at the period of Connor's trial was nearly, if not altogether, removed, and many persons once more adopted an impression of his victim's guilt.

With respect to the Bodagh and his son, the anxiety which we have described them as feeling in consequence of the latter's interview with O'Dorovan, was now completely removed. Una's mother had nearly forgotten both the crime and its consequences; but upon the spirits of her daughter there appeared to rest a silent and a settled sorrow not likely to be diminished or removed. Her cheerfulness had abandoned her, and many an hour did she contrive to spend with Biddy Nulty, engaged in the mournful satisfaction of talking over all that affection prompted of her banished lover.

We must now beg our readers to accompany us to a scene of a different description from any we have yet drawn. The night of a November day had set in or rather advanced so far as nine o'clock, and towards the angle of a small three-cornered field, called by a peculiar coincidence of name, Oona's Handkerchief, in consequence of an old legend connected with it, might be seen moving a number of straggling figures, sometimes in groups of fours and fives; sometimes in twos or threes, as the case might be, and not unfrequently did a single straggler advance, and after a few private words either join the others or proceed alone to a house situated in the angular corner of the field to which we allude. As the district was a remote one, and the night rather dark, several shots might be heard as they proceeded, and several flashes in the pan seen from the rusty arms of those who were probably anxious to pull a trigger for the first time. The country, at the period we write of, be it observed, was in a comparative state of tranquillity, and no such thing as a police corps had been heard of or known in the neighbourhood.

At the lower end of a long, level kind of moor called the Black Park, two figures approached a kind of gate or pass that opened into it. One of them stood until the other advanced, and in a significant tone asked, who comes there?

"A friend to the guard," was the reply.

"Good morrow," said the other.

"Good morrow mornin' to you."

"What age are you in?"

"In the end of the Fifth."

"All right; come on, boy; the thrue blood's in you, whoever you are."

"An' is it possible you, don't know me, Dandy?"

"Faix is it; I forgot my spectacles to-night. Who the dickens are you at all?"



"I suppose you purtind to forget Ned M'Cor-mick?"

"Is it Nogher's son?"

"The devil a other; an' Dandy Duffy, how are you, man alive?"

"Why you see, Ned, I've been so long out of the counthry, an' I'm now so short a time back, that upon my sowl I forget a great many of my ould acquaintances, especially them that wor only slips when I wint across. Faith I'm purty well considherin, Ned, I thank you."

"Bad luck to them that sint you across, Dandy; not but that you got off purty well on the whole, by all accounts. They say only that Rousin Red-head swore like a man you'd 'a' got a touch of the *Shaggy Shoe*."

"To the devil wid it all now, Ned; let us have no more about it; I don't for my own part like to think of it. Have you any notion of what we're called upon for to-night?"

"Devil the laste; but I believe Dandy, that Bartle's not the white headed boy wid you no more nor wid some more of us."

"Him! a double distilled villain. Faith there wor never good that had the white liver; an' he has it to the back bone. My brother Lachlin, that's now dead, God rest him, often tould me about the way he thricked him and Barney Bradly when they wor green horns about nineteen or twenty. He got them to join him in stalin' a sheep for their Christmas dinner, he said; so they all three stole it; an' the blaggard skinned and cut it up, sendin' my poor boacun of a brother home to hide the skin in the ethraw in our barn, and poor Barney, wid only the head an' trotthers, to hide them in his father's tow-house. Very good; in a day or two the neighbours wor all called upon to clear themselves upon the holy Evangelisp; and the two first that he egg'd an' to do it was my brother an' Barney. Of coorse he switched the primmer himself that he was innocent; but whin it was all over *some one* sint Jarmy Campel, that lost the sheep, to the very spot where they hid the fleece an' trotthers. Jarmy didn't wish to say much about it; so he tould them if they'd fairly acknowledge it an' pay him betune them for the sheep, he'd dthrop it. My father an' Andy Bradly did so, an' there it ended; but purshue the morsel of the mutton ever they tasted in the mane time. As for Bartle, he managed the thing so well that at the time they never suspected him, although devil a other could betray them, for he was the only one knew it; an' he had the aiten o' the mutton, too, the dam blaggard. Faith, Ned, I know him well."

"He has contrived to get a sthrong back o' the boys any how."

"He has, 'an' tis that, and bekase he's a good hand to be undher for my revinge on Blennerhasset that made me join him."

"I dunna what could make him refuse to let Alick Nulty join him?"

"Is it my cousin from Annalaghan? an' did he?"

"Devil a lie in it; it's as thrue as you're standin' there; but do you know what's suspected?"

"No."

"Why, that he has an eye on Bodagh Buie's daughter. Alick towld me that for a long time after Connor O'Donovan was thransported, the father an' son wor afeard of him. He hard it from his sister Biddy, an' it appears that the Bodagh's daughter tould her family that he used to stare her out of countenance at

mass, an' several times struv to put the furraun on het in hopes to get acquainted."

"He would do it; an' my hand to you, if he undher-takes it he'll not fail; an' I'll tell you another thing, if he suspected that I knew any thing about the thraiche-rous thrick he put on my poor brother the devil a toe he'd let me join him; but you see I was only a mere gorseon, a child I may say, at the time."

"At all evints let us keep an eye an him; an' in re-gard to Connor O'Donovan's business, let him not be too sure that it's over wid him yet. At any rate, by dad my father has slipped out a name upon him an' us that will do him no good. The other boys now call us the *Stags of Lisdu*, that bein' the place where his father lived, an' the nick name you see rises out of his thrachery to poor Connor O'Donovan."

"Did he ever give any hint himself about carryin' away the Bodagh's purty daughter?"

"Is it him? Oh, ho! catch him at it; he's a damu sight too close to do any sich thing."

After some further conversation upon that and other topics, they arrived at the place of appointment, which was a hedge school-house; one of those where the mas-ter, generally an unmarried man, merely wields his sceptre during school hours, leaving it open and unin-habited for the rest of the twenty-four.

The appearance of those who were here assembled was indeed singularly striking. A large fire of the unconsumed peat brought by the scholars on that morn-ing, was kindled in the middle of the floor—its usual site. Around upon stones, hobs, bosses, and seats of various descriptions, sat the "boys"—some smoking and others drinking; for upon nights of this kind a shebeen-house keeper, uniformly a member of such so-cieties, generally attends for the sale of his liquor, if he cannot succeed in prevailing on them to hold their meetings in his own house—a circumstance which for many reasons may not be in every case advisable. As they had not all yet assembled, nor the business of the night commenced, they were, of course, divided into several groups and engaged in various amusements. In the lower end of the house was a knot, busy at the game of "spoiled five," their ludicrous table being the crown of a hat, placed upon the floor in the centre. These all sat upon the ground, their legs stretched out, their torch-bearer holding a lit bunch of fir splinters, stuck for convenience sake into the muzzle of a horse pistol. In the upper end, again, sat another clique, lis-tening to a man who was reading a treasonable ballad. Such of them as could themselves read stretched over their necks in eagerness to peruse it along with him, and such as could not—indeed the greater number—gave force to its principles by very significant gestures; some being those of melody, and others those of murder; that is to say, part of them were attempting to hum a tune in a low voice suitable to the words, whilst others more ferocious brandished their weapons, as if those against whom the spirit of the ballad was direct-ed had been then within the reach of their savage pas-sions. Beside the fire, and near the middle of the house, sat a man, who, by his black stock and milita-ry appearance, together with a scar over his brow that gave him a most repulsive look, was evidently a pen-sioner or old soldier. This person was engaged in ex-aminig some rusty fire-arms that had been submitted to his inspection. His self-importance was amusing, as was also the deferential aspect of those who, with arms in their hands, hammering flints or turning screws, awaited patiently their turn for his opinion of their ef-

iciency. But perhaps the most striking group of all was that in which a thick-necked, bull-headed young fellow, with blood-coloured hair, a son of Rousin Redhead's—who, by the way, was himself present, and another beetle-browed slip were engaged in drawing for a wager upon one of the school-boy's slates, the figure of a coffin and cross bones. A hardened looking old sinner, with murder legible in his face, held the few half-pence which they wagered in his open hand, whilst in the other he clutched a pole, surmounted by a bent bayonet that had evidently seen service. The last group worthy remark was composed of a few persons who were writing threatening notices upon a leaf torn out of a school-boy's copy, which was laid upon what they formerly termed a copy-board, or piece of plain deal, kept upon the knees, as a substitute for desks, while the boys were writing. This mode of amusement was called waiting for the Article Bearer, or the Captain, for such was Bartle Flanagan, who now entered the house, and saluted all present with great cordiality.

"Begad, boys," he said, "our four guards widout is worth any money. I had to pass the signword afore I could pass myself, and that's the way it ought to be. But, boys, before we go any farther, an' for fraid of traitors, I must call the rowl. You'll stand in a row round the walls, an' thin we can make sure that there's no spies among us."

He then called out a roll of those who were members of his lodge, and having ascertained that all was right, he proceeded immediately to business.

"Rousin Redhead, what's the raisin you didn't take the arms from Captain St. Ledger's Stewart? Sixteen men armed was enough to do it, an' yeas failed."

"Ay, an' if you had been wid us, and sixteen more to the back o' that, you'd fail too. Begarra, Captain dear, it seems that good people is scarce. Look at Mickey Mulvather there, you see his head tied up; but aldo he can play cards well enough, be me sowl, he's short of wan ear any how, an' if you could meet wan o' the same stewart's bullets, goin' abroad at night like ourselves for its diversion, it might tell you how he lost it. Bartle, I tell you, a number of us isn't satisfied wid you. You send us out to meet danger, an' you won't come yourself."

"Don't you know, Rouser, that I always do go whenever I can, but I'm caged now; faix I don't sleep in a barn, and can't budge as I used to do."

"An' who's tyin' you to your place, thin?"

"Rouser," replied Bartle, "I wish I had a thousand like you, not but I have fine fellows. Boys, the thruth is this, you must all meet here to-morrow night, for the short an' the long of it is that I'm goin' to run away wid a wife."

"Well," replied Redhead, "sure you can do that widout our assistance, if she's willin' to come."

"Willin'! why," replied Bartle, "it's by her own appointment we're goin'."

"An' if it is, then," said the Rouser, who, in truth, was the leader of the suspicious and disaffected party in Flanagan's lodge, "what the blazes use have you for us?"

"Rouser Redhead," said Bartle, casting a suspicious and malignant glance at him, "might I take the liberty of axin' what you mane by spakin' of me in that disparagin' manner? Do you reminder your oath? or do you forget that you're bound by it to meet at twelve hours' notice, or less, whiniver you're called upon.—Dar Christtha! man, if I hear another word of the kind out o' your lips, down you go on the black list. Boys,"

he proceeded, with a wheedling look of good humour to the rest, "we'll have neither Spies nor Stags here, come or go what may."

"Stags!" replied Rouser Redhead, whose face had already become scarlet with indignation. "Stags, you say, Bartle Blanagan! Arrah, boys, I wondher where is poor Connor O'Donovan by this time?"

"I suppose 'Bushin' it afore now," said our friend of the preceding part of the night. "I bushed it myself for a year and a half, but be Japure I got sick of it. But any how, Bartle, you oughtn't to spake of Stags, for although Connor refused to join us, damn your blood, you had no right to go to inform upon him. Sure, only for the intherest that was made for him you'd have his blood on your sowl."

"An' if he had itself," observed one of Flanagan's friends, "'twould signify very little. The Bodagh desarved what he got, and more if he had got it. What right has he, one of our own purswadfion as he is, to hold out against us the way he does? Sure he's as rich as a Sassenach, an' may hell resave the farden he'll subscribe towards our gettin' arms or ammunition, or towards difendin' us when we're brought to thrial. So hells delight wid the dirty bodagh, says myself for wan."

"An' is that by way of defince of Captain Bartle Flanagan?" inquired Rouser Redhead indignantly. "An' so our worthy Captain sint the man *acraes* that punished our inimy, even accordian to your own provin,' and that by *staggin'* against him. Of coorse, had the miser's son been one of huz, Bartle's brains would be scattered to the four quarters of heaven long agone."

"An' how did I know but he'd *stag* against me," said Bartle very calmly.

"Damn, well you knew he would *not*," observed Ned McCormick, now encouraged by the bold and decided manner of Rouser Redhead. "Before ever you went into Fardorougha's sarvice you sed to more than one that you'd make him *sup* sorrow for his harshness to your father and family."

"An' didn't he deserve it, Ned?—Didn't he ruin us?"

"He might deserve it, an' I suppose did; but what right had you to punish the innocent for the guilty? You knew very well that both his son an' his wife always set their faces against his, doin's."

"Boys," said Flanagan, "I dont understand this, and I tell you more I won't bear it. This night let any of you that does'nt like to le under me say so. Rouser Redhead, you'll never meet in a Ribbon lodge agin. You're scratched out of wan book, but by way of com'fort you're down in another."

"What other, Bartle?"

"The Black List. An' now I have nothin' more to say except that if there's any thing on your mind that wants absolution, look to it."

We must now pause for a moment to observe upon that which we suppose the sagacity of the reader has already discovered—that is, the connection between what has occurred in Flanagan's lodge, and the last dialogue which took place between Nogher and Connor O'Donovan. It is evident that Nogher had spirits at work for the purpose both of watching and contravening all Flanagan's plans, and, if possible, of drawing him into some position which might justify the "few friends," as he termed them, first in disgracing him, and afterwards of settling their account ultimately with a man whom they wished to blacken, as dangerous to the society of which they were members. The curse, however, of these secret confederacies, and indeed of ribbonism in general is, that the savage principle of personal vengeance is transferred from the nocturnal assault, or the midday assassination, which may be directed against reli-

gious or political enemies to the private bickerings and petty jealousies that must necessarily occur in a combination of ignorant and bigoted men, whose passions are guided by no principle but one of practical cruelty. This explains, as we have put it, and justly put it, the incredible number of murders which are committed in this unhappy country, under the name of waylayings and midnight attacks, where the offence that caused them cannot be traced by society at large, although it is an incontrovertible fact, that to all those who are connected with ribbonism, in its varied phases, it often happens that the projection of such murders is known for weeks before they are perpetrated. The wretched assassin who murders a man that has never offended him personally, and who suffers himself to become the instrument of executing the hatred which originates from a principle of general enmity against a class will not be likely, once his hands are stained with blood, to spare any one who may, by direct personal injury, incur his resentment. Every such offence, where secret societies are concerned, is made a matter of personal feeling and trial of strength between factions, and of course a similar spirit is superinduced among persons of the same creed and principles to that which actuates them against those who differ from them in politics and religion. It is true, that the occurrence of murders of this character has been referred to as a proof that secret societies are not founded or conducted upon a spirit of religious rancour; but such an assertion is, in some cases, the result of gross ignorance, and in many more, of far grosser dishonesty. Their murdering each other is not at all a proof of any such thing, but it is a proof, as we have said, that their habit of taking away human life, and shedding human blood upon slight grounds or political feelings, follows them from their conventional principles to their private resentments, and is, therefore, such a consequence as might naturally be expected to result from a combination of men, who in one sense consider murder no crime. Thus does this secret tyranny fall back upon society, as well as upon those who are concerned in it as a double curse, and indeed we believe that even the greater number of these unhappy wretches whom it keeps within its toils, would be glad if the principle were rooted out of the country for ever.

"An' so your going' to put my father down on the black list," said the beetle browed son of the Rouser. "Very well, Bartle, do so; but do you see that," he added, pointing to the sign of the coffin and cross bones which he had previously drawn upon the slate; "dhar a sphrit Neev, if you do, you'll waken some mornin' in a warmer counthry than Ireland."

"Very well," said Bartle quietly, but evidently shrinking from a threat nearly as fearful, and far more daring than his own. "You know I have nothing' to do except my duty. Yez are goin' against the Cause, an' I must report yez; afther what ever happens won't come from me, nor from any one here. It is from thim that's in higher quarters you'll get your doom, an' not from me, or, as I said afore, from any one here. Mark that; but indeed you know it as well as I do, an' I believe, Rouser, a good dale better."

Flanagan's argument, to men who understood its dreadful import, was one before which almost every description of personal courage must quail. Persons were then present, Rouser Redhead among the rest, who had been sent upon some of those midnight missions, which contumacy against the system when operating in its cruelty had dictated. Persons of humane disposition declining to act on these sanguinary occasions are generally the first to be sacrificed, for, as in the case of the execrable Inquisition, individual life is nothing when obstructing the propagation of general principle.

This truth, coming from Flanagan's lips, they themselves, some of whom had executed its spirit, knew but too well. The difference, however, between their apprehen-

sion, so far as they were individually concerned, was not much; Flanagan had the person to fear, and his opponents the principle.

Redhead, however, who knew that whatever he had executed upon delinquents like himself, might also upon himself be visited in his turn, saw that his safest plan for the present was to submit; for indeed the meshes of the White-boys system, like those of the Inquisition, leave no man's life safe, if he express hostile opinions against it.

"Bartle," said he, "you know I'm no coward; an' I grant that you've a long head at plannin' anything you set about. I don't see, in the mane time, why, afther all, we should quarrel. You know me, Bartle; an' if anything happens to me, it won't be for nothin' I say no more; but I say still that you throw the danger upon uz, and don't!"

"Rouser Redhead," said Bartle, "give me your hand, I say now, what I didn't wish to say to-night afore by, Japers you're worth five men; an' I'll tell you all, boys, you must meet the Rouser here to-morrow night, an' we'll have a dhrink at my cost; an' boys—Rouser, here me—you all know your oaths; we'll do something to-morrow night—an' I say agin, Rouser, I'll be wid yez an' among yez; an' to prove my opinion of the Rouser, I'll allow him to head us."

"An,' by the cross o' Moses, I'll do it in style," rejoined the hot headed but unthinking fellow, who did not see that the adroit captain was placing him in the post of danger. "I don't care a damn what it is—we'll meet here to-morrow night, boys, an' I'll show you that I can lead as well as folly."

"Whatever happens," said Bartle, "we oughtn't to have any words or bickerings among ourselves at any rate. I understand that two among yez struck one another. Sure yez know that there's not a blow yet give to a brother but's a perjury—an' there's no use in that, barris in a righteous cause; an' to help forid the thruth. I'll say no more about it now; but I hope there 'ill never be another blow given among yez. Now, get a hat some o' yez, till we draw cuts for six that I want to beat Tom Lynchaghan, of Liedhu; he's worken' for St. Ledger, afther gettin' two notices. He's a quiet, civil man, no doubt; but that's not the thing. Obadiance, or where's the use of our meetins' at all? Give him a good sound batin,' but no further—break no bones."

He then marked slips of paper, equal in number to those who were present, with the numerals 1, 2, 3, &c. to correspond, after which he determined that the three first numbers and the three last should go—all which was agreed to without remonstrance, or any apparent show of reluctance whatever.

"Now, boys," he continued, "don't forget to attend to-morrow night; an' I say to every man of you, as Darby Spaight said to the devil, when he promised to join the rebellion *'phe dha phacks laht,* (bring your pike with you) bring the weapon."

"An' who's the party girl that's goin' to get you, Captain Bartle?" enquired Dandy Duffy.

"The purtiest girl in this parish any how," replied Flanagan, unaware.—The words, however, were scarcely out of his lips, when he felt that he had been indiscreet. He immediately added—"that is, if she is of this parish; but I didn't say she is. Maybe we'll have to travel a bit to find her out, but come what come may, don't neglect to be all here about half-past nine o'clock, wid your arms an' ammunition."

Duffy, who had sat beside Ned McCormick during the night, gave him a significant look, which the other, who, in truth, joined himself to Flanagan's lodge only to watch his movements, as significantly returned.

When the men deputed to beat Lynchaghan had blackened their faces the lodge dispersed for the night. Dandy Duffy and Ned McCormick taking their way home together in order to consider of matters with which the reader, in due time, shall be made acquainted.

# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from 1799 to 1818.* Compiled from Official and Authentic Documents, by Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath. 11 vols. 8vo. London: 1836-8.

Although it falls to our lot more frequently, we fear, to reprove than to commend, the latter is the branch of our prerogative which it is by far the most agreeable to exercise. We proceed accordingly with much satisfaction, to the examination of this very remarkable and valuable publication. We have been anticipated in doing so, by some of our contemporaries; but we feel confident that no one will do us the injustice to infer, from that circumstance, that we have either attached less importance than others have done to the work itself, or that we are less impressed with those sentiments of respect and admiration to which the Duke of Wellington has established so many claims upon his countrymen.

In this instance, we shall venture to deviate from our general practice of limiting our observations upon the works that come before us to a single article. It is not the extent merely of the present work which has appeared to us to justify this departure from our rule. The wide separation as to locality, and the marked difference which exists, in several other respects, between the Indian and the European Despatches, has suggested the expediency of the division. Our readers will, we trust, acquiesce in its propriety, and be satisfied with our bringing under their notice, at present, the first three volumes only, reserving the others for a second article, to appear in our next Number.

The work before us combines the various attractions of historical, biographical, and epistolary writing. For it exhibits, with unquestionable authenticity, a series

of public transactions of the highest interest and importance—traces the eventful and brilliant career of a man, whose name will stand recorded amongst those of the most eminent of his time—and presents also that faithful developement of individual character, which is so rarely attainable, but which results from the perusal of Letters that have grown out of the events and the thoughts of the moment. In order to form something like a just estimate of the value, both present and to come, of the publication before us, we must consider with ourselves what the price would be for which we should be willing to purchase such a series of despatches from any of the great military commanders of antiquity. Nor is it with respect to remote periods only that we want such lights as this work supplies; for we have no certain lamp to guide us, in most instances, with respect to the real events, the real characters, and the real motives of action which concern the most remarkable men of even our own times. Partiality, upon the one hand, and malignity, on the other, are incessantly occupied in the work of misrepresentation; and curiosity itself, by the indiscriminate eagerness of its cravings, in an age that affords a daily increase of facilities for their prompt gratification, tends as much, or perhaps even more, to the propagation of error, than to the disclosure of truth, with respect to the real characters of men, and the real motives of their conduct. But, in the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, men and things are represented with that degree of unstudied freedom which attests at once, as is the case in the sketches of the great masters in Painting, both the ability of the painter and the truth of the picture. Valuable, however, as this work is in many respects, that which will form, at all times, its chief interest and its highest importance, is the complete insight it affords into the character and conduct of the author himself; and the admirable example, with respect to both, which is held out by it for the imitation of others. The published Letters and Despatches of such men as Turenne and Washington, furnish similar

examples of wisdom and patriotism, of simplicity, disinterestedness, moderation, and firmness, and supply a like stimulus to emulation; but, in the case of our countryman, we have all these virtues placed before us in a still broader light, and combined with transactions more various, and upon a larger scale.

Colonel Gurwood, the compiler of the work, has prefixed to it a brief account of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's services as commanding-officer of the 33d regiment, previously to his going to India in the year 1797; and he has also devoted a few pages to the explanation of the circumstances which gave occasion to the last war in Mysore against Tippoo Sultaun; thus preparing the reader to enter with advantage upon the series of Letters and Despatches which are to follow.

The army which moved forward against the Mysore territory in March 1799, under the chief command of General Harris, was joined by a body of the Nizam's forces, to which the 33d British regiment was annexed; and the whole of the corps thus formed was, with the concurrence and approbation of the Nizam, placed under the orders of Colonel Wellesley. The first of Colonel Wellesley's letters which occurs, has reference to an attack which it was deemed expedient to make upon one of the enemy's posts in the vicinity of Seringapatam, as a prelude to the siege of that place. It was addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Harris, and is in these words:—

‘Camp, 5th April, 1799.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

‘Upon looking at the Tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah, you have the Tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

‘I am,’ &c.

We have extracted this short letter, not merely because it is the first that occurs in the book, but because it is characteristic of the writer. It goes at once to its object. It intimates a desire to understand exactly what is required to be done, combined with promptness to carry it into execution. And we discover in it also that vigilance and activity, by which an intelligent and zealous officer is led to make himself acquainted with the localities where he is likely to be employed; together with a disposition, so important in the military profession, to waive every other opinion and consideration, in order strictly to conform to the instructions of a superior in command. We shall find this principle constantly accompanying Colonel Wellesley in every part of his career; so that no man has ever illustrated perhaps more fully, or more willingly, the important

precept—that, in order to command with ability, it is necessary first to learn how to obey. We shall find, however, in our next extract, that he was endowed already with one very essential quality of a man placed in command—namely, that of avoiding to harass unnecessarily the troops under his orders—a principle of the utmost importance, not merely to the welfare and comfort of individuals, but also to the discipline and the efficiency of an army.

*To Lieut.-General Harris.*

‘Camp, 7th April, 1799.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me know whether you think the guards for the outposts can now be reduced a little, as between foraging parties and outline picquets, we have not men enough left to give a relief. The outline picquets were not relieved this morning for want of men. You were talking yesterday of looking at these posts this afternoon, and if you have an inclination I will go with you at any hour you may appoint. I think I can show you a situation where two embrasures might be opened in the bank of the nullah with advantage, and that would add to the strength of the post.

‘I am,’ &c.

The following letter affords an excellent example of what a military report ought to be:—

*To Lieut.-General Harris.*

‘7 A. M., 3d May.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘We did all our work last night, except filling the sand-bags, which could not be done for want of tools: I shall have them filled in the course of this morning, and there will be no inconvenience from the delay, as it was not deemed advisable last night to do more than look for the ford; and it is not intended to do any thing to it until the night before it is to be used.

‘Lieutenant Lalor, of the 73d, crossed over to the glacis, I believe, on the left of the breach. He found the wall, which he believes to be the retaining wall of the glacis, seven feet high, and the water (included in those seven feet) fourteen inches deep. It is in no part more so, and the passage by no means difficult. Several other officers crossed by different routes, but none went so far as Lieutenant Lalor. All agree in the practicability of crossing with troops. The enemy built up the breach in the night with gabions, &c., notwithstanding the fire which was kept up upon it. It was impossible to fire grape, as our working party was in front of the five-gun battery, from which alone we could fire, as we repaired the other.

‘Lieutenant Lalor is now on duty here with his regiment, but if you wish it, he will remain here to night, and try the river again.

‘I am,’ &c.

‘There is not a word here that is superfluous. The facts which have been ascertained are explicitly stated and wherever there is not positive certainty, the expression is properly limited. It is impossible to grow too much, in all military communications, again either unnecessary prolixity on the one hand, or

completeness, or ambiguity of expression on the other; and we see that the very earliest of Colonel Wellesley's military letters are characterized, in a very remarkable manner, by the absence of such defects.

Seringapatam was taken by storm on the 4th of May, 1799, and Major-General Baird, who had commanded the attack, having requested, after his success, to be relieved by another officer, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to take the command of the place. His ability, activity, energy, and humanity, were all equally requisite, and were all equally displayed in this trying situation. Confusion and outrage were at such a height that he found it necessary to write to the Commander-in-chief, on the morning of the 5th, suggesting that he should suspend for a time his entrance into Seringapatam; and later in the same day he again wrote as follows:—

*To Lieut.-General Harris.*

'Seringapatam, 5th of May, 1799.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or indeed safety.

'There are, at this moment, sepoys and soldiers belonging to every regiment in your camp and General Stuart's in the town.

'It would surely be advisable to order the rolls to be called constantly, and to forbid any people to leave camp.

'For a few days likewise it would be very advisable that the officers of the army should suspend the gratification of their curiosity, and that none but those on duty should come into the town. It only increases the confusion and the terror of the inhabitants. Till both subside in some degree, we cannot expect that they will return to their habitations.

'I am,' &c.

Nothing can be more judicious than all the suggestions which are here offered, and they are put forward in a tone the most becoming. We see the mind of Colonel Wellesley calm, firm, and attentive to every thing, in the midst of the utmost confusion and violence; and we observe also that the salutary and necessary repression of the excited passions of the victorious army went hand in hand with the desire to tranquillize the fears, and to protect the persons and properties of the inhabitants of the captured city. Nor should we omit to bear in mind, that such was the conduct of a young man, new to high command, elated with success, and in the very first moments of triumph over the most able, the most vindictive, and the most dangerous enemy of the British name and interests in India. The letter which follows is of a similar character. We trace in it the unabated exercise of the same activity and vigilance; and there is the same evidence of excellent judgment in the suggestions it contains.

*To Lieut.-General Harris.*

'Seringapatam, 6th May, 1799.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead, which I hope will be completed this day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.

'It is absolutely necessary that you should immediately appoint a permanent garrison, and a commanding officer to the place; till that is done, the people will have no confidence in us, and every thing must be in confusion. That which I arrange this day, my successor may alter to-morrow, and his the next day; and nothing will ever be settled. A garrison which would be likely to remain here, would soon make themselves comfortable, although it might be found convenient hereafter to change some of the corps sent in: but these daily reliefs create much confusion and distrust in the inhabitants; and the camp is at such a distance, that it is impossible for the officers, or soldiers, or sepoys to get down their dinners.

'I shall be obliged to you, if you will order an extra dram and biscuit for the 12th, 33d, and 73d regiments, who got nothing to eat yesterday, and were wet last night.

'In hopes that you will attend to my recommendation to send a garrison in to-morrow, I shall look out for a place to accommodate one or two battalions of Europeans, and three or four of sepoys.

'I am,' &c.

We must not dwell longer, however, upon this early part of our undertaking, though we are confident that our readers will not be displeased with us for having directed their attention in a particular manner to the first dawn of those admirable qualities, the future lustre of which has so long fixed their admiration. We learn that 'On the settlement of the Mysore territory by the Commission, the provinces which fell under British protection and authority became a distinct command; and Colonel Wellesley was confirmed in it by the Governor-General, receiving his orders from, and reporting direct to, the Supreme Government at Calcutta. He availed himself of the intelligence and experience of all those who had served under Tippoo Suldaun, and replaced them in their former posts; their chief security for retaining which rested on the correct discharge of their several duties.'—(Vol. I. p. 40). And Colonel Wellesley being thus placed by the Governor-General at the head of the civil affairs of the recently conquered territory, he was invested, also, with the military command, by an order issued by General Harris, on the 11th of September, 1799.

In the wider and more varied field which was thus opened for the exercise of Colonel Wellesley's talents, the same qualities are observable which have already been noticed; and the administration of the several branches of civil business seems neither to have presented any greater difficulty, nor to have been sub-

jected to any greater delay, than must have occurred in the management of matters the most familiar in his own profession. It is pleasing to find that the very first communication he made in his new situation to his brother, the Governor-General of India, was one dictated by feelings of kindness towards those whom the fall of Tippoo Sultaun had deprived of their natural protector.

*To the Right Hon. the Governor-General.*

*'Seringapatam, 19th Aug. 1799.*

*'MY LORD,*

'I take the liberty of recommending to your Lordship, that out of the fund allotted for the family of the late Tippoo Sultaun, a pension of twenty Cantarai pagodas per mensem may be allotted to the mother-in-law of Schuckur Oola, the wife of Zemul ab Dien Taker. She received this sum from the late Sultaun.'

We have in the following letter an example of the cordiality of his feelings towards those who shared his esteem and his friendship; and of the frankness of his communications with them, upon matters affecting their interest or their wishes.

*To Major Munro, Collector at Canara.*

*'Camp in the Province of Loo,  
8th October, 1799.*

*'MY DEAR MAJOR,*

'I have received your letter, and as I had some hand in sending you to Canara, I am much concerned that your situation there is so uncomfortable to yourself. It is one of the extraordinary and unaccountable circumstances attending the commission at Seringapatam, that my brother and I should have imagined that you were desirous of being appointed Collector at Canara; that we should have been seriously angry with Kirkpatrick, who, it appeared, had proposed an arrangement for you, of which you did not approve, and which had occasioned your refusal of the appointment for which you wished; and yet that, after all, we should have done you an injury, instead of a benefit (as well as one to the service), which we intended. I acknowledge that knowing my own wishes in your favour, and being very sensible of my brother's, I cannot but attribute what has happened, to yourself. One word from you would have stopped the arrangement, and there is every reason to believe that provision would have been made for you elsewhere. It is, perhaps, not now too late. I have written to my brother upon the subject; and I hope that he will make an arrangement suitable to your wishes. Whether he does or not, I hope that you will believe that your cause has not failed for want of zeal on my part.'

We will take this opportunity to remark also, that those persons with whom Colonel Wellesley appears to have communicated in the most unreserved and cordial manner, will be found, in general, to be the same who became, subsequently, men of marked eminence, as well in respect of their private character, as on account of the ability, zeal, and success, with which they conducted the public affairs committed to their charge;—a proof at once of discriminating judgment,

of upright intentions, and of an entire absence of that petty jealousy which is sometimes discernible, even in men of merit and ability, towards those who may be deemed in any degree likely to become their competitors for favour or for distinction.

There is another remark which we may introduce here, because there are abundant proofs in support of it in that part of the work we are now considering. It is, that no accumulation, or diversity of business, seems at any time to have clogged the activity or repressed the elasticity of the powers, either physical or moral, of this remarkable man. Although charged for the first time in his life, with the civil as well as the military government of an extensive kingdom, recently conquered, and entering himself personally into every branch of the administration, he nevertheless finds time for attending to the private comforts and conveniences of his friends, and for the sports of the field and other recreations tending either to amusement or to health. On the subject of the former we find the following letter to his friend Colonel Close:—

*'Seringapatam, 21st Dec. 1799.*

*'MY DEAR COLONEL,*

'I have just been down at the Laal Baug, and I find that your works are going on well. Your man had begun a wall close to the water-course, and if that should at any time hereafter let any water through, your wall would suffer, and probably come down. I have therefore desired him to cut away half the thickness of the wall which he has begun, to leave about a foot distance between the water-course and your wall, which may answer for a channel for the water which will ooze through, and to add to the other side of the wall the thickness which he takes from that on the side of the water-course. The foundation of the whole proposed range of offices is laid, and the walls about two or three feet above the ground. It is unfortunate for the sake of both Gordon and you, that he should have built his house in the garden, as it prevents either house from being private. What I should propose would be to wall off that part occupied by him, to have a common entrance where he now drives in his phaeton, which might be made in such a manner as that you would not interfere with one another. If you wish it, I will have this done before your return, and as walls are not very handsome, I will cover those which must be near your house with a creeper.

'I have received your letter of the 19th. I wrote to Webbe about the bridge and sent the estimate.

'I have sent you some plantain trees, and shall have others for you when the season for cutting arrives.'

And in another letter also to Colonel Close, we read as follows:—

'A fellow came here this day and informed me that he had come from the Marhatta country as far as Toomkoor, with a gang employed by Dhoondiah to carry me off when I should go out hunting. He says that Dhoondiah proposes to collect a large gang in this neighbourhood and to join them himself. In order to prove to him how little I fear his gang, I go out hunting to-morrow; but have desired my friend to join his gang again, and



have promised him a reward if he will enable me to lay hands upon them in this neighbourhood.'

There is further allusion to this affair, and to the persons who were made prisoners, as being supposed to have been concerned in it, but we find Colonel Wellesley leaning throughout to the side of a disbelief in the conspiracy, and to that of moderation towards the prisoners.

'I have not yet released, says he, in a letter to Colonel Close, 'all the prisoners; and unless something further appears in their favour, I intend to detain them for another day or two. Barclay has been most laborious in his investigation of this business, and has brought it to light in a masterly manner. . . . I acknowledge that the proof of the alibi has much weight with me, and that I detain the people now only out of respect for the opinions of those who have made the investigation, and who do not agree with me.'\*

That extraordinary facility in the despatch of business, which, without interfering with other pursuits, or allowing other pursuits to encroach upon business, for which he was ever remarkable, seems to us to be imputable to the following rules: first, never to postpone any thing in a spirit of procrastination, but only when postponement was expedient or indispensable; second, to give the preference on every subject to broad practical views over ingenious subtleties; third, to be guided, in dealings of all kinds, by fairness, moderation, and justice; and, fourth, to regard decisions once made as final, except in very special cases. Another part of Colonel Wellesley's system would seem to have been, to respect and adhere to existing general regulations, and cause them to be respected and adhered to by others,—though they might appear to be inconvenient, or not wholly applicable to the particular case in question; and, also, to keep each branch of business in its proper channel, and transact it always, if possible, with those individuals to whom the management of it properly and officially belonged. We find in him likewise the most perfect readiness to wave or modify

\* It will not, perhaps, appear irrelevant if we advert in this place to a circumstance connected with a later period of the Duke's life. When he commanded the allied army which was stationed for some time in France after the campaign of Waterloo, the chief of the general staff of that army received a letter from a friend at Brussels, intimating that a communication had been made privately to him, that a conspiracy was on foot at Paris against the life of the Duke, of which however, the accomplishment might be averted upon certain conditions of a political nature. The chief of the staff carried the letter immediately to the Duke, and suggested his communicating its contents to the French Government; but so regardless was his Grace of the personal danger with which he was threatened, that it was only upon the chief of the staff expressing his determination to go himself to the French minister of police that he consented to take any notice of the affair. Notwithstanding, however, all the precautions taken, the Duke of Wellington was fired at, not long after about midnight, when entering the court-yard of his house in his carriage.

his own opinions, in deference to those of others to whom circumstances had rendered the subject more familiar, and whose judgment merited that degree of consideration. The following extract from a letter to Colonel Close, dated Seringapatam, 9th January 1800, will help to illustrate these observations:—'I received your letter of the 6th last night. I perceive that your ideas and mine agree respecting the pensions, excepting in the case of those not upon the Family Fund residing in the Company's and the Nabob's territories. Your idea, where we differ, appears most correct.' In another letter, of the 11th of February, he says;—'I think that it would be very desirable to have one of the surveyors with the detachment, and I wish much that you would write to Mackenzie on the subject. I should write to him, only that I am afraid he would think it an interference, on my part, in business in which I had no concern.'

Instances are continually recurring, also, of his attention to the feelings and to the convenience of other persons. The two following extracts afford proofs. The first is from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Harness, of 18th December, 1799:—'I am glad to find that your quarters are so good, but as the 77th are ordered into this country, I do not imagine that you will occupy them for any length of time. I should have written to Colonel Campbell to apprise him of this circumstance, but as his state of health is so bad, and I know him to be affected by any circumstance which alters the situation of the regiment, I have thought it better to communicate it to you, and to leave it to you to apprise him of it when you think you can do so without injury to himself. I cannot too strongly press upon you the necessity of advising him to go to the Carnatic. I should write to him again upon this subject, only that it might be considered a bore, and might do more harm than good.' The next is from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close:—'I shall be glad if you come with the detachments; but as you come only out of compliment to me, you will do better to consult your own convenience. You will probably wish to be here when Lady Clive arrives in the country, and in that case it is much better that you should not come.'

The subjoined passage in a letter to the same person shows vigilance with respect to the interests of the public service—impartiality in selecting for appointments the persons deemed best qualified to fill them—and also care to avoid interfering with the arrangements of other public officers:—

'I have received a letter from Disney, who has lost his wife, and is attacked by the liver complaint himself, and is so much out of sorts altogether as to have determined to quit the service and go home immediately. His command, which is, on many accounts, a very important one, will devolve upon a lieutenant in the Bombay army; and I assure you, that considering the disturbance on the Marhatta frontier, the riches of

Nuggur, and the general inclination of all manner of people to plunder, I am rather uneasy at the charge being in the hands of a person who must be so inexperienced. Under these circumstances I am desirous of sending there Colonel Montessoro from Chittledroog, whom I do not know, but he bears an excellent character. I shall not do so, however, till I hear from you whether there is any objection to it."

In the following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, we see by what upright principles Colonel Wellesley regulated his own conduct, and how much disgust he felt towards any one who sought to cover, by outward plausibilities, any departure from a strictly honourable course. We may observe, at the same time, his marked disapprobation of any system being countenanced or tolerated by a Government which has a tendency to tempt men out of a right line of conduct. And we find, in the last paragraph, an exposition of those principles of moderation, impartiality and justice, by which the exercise of power ought to be accompanied at all times, but the non-observance of which is most apt to occur, and is most likely to prove seriously detrimental, when authority over the natives of a country is vested in the hands of strangers, who hold their ascendancy more through the operation of moral influence than by actual physical force.

"Camp at Hurryhur, 18th June, 1800.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I have been more concerned than I can express at the receipt of your letter of the 15th. The misconduct of these gentlemen undoubtedly gives you, as well as me, a great deal of trouble; but I declare that it gives me more anxiety than any thing in which I have any concern.

"If I had heard of the circumstance which you mentioned to me at Seringapatam previous to the appointment of the gentleman in question to his command, he certainly never should have been appointed; and he never should have gone to it, if, in the conversation which I had with him at Naganunglum, he had not expressed himself much like a gentleman, and stated a determination to adhere to what had been settled by ——. I acquainted him with every circumstance which you told me, and at the same time informed him of my determination to remove him from his command, if I should hear the smallest complaint of his dubash. He promised that he would not have one; and I acknowledge, I little expected to hear that there were grounds of complaints still stronger than they would have been if the dubash had been at ——.

"He is a gentleman, a man of the world, and one who appears to look to his character. I write to him by this post, and you may depend upon it that he must either act as he ought, or he shall be removed from his command.

"I acknowledge that, both as an officer and as a gentleman, I should be glad to see all those commands abolished; nothing can be more prejudicial to discipline, and nothing more disgraceful to the character and feelings of a gentleman, than what goes on almost daily; but, as long as they are even more than tolerated by Government, it is difficult for any man in a subordi-

nate situation to draw a line, and these kind of unpleasant circumstances must certainly arise; but from what you say, I hope ere long to see some arrangement made which will really abolish the whole.

"The disputes between the officers and the amildars are equally irksome, and, I believe, owe their origin to the same circumstance. There is not, at this moment, a post by which I do not receive letters of complaint from some man or other. To enter into a detailed enquiry upon the subject is impossible, and to decide without enquiry would be unjust, and one is, therefore, reduced to an impotent expostulation to be upon good terms with the officers of the Rajah's Government. We have never been hitherto accustomed to a native Government, we cannot readily bear the disappointments and delays which are usual in all their transactions, prejudices are entertained against them, and all their actions are misconstrued, and we mistrust them. I see instances of this daily in the best of our officers, and I cannot but acknowledge that, from the delays of the natives, they have sometimes reason to complain; but they have none to ill-use any man."

We must not omit to notice an advantageous proposal which was made about this time to Colonel Wellesley, by his brother, the Governor-General of India, the nature of which will sufficiently appear from the following reply which the Colonel made to it:—

*To the Earl of Mornington.*

"Camp at Curruh, 29th May, 1800.

"MY DEAR M.,

"I have received your letter of the 13th instant, and I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make me of sending me with the Admiral to Batavia.

"I do not deny that I should like much to go; but you will have learned, before you receive this, that my troops are in the field, and it is therefore probable that Lord Clive will be desirous that I should remain in this country until its tranquillity is ensured, and the troops can be sent back to their different garrisons. I have written to him upon the subject, and I have desired him to accept your offer for me or not, as he may find it most convenient for the public service, after having ascertained from the Admiral at what time he proposes to depart from the coast in this service. If he should not depart until late in the year, I think it more than probable that I shall be able to go with him. I do not know which of the services will answer best; but I am certain that it will be more easy to spare troops from the Carnatic and Mysore, towards the end of the year, than it is at this moment."

In this reply, we find Colonel Wellesley perfectly consistent with himself. His great leading principle seems at all times to have been, that, as a public servant, he should place the service of the public before every other consideration; and that, in a case in which his own personal feelings or interests might be apt to give a wrong bias to his judgment, he should refer the decision to those whose situation enabled them to form the most accurate opinions upon the point in question.

Some of our readers may perhaps feel surprised that we should dwell so long upon traits of character such as are developed in the above extract, and in the other

passages hitherto selected; and may naturally enough be impatient to accompany Colonel Wellesley into the field—to contemplate the ability and forecast with which he formed his plans—the activity and boldness with which he pursued their accomplishment—and the success by which they were followed. But although we are not by any means insensible to the attractions of military achievements, we have been anxious to show, and to illustrate the just and solid foundations upon which Colonel Wellesley, at the outset of his public life, planted that ladder of laudable, because legitimate ambition by which he has gradually ascended to so great a height. And we trust that, whilst we are indulging our own feelings in that respect, we are also beneficially pointing out, to the younger portion of our readers especially, the road they should take in order to arrive at real greatness.

The first military enterprise of importance in which Colonel Wellesley found it necessary to engage, was against a bold and active adventurer of the name of Dhoondiah Waugh, who had been troublesome to Mysore even during the reign of Tippoo, and who had found means, after the fall of that prince, to draw together a large armed force, with which he entered upon that career of predatory warfare which is so attractive to adventurous spirits, and which, amidst the ill organized and inefficient Governments of the East, has often led even to sovereign power. Our limited space does not admit of our following the series of letters which relate to the military operations against this adventurer; and it is not possible to obtain an adequate idea of the ability and activity with which they were conducted, and of the difficulties contended against, and overcome, otherwise than by the perusal of them. They are marked by the writer's usual simplicity and clearness of style, and they are rendered interesting both by the peculiar character of the warfare to which they relate, and by the knowledge they convey of what war practically is. They show how many obstacles interpose to retard, embarrass, and often to thwart altogether the plans of a commander, in spite of the wisdom of his precautions, and the activity of his personal exertions; and how many unforeseen chances, favourable or unfavourable, occur, all tending to render war a precarious game; yet proving that success ultimately, almost always attends that side where foresight, activity, perseverance, and courage have been most uniformly exerted. The following extract, from a letter to the Adjutant-General of the Madras army, exhibits the final close of this contest:—

‘I arrived at Kanagherry on the 7th; and on the 8th moved with the cavalry to Buswapoor, and on the 9th to this place; the infantry being on those days at Hutty and Chinnoor, about fifteen miles in my rear. On the 10th, in the morning, Dhoondiah moved from Mudgherry, a place about twenty-five miles from Raichore, at

which he had been encamped for some days, towards the Kistna; but on his road having seen Colonel Stevenson's camp, he returned and encamped about nine miles in my front, between me and Bunnoo. It was clear that he did not know that I was so near him; and I have reason to know that he believed that I was at Chinnoor.

‘I moved forward this evening, and met his army at a place called Conahgull, about six miles from hence. He was on his march, and to the westward; apparently with the design of passing between the Marhatta and Mogul cavalry and my detachment, which he supposed to be at Chinnoor. He had only a large body of cavalry, apparently 5000, which I immediately attacked with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2nd regiments of cavalry.

‘The enemy was strongly posted, with his rear and left flank covered by the village and rock of Conahgull, and stood for some time with apparent firmness; but such was the rapidity and determination of the charge made by those four regiments, which I was obliged to form in one line, in order at all to equalize in length that of the enemy, that the whole gave way, and were pursued by my cavalry for many miles. Many, among others Dhoondiah, were killed; and the whole body dispersed, and were scattered in small parties over the face of the country.’

We give the two following extracts in confirmation of what we have stated above with respect to the precarious nature of war. ‘The Nizam's killadar of Chinnoor,’ says Colonel Wellesley, ‘had a regular tappall posted, in order to give intelligence to Dhoondiah. He wrote to him on the 8th, to inform him that I was to be on that day at Nowly, and on the 9th at Chinnoor; and it is incredible what pains he took to induce me to go no further. I was not to be prevailed upon, however, and came on here, and by coming put a stop to the communication. Thus Dhoondiah was not apprised of my situation, and even had reason to believe that I was at least fifteen miles farther from him.’ And in the same letter, he says:—‘The troops behaved admirably. I assure you that if they had not done so, not a man of us would have quitted the field.’

We see by the first of these extracts, that Colonel Wellesley was not a man to be diverted from his purpose, when fully satisfied of the solidity of the grounds on which he had formed it; and by the second, what daring things may be attempted and achieved when mutual confidence has been previously established between troops and their commander.

Very many examples occur in the work before us of important and well-reasoned papers, upon military, political, or financial questions, being drawn up by the Duke of Wellington at times when the bustle, excitement, and anxiety, of active, and not unfrequently critical military operations might have sufficed, one would suppose, to engross wholly and exclusively the thoughts and the time of the writer. We prefer giving an example from this early part of his career; because, by doing so, that quickness of perception, and com-

prehensiveness and clearness of understanding natural to him, will be more justly appreciated than by appealing to a period when more advanced years, and longer habits of business might be supposed to have brought about that maturity of judgment, and that facility of forming and of arranging opinions by which these documents are so much distinguished. We cannot afford room, however, for more than the beginning of the letter to which we have alluded.

*To the Right Hon. Lord Clive, Governor of Fort St. George.*

'Camp at Hurryhur, 20th June, 1800.

'MY LORD,

'I have received the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 14th instant, in which you desire to have my opinion regarding the extent of the military force which will be necessary for the new territory which your Lordship informs me will be assigned by the Nizam to the exclusive management of the Company for Mysore, Malabar, Canara, and Goa. It is difficult to give an opinion regarding the new territory, of which I have but little knowledge; but as your Lordship has desired it, I shall proceed to state what has occurred to me upon the subject.

'The question which your Lordship has put to me involves considerations affecting the whole of our military system in this country. When the country proposed to be ceded to the Company is likewise to be defended, its inhabitants to be kept in tranquillity, and its revenue to be realized by means of the troops, it is impossible to expect to be able to effect these objects on the system of weak and dispersed garrisons, on which we have been acting hitherto. This must be changed; neither the new territory nor the old can be kept in awe by troops dispersed in forts, which they cannot quit with safety; and, therefore, the system which I should recommend would be to garrison those posts only which are absolutely necessary to us, and to have at all times in the field, and in motion, two or three regiments of Europeans, all the cavalry, and as large a body of native infantry as can be got together. This will be a real security, not only to the new territory and to Mysore, but to the Carnatic, Malabar, and Canara, and nothing else ever will. It will appear more clearly that this system is necessary in the new territory, when the nature of its inhabitants, and the governments to which they have been accustomed, are considered.

'The whole of the country to be ceded by the Nizam is inhabited by petty rajahs and polygars, who have never been entirely subdued, and have never submitted to the species of government which must be exercised by the Company's servants. They have been accustomed either to the rapacity and corruption of Tippoo's government, or to the weakness of the Nizam's; but they are entirely unacquainted with the restraint of a regular authority, constructed upon the principles adopted by the Company's Government. This they will resist, and they must be kept in awe, particularly at first, by a large and an active force. For this purpose troops in garrison will never answer; and, supposing that your Lordship should adopt the system I propose for having, at least for some time, a large detachment in the field, I shall proceed to estimate the number of troops which will

be necessary in the garrisons which ought to be occupied.

Then follows a full detail of the civil and military arrangements, as well those already existing, as those recommended to be introduced. Now it is to be observed that Lord Clive's letter is dated at Madras on the 14th of June, and that it must have been replied to, considering the distances between the places, immediately on its receipt; that Colonel Wellesley was then engaged in a series of most active operations against a formidable and enterprising opponent (Dhoondiah Waugh,) whose movements were desultory, rapid, and difficult to be foreseen or ascertained; and that he was actually occupied, at the time of writing, upon one of the most delicate and precarious of all military undertakings,—that of transferring his forces from one side to the other of a large river, with means very inadequate for such a purpose.

The following extracts are from letters to Lieutenant Colonel Close. The first, dated 11th Sept. 1800, shows how much consideration was given by Colonel Wellesley to the interests and the feelings of the population of the countries through which his army was to march.

'I wish to have your opinion as soon as possible respecting my route. My own idea is to cross the Werdah at the redoubt, to proceed from thence by Shikarpoor, and along the left bank of the Toombuddra to Gostara, and thence to Seringapatam. My reason for preferring this road is that I may awe Kistnapah Naig into a peace, and next because I shall do less injury to the country on that road than on any other. It is a grass country: will afford plenty of forage, and as the cultivation is in general paddy, it will not be injured. You can have no conception of the number of people and cattle that I have got with me; and I shudder at the thoughts of the injury which they will do to any dry grain country through which they will pass.'

The second extract, written at no longer interval of time from this journey than to the 1st November, 1800, shows how promptly the most perfect success resulted from the judicious measures adopted by Colonel Wellesley to effect the benevolent, and no less politic object of protecting the inhabitants, and their properties, in the vicinity of his army, whether stationary or on the march.

'I do not propose to enter the ceded districts by Mysore; but I assure you that my numerous followers are in such order that I might venture to produce them any where. We were a month at Hoobly; and the grain fields in the middle of the camp were not touched, and the people in the neighbouring villages sent to tell me that the safeguards which I had given them upon my arrival there were no longer necessary.'

Circumstances arose towards the end of the year 1800, which placed Colonel Wellesley in a new position, and which soon involved him in much difficulty and in very great personal responsibility. On the 21

of December, 1800, he arrived at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, to take the command of a body of troops assembled there and at Pointe de Galle, with a view to an important combined military and naval service. The first part of his correspondence in this situation is marked by his usual prompt and minute attention to every thing connected with the enterprise in which he was about to be engaged, and also by the fulness and clearness of his communications;—as well those framed for the information of the General Government of India, under which he was acting, as those addressed to other quarters whence he could hope to derive assistance in advancing the public service. Various causes intervened, however, to delay the undertaking originally contemplated, and Colonel Wellesley received, on the 7th of February 1801, from the Government of Madras, copies of despatches from England, of the 6th and 10th of the preceding month of October, which called for co-operation from India, by way of the Red Sea, in an expedition directed against the French army which had recently occupied Egypt. On receipt of this communication, he at once perceived that it was incumbent upon him to take on himself the decision of many important questions arising out of it which admitted of no delay, but the determination of which could properly be made by no one but the Governor-General of India, had it been possible to have had immediate reference to him upon the subject. His decision seems to have been taken upon the very same day in which the communication above referred to was received by him. It is impossible fully to comprehend the various and complicated bearings of the questions at issue; to appreciate justly the comprehensive and clear view taken of them by Colonel Wellesley; the merits of his prompt decision, or the weight of responsibility which he took upon himself, without the perusal of all the documents, which are much too extensive to be inserted here. We must not withhold from our readers, however, the following private letter to the Governor of the Island of Ceylon; because it marks at once Colonel Wellesley's firmness, and the moderation and courtesy which he observed towards two persons, whose non-acquiescence in his views must have been particularly irksome and embarrassing to him, in the very peculiar circumstances under which he was then placed.

*To the Hon. Frederick North, Governor of Ceylon.*

*'Pointe de Galle, 18th Feb. 1801.*

*'MY DEAR SIR,*

*'I have received your letter upon the subject of my proceeding to Bombay, to which an answer will accompany this letter.*

*'I am concerned that you or General Macdowall should have thought it necessary to write a public letter upon this subject, as I hope that I have always shown myself ready to attend to your wishes in whatever manner they may have been made known to me.*

*VOL. XXXV.—FEBRUARY, 1839.*

The existence of your public letter upon the records of your government increases considerably my responsibility upon this occasion.

*'However, notwithstanding that I conceive the grounds upon which I have determined to go to Bombay are so strong, and the urgency of the measure is so great, and will appear so much so to all those who will have to judge of my conduct, that I persist, and I still hope that it will meet with your approbation and that of General Macdowall.*

*'Believe me, &c.*

The command of the expedition to the Red Sea had, however, in the mean time been allotted by the Governor-General to Major-General Baird, who arrived at Bombay to take charge of it on the 30th of March. This arrangement occasioned, at first, a strong feeling of disappointment in Colonel Wellesley's mind; but it is gratifying to see, by the following extract of a letter which he addressed to General Baird on the 9th of April, how promptly sentiments of the most generous and cordial friendship superseded that feeling; and how soon an anxious desire to promote the public service supplanted every other consideration in the breasts of both those zealous and distinguished officers.

*'As I am writing upon this subject, I will freely acknowledge that my regret at being prevented from accompanying you has been greatly increased by the kind, candid, and handsome manner in which you have behaved towards me; and I will confess as freely, not only that I did not expect such treatment, but that my wishes before you arrived, regarding going upon the expedition, were directly the reverse of what they are at this moment.*

*'I need not enter further upon this subject, than to entreat you will not attribute my stay to any other motive than that to which I have above assigned it; and to inform you, that as I know what has been said and expected by the world in general, I propose, as well for my own credit as for yours, to make known to my friends and to yours, not only the distinguished manner in which you have behaved towards me, but the causes which have prevented my demonstrating my gratitude, by giving you every assistance in the arduous service which you have to conduct.*

*'I shall stay here as long as the season will permit, and then I propose to go round to Madras; and if I cannot get well, I believe I must try a cold climate.'*

The letter from which this extract is taken was accompanied by a very able paper, in which Colonel Wellesley had put together his thoughts on the subject of the expedition to Egypt; and which cannot have failed to prove a very acceptable and a very useful document to General Baird.

When Colonel Wellesley's health was sufficiently re-established, he was replaced in the situation he had formerly held in Mysore, where he appears to have been occupied for some time in the investigation of abuses which had crept into the service, particularly into the Store department. But these troublesome and disagreeable details did not hinder him from employing his thoughts upon matters of greater magnitude

and more general importance; for we find, in this part of the work before us, two very able *memorandums*, the first being a discussion founded on prospective views with regard to the question of retaining Seringapatam as a fortified post, or destroying the fortifications; and the second having reference to the proceedings proper to be adopted in the event of war breaking out with the Marhattas. Both these papers have the same character which distinguishes all the documents of a similar nature. It is a character the most opposite possible to that of the vague and flimsy productions which theorists are prone to frame in their closets. The writer begins in both by giving a clear and practical view of the general subject; and then proceeds to reason on its several branches,—showing always that his reasonings are founded upon an acquired knowledge of the material facts and circumstances by which the question is affected. In the *memorandum* upon the mode of carrying on a war against the Marhattas he thus begins:—

‘As before long we may look to war with the Marhattas, it is proper to consider of the means of carrying it on. The experience which has been acquired in the late contest with Dhoondiah Waugh, of the seasons, the nature of the country, its roads, its produce, and its means of defence, will be of use in pointing them out. I shall detail my observations upon each of these points, for the benefit of those in whose hands may be placed the conduct of the operations of the army in case of such a war, as I have above supposed we may expect. The season at which it is most convenient to commence a campaign with the Marhattas, is that at which the rivers, which take their rise in the western ghauts, fill. This happens generally in the month of June. In this year, the Toombuddra was not fordable after the 14th of June, the day before the army reached Hurryhur; and in other seasons, I understand that that river fills nearly at the same time.

‘The reasons why I think that the most favourable season for operations against the Marhatta nation, are as follow:’

He then states the composition of the military force of the Marhattas; and points out the mode of warfare which a military force so composed will carry on. He next shows, how great an impediment the state of the rivers, at the season he has recommended for action, will be to such an army—how these impediments may be obviated on the part of the British—and what advantages must result to the latter from this opposite condition of things. He then adverts to the nature of the soil—to the roads—to the productions of the country; specifying the supplies to be found in it, and those which must be drawn from other places. He next offers his suggestions with respect to the directions most advisable to be given to the military operations—speaking of the relative importance of different positions; and of places of strength, as well with reference to the security of the magazines and communications in rear of the army at its outset, as with reference to

the acquisitions to be made in its progressive advance into the enemy's country; with regard to all which points, it is obvious that the greatest pains had been taken to procure accurate and detailed information. The knowledge possessed by Colonel Wellesley, of the Marhatta country, previously to the war with that nation, reminds us of the enquiries which Alexander, when yet very young, is said to have made of the Persian ambassadors who came to his father's court; all of which had reference to the march of an army into their country. Colonel Wellesley did not err in his anticipation that circumstances would lead ere long to the necessity of military operations on the part of the British in the Marhatta territories. The conflicting interests and passions of the great chiefs of that nation had brought them into a state of war with each other, and the Peshwah having sustained a defeat from Holkar, which obliged him to fly from Poonah, in the month of October 1802, he sought and obtained a renewal of the friendly relations which had subsisted between him and the Company, but which the influence of Scindiah had for some time interrupted. The active and able part which Major-General Wellesley had in the arrangements, both military and political, which immediately preceded the advance of the British troops into the Marhatta country, is developed in his correspondence with the Resident at the Court of the Peshwah, and the governors of Madras and Bombay; as also with Lieutenant-General Stuart, then commanding-in-chief the Madras army. In the whole correspondence, one is at a loss whether to admire most the sagacity of the general views, or the intimate knowledge, and the business-like habits, which are displayed with respect to matters of detail. But, in addition to these merits, we have further evidence, in the following letter, both of the ardour and of the disinterestedness of General Wellesley's zeal for the public service; and of his readiness also to conform himself, in all things, to the views and wishes of his superiors:—a principle which, as already remarked, seems to have regulated his conduct upon all occasions.

*To Lieut.-General Stuart.*

‘Camp at Hoonelly, 3d March, 1803.

SIR,

‘I have the honour to enclose a memorandum and certain other papers, upon the subject on which you have desired my sentiments, of which I hope you will approve.

‘It may appear extraordinary that it should be necessary that this detachment should be so much stronger than that which is advancing from Hyderabad; but it must be recollected, first, that the latter will not advance beyond the Nizam's frontier, till the former shall be at hand to join it; and that the supposed enemy will be much disinclined to pass that frontier to attack it. Secondly, that this detachment must be not only of sufficient strength to defend itself, but also to give con-

fidence to, and keep together the Peshwah's party in the state.

'It is not so strong in the essential points, cavalry and European infantry, as that which I commanded in the country heretofore; but I think it is respectable, and I know it is so well equipped, that it will answer all the objects in view.

'If you should take the command of it yourself, I hope you will do me the favour to allow me to accompany you in any capacity whatever. All that is known of that country and its inhabitants, in a military point of view, was learned when I was in it, and I shall do every thing in my power to make myself useful to you. If you should not think proper to take the command of this detachment yourself, and in consideration of the information which I have had opportunities of gaining of that country and its inhabitants, and the communications which I have constantly held with its chiefs, you should be pleased to entrust it to me, I shall be infinitely gratified, and shall do every thing in my power to forward your views.

'Although I have in this letter adverted to the command of the detachment to be sent forward, I am by no means desirous to press you to make known your sentiments upon it till the proper time.

'I have the honour to be,' &c.

Although the Governor-General had concluded a defensive alliance with the Peshwah, which warranted a direct and forcible interference for his support against his adversaries, the first practical object contemplated was, to compose, if possible, the differences which had arisen amongst the Marhatta Chiefs without the occurrence of actual hostilities on the part of the British. This object was, however, wholly unattainable, without the advance of such military means as might overawe the enemies of the Peshwah, and give confidence to those who were disposed to adhere to him;—thus affording him an opportunity to return to his capital, and resume his authority, if his party in the state should be found of sufficient weight to enable him to do so, without appearing to owe his re-establishment wholly to British power. A body of troops was ordered to move forwards, therefore, towards Poonah, from the northern frontiers of Mysora, under Major-General Wellesley; with which another corps, subsidiary to it, under the immediate command of Colonel Stevenson, should act from the western frontiers of the Nizam's dominions, as General Wellesley might see fit to direct. Lieutenant-General Stuart, who held the chief military command in the Madras Presidency, remained in reserve to act as circumstances might require. Major-General Wellesley seems to have been peculiarly well qualified for the part allotted to him in this arrangement. The successful operations in which he had been engaged not long before, in the same quarter, against Dhoondiah Waugh, had established for him a high military reputation amongst the chiefs of the southern part of the Marhatta territories; to several of whom he had become personally known on that occasion. And his activity, his affability, his impartiality,

and his firm adherence to whatever engagements had been entered into, obtained for him such general confidence, that, as he moved forward towards the Marhatta capital, he not only experienced no resistance, but many of the Jaghirestans, or feudatories of those parts, put a period to their mutual hostilities; whilst others suspended their animosities against the Peshwah, and even joined their forces to the British General. These advantages, the result of the character which General Wellesley had established for himself amongst the Marhattas, together with the efficient state into which his foresight and activity had brought every part of his army, contributed powerfully to insure the complete success of the enterprise; and the rapidity with which he conducted the latter part of his march saved the city of Poonah from the destruction with which it was threatened. All this was effected without any hostile collision having been requisite for the attainment of these objects. The letters upon the subject are full of interesting details; and whilst they afford numerous proofs of military talents, political sagacity, and intimate knowledge of human nature, they contain likewise much curious and valuable information respecting the peculiarities of the Marhatta Government, and of Eastern warfare.

But the re-establishment of tranquillity in the Marhatta States was not to be effected by merely replacing the nominal head of that feudal confederacy in his capital, and upon his musnud. The powerful chiefs of the north, Holkar, Scindiah, and the Rajah of Berar, still kept their armies assembled; and although Holkar had gradually retired northwards, as General Wellesley advanced towards Poonah, and had not manifested any community of views with Scindiah and the Rajah, no dependence could be placed upon the intentions of any of those chieftains being of a peaceful nature, either towards the Peshwah, the Nizam, or the East India Company. Nor, indeed, could much reliance be had even upon the Peshwah himself; and the condition and the temper of the southern Marhatta chiefs was unsettled and precarious. Some of these latter were restrained from acting efficiently by mutual jealousies; some were artfully watching events; some hated or dreaded the Peshwah, and were hated by him; and those even who were best disposed towards the British, neither possessed themselves, nor could obtain from the Peshwah, such pecuniary assistance as they needed to enable them to take the field with General Wellesley, when circumstances might render it necessary for him to assume a position sufficiently in advance to admit of direct co-operation with Colonel Stevenson; and so at the same time protect the Nizam's territories, and also cover Poonah.

That the Peshwah was more an encumbrance than an efficient ally, appears by the following extracts from General Wellesley's letters. On the 4th of June, 1803, he writes to the Governor-General:—



'I marched from Poonah this morning, and shall proceed towards the Godavery.

'I am sorry to tell you, that notwithstanding our strong recommendation of the southern jaghiredars and the Peshwah's officers to his Highness; his solemn promise to me that he would satisfy their claims in order to secure their future services; and the assurances of his servants from time to time to Colonel Close, that his Highness was taking measures to satisfy them, and to send out an army with me, I have not got with me one Marhatta horseman.'

And in the same letter he observes,—

'But the Peshwah trusts none of his ministers, and pretends to do his own business; although his time is much taken up by religious ceremonies and his pleasures, and he is very undecided. These faults in his character, added to a slowness natural to every Marhatta negotiator, render hopeless the conclusion of any important transaction.'

On the 8th of July, he writes to the Governor-General,—

'Matters at Poonah are nearly in the same state in which they were when I marched. The Peshwah promises every thing and performs nothing. The Marhatta sirdars are still in that city, excepting Goklah, who is encamped at a small distance from me. The Peshwah has not satisfied them, and they wait to see the result of the first operations against Scindiah, and who has the upper hand.'

The same letter states as follows,—

'They are prevented from joining the confederates at present by General Stuart's position at Moodgul in the Doab. I observe, however, that General Stuart is inclined to withdraw from this position, in consequence of the arrival of the French at Pondicherry. But I have written to represent to him the advantage which we all derive from it. I have shown him that he keeps in tranquillity the territories of the Nizam and Hyderabad, notwithstanding his Highness's sickness, the probability of his death, and the absence of all his troops beyond the Godavery; that he awes Poonah, and keeps in tranquillity all the Marhatta territory south of the Boemah, notwithstanding the conduct of the Peshwah, which must appear to his subjects like treachery, and a desire to break his treaty with the British Government; that by threatening Meritch and Darwar, he secures at least the neutrality of the Putwurduns, and the continuance of the cessation of hostilities between that family and the Rajah of Kolapoor, which is so necessary to the existence of my communications; and that he defends the Company's territories, and those of the Rajah of Mysore, and secures their tranquillity. At the same time, in the event of the Nizam's death and consequent disturbance of Hyderabad, he can reach that capital in a few marches; or in the event of any accidents happening to the troops in this quarter, he has equal facility in moving to Poonah.

'In short, I may call General Stuart's position the main-stay of all our operations; and it is that which, in case of a war with the Marhattas, will prevent a general insurrection in the territories of the Company, the Nizam, the Rajah of Mysore, and the southern Marhatta chiefs. It was with a view to these advantages that I first recommended to General Stuart to take it

up; and every day's experience has shown the benefit which we have derived from it.

'I have been in some distress in consequence of a great loss of bullocks; but I have recovered so as to be able to move again with a very good stock of provisions, and I have made arrangements to receive further supplies north of the Godavery. I have always been equal to the siege of Ahmednuggur, in which I placed believe that I should have found plenty of all that I required.

'I have not written to the Secretary of State since the middle of May. Indeed, upon a review of our situation, I found that I could tell him nothing, excepting that we were in the same state in which we were at the time I before wrote, unless that I had moved across the Boemah, and that I was disappointed in my expectations of having with me the Marhatta sirdars.

'Since writing this letter, I have received a copy of Colonel Collins's despatch of the 2nd. I think matters look better than they did; but I see that he has again allowed Scindiah to delay giving him an answer.'

We may see by this extract to what a wide range General Wellesley's views and his services at this time extended, and how much the situation he was placed in required all the vigilance, prudence, promptitude, firmness, and perseverance which his mind happily united.

Under the very critical position of affairs on the eastern side of the Indian Peninsula, caused by the inefficiency and ambiguous conduct of the Peshwah, the precariousness of the life of the Nizam, the uncertainty with respect to Holkar's intentions, and the threatening attitude, but artful procrastination of Scindiah and the Raja of Berar, it had occurred very early to General Wellesley that opportunities of the most vital importance to the public interests might be lost in consequence of the remoteness of the seat of the General Government; and we find him adverting, in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, to the expediency of the Governor-General coming for a time to Bombay. Lord Wellesley had, however, formed about the same period a determination more in accordance probably with the discharge of all his own duties as Governor-General; and certainly not less advantageous to the public service, by placing in the hands of General Wellesley the ample powers conveyed to him by the despatch, from which the following are extracts.

'Fort-William, 26th June, 1803.

'SIR,

'The present state of affairs in the Marhatta empire and the security of the alliance lately concluded between his Highness the Peshwah and the British Government, require that a temporary authority should be constituted at the least possible distance from the scene of eventual negotiation or hostilities, with full powers to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements may become necessary, either for the final settlement of peace, or for the active prosecution of war. In such a crisis, various questions may arise, of which the precise tendency cannot be foreseen, and which may demand a prompt decision. The issue of these qu

ions may involve the result of war or peace; and in either alternative, the delay of reference to my authority might endanger the seasonable despatch and the prosperity of the public service.

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'It is therefore necessary, during the present crisis, to unite the general direction and control of all political and military affairs in Hindustan and the Deccan under distinct local authority, subject to the Governor-General in Council. These powers could not be placed with advantage in any other hands than those of the general officer commanding the troops destined to restore the tranquillity of the Deccan.

'Your approved ability, zeal, temper, and judgment, combined with your extensive local experience; your established influence and high reputation among the Marhatta chiefs and states; and your intimate knowledge of my views and sentiments concerning the British interests in the Marhatta empire, have determined me to vest these important and arduous powers in your hands.

'The nature of your military command under the orders of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Stuart is not likely to admit of any doubt, or to lead to any embarrassment. In order, however, to obviate all possible difficulty on this point, I hereby appoint you to be chief command of all the British troops, and of the forces of our allies serving in the territories of the Peshwah, of the Nizam, or of any of the Marhatta states or chiefs, subject only to the orders of his Excellency, Lieutenant-General Stuart, or of his Excellency General Lake.

'I empower and further direct you to assume and exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, of the Peshwah, and of the Marhatta states and chiefs.'

The despatch conveying to General Wellesley the powers above recited, reached him in his camp at Sangaree on the river Seenah, upon the 18th of July. With his usual promptitude he wrote, on the very same day, to Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, the Resident at Scindiah's Court, as follows.

'Camp, 18th July, 1803.

'Sir,

'I have the honour to enclose the copy of a letter, which I have received from his Excellency the Governor-General, from a perusal of which you will perceive that his Excellency has been pleased to intrust to me extraordinary powers, for the purpose of concluding whatever arrangements may become necessary, either for the final settlement of peace, or for the active prosecution of war. I request you to be so kind as to communicate this circumstance to Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar.

'You will be so kind, at the same time, to inform those Chiefs that, consistently with the principles and uniform practice of the British Government, I am perfectly ready to attend to their interests, and to enter into negotiations with them upon objects by which they may suppose those interests to be affected. But they must first withdraw their troops from the position which they have taken up upon the Nizam's frontier, and return to their usual stations in Hindustan and Berar respectively; and, on my part, I will withdraw the Company's troops to their usual stations.'

He also made Lieutenant-Colonel Close, the Resident at Poonah, aware of his plans. He acquainted the Governor of Bombay likewise with the extent of the powers intrusted to him, and with the steps he had taken in consequence; and pointed out the nature of the information with which it was desirable he should be furnished from that Government; in order to enable him to guide the military operations that might become necessary in Guzerat, and in the territories of the Guickwar, one of the allies of the Company. After having stated to the Governor of Bombay the terms of his instructions to Colonel Collins, he thus concludes his despatch:

'In case they should refuse to adopt these measures, I have requested Lieutenant-Colonel Collins to quit Scindiah's camp; and it is my intention to commence hostilities against that Chief without loss of time. I will make you acquainted with the result of Lieutenant-Colonel Collins's conference with Dowlut Rao Scindiah upon this subject; and I beg leave to recommend that you should give orders to the commanding officer in the territories of the Guickwar, to be prepared to attack Baroach without loss of time.'

He wrote to Colonel Stevenson likewise on the same day, informing him of the state of things, and giving him the following military instruction.

'If you should receive notice from Colonel Collins that he has withdrawn from Scindiah's camp, you will be so kind as immediately to take up a position as near to the Adjuttee ghaut, which leads into the Nizam's territories, as the conveniences of water and forage will permit. From this position you will watch with vigilance the designs and movements of Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. If you should find that those chiefs attempt to ascend that, or any other ghaut, you will fall upon them immediately, before they shall have time to deploy their forces above the ghaut.

'I do not however propose that your troops should descend the ghaut, but only that they should attack that part of the enemy which shall ascend, before the remainder can come to their assistance. It is possible that they may leave the Adjuttee ghaut, and endeavour to penetrate by the Casserbarry ghaut, towards Aurungabad. You will, in that case, move towards the latter, and place yourself in such manner as to attack them with advantage if they attempt to pass there.

'My object is to avoid, if possible, that your troops should be engaged with the whole of Scindiah's infantry, with his guns, before my operations to the southward of the Godavery shall be so far advanced as to enable me to reinforce you. Your efforts to prevent Scindiah from penetrating by some one of the passages may not be successful; and, indeed, it is probable that they must finally fail: but the delay of a few days is all I require, and that I conceive must be gained.'

We need scarcely remark,—for the observation will doubtless have already occurred more than once to our readers,—that in whatever situation General Wellesley was placed—whether it limited or extended his public functions—he at once accommodated himself to it. No branch of public business was so minute as to appear to him unworthy of receiving his closest

attention; and no affairs were of such magnitude, or so complicated, as to occasion to him the smallest delay or embarrassment in the management of them. But although General Wellesley was thus prompt in his preparations for war, and resolute in compelling Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to a speedy avowal of their intentions, we find him scrupulous to a nicety in avoiding to give the smallest ground for offence, even in matters of mere etiquette. In a letter to Colonel Collins on the 29th of July, we read as follows,—

‘I have received a letter from Colonel Stevenson, from which I observe, that, having had occasion to write a letter to Gopal Bhow, to desire that Chief to withdraw from the Nizam’s territories, he made use of an expression which is not commonly used to a person of that description, which appears to have offended Gopal Bhow.

‘It is very certain that that Chief ought not to have entered the Nizam’s territories, and that if he had not retired from them, and beyond Colonel Stevenson’s reach, that officer would have shown him that the British army was capable of protecting the territories of an ally of the British Government.

‘However, I cannot approve of the expression inadvertently used in Colonel Stevenson’s letter, and I have desired that officer to take an opportunity of writing to Gopal Bhow to explain it.

‘It is probable that this expression may be made a subject of complaint in Scindiah’s durbar, and I mention the circumstance in order that you may inform the ministers of the steps which have been taken in consequence of it.’

Nor is the judicious and delicate manner in which he suggests to Colonel Stevenson, on the same day, the line of conduct to be adopted by him on this occasion, less worthy of notice.

‘Camp, 29th July, 1803.

‘MY DEAR COLONEL,

‘I have received your letter of the 26th. The expression inadvertently used in your letter to Gopal Bhow was unfortunate, to a chief of his rank, particularly at this moment. By a letter from Colonel Collins, of the 25th, I observe that there was then the fairest prospect of peace; and it would be very unfortunate if this prospect were to be overturned by a mistake of this kind. Gopal Bhow appears sore about the expression, and it is probable he will complain to his sircar of it, and it may become a question of difficulty.

‘I wish, therefore, that you would take an opportunity of explaining it: you might tell him that you had come unattended by the moonshee who usually writes your letters, and had made use of one whom you found in the village of Roora, who inserted in the letter an expression which you did not intend to use to a sirdar of his rank, in the service of a Chief at peace with the British Government. That you had heard that, notwithstanding the existence of the peace, he had entered the Nizam’s territories with his troops, and that you had advanced to defend them; and that if fortunately he had not retired from them, your duty would have obliged you to adopt measures very disagreeable to you; but that you intended to explain that intention to him, and by no means to use an expression which

could be offensive to, or hurt the feelings of any individual.’

But the negotiations with Scindiah appearing still unlikely to take a favourable turn, General Wellesley wrote thus to the Governor-General,—

‘Camp at Walkee, 3d July, 1803.

‘MY LORD,

‘I have the honour to enclose the copy of a despatch dated the 30th of July, and copies of its enclosures which I received this day from Colonel Collins.

‘I am at present encamped within six miles of the fort of Ahmednuggur, which place I am fully prepared to attack as soon as I shall learn that Colonel Collins has quitted the camp of Dowlut Rao Scindiah.

‘I have the honour,’ &c.

And on the 6th of August he addressed the following letter to Scindiah himself:—

‘6th August, 1803.

‘I have received your letter. [Here the contents are recapitulated.] You will recollect that the British Government did not threaten to commence hostilities against you, but you threatened to commence hostilities against the British Government and its allies; and when called upon to explain your intentions, you declared that it was doubtful whether there would be peace or war; and, in conformity with your threats, and your declared doubts, you assembled a large army in a station contiguous to the Nizam’s frontier.

‘On this ground I called upon you to withdraw that army to its usual stations, if your subsequent pacific declarations were sincere; but, instead of complying with this reasonable requisition, you have proposed that I should withdraw the troops which are intended to defend the territories of the allies against your designs, and that you and the Rajah of Berar should be suffered to remain with your troops assembled, in readiness to take advantage of their absence.

‘This proposition is unreasonable and inadmissible, and you must stand the consequences of the measures which I find myself obliged to adopt, in order to repel your aggressions.

‘I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honourable to all parties; you have chosen war, and are responsible for all consequences.’

On the same day he wrote to the Governor-General:—

‘It has rained violently in this part of the country the last three days, and the roads from this place to Ahmednuggur are at present impracticable. But if the weather should become more favourable in the course of the evening or night, and the roads should be tolerably good in the morning, I propose to move to that place.’

He also wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Close requesting him to apprise the Peshwah of the state of affairs to call upon his highness to complete the quota of troops which he was bound by the treaty of Bassa to furnish; and to urge him to adopt every measure calculated to forward the success of the operation against the common enemy. He communicated to the Governor of Madras all of the late transactions at the

Court of Scindiah—informed Major-General Campbell, recently appointed to the command of the reserve corps now posted at Moodgul, of the character, power, dispositions, views, and connexions of the several southern Marhatta chiefs—and transmitted to the officer commanding the troops in the territories of the Guickwar, the following laconic and peremptory instructions:—

‘Camp, 6th August, 1803.

‘SIR,

‘Upon the receipt of this letter, you will commence your operations against Dowlut Rao Scindiah’s fort of Baroach.

‘You will not suffer these operations to be interrupted or delayed by any negotiation whatever. You will send the Governor of Bombay a copy of the report which you will transmit to me, of the measures which you will have adopted in consequence of this order.’

‘I have the honour to be,’ &c.

We find also, dated on the same day, a memorandum, or rather a manifesto, in which General Wellesley enumerates briefly the series of events, from the time of the Peshwah being driven from his capital; and concludes by stating, that—‘Under these circumstances Major General Wellesley is obliged to commence operations against them’ (Scindiah and the Rajah), ‘in order to secure the interests of the British Government and its allies.’—(Vol. ii. p. 183.)

Thus, no sooner was General Wellesley furnished with authority commensurate with the difficulties of the situation in which he was placed, and with the extensive and complicated functions arising out of it, than he cut at once the Gordian knot of Marhatta intrigue, and brought the questions at issue to the decision of the sword. The procrastinating schemes of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were thus frustrated. The danger of Holkar being drawn into their confederacy—the risk of unfavourable or embarrassing changes of policy resulting at Hyderabad by the death of the old Nizam—the evils threatened by the imbecile and capricious conduct of the Peshwah, and the precarious neutrality of the southern Marhatta chiefs, were anticipated; and a door was opened for the commencement of military operations before the termination of that season of the year, during which General Wellesley was of opinion that they could be carried on most advantageously for the British arms. Heavy rains, however, rendered the roads for a time impracticable, but no sooner had the weather cleared up than he marched, on the 8th of August, against Ahmednuggur, a strong place belonging to Scindiah. In his despatch to the Governor-General of the 12th of August, respecting the successful issue of this first operation of the war, he says,—

‘I had in the morning despatched a messenger to the killadar of Ahmednuggur, to require him to surrender his fort; and, on my arrival in the neighbourhood of the pettah, I offered cowls to the inhabitants. This was

refused, as the pettah was held by a body of Arabs, who were supported by a battalion of Scindiah’s regular infantry, and a body of horse encamped in an open space between the pettah and the fort.

‘I immediately attacked the pettah with the piquets of the infantry, reinforced by the flank companies of the 78th regiment, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Harness; in another place with the 74th regiment and 1st battalion of the 8th, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Wallace; and in a third with the flank companies of the 74th, and the 1st battalion 3d regiment, under the command of Captain Vesey. The pettah wall was very lofty, and defended by towers, and had no rampart; so that, when the troops had ascended to the attack, they had no ground on which they could stand; and the Arabs who occupied the towers defended their posts with the utmost obstinacy.

‘At length they were obliged to quit the wall, and fled to the houses, from which they continued a destructive fire upon the troops. Scindiah’s regular infantry also attacked our troops after they had entered the pettah. In a short time, however, after a brisk and gallant contest, we were completely masters of it; but with the loss of some brave officers and soldiers, as your Excellency will perceive by the enclosed return.’

During the night of the 9th, a battery of four guns was planted against the fort.

‘This opened at daylight on the 10th; and it was so advantageously placed, and fired with such effect, as to induce the killadar to desire that I should cease firing, in order that he might send a person to treat for his surrender. In my answer I told him, that I should not cease firing till I should have taken the fort, or he should have surrendered it; but that I would listen to whatever he was desirous to communicate.

‘Yesterday morning he sent out two vakeels to propose to surrender the fort; on condition that he should be allowed to depart with his garrison, and that he should have his private property.

‘In this manner has this fort fallen into our hands; our loss since the 8th has been trifling, which I attribute much to the spirit with which our attacks on that day were carried on.’

But the purely military actions in which General Wellesley engaged seem to have been those which occasioned to him always the smallest share of hesitation or retardment. The other transactions which he had to manage, but which the world is apt to take so little into account in forming estimates of military operations, or of the merits of military commanders, caused to him often much more perplexity and delay; and called forth, perhaps in a more remarkable manner, the varied talents with which he was endowed. At Bombay and in Guzerat he appears to have been badly seconded in almost every respect. There seems to have been at Bombay a want of knowledge, or a want of energy, or a degree of diffidence in the governing authorities, which prevented their harmonizing well with his manner of conducting public affairs; and in Guzerat there was an absence frequently, both of judicious conduct and of military talent. Much observ-

ance was requisite with the Nizam, and also with the Peshwah, whose jealousy was likely to be excited by the exclusive occupation by the British—indispensable, under present circumstances—of the fort of Ahmednuggur, and its dependencies; and also by General Wellesley's negotiations to obtain the co-operation of some of the Marhatta chiefs; but particularly that of Amrut Rao, brother to the Peshwah, with whom that prince had long lived in a state of extreme enmity, and to whom he obstinately and vindictively refused to be reconciled. We find the following observations on this subject, in a letter of the 18th August:—

'His highness has no ground on which he can found an objection to this agreement, excepting one sought for in his own implacable resentments. I can never admit these as rational grounds, either for the adoption, or for the rejection of any political measure. The benefits or the evils which the public interest will derive or suffer from such a measure are alone what must decide whether it is to be adopted or rejected.'

Difficulties, also, more immediately affecting the military movements, were not wanting, in consequence of the delays and obstructions met with by the convoys on their way to the army, and the great losses which were sustained in the means of transport. But, notwithstanding so many embarrassing circumstances, the elasticity of mind, the good judgment, and the energy natural to General Wellesley, appear conspicuously in the following brief passage of a letter written on the 17th of August:—'We must get the upper hand, and if once we have that, we shall keep it with ease, and shall certainly succeed. But if we begin by a long defensive warfare, and go looking after convoys which are scattered over the face of the earth, and do not attack briskly, we shall soon be in distress.'

Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar having drawn Colonel Stevenson's attention a little more to the eastward with a part of their force, ascended the Adjuteeghant on the 24th of August, with all their cavalry. They were prevented from advancing to the southward, however, by the judiciously combined movements of the two corps, under General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson, who were still acting separately; as it was necessary for the former to keep in such a situation as might cover the arrival of the convoys coming to him from the river Kistna, and likewise to guard against Holkar's return into the Peshwah's territories; he being reported to be on his march to co-operate with Scindiah and the Rajah. The last of the convoys having joined on the 18th of September, General Wellesley moved forward on the 20th, towards the enemy, whose force had been now increased by the junction of three considerable bodies of infantry, and a very numerous train of artillery. The two British corps being near each other on the 21st, a plan was concerted for making a joint attack on the 24th, in the position where the native scouts reported that the enemy had

collected his army. Owing, however, to some inaccuracy in the reports of these natives, General Wellesley found himself considerably nearer to the enemy on the 23d than it had been calculated that he should be brought by that day's march; and he deemed it advisable, under all the circumstances of the case, to prefer the bold measure of immediately attacking, with his own corps singly, to that of waiting for the projected co-operation, on the following day, of the troops under Colonel Stevenson. The memorable battle of Assaye was the result of this determination. General Wellesley directed his attack against the extreme left of the enemy, where the main body of their infantry was posted, and almost all their guns. The loss sustained by the British was consequently severe, but the mode of attack chosen rendered the success complete. Above one hundred pieces of the enemy's artillery were captured, and the strength and spirit of Scindiah's infantry completely broken. An excellent account of this important battle, as also of the events which immediately preceded and followed it, is contained in a letter addressed by General Wellesley to Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, on the 1st of November, 1803. We regret that our space does not admit of its insertion, as well on account of the candour with which it is written, and the fulness of the information it gives, as in consideration of the evidence it affords of the high place which Colonel Munro justly held in the esteem and friendship of the writer.

We shall here insert two short passages relating to proceedings in Guzerat. The first is well deserving the attention of every military man holding any command whatsoever; and we are glad to put forward the precepts it contains under such high authority. In a letter of the 16th of September to Colonel Murray, then commanding the forces in Guzerat, General Wellesley expresses himself as follows:—'These court-martial are distressing indeed at present. I wrote you a long letter upon the subject the other day, and I shall not repeat now what I said then. We must endeavor to stop these trifling disputes, and turn the attention of the officers of the army to public matters, rather than to their private concerns. It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in your quarter: this must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the Commanding Officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifle and the Commanding Officer will be at the head of the army instead of a party.'

The other passage we have alluded to is contained in a letter, of the same date, addressed to Major M

colm, then at Bombay. It will show the high value placed by General Wellesley upon keeping faith in all transactions whatever. 'I think that Major Walker's attempt to seize Fatty Sing Guickwar, without paying the promised ransom, is likely to cause an irruption into the Attavesy by Kully Khan and the other blackguards who are hanging about the ghauts. I do not approve of this attempt. The money ought certainly to be first paid. If we lose our character for truth and good faith, we shall have but little to stand upon in this country.'

The following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, dated on the 8th of October, shows the state of military operations at that period, and how much they were hampered by the wretched condition of the allies, which hindered General Wellesley from bringing the war to a conclusion, immediately after his victory at Assye:—

'MY DEAR COLONEL,

'Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar have made one or two long stretches to the southward, and it is said intend to pass through the Casserbarry ghaut. They have with them the greater part of their horse, some infantry and guns, but how much of the latter I cannot tell.

'Our allies are deplorably weak on every point; and as we depend for our supplies on the security of the countries south of the Godavery, it will not answer even to risk that security by throwing my whole force forward in an offensive operation against Burhampoor and Asseerghur; I therefore propose to return to the southward myself, and to send Colonel Stevenson forward upon the Taptee.

'If our allies were in any degree of strength, a movement of our whole force upon Asseerghur, and then upon Gawilghur and Nagpoor, would put an end to the war; but under the present circumstances I must be satisfied with something less brilliant.'

Thus the two British corps were again placed at a considerable distance from each other. A letter, written in this state of things to Colonel Stevenson, on the 12th of October, is well worthy of attention; and we must find room for a part of it, because it clearly shows that, even at this period the Duke of Wellington had not only all the quickness, decision, energy, and boldness, which are such indispensable requisites upon the field of battle; but that he was endowed also in a high degree with that general knowledge of his profession, which is only to be found when experience and reflection have been engrafted upon a natural genius for the art of war.

'Supposing that you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their position, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access; for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position; however strong it may be, or however well you may have entrenched it; but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you,

secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half disciplined troops, is necessary for them. At all events, you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle; a part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible that you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you might choose the field of battle yourself some days before, and might meet them upon that very ground.

'There is another mode of avoiding an action, which is, to keep constantly in motion; but unless you come towards me, that would not answer. For my part, I am of opinion, that after the beating they received on the 23d of September, they are not likely to stand for a second; and they will all retire with precipitation. But the natives of this country are rashness personified; and I acknowledge that I should not like to see again such a loss as I sustained on the 23d September, even if attended by such a gain. Therefore, I suggest to you what occurs to me on the subject of the different modes either of bringing on, or declining the action which it is possible, although by no means probable, that they intend to fight. I shall march the moment I hear that they have moved to the northward.'

We have already alluded, in an early part of this article, to that principle of giving a decided preference to merit, by which General Wellesley was guided in his selection of persons to fill public situations. We find this principle frequently enforced; and an instance presents itself, in a passage which we shall quote from a letter, addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, the Resident at Poonah:—

'In exercising the power given to me by Government, in regard to the subsidiary force at Poonah, I shall consider it a duty, and it certainly is my inclination, to select those officers for the situations which are to be filled who may be agreeable to you. The gentleman you now have recommended to me is one for whom I have a respect, and in whose advancement and welfare I am materially interested; as he has been frequently recommended to me in the strongest terms by his relation General Mackenzie, a very old friend of mine.

'But both you and I, my dear Colonel, must attend to claims of a superior nature to those brought forward, either in consequence of our private feelings of friendship or of recommendation. Of this nature are the claims founded upon service.'

But General Wellesley not only patronized merit, and called it forth by encouragement, jointly for his own advantage and that of the public; he also honoured and protected it when it had ceased to be available for either. We take the following striking proof from a letter to the Secretary of the Government at Bombay, dated 13th October, 1803:—

'I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 4th instant, enclosing extracts of a letter from the Military Board, upon which the Honourable the Governor in Council has desired to have my sentiments.

'In answer to the second and third paragraphs of the letter from the Military Board, I am concerned to inform you that Captain Mackay, the officer alluded to, was

killed in the action of the 23d of September. It was unfortunate that I was not at first apprized of the precise objections to Captain Mackay's accounts; because I could, by the return of post, have transmitted the declaration on honour required from him by the regulations of the Bombay government.

'All I can now say on the subject is, that as far as it is possible for one man to answer for another, I will answer for Captain Mackay, that the money laid out on account of the Government of Bombay was honestly and fairly laid out for the public service, and that Captain Mackay derived from it no benefit whatever.'

And to the same effect, he thus expresses himself, in another letter regarding this officer, also written to the Secretary of the Bombay Government:—

'I have also to acknowledge the receipt from Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman of a letter from the Government of Bombay on the 29th of August, with various depositions of deserted bullock drivers, against Captain Mackay, taken by the Superintendent of Police at Bombay.

'Unfortunately for the service, the gentleman against whom these accusations have been made was killed at the battle of Assye, otherwise I should not now be obliged to write his defence. This officer was notoriously the most humane and gentle towards the natives of any I have yet seen in this army; indeed, this virtue was carried to an excess in his character, that might almost be termed a fault.

'At my particular desire, and contrary to his own inclinations, he took charge of that part of the Bombay bullock establishment which was to serve with the troops under my command; and as it was by no means in order, two thousand out of three thousand bullocks being entirely unfit for service, it was necessary to introduce some regulations to provide for the food and care of the cattle. This Captain Mackay certainly did, but neither harshly nor suddenly; and, for having done his duty in this instance, those who have deserted this service have been allowed to libel and defame his character, through the medium of the police; and by going through the offices of government, these libels are placed upon record.

'As the officer is killed, his character cannot be entirely cleared from the stigma recorded respecting it, on the authority of the lowest and vilest men in society. But I can safely say, that as far as I can answer for another man, these depositions do not contain one word of truth, excepting that the deponents deserted from the service.'

Those persons will be best able to appreciate duly the value of the protection which we here see afforded to the memory of an honourable man, who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the harassing treatment experienced sometimes by men of unblemished character, through a rigid and vexatious application of minute regulations, devised as guards against knavery, but which knavery often finds means to elude:—

Sometimes, in these letters, a few impatient expressions break out—but this happens very rarely—only in those to very intimate friends—written under strong and repeated provocations, or disappointments affecting

the public service; and there is no trace of irritated feelings making a lasting impression to the injury of any individual, or of their being ever allowed to interfere with affairs of importance. The following extract is from a letter to Major Malcolm, dated on the 11th of November, 1803:—

'MY DEAR MALCOLM,

'I fear that Mr. Duncan is but little acquainted with my principles or opinions, or he would not think that I had altered my mind respecting the arrangement in Guzerat.

'Colonel Murray's revenue arrangements are really ridiculous, and show that he has entered into a laborious investigation of a subject which ought not to have occupied his attention for a moment. I repeated my opinion to Colonel Murray upon this subject, in a letter which I wrote to him on the 23d of last month, an extract of which I sent to Mr. Duncan; and I wrote to him two letters upon the subject last week.

'I see now that Colonel Murray has involved himself in a dispute with the Paymaster and Military Auditor-General at Bombay. There are two parties throughout the Bombay establishment; and these are, the civil and military services; and the latter are divided into two parties, those in the King's and those in the Company's service. The disputes of these parties are the sole business of every man under the Government of Bombay; and they are maintained by the system of encouragement given to correspondence, and the perpetual references to individuals by Government. In short, I see clearly that nothing can succeed with those people as it ought; and I wish to God that I had nothing to do with them.

'The Dhar man ought to be encouraged; and if he should be of any service to us, or even if he decidedly keeps away from Scindiah, a stipulation shall be made in his favour, that he shall receive no injury from Scindiah for his conduct during the war. But we must be cautious in all our proceedings with these fellows, otherwise we shall be burdened with the defence of a pack of rascals of inferior rank, but of the same description with their Highnesses the Nizam and the Peshwah.

'I particularly requested that seven lacks of rupees in Bengal mohurs might be sent to Bombay for my use, as long ago as during the siege of Ahmednuggur, to which request I have received no answer. Then the Governor-General writes the most positive orders to spend money to draw off sirdars and horse; to pay Amrut Rao; to entertain 5000 horse under the modified treaty of Bassein; to take Meer Khan into the service of the Company and the Nizam; and on the other hand he sends no money, and orders the Government of Bombay not to make a loan, and the Government of Madras to have an enlarged investment: these orders are not consistent, but who can alter them?'

We add another passage from the same letter, confirming the last part of the observation we have made above:—

'I had a conference last night with Jeswunt J. Goorparah, from which I rather augur well.

\* \* \* \* \*

'He has brought no credentials, except a slip



paper to Appah Dessaye, upon which subject I have not been very strict hitherto, as in fact I have none myself from the Peshwah and the Nizam. But I foresee a variety of inconveniences from going any farther without seeing them. In fact, I believe he has them: he admitted the necessity of producing them last night, and I told him I expected to see them as soon as an hircarrah should return; and that I should not speak to him for a moment upon the subject, if he were not a man of high rank, of whose deceiving me I could entertain no suspicion, and whom Scindiah would not dare to disavow.'

In a letter of the 11th of November, General Wellesley details to the Governor-General the circumstances connected with the arrival of Jeswunt Rao Goorparah in the British camp; and after some observations on that person's want of credentials, and upon the tricks practised by the highest ranks even, amongst the Marhattas, he states what the conditions were which he proposed to demand of Dowlut Rao Scindiah. There is a playful allusion to this despatch in a letter of the 13th November to Major Malcolm. 'I enclose despatches which contain all that has been done, and all my papers for the peace. That of the 11th, in my opinion, ought not to go to Mr. Duncan; if it does, I shall be burned in effigy at Bombay. However, I leave it to you and Colonel Close to do as you please on that subject. Send the despatch or not as you like.' And then, referring to the informality of Jeswunt Rao Goorparah's proceedings on the part of Scindiah, he says, 'You may well suppose that I shall soon put a stop to this go-between style of going on through Appah Dessaye.'

Colonel Stevenson had taken possession of the city of Burhampoor on the 16th, and compelled the surrender, on the 21st of October, of the fort of Asseerghur, both belonging to Scindiah, and the only two places which had remained to him in the Deccan. The following account of military operations is from a letter from General Wellesley to Major Shawe:—

'Since the battle of Assye, I have been like a man who fights with one hand and defends himself with the other. With Colonel Stevenson's corps I have acted offensively, and have taken Asseerghur; and with my own, I have covered his operations, and defended the territories of the Nizam and the Peshwah.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I moved up the ghaut as soon as Colonel Stevenson got possession of Asseerghur; and I think that, in a day or two, I shall return Ragojee Bhoonslah, who has passed through to the Southward. At all events, I am in time to prevent him doing any mischief.

'I think that we are in great style to be able to act on the offensive at all in this quarter; but it is only done by the celerity of our movements, and by acting on the offensive or defensive with either corps, according to their situation, and that of the enemy.'

Towards the end of November, as the Rajah of Berar found himself too closely followed to be able to effect any thing in the Nizam's country, he moved to

the north-east, towards his own territories; and General Wellesley directed his march, with a view to place himself in immediate connexion with Colonel Stevenson, whom he had instructed to undertake the siege of the strong fortress of Gawilghur, in Berar. The two corps joined on the 29th, and upon the same day they attacked the enemy on the plains of Argaum, near Parterly, and obtained a complete victory. Here, again, we may observe the chances of war. In a letter to Major Shawe of the 2nd December, General Wellesley says,—

'Nothing could have been more fortunate than my return to the northward. I just arrived in time. Colonel Stevenson was not delayed for me more than one day; and it is a curious circumstance, that, after having been so long separated, and such a distance between us, we should have joined at a moment so critical.'

And in the same letter he states,

'If we had had daylight an hour more, not a man would have escaped. We should have had that time, if my native infantry had not been panic-struck, and got into confusion when the cannonade commenced. What do you think of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off, when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that at Assye? Luckily, I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day. But as it was, so much time elapsed before I could form them again, that we had not daylight enough for every thing that we should certainly have performed.

'The troops were under arms, and I was on horseback, from six in the morning until twelve at night.'

The capture of Gawilghur, a very arduous enterprise, on account both of the strength of the fortress itself, and the difficult nature of the surrounding country, followed the victory of Argaum. These successes, as General Wellesley had foreseen and predicted, speedily led to peace. He concluded a treaty with the Rajah of Berar on the 17th of December, and with Scindiah on the 30th of the same month. These treaties, and the communications relating to them, afford evidences of General Wellesley's abilities, not less conclusive than are to be found in the military arrangements, movements, and actions by which they were produced. We must refer our readers, however, to the documents themselves, for the subject is of such a nature as not to admit of a satisfactory view being given by partial extracts; and a train of reasoning, which, taken as a whole, appears perfectly clear and convincing, might have a different aspect, in detached portions, however carefully these might be selected. We shall observe, however, that General Wellesley's conduct as a negotiator, as well in treaties embracing extensive and permanent national interests, as in the adjustment, of matters of a minor description between petty states,

is characterized, at all times, by enlarged views—liberal sentiments—attachment to justice, moderation, candour, and frankness—and a desire to obviate the possible existence of any doubt with respect to the true object of the transaction, or of any ambiguity in any of the expressions made use of.

The third volume begins with a letter to the Hon. Henry Wellesley, containing a summary of the military operations and other transactions from the battle of Assye to the termination of the Marhatta war. This letter affords another example of concise but clear narrative; and its contents exhibit, also, in a striking manner, that union of vigour and discretion which qualified the writer of these despatches, in so eminent a degree, for those joint duties of general and negotiator, which circumstances had required him to exercise. His vigilance and foresight watched every movement of his enemies, and penetrated all their designs; whilst his activity constantly anticipated and frustrated their accomplishment. His views embraced also at all times the whole range of the extensive countries with which the war he was carrying on had connexion. He obtained security for one part of his line of communication with Mysore by his judicious conduct towards the Southern Marhatta chiefs. He checked the banditti who infested another part of it by his possession of the fortress of Ahmednuggur; and he protected that part of the line which was nearest his army, by keeping the enemy in a state of constant apprehension of being attacked—thus making amends, by the prudence and the energy of his own arrangements, for the total absence of both in his very inefficient allies the Nizam and the Peshwah. Nor was this inefficiency confined altogether to his native allies. To a certain degree it seems to have pervaded also the Bombay Presidency; where a want of energy, of unanimity, and of clear and comprehensive views, rendered the operations in Guzerat rather a source of anxiety and trouble to General Wellesley, than a means of useful co-operation in advancing the successes, and hastening the termination of the war. We shall conclude these remarks by the following extract from the letter which has suggested them. After speaking of the victory of Argaum, and the siege of Gawilghur, which immediately followed it, General Wellesley says—during the seige, the negotiations for peace were going on briskly, particularly with the Rajah of Berar's vakeel, who had arrived in camp on the day after the battle of Argaum. I concluded a treaty of peace with him, of which I enclose you a copy, on the 16th of December, and signed it on the following morning, previous to my march towards Nagpoor, in order to keep alive the impressions under which it was evident that it had been concluded.

‘I halted after making three marches towards Nagpoor; as I found that the Rajah would ratify the treaty, and I saw that if I marched forward I should destroy

his government entirely. I received the ratification on the 23d of December.’

We have here an example of persevering energy which cannot be diverted either by obstacles or by artifices from the ultimate object of its legitimate pursuit; but which gives place at once to moderation when the attainment of that object has been fully secured. And we see a military commander, flushed with victory, and proceeding in a career of assured success, suddenly suspending his operations, because he is sensible how many evils must result from the destruction of the whole machinery of government in the dominions of his adversary. The moderation and the wisdom which here show themselves may be advantageously contrasted with the ambition and rashness of Napoleon's policy towards Spain. He appears not to have foreseen, as General Wellesley did, that, to dissolve all the habitual restraints of government, however imperfect in their nature, and however weakly administered, is a dangerous experiment for even military power, the most gigantic, to undertake.

In a letter to Major Shawe (vol. iii. p. 98,) and in several of his other letters, General Wellesley argues with great force against the system of allowing the native Governments, in alliance with the East India Company, to fall into a state of too helpless dependence; and points out very ably the evils which would result, not merely to these Governments themselves, and to their subjects, but also to the British interests, from such a line of policy. He shows that greater apprehension is to be entertained from the spread of wretchedness, anarchy, and turbulence, consequent upon bad government, than from any organized force which the native princes might keep up for the purpose of maintaining their authority on ordinary occasions within their own territories. We have no intention, however, to offer at present any opinions of our own upon this, or indeed upon any other question of policy raised in any part of the work before us; and we advert to such matters merely to make our readers aware of the variety and the importance of the topics which occur in it; lest those who have not looked into it should commit the great mistake of supposing, that it can be attractive and instructive only to military men.

The following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-General Stuart, who held the chief command of the troops serving in the Madras Presidency, does equal honour to the writer and to the officer to whom it is addressed:—

In the course of the operations intrusted to me, certainly had difficulties to encounter which are inseparable from all military service in this country but I enjoyed an advantage which but few have had in a similar situation. I served under the immediate orders of an officer, who was fully aware of the nature of the operations to be performed; and who, considering all that was to be done, gave me his

confidence and support, in carrying into execution the measures which the exigency of the service might require.

'Under these circumstances I was enabled to undertake every thing with confidence; and if I failed, I was certain it would be considered with indulgence.

'I declare that I cannot reflect upon the events of the last year without feeling for you the strongest sentiments of gratitude, respect, and attachment; and to have received these marks of approbation has given me more real satisfaction, than all that I have received from other quarters.'

But that which is, perhaps, most worthy of remark, because it affords the most irrefragable evidence of great ability, combined with extraordinary diligence, is the intimate knowledge of which General Wellesley appears promptly to have possessed himself with respect to every branch of public business which he had to deal with. Nor is the direct practical application which he constantly made of that knowledge, with a view to the advantage of the public service, less deserving of notice, or less worthy of admiration. Various examples, in proof of the above remarks, are to be found in different parts of the work. His minute acquaintance also with matters of detail, appears in a letter to the Secretary of Government at Bombay, on the formation of a corps of cavalry to be raised in that Government. There are two or three letters to Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, which are also very deserving of notice. This officer is mentioned in the following terms, in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close:—'I propose to appoint Colonel Wallace to command the subsidiary force, to whom, I understand from Malcolm, you have no objection. He is a brave soldier and an honourable gentleman, but he is little accustomed to transact political business. I shall therefore endeavour to place about him those officers who can be useful to him, but of course in doing this I must in some degree consult his own inclinations.'

The grounds of this appointment are highly creditable both to General Wellesley and to Colonel Wallace; and equally so to the former are the pains he takes, by his instructions and suggestions conveyed in several different letters, to aid this 'brave soldier and honourable gentleman' to acquit himself successfully in the appointment which had been conferred upon him. One of these letters we must refer to particularly (vol. iii. p. 456), because it appears to us to be a perfect model of a despatch intended to convey an accurate knowledge of an important military operation; and to afford, at the same time, useful professional instruction to the officer to whom it was addressed. The latter object was obviously the main one for which it was written. The letter we allude to is much too long to be inserted entire; and besides, the assistance of a map is absolutely requisite to make it perfectly understood, and fully appreciated. The subject is the operations carried on by the detached corps under Colonel Monson,

in the war with Holkar, in Hindostan, in the summer of 1804. The letter begins by some communications, conveyed in the most friendly and kind terms, respecting arrangements connected with Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace's own command; and it then passes on to its main object as follows:—'You will have heard reports of poor Monson's reverses, but as I am on the spot, you will be glad to hear the truth from me; and as they give some important military lessons to us all, I do not regard the trouble of writing them to you.' The general nature of the country which was the theatre of operations—the particular features necessary to be more minutely known—the local position, and also the existing, and the previous political connexions, of the adjoining native states—the composition of the opposite forces—and the regular succession of events; together with all other circumstances necessary to convey a complete and distinct view of the subject, are detailed with admirable simplicity, clearness, and precision. General Wellesley then takes a calm professional review of the transactions he has narrated, in order to examine into the causes of the reverses which had been experienced. And he concludes by pointing out the important lessons to be derived from the whole of this military operation; taking particular care, in doing so, to throw out several hints, which, without the appearance of direct advice, or dictation, might be greatly beneficial to his friend, and, at the same time, to the public service, in the event of the war being directed towards the quarter where Colonel Wallace commanded.

Besides the merit which this letter possesses in reference to the circumstances under which it was written, it may be of essential service at all times to two classes of persons in particular. First, to practical soldiers, to whom it will convey most valuable instructions in their profession. And secondly, to military historians, who may learn from it how to describe the events of war; and also the theatre on which they take place, in a clear and useful manner. For unless these two objects be fully attended to, military history can be of but very little value to any one.

But we must hasten to conclude our observations upon that portion of the work before us, which we have set apart for this article. To some of our readers, it may perhaps appear, that we have already dwelt too long upon it. We shall find an excuse, however, if any excuse be indeed required of us, in the high degree of interest which attaches to Lord Wellington's services in the East. These transactions took place in a distant part of the world, at a time when, in Britain, public attention was almost wholly absorbed by events, of still greater magnitude, occurring nearer home, and having a yet closer and more vital connexion with the wellbeing of the state. The affairs of India, therefore, were then almost wholly overlooked, and

when recalled to our notice now they seem to have much of the gloss of novelty upon them. But, besides these considerations, the events themselves have gained a real increase of importance, and have acquired a peculiar attractiveness, by carrying us back to the first dawn of those great qualities which we have been accustomed to admire so much in their meridian brightness, and which will reflect for ever so much lustre upon our country. These qualities appear, also, to have a deeper impression of sterling value, and to be invested with a higher character of excellence, when we find that the greatest even of the after achievements of the Duke of Wellington have been but the fulfilment of the promise afforded by the commencement of his career. We learn, likewise, from these volumes what an admirable school India afforded, at the time alluded to, for the development and for the application of superior talents. For it was convulsed internally in every part, by intrigue and by war; and the British interests there were also formidably threatened from without, both by sea and land. But an enlightened statesman presided, fortunately, over the councils of our Eastern empire, by whom wisdom and energy were diffused throughout every department of public affairs. And under these auspices, and in the midst of these trials it was, that a military leader was happily brought forward—to gain in early life experience in all the functions connected with high command—to acquire that just confidence in his own abilities, which is at once the result and the pledge of success—and to be thus prepared for the greater risk that yet awaited him, of vindicating the insulted, and almost lost independence of Europe, and establishing the claim of the arms of his country to the highest place of honour and of fame in the annals of a war, the most portentous and the most eventful that has ever occurred.

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From the London Review.

1. *Le Prince Napoléon à Strasbourg.* Par M. Armand Laity, ex-Lieutenant d'Artillerie. Paris, 1838. (Suppressed.)
2. *Considérations sur la Suisse.* Par Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte. Lausanne, 1833.
3. *Procès de l'Insurrection Militaire du 30 Octobre, 1836, jugé par la cour d'assises du Bas-Rhin.* Strasbourg, 1836.
4. *Manuel d'Artillerie.* Par Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte. Suisse, 1835.

The dead return to life. Bonapartism is abroad. We know not exactly whether Louis-Philippe be so great a king as the journals in his pay assure us; but certain we are that he is a potent necromancer. All

those old formulas which the popular sovereignty, during its fleeting existence in 1830, had swallowed up, now reappear. All the spectres which the tocsin of July had chased away are once more fitting to and fro, as if they had never been under ground. It is a wondrous phantasmagoria—a Dance of Death, such as Holbein himself might have envied. They come from east, west, and north: Prague sends her spectres of the aged; Goritz or Kirchberg its spectre-children; Arenenberg its spectre-youths. They show themselves by daylight—now here, now there—first one, then another—making giddy the magician who has conjured them up. They leap at one bound from America to Switzerland, from Massa to La Vendée: they exchange glances from the towers of Notre-Dame and the spire of Strasbourg. By night they haunt the royal couch, and declaim in the sleeper's ear that scene of 'Richard the Third'—

"Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow," &c.

"The dead ride fast," says the song: if, therefore, we would examine any one of these apparitions, we must seize it on the wing. We hasten, then, to say something of Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, one illustrious among the departed, at present living in London, and who, from his château of Arenenberg, has recently been making his Majesty Louis-Philippe so dreadfully afraid. When we say "illustrious among the departed," we are considering Louis-Napoléon merely as the representative of Bonapartism.

Bonapartism is dead—gone, we believe, for ever: but among all the dead and dying of 1830, who, thanks to Louis-Philippe, are striving hard to revive, this is incontestably the one most deserving our attention. The Imperial banner of Napoléon, it must be owned, makes a glorious and magnificent shroud. Bonaparte is now but a name—yet a mighty name, not to be uttered without emotion. That name calls up a hundred victories; and the remembrance of those hundred victories it was that two thousand French soldiers hailed at Strasbourg on the 30th of October, 1836, with spontaneous acclaim—without previous concert—when Napoléon-Louis cast his name before them in the guise of a proclamation. At the sound of that name, synonymous with glory—at the sight of the eagle expanding his wings before them as on the 20th of March—they fancied they were going to recommence the tour of the world, and to write once more upon the posts by every road side, "*France, reine du monde continental européen.*" Shame and inaction in the most sacred of causes, are now the portion of that French army, so eager for glory as often to have sacrificed liberty in its pursuit: now that this army has neither glory nor liberty, how should it do otherwise than start at sight of the eagle surmounting the banner of *the great man's* nephew?

Amongst all the pretenders, too, we must admit that Napoléon-Louis is the one who, to our certain knowledge, combines the greatest number of the personal qualities calculated to win over any man who should not have devoted himself in heartfelt worship to something greater than all names, greater than all men—that is, to a *principle*. He is evidently a man of courage and capacity. Far different from the men of that Bourbon race, whether of the elder or the younger branch, so *arriérés*, so incorrigible, he has learned something in his exile. He unites in himself, so far as it is possible, the modern ideas of liberty with the ambition for hereditary power. Before he turned his thoughts to France, he thought of connecting his name with the struggles of the national cause of Italy, and of the Polish insurrection; and we feel ourselves warranted, while retracing his past conduct, in giving to the *man* a mention which, perhaps, we should not have yielded to the *pretender*. Besides, the Straasburg affair has been generally treated in a slight and imperfect manner, which is sufficiently belied by the recent terrors of Louis-Philippe. Laity's pamphlet, which has been so eagerly suppressed, and which is now lying before us, possesses, we think, some importance in this respect.

Charles-Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte,\* third son of Louis-Napoléon, brother to the Emperor, and King of Holland, and of Hortense Eugénie, daughter of the Empress Joséphine, was born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1808, a year rendered memorable by the Spanish insurrection, the first protest of nationality against the absorbing centralization system of Napoléon. His

\* The Emperor had determined that the eldest of his family should always be called Napoléon. Charles-Louis-Napoléon is now, according to the provisions of the *senatus-consultum* of the 28th floréal, year xii (1804), the eldest son of the Imperial family. Of his two elder brothers one died at the age of five years, in 1807, at the Hague; the other, who had been Grand Duke of Berg, died at Forlì, in the Papal States, March 17, 1831. Hence it is that since the latter period he signs himself Napoléon-Louis.

"The people," says the *plebis-scitum* of the year xii, "wills that the Imperial dignity be hereditary in the descendants direct, natural, lawful, and adopted, of Napoléon Bonaparte, and in the descendants direct, natural, and lawful, of Joseph Bonaparte, and of Louis Bonaparte." On this ground it is that Napoléon-Louis now rests his claim, King Joseph having had no male issue. The male part of the Bonaparte family consists, at present, of the following members:—

Brothers of the Emperor.	Nephews of the Emperor.
Joseph-Napoléon,	No male child.
	Charles-Lucien.
Lucien,	Louis.
	Pierre-Napoléon.
	Antoine-Lucien.
Louis-Napoléon,	Charles-Louis-Napoléon.
	Jérôme-Napoléon, son of Miss Paterson.
Jérôme-Napoleon,	Jérôme-Napoléon, son of Catherine of Wurtemberg.
	Frédéric, <i>id.</i>

birth was saluted by the cannon of the Grand Army along the whole of its line. The divorce from Joséphine was not yet so much as thought of; and his name was the first inscribed in the register which was to regulate the right of succession in the Imperial family; it was after his that the name of the King of Rome was entered. He was not baptized until the 4th of November, 1810, when the ceremony was performed at Fontainebleau by Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor standing godfather, and the Empress Maria-Louisa godmother. The same day the Emperor and Empress held over the baptismal font the son of Marshal Lannes, the very same Duke of Montebello who, as Louis-Philippe's ambassador to Switzerland, after having, in 1836, persecuted, as eagerly as his father pursued the enemy on the field of battle, a handful of unarmed refugees, has just now completed his mission by driving his baptismal brother from the château wherein his mother has expired. Napoléon-Louis, as well as his brother, was an object of particular attachment on the part of the Emperor, his uncle, which was not weakened by the birth of the King of Rome. At the return from Elba he stood beside Napoleon during the holding of the *Champ-de-Mai*, and was presented to the deputations from the people and the army. These solemn scenes must have deeply impressed his infant mind, and his affection for France have sprung up rapidly under the caresses of the Emperor. When the latter embraced him for the last time, at Malmaison, young Napoléon-Louis, then but seven years old, showed very strong feeling; he wanted to follow his uncle; he cried out, weeping, that he would go and fire off the cannon; and his mother Hortense had much ado to pacify him.\*

Meanwhile his exile commenced. Its first period elapsed at Augsburg, where he pursued, under the direction of M. Lebas, son of the member of the Convention of that name, the classical studies which he had begun at Paris under M. Hage, the well-known Hellenist. There, too, he acquired a familiar knowledge of German. From thence he accompanied his mother into Switzerland, to the canton of Thurgau; and there, while completing his education by attending courses of natural philosophy and chemistry, he was enabled to follow his personal inclination by applying himself to military science; first going through the exercises of the Baden regiment in garrison at Constance, and afterwards study engineering and artillery at the camp of Thun, under General Dufour, formerly a colonel in the Grand Army, the same who, being as sincere a patriot as he is a skilful officer, contributed so much, during the late difficulties, to the spirited demonstrations in western Switzerland. Among those brave and honest mountaineers, who need only the destruction of the compact of 1815, a good federal con-

\* 'Biographie des Hommes du Jour.'

stitution, and two or three enterprises against them such as this last of Louis-Philippe, to become in national feeling what their forefathers were, he could not but contract something of their instinctive frankness and love of freedom. At all events he contracted their many personal habits; and we find him, according to one of his letters to Hortense, of September 2, 1830, "engaged in military reconnoitring in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a day, with his knapsack at his back, and sleeping under a tent, at the foot of a glacier."\* It was there, amid those excursions, and while his brother was devoting himself to manufacturing speculations, that he was surprised by the news of that magnificent deception which it is customary to call the Revolution of July.

Their young spirits were aroused: they, like many others, thought they saw, in the July Revolution, the national sovereignty casting off all the chains in which foreign invasion and compliant legitimacy had bound it—a victorious protest against the treaties of 1815. They saw France effacing at one stroke fifteen years of Bourbon usurpation, and recommencing the days of her independence. No more banished men! no more ostracism! Could the nephews of him who had erected the great Column be proscribed even there where the national flag reascended to its summit! Their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch; nor did the accession of the Duke of Orleans extinguish it. In 1829, as their mother Hortense informs us, Louis-Philippe had repeatedly said that, should he ever come to the throne, his first care would be to call back the Emperor's family to their country. Besides, if the principle of the Revolution was really to be followed up, war, they thought, was unavoidable, and France would have need of all her children. Napoléon-Louis wrote a letter to the King of the French, asking permission to serve in the French army as a common soldier. With what a smile—half Mephistophelian, half shop-keeping—must Louis-Philippe, the most business-like of men, have received this burst of youthful enthusiasm and simple confidence! The King of the French answered the application by a fresh act of banishment. At that moment, perhaps, it was, that an ambitious thought arose in the mind of the young *proscrit*. He might say to himself, "Since it is written that France shall have a master, why should *he* be that master, and not *I*?"

When the Italian movement occurred, it afforded a diversion to the chagrin of Napoléon-Louis, by supplying new enthusiasm, and a new call for activity. Having left Switzerland, with his mother, in the beginning of the year 1831, he was in Italy when the movement broke out in the Papal States; and, along with his brother, he threw himself into it. They as-

sisted in organizing the line of defence, from Foligno to Civita Castellana. They would have done more, if the efforts of their relatives on one hand, and on the other, the apprehensions which their name excited in the men whom the ill-fortune of Italy had placed at the head of the liberal movement, and who were solicitous to afford no pretext for dissatisfaction to the foreign powers, had not paralysed their zeal. Though repulsed in all their offers by the provisional government,—thwarted and requested to retire, by the war minister, General Armandi,—they did not forsake the cause, but remained, the one until his death at Forlì, the other until the capitulation of Ancona, in the ranks of those Italian youth, who deserved other leaders and better success.

At Ancona, Napoléon-Louis began to be in real danger. All had eagerly striven to remove him from the ranks of the insurrection, so long as it was living and threatening; and, when the insurrection was suppressed, all united in rendering his situation difficult. Tuscany notified to Hortense that he would not be received into its territory: the Austrian minister declared that he should no longer be suffered to reside in Switzerland: King Jérôme and Cardinal Fesch wrote from Rome, that should the Austrians lay hold of him, he was lost: an Austrian flotilla, the same which, in contempt of all law, captured and seized seventy Italians, and General Zucchi (still confined, notwithstanding the famous *amnesty*, in an Hungarian fortress), was cruising in the Adriatic: and all this came upon the poor mother while in the palazzo at Ancona, where she was keeping her sick son concealed, two rooms only separated her from the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, to whom she had been obliged to give up some of the apartments. In these circumstances, she took a resolve worthy of Napoleon himself; and determined to save her remaining son by means of that very France, which, on pain of death, the members of the family were forbidden to enter. In a state of trepidation which she has simply and affectingly described, she travelled across the Italian Peninsula to Genoa; and from thence, by means of a passport furnished her by an Englishman, she boldly entered France, arrived at Paris, drove to the Hôtel de Hollande, and wrote with her own hand to inform Louis-Philippe of her arrival, on the very day that M. Sebastiani, that finished statesman and diplomatist, of insight so unerring into the course of affairs, announced *positively*, in full council, that she had just landed at Malta.

Within our limited space, we can enter into no detail of the conversation which took place between Hortense and Louis-Philippe. Besides, there is nothing in it that could now strike by its novelty. Any one at all acquainted with Louis-Philippe's real character, can well divine that he talked obligingly—made empty offers—spoke of his old schoolmaster reminiscences, and

\* 'La Reine Hortense en Italie; Fragmens Extraits des ses Mémoires inédits, écrits par elle-même.'

his concern at being made a king—assured her that in a short time there would have ceased to be any exiles; and then, that one fine day, while Napoléon-Louis was ill, he sent M. d'Houdetot to tell his mother that *she must depart*. She departed accordingly. On the 5th of May, the two exiles were still at Paris, and saw the people cast wreaths of flowers at the foot of the Column; on the 8th they were in London;\* and a short time afterwards they set out again for Switzerland.

No sooner had the prince arrived there, than he received an invitation from General Kniazewicz and Count Plater, Envoys from Warsaw, to repair to Poland. "A young Bonaparte," they told him, in an address of August 28th, 1831, "appearing on our shores, with the tri-coloured flag in his hand, would produce a moral effect of incalculable importance." The news of the fall of Warsaw stopped him on the very point of departure.

It was in Switzerland, in 1832, 33, and 35, that he published his '*Réveries Politiques*,' his '*Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*,' and his '*Manuel d'Artillerie*.' We are not acquainted with the first of these works, which contains the draft of a constitution for France; we shall merely give, by way of note, an extract from the *acte d'accusation* contained in the '*Procès de l'Insurrection*.' This we give, because, though the whole is mixed up, as usual in such documents, with exaggeration and falsehood, it still bears some resemblance to the ideas and turn of thought of Napoléon-Louis.† The '*Manuel d'Artillerie*,' a complete production, of considerable bulk, with lithographic illustrations; has been very favourably spoken of by competent judges, amongst which opinions, according to the '*Biographie des Hommes du Jour*,' must be included that of General Pelet, in the '*Spectateur Militaire*.' Neither can we dwell at length upon the '*Considérations sur la Suisse*, which pamphlet obtained for its author an honourable mention in the Helvetic Diet, and the citizenship of that republic. It contains very sound views as to the necessity of a federal reorganization of Switzerland, and as to her mili-

tary situation; but, in pursuance of our object, which is to make known the ideas of a man who may be destined at a future time to play some part in public affairs, we will, before proceeding to speak of the Strasburg affair, extract from his estimate of the conduct of the Emperor Napoléon:—

"The Act of Mediation brought to Switzerland, together with the pacification of her internal troubles, other great advantages. It secured the sovereignty of the people; it abolished all precedence of one district over another; there were no longer any *subjects* in Switzerland—all were *citizens*. . . . But why had the Emperor left the central government so devoid of strength? Because he would not leave it in the power of Switzerland to obstruct his projects: he desired that she should be happy, but, for a season, impotent; and besides, his conduct towards this country is consonant to that which he adopted towards every other. Everywhere he set up governments of transition only, between the old ideas and the new. Everywhere two distinct elements are observable in what he established—a provisional basis, with an aspect of stability,—a provisional basis, because he felt that Europe sought regeneration,—an outside of stability, to mislead his enemies as to his grand designs, and avoid the charge of aspiring to universal empire. To this end alone it was that he crowned his republican laurels with an Imperial diadem; to this end only that he set his brothers upon thrones; not for the sake of distributing sceptres among the members of his family, but that they might form, in the several countries, the pillars of a new edifice. He made them kings, that the world might believe in the stability of their institution, and not accuse him of ambition. He elevated his brothers, because in their persons alone was the idea of a change reconcileable with the appearance of being not subject to removal,—because they alone could, though kings, remain submissive to his will,—because they alone could find solace for the loss of a kingdom in becoming French princes again. But, it will be asked, when was this provisional state of things to terminate? On the conclusion of peace with Russia, and the overthrow of the *English* (?) system. Had he remained the victor, the duchy of Warsaw would have given place to the nationality of Poland, the kingdom of Westphalia to the nationality of Germany, and the Italian viceroyalty to the nationality of Italy. In France, a liberal *régime* would have taken the place of the dictatorial system; and everywhere, stability, liberty, independence, would have been seen, in lieu of imperfect nationality and transitory institutions."

The attempt made by Napoléon-Louis at Strasburg, in October, 1836, has been too often treated as a

\* We had almost forgotten to mention, that before his departure, Napoléon-Louis wrote another letter to the King, claiming his rights as a French citizen, permission to serve in the army, and the credit of having offered to fight in Italy for the cause of national independence. To this letter no answer was returned.

† "The '*Réveries*' contains the notion that France can be regenerated only by men of the blood of Napoléon, and that to them alone it could belong, to reconcile the demands of republican ideas with those of the warlike spirit. The constitution is democratic; several of its provisions are somewhat St. Simonian in their character: at the same time it expresses, in its first article, that the republic shall have an emperor; and in its last article, as if to obviate misunderstanding as to the acceptance of the term, it provides that the Imperial guard shall be re-established. . . . Some sabre blades, seized at Strasburg before the affair of the 30th of October, have upon them the eagle, and the words *Garde Impériale*."

\* What strikes us the most in this extract, as in all else that Napoléon-Louis has done or written, is the necessity which is felt of grounding pretensions to power upon the ulterior intentions of those who are to be invested with it,—the avowed presentiment of an inevitable new order of things, to which all present order is but a transition,—the acknowledgment, more or less direct and candid, that the foundation of that new order will be the national will, the people. It is to the popular vote that Napoléon-Louis appeals; it is universal suffrage that the legitimists of the '*Gazette de France*' are preaching, to create sympathy in their behalf. Is there not, in all this, a compulsory homage to a principle, the triumph of which is felt to be secure?



desperate enterprise, a rash and hot-headed proceeding, sprung from a moment of excitement, baseless, and devoid of calculation as to the chances of success. The French government, though contradicting itself all the while by the extreme importance which it attaches to each movement of its enemy, could not but exert itself to destroy the idea that a Bonapartist party existed in the army; for it is to the opinion that the army would defend the present order of things against all assailants that the inactivity of its adversaries is owing. To this opinion Laity's pamphlet gives a deadly blow; and therein lies the secret of his persecution by the government.

The appearance of Napoléon-Louis at Strasburg was not the result of a daring momentary inspiration; it was the fruit of two or three years' preparatory labour, and of a conviction that the season for action had reached its maturity. Since 1833 Napoléon-Louis had been feeling his way. In 1833 Lafayette himself, deeply repenting his work of 1830, but too feeble to apply the remedy, advised him to seize the first opportunity of presenting himself in France. Since the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, many persons had visited him for the purpose of inducing him to get up a conspiracy.

"The prince," says M. Laity, "constantly rejected such expedients; his sole plan consisted in having, in every party, some individuals acquainted with his patriotic views and his conciliatory spirit, and in each regiment one or more officers, his thorough knowledge of whose character and opinions made him sufficiently secure of their devotion to his cause. This organization, so different from a vulgar conspiracy, was completed as early as 1835. He then had all that he could desire as elements of strength; he had nothing more to do but make choice of an occasion, and secure the concurrence of the different parties.—(p. 17.) . . . It was then that certain men, who, by their station in society, their previous conduct, and their general character, deserved his entire confidence, wrote to him, depicting the precarious situation of France, and calling upon him to hold himself in readiness. . . . In July, 1836, the prince went to Baden . . . that he might be nearer to France, and once more judge for himself as to the state of opinion there. During his stay at that place . . . he was visited by a great many inhabitants and officers from the towns in Alsace and Lorraine, all expressing to him sentiments calculated powerfully to strengthen his conviction. . . . Among the officers whom he saw at Baden was Colonel Vaudrey, of the 4th regiment, commanding *ad interim* all the artillery at Strasburg."—(pp. 18, 19.)

To this officer he spoke in detail of his views respecting the internal condition of France.

"France," said he, amongst other things, "is democratic, but not republican. By *democracy* I mean the government of an individual by the will of all; by *republic* I mean the government of a number, in obedience to a certain system. France desires to have national institutions as representatives of her rights, and some man or some family to represent her interests; that is, she desires to have the popular institutions of the Re-

public, with stability superadded; and, at the same time, the national dignity, the internal order and prosperity of the Empire, without its conquests: she might even covet, in addition, the foreign alliances of the Restoration: but what is there in the present government that she can desire? My design is, to come with a popular banner—the most popular, the most glorious of all,—to offer a rallying-point to all that is generous and national in every party,—to restore to France her dignity without a general war, her liberty without license, her stability without despotism: and to arrive at such a result, what must we do? We must derive from the masses all our strength and all our right; for the masses are on the side of reason and justice."—pp. 21, 22.

The Colonel acquiesced, and promised him his co-operation. From that time, then, Strasburg, a patriotic city, hostile to the government, with its national guard dissolved, with about a hundred pieces of cannon, ten or twelve millions of francs in its coffers, and eight or ten thousand troops, whom there were hopes of engaging in his cause, was fixed on, in the mind of Napoléon-Louis, as the point at which to commence the execution of his enterprise. This point being settled, he resolved, before actually proceeding in the affair, to make one last experiment, evincing much of that boldness which forms one-third at least of the elements of all signal success: this was, to go in person and sound the opinion of the army.

"One evening, after one of those brilliant *fêtes* common to a place of such fashionable resort, he mounted his horse, in company with a friend, and traversed in a few hours the distance between Baden and the French frontier. . . . He entered Strasburg just after night-fall. There, in a spacious apartment, one of the Prince's friends had assembled together, on some pretence or other, twenty-five officers belonging to various descriptions of force, and whose honour could be relied on, although they were not bound by any engagement. On a sudden, it was announced to them that Prince Napoléon was at Strasburg, and was about to present himself before them. They all received the intelligence with transport; and, in a few moments, the Prince was in the midst of them. The officers all respectfully gathered round him; a solemn silence was preserved, more eloquent than any protestations of devotion; and when the Prince had overcome his first emotion, he delivered himself in these terms:—'Gentlemen, it is with full confidence that the Emperor's nephew entrusts himself to your honour: he comes before you to learn your sentiments and opinions from your own lips. If the army be yet mindful of its great destinies—if it feel for the miseries of our country—then I bear a name which may be useful to you: it is plebeian, like our glory of the past; it is glorious, like the people. The great man, indeed, is no more; but the cause remains the same: the eagle, that sacred symbol, renowned by a hundred battles, represents, as in 1815, the disregarded rights of the people, and the national glory. Exile, gentlemen, has heaped upon me many cares and sorrows; but, as I am not acting from motives of personal ambition, tell me whether I am mistaken as to the sentiments of the army; and, if requisite, I will resign myself to living on a foreign soil and awaiting better times.' 'No,' replied

the officers, 'you shall not languish in exile; we ourselves will restore you to your country; all our sympathies had long been with you; we, like yourself, are weary of the inactivity in which our youth is left; we are ashamed of the part which the army is made to play.'"—pp. 23, 24.

He quitted them and returned to Switzerland: but, at the end of August, 1836, a Doctrinaire ministry being once more set over the country, the irritation which M. Thiers's blockade against Switzerland occasioned among the populations on the frontier, combined with other considerations to make him judge the moment favourable for acting, and accordingly the time of action was fixed for October following.

It is no part of our task to follow M. Laity through the details of the attempt made on the 30th of that month. The manner in which Napoléon-Louis presented himself to the 4th regiment of artillery; the enthusiasm which his short harangue produced among the soldiers; the accession, equally spontaneous and nearly as complete, of the 46th infantry and the pontooners; the trick made use of to keep back the 3d artillery, which had begun to waver,\* by asseverating that it was not the Emperor's nephew, but an impostor, a nephew of Colonel Vaudrey, that was endeavouring to mislead the soldiers; all concur to prove, in contradiction to the assertions of the government, that if the Strasburg movement failed, it was owing only to small unforeseen circumstances—to those fatal accidents which will sometimes defeat the strongest probabilities of success,—and not at all to the fidelity of the troops to King Louis-Philippe. The arrest of Napoléon-Louis, who was pounced upon, as it were, in the midst of a tumult which had arisen, determined the issue of the business. The particulars must be read in M. Laity's account. It is more important that we should state that which completes the picture of the state of opinion upon which the hopes of Napoléon-Louis are grounded, and explains that liberation of his person which has been ascribed to Louis-Philippe's magnanimity.

"When the catastrophe of the Strasburg affair became known at Paris, as many as eighty general and superior officers met together, and bound themselves to protest against the Prince's being brought to trial. They commissioned an influential deputy to present the protest in their names, thinking that the government would pause before it proceeded to provoke their dissatisfaction. . . . On the other hand, several of the peers,

\* "To avoid belying the accounts published by authority, to the effect that the 4th artillery had alone taken part in the movement, and that the attempts upon the 3d had failed, it was thought better to connive at the offences of the guilty individuals. Thus it was, that two officers of the 3d artillery, who had taken flight, were quietly cashiered without any proceedings being taken against them. On the same principle, several other officers were put on half-pay, and great care was taken that their names should not appear in the discussions."—p. 37.

thinking they should be called upon to try the Strasburg culprits, wrote to the King in rejection of such an office. And at Strasburg itself a plot had been laid, in which a part of the garrison were concerned, for rescuing the accused from the rigour of the law, in case of their condemnation."—p. 39.

We believe in the truth of these facts, which M. Laity affirms to be authentic.

The embarkation of Napoléon-Louis for the United States, his return to Switzerland at the time of his mother's illness, the late transactions between France and Switzerland which have compelled him once more to remove from the latter country, are all matters of notoriety, and throw no further light upon the character of the young Bonaparte. They have, however, increased his importance; they have converted a noble exile into a real pretender, surrounded by a halo of persecution, and strong in the ill-disguised terrors of the proscribing government. They have created a general belief in the power of an individual, whom Louis-Philippe, by treating him in 1836 on the same footing as he did the Duchess of Berry, had already recognised as a member of a dynasty, fallen indeed but still undestroyed, and capable of being revived. And this, we suppose, is a stroke of profound policy.

For our own part, as we have not a pilfered crown to defend, and are, consequently, not possessed by blind terror, we do not believe in the future destinies of the Napoléon dynasty. In our opinion, as we have already declared at the outset of this notice, Bonapartism is no more: it passed away with the completion of that task of fusion and equalization which was Napoléon's great work, both in France and in Europe. At this day France has nothing to expect from Bonapartism, and Europe would have everything to fear. In speaking of Europe and of France, we must be understood to speak of the people of each country, not the government; for to the people, in the last resort, belongs at this day the decision of all important questions. Were it only a question of dynasty between Louis-Philippe and Napoléon-Louis, we should perhaps judge differently; but there is for the consideration of both, and standing between them, another thing—the nation; and the nation, we believe, will not make a revolution for the sake of re-establishing the Empire upon the ruins of Louis-Philippe's royalty—a revolution of the palace merely. She will perhaps for a long time to come remain quiet, though suffering—working out for herself a common, social, and political creed, of which she is now in want. But when she shall one day lift up again her degraded head, it will not be for the expulsion of a man, but of a principle, that of a financial and trading aristocracy, represented by the spurious kingship of the Orleans branch; it will not be for the sake of enjoying for a moment, as is promised her by Napoléon-Louis, the liberty of choice to relin-

quish it again: it will be to organize through national institutions a continuous exercise of her liberty and sovereignty, so secured as not again to be lost by any mistake she may commit as to an individual or a dynasty: in short, it will be, not to repeat experiments which have cruelly disappointed her, but to try a new one, the struggle for which, indeed, she has already gone through, but has never yet realized its peaceable enjoyment.

We believe Napoléon-Louis deceives himself when he thinks of effecting a revolution in France by means of the army. In France especially, a Prætorian revolution is no longer practicable. There, for the last twenty years, the army has been subordinate to the nation; and a movement begun by the army, in the name of any individual whatsoever, would excite suspicions and apprehensions of another tyranny. The army, indeed, is now most thoroughly discontented; it has reason to be so; it is consequently open to the reception of Bonapartism, regarding it as synonymous with warfare and activity,—just as it would be open to republicanism, if republicanism could offer it the like chances of influence and distinction; but the nation is not Bonapartism, except towards him who erected the grand column. In 1830, that is, in presence of the nation, Bonapartism did not even venture to show its face. Since then every political tendency has had its organization, its mouth-pieces in the public press, this one alone excepted. The journals which it endeavoured to establish died of inanition, not from the effect of seventy prosecutions, like the 'Tribune,' nor by the September laws, but simply for want of readers. Even in 1836, though M. Laity strives to affirm the contrary, the people of Strasburg regarded the movement with coldness, and the population of the surrounding country received the news of it with perfect indifference. Bonapartism at this day, like many other things, lives upon opposition. Napoléon-Louis might have succeeded at Strasburg; he may yet gain over a few regiments, and be successful at some other point; but the insurrection cannot grow to a revolution; and all the efforts of Bonapartism will end in nothing beyond ruining Louis-Philippe, by undermining the fidelity of his army, to the ultimate advantage of another principle. Is no future career, then, open to this young man, possessed, as he has shown himself to be, of a vigorous intellect and a noble disposition? Is no career a worthy one, it may be asked in return, but the pursuit of supreme power? Here we gladly avail ourselves of the words of Carrel, who, by dint of reflection, and by a thorough knowledge of the spirit of his time, had conquered in himself an original tendency decidedly Bonapartist, and who resisted the overtures of Napoléon-Louis's emissaries:—"If this young man," said he, "can comprehend the new interests of France,—if he can forget his title of Imperial legiti-

macy, to remember only the sovereignty of the people, then, and only then, he may be destined to play a distinguished part."\*  
J. M.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple.* By the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

Mr. Courtenay has long been well known to politicians as an industrious and useful official man, and as an upright and consistent member of Parliament. He has been one of the most moderate, and, at the same time, one of the least pliant members of the Conservative party. His conduct has, on some questions, been so Whiggish, that both those who applauded and those who condemned it have questioned his claim to be considered as a Tory. But his Toryism, such as it is, he has held fast through all changes of fortune and fashion; and he has at last retired from public life; leaving be-

\* It may be curious to compare together the conduct of three distinguished men of our time, as regards the overtures made them by Louis Napoléon.

M. de Chateaubriand wrote him the following letter, dated Lucerne, September 7th, 1832.—

"Prince,—I have read with attention the pamphlet which you were so kind as to put into my hands; and have set down in writing, as you desired me, some reflections naturally arising from your own, and which I had already submitted to your consideration.

"You know, Prince, that my young King is in Scotland; and that, while he lives, I can deem no other to be sovereign of France. But should God, in his inscrutable designs, have rejected the race of St. Louis—should our country cancel an election which she has not sanctioned,—and should her manners be found to render it impossible for her to become a republic,—then, Prince, there is no name better harmonizing with the glory of France than your own.

"I shall retain a deep remembrance of your hospitality, and of the generous reception given me by the Duchess of St. Leu. I beg you to present to her the homage of my respectful gratitude.

"I am, Prince, with high regard,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

With respect to Lafayette, it seems that his adhesion to the views of Louis Napoléon stood in need of fewer reservations. In 1833 he sent the Prince word that he much desired an interview with him. A meeting was accordingly appointed. Lafayette received the young pretender with great cordiality. He declared to him that he bitterly repented—as well he might—of what he had helped to do in July. He strongly recommended Napoléon-Louis to seize the first favourable opportunity of returning to France; for, said he, *this government cannot stand*, and your name is the only one that is popular. In fine, he promised to give him every assistance in his power, when the time should have arrived.

Carrel, on being applied to by one of Napoléon-Louis's friends, professed himself a thorough and disinterested republican. He expressed a favourable opinion of the capacity and disposition of the author of the 'Manuel d'Artillerie,' but declined any participation in his projects regarding France.—*See Laity's pamphlet*, p. 18.

kind him, to the best of our belief, no personal enemy, and carrying with him the respect and good-will of many who strongly dissent from his opinions.

This book, the fruit of Mr. Courtenay's leisure, is introduced by a preface, in which he informs us, that the assistance furnished to him from various quarters 'has taught him the superiority of literature to politics for developing the kindlier feelings, and conducing to an agreeable life.' We are truly glad that Mr. Courtenay is so well satisfied with his new employment, and we heartily congratulate him on having been driven by events to make an exchange which, advantageous as it is, few people make while they can avoid it. He has little reason, in our opinion, to envy any of those who are still engaged in a pursuit, from which, at most, they can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures,—by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauty of nature,—they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery which is mocked with the name of Power.

The volumes before us are fairly entitled to the praise of diligence, care, good sense, and impartiality; and these qualities are sufficient to make a book valuable, but not quite sufficient to make it readable. Mr. Courtenay has not sufficiently studied the arts of selection and compression. The information with which he furnishes us must still, we apprehend, be considered as so much raw material. To manufacturers it will be highly useful, but it is not yet in such a form that it can be enjoyed by the idle consumer. To drop metaphor, we are afraid that this work will be less acceptable to those who read for the sake of reading, than to those who read in order to write.

We cannot help adding, though we are extremely unwilling to quarrel with Mr. Courtenay about politics, that the book would not be at all the worse if it contained fewer snarls against the Whigs of the present day. Not only are these passages out of place, but some of them are intrinsically such that they would become the editor of a third-rate party Newspaper better than a gentleman of Mr. Courtenay's talents and knowledge. For example, we are told that 'it is a remarkable circumstance, familiar to those who are acquainted with history, but suppressed by the new Whigs, that the liberal politicians of the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth, never extended their liberality to the native Irish or the professors of the ancient religion.' What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance? What Whig, new or old, was ever such an idiot as to think that it could be suppressed? Really we might as well say that it is a remarkable circumstance, familiar to people well read in history, but carefully suppressed by the Clergy of the Established Church, that in the fifteenth century England was Catholic.

We are tempted to make some remarks on another passage, which seems to be the peroration of a speech intended to have been spoken against the Reform bill: but we forbear.

We doubt whether it will be found that the memory of Sir William Temple owes much to Mr. Courtenay's researches. Temple is one of those men whom the world has agreed to praise highly without knowing much about them, and who are therefore more likely to lose than to gain by a close examination. Yet he is not without fair pretensions to the most honourable place among the statesmen of his time. A few of them equalled or surpassed him in talents; but they were men of no good repute for honesty. A few may be named whose patriotism was purer, nobler, and more disinterested than his; but they were men of no eminent ability. Morally, he was above Shaftesbury; intellectually, he was above Russell.

To say of a man that he occupied a high position in times of misgovernment, of corruption, of civil and religious faction, and that, nevertheless, he contracted no great stain, and bore no part in any great crime;—that he won the esteem of a profligate Court and of a turbulent people, without being guilty of any disgraceful subserviency to either,—seems to be very high praise; and all this may with truth be said of Temple.

Yet Temple is not a man to our taste. A temper not naturally good, but under strict command,—a constant regard to decorum,—a rare caution in playing that mixed game of skill and hazard, human life,—a disposition to be content with small and certain winnings rather than to go on doubling the stake,—these seem to us to be the most remarkable features of his character. This sort of moderation, when united, as in him it was, with very considerable abilities, is, under ordinary circumstances, scarcely to be distinguished from the highest and purest integrity; and yet may be perfectly compatible with laxity of principle, with coldness of heart, and with the most intense selfishness. Temple, we fear, had not sufficient warmth and elevation of sentiment to deserve the name of a virtuous man. He did not betray or oppress his country: nay, he rendered considerable services to her; but he risked nothing for her. No temptation which either the King or the Opposition could hold out ever induced him to come forward as the supporter either of arbitrary or of factious measures. But he was most careful not to give offence by strenuously opposing such measures. He never put himself prominently before the public eye, except at conjunctures when he was almost certain to gain, and could not possibly lose;—at conjunctures when the interest of the State, the views of the Court, and the passions of the multitude all appeared for an instant to coincide. By judiciously availing himself of several of these rare moments he succeeded in establishing a high character for wisdom and patriotism. When the

favourable crisis was passed, he never risked the reputation which he had won. He avoided the great offices of State with a caution almost pusillanimous, and confined himself to quiet and secluded departments of public business, in which he could enjoy moderate but certain advantages without incurring envy. If the circumstances of the country became such that it was impossible to take any part in politics without some danger, he retired to his Library and his Orchard; and, while the nation groaned under oppression, or resounded with tumult and with the din of civil arms, amused himself by writing Memoirs and tying up Apricots. His political career bore some resemblance to the military career of Louis XIV. Louis, lest his royal dignity should be compromised by failure, never repaired to a siege, till it had been reported to him by the most skilful officers in his service that nothing could prevent the fall of the place. When this was ascertained, the monarch, in his helmet and cuirass, appeared among the tents, held councils of war, dictated the capitulation, received the keys, and then returned to Versailles to hear his flatterers repeat that Turenne had been beaten at Mariendal, that Condé had been forced to raise the siege of Arras, and that the only warrior whose glory had never been obscured by a single check was Louis the great! Yet Condé and Turenne will always be considered as captains of a very different order from the invincible Louis; and we must own that many statesmen who have committed very great faults, appear to us to be deserving of more esteem than the faultless Temple. For in truth his faultlessness is chiefly to be ascribed to his extreme dread of all responsibility;—to his determination rather to leave his country in a scrape than to run any chance of being in a scrape himself. He seems to have been averse from danger; and it must be admitted that the dangers to which a public man was exposed, in those days of conflicting tyranny and sedition, were of the most serious kind. He could not bear discomfort, bodily or mental. His lamentations when, in the course of his diplomatic journeys, he was put a little out of his way, and forced, in the vulgar phrase, to *rough* it, are quite amusing. He talks of riding a day or two on a bad Westphalian road, of sleeping on straw for one night, of travelling in winter when the snow lay on the ground, as if he had gone on an expedition to the North Pole or to the source of the Nile. This kind of valetudinarian effeminacy, this habit of coddling himself, appears in all parts of his conduct. He loved fame, but not with the love of an exalted and generous mind. He loved it as an end, not at all as a means;—as a personal luxury, not at all as an instrument of advantage to others. He scraped it together and treasured it up with a timid and niggardly thrift; and never employed the hoard in any enterprise, however virtuous and honourable, in which there was hazard of

losing one particle. No wonder if such a person did little or nothing which deserves positive blame. But much more than this may justly be demanded of a man possessed of such abilities, and placed in such a situation. Had Temple been brought before Dante's infernal tribunal, he would not have been condemned to the deeper recesses of the abyss. He would not have been boiled with Dundee in the crimson pool of Bulicame, or hurled with Danby into the seething pitch of Malebolge, or congealed with Churchill in the eternal ice of Giudecca; but he would perhaps have been placed in the dark vestibule next to the shade of that inglorious pontiff—

‘Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.’

Of course a man is not bound to be a politician any more than he is bound to be a soldier; and there are perfectly honourable ways of quitting both politics and the military profession. But neither in the one way of life, nor in the other, is any man entitled to take all the sweet and leave all the sour. A man who belongs to the army only in time of peace, who appears at reviews in Hyde Park, escorts the Sovereign with the utmost valour and fidelity to and from the House of Lords, and retires as soon as he thinks it likely that he may be ordered on an expedition,—is justly thought to have disgraced himself. Some portion of the censure due to such a holiday-soldier may justly fall on the mere holiday-politician, who flinches from his duties as soon as those duties become difficult and disagreeable;—that is to say, as soon as it becomes peculiarly important that he should resolutely perform them.

But though we are far indeed from considering Temple as a perfect statesman, though we place him below many statesmen who have committed very great errors, we cannot deny that, when compared with his contemporaries, he makes a highly respectable appearance. The reaction which followed the victory of the popular party over Charles the First, had produced a hurtful effect on the national character; and this effect was most discernible in the classes and in the places which had been most strongly excited by the recent revolution. The deterioration was greater in London than in the country, and was greatest of all in the courtly and official circles. Almost all that remained of what had been good and noble in the Cavaliers and Roundheads of 1642, was now to be found in the middling orders. The principles and feelings which prompted the ‘Grand Remonstrance’ were still strong among the sturdy yeomen, and the decent God-fearing merchants. The spirit of Derby and Capel still glowed in many sequestered manor-houses; but among those political leaders who, at the time of the Restoration were still young, or in the vigour of manhood, there was neither a Southampton nor a Vane, neither a Falkland nor a Hampden. That pure, fervent, and con-

stant loyalty which, in the preceding reign, had remained unshaken on fields of disastrous battle, in foreign garrets and cellars, and at the bar of the High Court of Justice, was scarcely to be found among the rising courtiers. As little, or still less, could the new chiefs of parties lay claim to the great qualities of the statesmen who had stood at the head of the Long Parliament. Hampden, Pym, Vane, Cromwell are discriminated from the ablest politicians of the succeeding generation, by all the strong lineaments which distinguish the men who produce revolutions from the men whom revolutions produce. The leader in a great change, the man who stirs up a reposing community, and overthrows a deeply-rooted system, may be a very depraved man; but he can scarcely be destitute of some moral qualities which extort even from enemies a reluctant admiration,—fixedness of purpose, intensity of will, enthusiasm which is not the less fierce or persevering, because it is sometimes disguised under the semblance of composure, and which bears down before it the force of circumstances and the opposition of reluctant minds. These qualities, variously combined with all sorts of virtues and vices, may be found, we think, in most of the authors of great Civil and Religious movements,—in Cæsar, in Mahomet, in Hildebrand, in Dominic, in Luther, in Robespierre; and these qualities were found, in no scanty measure, among the chiefs of the party which opposed Charles the First. The character of the men whose minds are formed in the midst of the confusion which follows a great revolution is generally very different. Heat, the natural philosophers tell us, produces rarefaction of the air, and rarefaction of the air produces cold. So zeal makes revolutions, and revolutions make men zealous for nothing. The politicians of whom we speak, whatever may be their natural capacity or courage, are almost always characterised by a peculiar levity, a peculiar inconstancy, an easy, apathetic way of looking at the most solemn questions, a willingness to leave the direction of their course to fortune and popular opinion, a notion that one public cause is pretty nearly as good as another, and a firm conviction that it is much better to be the hireling of the worst cause than to be a martyr to the best.

This was most strikingly the case with the English statesmen of the generation which followed the Restoration. They had neither the enthusiasm of the Cavalier, nor the enthusiasm of the Republican. They had been early emancipated from the dominion of old usages and feelings; yet they had not acquired a strong passion for innovation. Accustomed to see old establishments shaking, falling, lying in ruins all around them,—to live under a succession of constitutions, of which the average duration was about a twelvemonth,—they had no religious reverence for prescription; nothing of that frame of mind which

naturally springs from the habitual contemplation of immemorial antiquity and immovable stability. Accustomed, on the other hand, to see change after change welcomed with eager hope and ending in disappointment,—to see shame and confusion of face follow the extravagant hopes and predictions of rash and fanatical innovators,—they had learned to look on professions of public spirit, and on schemes of reform, with distrust and contempt. They sometimes talked the language of devoted subjects—sometimes that of ardent lovers of their country. But their secret creed seems to have been, that loyalty was one great delusion, and patriotism another. If they really entertained any predilection for the monarchical or for the popular part of the constitution,—for episcopacy or for presbyterianism,—that predilection was feeble and languid; and instead of overcoming, as in the times of their fathers, the dread of exile, confiscation, and death, was rarely of proof to resist the slightest impulse of selfish ambition or of selfish fear. Such was the texture of the Presbyterianism of Lauderdale, and of the speculative Republicanism of Halifax. The sense of political honour seemed to be extinct. With the great mass of mankind, the test of integrity in a public man is consistency. This test, though very defective, is perhaps the best that any, except very acute, or very near observers, are capable of applying; and does undoubtedly enable the people to form an estimate of the characters of the Great, which, on the whole, approximates to correctness. But during the latter part of the seventeenth century, inconsistency had necessarily ceased to be a disgrace; and a man was no more taunted with it, than he is taunted with being black at Timbuctoo. Nobody was ashamed of avowing what was common to him with the whole nation. In the short space of about seven years, the supreme power had been held by the Long Parliament, by a Council of Officers, by Barebone's Parliament, by a Council of Officers again, by a Protector according to the Instrument of Government, by a Protector according to the humble petition and advice, by the Long Parliament again, by a third Council of Officers, by the Long Parliament a third time, by the Convention, and by the King. In such times, consistency is so inconvenient to a man who affects it, and to all who are connected with him, that it ceases to be regarded as a virtue, and is considered as impracticable obstinacy and idle scrupulosity. Indeed, in such times, a good citizen may be bound in duty to serve a succession of Governments. Blake did so in one profession, and Hale in another; and the conduct of both has been approved by posterity. But it is clear that when inconsistency with respect to the most important public questions had ceased to be a reproach, inconsistency with respect to questions of minor importance is not likely to be regarded as dishonourable. In a country in which many very honest people had, within the

space of a few months, supported the Government of the Protector, that of the Rump, and that of the King, a man was not likely to be ashamed of abandoning his party for a place, or of voting for a bill which he had opposed.

The public men of the times which followed the Restoration were by no means deficient in courage or ability; and some kinds of talent appear to have been developed amongst them to a remarkable—we might almost say, to a morbid and unnatural degree. Neither Theramenes in ancient, nor Talleyrand in modern times, had a finer perception of all the peculiarities of character, and of all the indications of coming change, than some of our countrymen of those days. Their power of reading things of high import, in signs which to others were invisible or unintelligible, resembled magic. But the curse of Reuben was upon them all: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

This character is susceptible of innumerable modifications, according to the innumerable varieties of intellect and temper in which it may be found. Men of quiet minds and violent ambition followed a fearfully eccentric course—darted wildly from one extreme to another—served and betrayed all parties in turn—showed their unblushing foreheads alternately in the van of the most corrupt administrations and of the most factious oppositions—were privy to the most guilty mysteries, first of the Cabal, and then of the Rye-House Plot—abjured their religion to win their sovereign's favour, while they were secretly planning his overthrow—shrived themselves to Jesuits with letters in ciphers from the Prince of Orange in their pockets—corresponded with the Hague whilst in office under James—began to correspond with St. Germain as soon as they had kissed hands for office under William. But Temple was not one of these. He was not destitute of ambition. But his was not one of those souls within which unsatisfied ambition anticipates the tortures of hell, gnaws like the worm which dieth not, and burns like the fire which is not quenched. His principle was to make sure of safety and comfort, and to let greatness come if it would. It came: he enjoyed it: and, in the very first moment in which it could no longer be enjoyed without danger and vexation, he contentedly let it go. He was not exempt, we think, from the prevailing political immorality. His mind took the contagion, but took it *ad modum recipientis*;—in a form so mild that an undiscerning judge might doubt whether it were indeed the same fierce pestilence that was raging all around. The malady partook of the constitutional languor of the patient. The general corruption, mitigated by his calm and unadventurous temperament, showed itself in omissions and desertions, not in positive crimes; and his inactivity, though sometimes timorous and selfish, becomes respectable when com-

pared with the malevolent and perfidious restlessness of Shaftesbury and Sunderland.

Temple sprang from a family which, though ancient and honourable, had, before his time, been scarcely mentioned in our history; but which, long after his death, produced so many eminent men, and formed such distinguished alliances, that it exercised, in a regular and constitutional manner, an influence in the state scarcely inferior to that which, in widely different times, and by widely different arts, the house of Neville attained in England, and that of Douglas in Scotland. During the latter years of George II., and through the whole reign of George III., members of that widely spread and powerful connexion were almost constantly at the head either of the Government or of the Opposition. There were times when the 'cousin-hood,' as it was once nicknamed, would of itself have furnished almost all the materials necessary for the construction of an efficient Cabinet. Within the space of fifty years, three First Lords of the Treasury, three Secretaries of State, two Keepers of the Privy Seal, and four First Lords of the Admiralty were appointed from among the sons and grandsons of the Countess Temple.

So splendid have been the fortunes of the main stock of the Temple family, continued by female succession. William Temple, the first of the line who attained to any great historical eminence, was of a younger branch. His father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and distinguished himself among the Privy Councillors of that kingdom by the zeal with which, at the commencement of the struggle between the Crown and the Long Parliament, he supported the popular cause. He was arrested by order of the Duke of Ormond, but regained his liberty by an exchange, repaired to England, and there sat in the House of Commons as burgess for Chichester. He attached himself to the Presbyterian party, and was one of those moderate members who, at the close of the year 1648, voted for treating with Charles on the basis to which that Prince had himself agreed, and who were, in consequence, turned out of the House, with small ceremony, by Colonel Pride. Sir John seems, however, to have made his peace with the victorious Independents; for, in 1653, he resumed his office in Ireland.

Sir John Temple was married to a sister of the celebrated Henry Hammond, a learned and pious divine, who took the side of the King with very conspicuous zeal during the civil war, and was deprived of his preferment in the church after the victory of the Parliament. On account of the loss which Hammond sustained on this occasion, he has the honour of being designated, in the cant of that new brood of Oxonian sectaries who unite the worst parts of the Jesuit to the worst parts of the Orangeman, as Hammond, Presbyter, Doctor, and Confessor.



William Temple, Sir John's eldest son, was born in London, in the year 1628. He received his early education under his maternal uncle, was subsequently sent to school at Bishop-Stortford, and, at seventeen, began to reside at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where the celebrated Cudworth was his tutor. The times were not favourable to study. The Civil War disturbed even the quiet cloisters and bowling-greens of Cambridge, produced violent revolutions in the government and discipline of the colleges, and unsettled the minds of the students. Temple forgot at Emmanuel all the little Greek which he had brought from Bishop-Stortford, and never retrieved the loss;—a circumstance which would hardly be worth noticing but for the almost incredible fact, that, fifty years later, he was so absurd as to set up his own authority against that of Bentley on questions of Greek history and philology. He made no proficiency either in the old philosophy which still lingered in the schools of Cambridge, or in the new philosophy of which Lord Bacon was the founder. But to the end of his life he continued to speak of the former with ignorant admiration, and of the latter with equally ignorant contempt.

After residing at Cambridge two years, he departed without taking a degree, and set out upon his travels. He seems then to have been a lively, agreeable young man of fashion, not by any means deeply read, but versed in all the superficial accomplishments of a gentleman, and acceptable in all polite societies. In politics he professed himself a Royalist. His opinions on religious subjects seem to have been such as might be expected from a young man of quick parts, who had received a rambling education, who had not thought deeply, who had been disgusted by the morose austerity of the Puritans, and who, surrounded from childhood by the hubbub of conflicting sects, might easily learn to feel an impartial contempt for them all.

On his road to France he fell in with the son and daughter of Sir Peter Osborne. Sir Peter was governor of Guernsey for the King, and the young people were, like their father, warm for the royal cause. At an inn where they stopped in the Isle of Wight, the brother amused himself with inscribing on the windows his opinion of the ruling powers. For this instance of malignancy the whole party were arrested, and brought before the governor. The sister, trusting to the tenderness which, even in those troubled times, scarcely any gentleman of any party ever failed to show where a woman was concerned, took the crime on herself, and was immediately set at liberty with her fellow-travellers.

This incident, as was natural, made a deep impression on Temple. He was only twenty. Dorothy Osborne was twenty-one. She is said to have been handsome; and there remains abundant proof that she possessed an ample share of the dexterity, the vivacity,

and the tenderness of her sex. Temple soon became, in the phrase of that time, her servant, and she returned his regard. But difficulties as great as ever expanded a novel to the fifth volume opposed their wishes. When the courtship commenced, the father of the hero was sitting in the Long Parliament; the father of the heroine was holding Guernsey for King Charles. Even when the war ended, and Sir Peter Osborne returned to his seat at Chicksands, the prospects of the lovers were scarcely less gloomy. Sir John Temple had a more advantageous alliance in view for his son. Dorothy Osborne was in the mean time besieged by as many suitors as were drawn to Belmont by the fame of Portia. The most distinguished on the list was Henry Cromwell. Destitute of the capacity, the energy, the magnanimity of his illustrious father, destitute also of the meek and placid virtues of his elder brother, this young man was perhaps a more formidable rival in love than either of them would have been. Mrs. Hutchinson, speaking the sentiments of the grave and aged, describes him as an 'insolent foole,' and a 'debauch'd ungodly cavalier.' These expressions probably mean that he was one who, among young and dissipated people, would pass for a fine gentleman. Dorothy was fond of dogs of larger and more formidable breed than those which lie on modern hearth-rugs; and Henry Cromwell promised that the highest functionaries at Dublin should be set to work to procure her a fine Irish greyhound. She seems to have felt his attentions as very flattering, though his father was then only Lord-General, and not yet Protector. Love, however, triumphed over ambition, and the young lady appears never to have regretted her decision; though, in a letter written just at the time when all England was ringing with the news of the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament, she could not refrain from reminding Temple, with pardonable vanity, 'how great she might have been, if she had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer of H. C.'

Nor was it only the influence of rivals that Temple had to dread. The relations of his mistress regarded him with personal dislike, and spoke of him as an unprincipled adventurer, without honour or religion, ready to render service to any party for the sake of preferment. This is, indeed, a very distorted view of Temple's character. Yet a character, even in the most distorted view taken of it by the most angry and prejudiced minds, generally retains something of its outline. No caricaturist ever represented Mr. Pitt as a Falstaff, or Mr. Fox as a skeleton; nor did any libeller ever impute parsimony to Sheridan, or profusion to Marlborough. It must be allowed that the turn of mind which the eulogists of Temple have dignified with the appellation of philosophical indifference, and which, however becoming it may be in an old and experienced statesman, has a somewhat ungraceful ap-

pearance in youth, might easily appear shocking to a family who were ready to fight or suffer martyrdom for their exiled King, and their persecuted church. The poor girl was exceedingly hurt and irritated by these imputations on her lover, defended him warmly behind his back, and addressed to himself some very tender and anxious admonitions, mingled with assurances of her confidence in his honour and virtue. On one occasion she was most highly provoked by the way in which one of her brothers spoke of Temple: 'We talked ourselves weary,' she says;—'he renounced me, and I defied him.'

Nearly seven years did this arduous wooing continue. We are not accurately informed respecting Temple's movements during that time. But he seems to have led a rambling life, sometimes on the Continent, sometimes in Ireland, sometimes in London. He made himself master of the French and Spanish languages, and amused himself by writing Essays and Romances—an employment which at least served the purpose of forming his style. The specimen which Mr. Courtenay has preserved of these early compositions is by no means contemptible. Indeed, there is one passage on *Like and Dislike* which could have been produced only by a mind habituated carefully to reflect on its own operations, and which reminds us of the best things in Montaigne.

He appears to have kept up a very active correspondence with his mistress. His letters are lost, but hers have been preserved; and many of them appear in these volumes. Mr. Courtenay expresses some doubt whether his readers will think him justified in inserting so large a number of these epistles. We only wish that there were twice as many. Very little indeed of the diplomatic correspondence of that generation is so well worth reading. There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond—'the dignity of history.' One writer is in possession of some anecdotes which would illustrate most strikingly the operation of the Mississippi scheme on the manners and morals of the Parisians. But he suppresses those anecdotes, because they are too low for the dignity of history. Another is strongly tempted to mention some facts indicating the horrible state of the prisons of England two hundred years ago. But he hardly thinks that the sufferings of a dozen felons pigging together on bare bricks in a hole fifteen feet square would form a subject suited to the dignity of history. Another, from respect for the dignity of history, publishes an account of the reign of George II., without ever mentioning Whitfield's preaching in Moorfields. How should a writer, who can talk about senates, and congresses of sovereigns, and pragmatic sanctions, and ravelines, and counterscarps, and battles where ten thousand men are killed, and six thousand men, with fifty stand of colours and eighty guns taken,

stoop to the Stock-Exchange, to Newgate, to the theatre, to the tabernacle?

Tragedy has its dignity as well as history; and how much the tragic art has owed to that dignity any man may judge who will compare the majestic Alexandrines in which the 'Seigneur Oreste' and 'Madame Andromaque' utter their complaints, with the chattering of the fool in 'Lear,' and of the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

That a historian should not record trifles, that he should confine himself to what is important, is perfectly true. But many writers seem never to have considered on what the historical importance of an event depends. They seem not to be aware that the importance of a fact, when that fact is considered with reference to its immediate effects, and the importance of the same fact, when that fact is considered as part of the materials for the construction of a science, are two very different things. The quantity of good or evil which a transaction produces is by no means necessarily proportioned to the quantity of light which that transaction affords as to the way in which good or evil may hereafter be produced. The poisoning of an emperor is in one sense a far more serious matter than the poisoning of a rat. But the poisoning of a rat may be an era in chemistry; and an emperor may be poisoned by such ordinary means, and with such ordinary symptoms, that no scientific journal would notice the occurrence. An action for a hundred thousand pounds is in one sense a more momentous affair than an action for fifty pounds. But it by no means follows that the learned gentlemen who report the proceedings of the courts of law ought to give a fuller account of an action for a hundred thousand pounds, than of an action for fifty pounds. For a cause, in which a large sum is at stake, may be important only to the particular plaintiff and the particular defendant. A cause, on the other hand, in which a small sum is at stake, may establish some great principle interesting to half the families in the kingdom. The case is exactly the same with that class of subjects of which historians treat. To an Athenian, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the result of the battle of Delium was far more important than the fate of the comedy of the 'Knights.' But to us the fact that the comedy of the 'Knights' was brought on the Athenian stage with success is far more important than the fact that the Athenian phalanx gave way at Delium. Neither the one event nor the other has now any intrinsic importance. We are in no danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in the 'Knights.' To us, the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this, that when two armies fight it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly

beaten—a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of the 'Knights,' and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much. He may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilized nations of the East. He may have observed the manners of many barbarous races. But here is something altogether different from every thing which he has seen either among polished men, or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is really the precious part of history,—the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire.

Thinking thus, we are glad to learn so much, and would willingly learn more, about the loves of Sir William and his mistress. In the seventeenth century, to be sure, Louis XIV. was a much more important person than Temple's sweetheart. But death and time equalize all things. Neither the great King, nor the beauty of Bedfordshire—neither the gorgeous paradise of Marli nor Mistress Osborne's favourite walk 'in the common that lay hard by the house, where a great many young wenches used to keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads,'—is any thing to us. Louis and Dorothy are alike dust. A cottonmill stands on the ruins of Marli, and the Osbornes have ceased to dwell under the ancient roof of Chicksands. But of that information, for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events, we find so much in the love-letters which Mr. Courtenay has published, that we would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state-papers taken at random. To us surely it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago,—how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, and what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors,—as to know all about the seizure of Franche Comté and the treaty of Nimeguen. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes; whereas it is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after

bale of despatches and protocols without catching one glimpse of light about the relations of Governments.

Mr. Courtenay proclaims that he is one of Dorothy Osborne's devoted servants, and expresses a hope that the publication of her letters will add to the number. We must declare ourselves his rivals. She really seems to have been a very charming young woman—modest, generous, affectionate, intelligent, and sprightly;—a Royalist, as was to be expected from her connexions, without any of that political asperity which is as unwomanly as a long beard,—religious, and occasionally gliding into a very pretty and endearing sort of preaching, yet not too good to partake of such diversions as London afforded under the melancholy rule of the Puritans, or to giggle a little at a ridiculous sermon from a divine who was thought to be one of the great lights of the Assembly at Westminster,—with a little turn for sequestry, which was yet perfectly compatible with warm and disinterested attachment, and a little turn for satire, which yet seldom passed the bounds of good-nature. She loved reading; but her studies were not those of Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. She read the verses of Cowley and Lord Broghill, French Memoirs recommended by her lover, and the Travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto. But her favourite books were those ponderous French Romances which modern readers know chiefly from the pleasant satire of Charlotte Lennox. She could not, however, help laughing at the vile English into which they were translated. Her own style is very agreeable; nor are her letters at all the worse for some passages in which raillery and tenderness are mixed in a very engaging namby-pamby.

When at last the constancy of the lovers had triumphed over all the obstacles which kinsmen and rivals could oppose to their union, a yet more serious calamity befell them. Poor Mistress Osborne fell ill of the small-pox, and, though she escaped with life, lost all her beauty. To this most severe trial the affection and honour of the lovers of that age was not unfrequently subjected. Our readers probably remember what Mrs. Hutchinson tells us of herself. The lofty Cornelia-like spirit of the aged matron seems to melt into a long forgotten softness when she relates how her beloved Colonel 'married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God,' she adds, with a not ungraceful vanity, 'recompensed his justice and constancy, by restoring her as well as before.' Temple showed on this occasion the same 'justice and constancy' which did so much honour to Colonel Hutchinson. The date of the marriage is not exactly known. But Mr. Courtenay supposes it to have taken place about the end of the year 1654. From this time we lose sight of Dorothy, and are reduced to form our opinion of the terms on which she

and her husband were from very slight indications which may easily mislead us.

Temple soon went to Ireland and resided with his father, partly in Dublin, partly in the county of Carlow. Ireland was probably then a more agreeable residence for the higher classes, as compared with England, than it has ever been before or since. In no part of the empire were the superiority of Cromwell's abilities and the force of his character so signally displayed. He had not the power, and probably had not the inclination to govern that island in the best way. The rebellion of the aboriginal race had excited in England a strong religious and national aversion to them; nor is there any reason to believe that the Protector was so far beyond his age as to be free from the prevailing sentiment. He had vanquished them: he knew that they were in his power; and he regarded them as a band of malefactors and idolaters, who were mercifully treated if they were not smitten with the edge of the sword. On those who resisted he had made war as the Hebrews made war on the Canaanites. Drogheda was as Jericho; and Wexford as Ai. To the remains of the old population the conqueror granted a peace, such as that which Joshua granted to the Gibeonites. He made them hewers of wood and drawers of water. But, good or bad, he could not be otherwise than great. Under favourable circumstances, Ireland would have found in him a most just and beneficent ruler. She found in him a tyrant;—not a small, teasing, tyrant, such as those who have so long been her curse and her shame,—but one of those awful tyrants who at long intervals, seem to be sent on earth, like avenging angels, with some high commission of destruction and renovation. He was no man of half measures, of mean affronts and ungracious concessions. His Protestant ascendancy was not an ascendancy of ribands, and fiddles, and statues, and processions. He would never have dreamed of abolishing penal laws against the Irish Catholics, and withholding from them the elective franchise—of giving them the elective franchise and excluding them from Parliament—of admitting them to Parliament, and refusing to them a full and equal participation in all the blessings of society and government. The thing most alien from his clear intellect and his commanding spirit was petty persecution. He knew how to tolerate, and he knew how to destroy. His administration in Ireland was an administration on what are now called Orange principles,—followed out most ably, most steadily, most undauntedly, most unrelentingly, to every extreme consequence to which those principles lead; and it would, if continued, inevitably have produced the effect which he contemplated,—an entire decomposition and reconstruction of society. He had a great and definite object in view,—to make Ireland thoroughly English,—to make it another Yorkshire or Norfolk. Thinly peopled as Ire-

land then was, this end was not unattainable; and there is every reason to believe that if his policy had been followed during fifty years this end would have been attained. Instead of an emigration, such as we now see from Ireland to England, there was, under his government, a constant and large emigration from England to Ireland. This tide of population ran almost as strongly as that which now runs from Massachusetts and Connecticut to the states behind the Ohio. The native race was driven back before the advancing van of the Anglo-Saxon population, as the American Indians or the tribes of Southern Africa are now driven back before the white settlers. Those fearful phenomena which have almost invariably attended the planting of civilized colonies in uncivilized countries, and which had been known to the nations of Europe only by distant and questionable rumour, were now publicly exhibited in their sight. The words, 'extirpation,' 'eradication,' were often in the mouths of the English back-settlers of Leinster and Munster—cruel words—yet, in their cruelty, containing more mercy than much softer expressions which have since been sanctioned by universities, and cheered by Parliaments. For it is in truth more merciful to extirpate a hundred thousand people at once and to fill the void with a well governed population, than to misgovern millions through a long succession of generations. We can much more easily pardon tremendous severities inflicted for a great object, than an endless series of paltry vexations and oppressions inflicted for no rational object at all.

Ireland was fast becoming English. Civilization and wealth were making rapid progress in almost every part of the island. The effects of that iron despotism are described to us by a hostile witness in very remarkable language. 'Which is more wonderful,' says Lord Clarendon, 'all this was done and settled within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and inclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from another at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances, and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles.'

All Temple's feelings about Irish questions were those of a colonist, and a member of the dominant caste. He troubled himself as little about the welfare of the remains of the old Celtic population, as an English farmer on the Swan river troubles himself about the New Hollanders, or a Dutch boor at the Cape about the Caffres. The years which he passed in Ireland, while the Cromwellian system was in full operation, he always described as 'years of great satisfaction.' Farming, gardening, county business, and studies rather entertaining than profound, occupied his time. In

politics he took no part, and many years after he attributed this inaction to his love of the ancient constitution which, he said, 'would not suffer him to enter into public affairs till the way was plain for the King's happy restoration.' It does not appear, indeed, that any offer of employment was made to him. If he really did refuse any preferment, we may, without much breach of charity, attribute the refusal rather to the caution which, during his whole life, prevented him from running any risk, than to the fervour of his loyalty.

In 1660 he made his first appearance in public life. He sat in the Convention which, in the midst of the general confusion that preceded the Restoration, was summoned by the chiefs of the army of Ireland to meet in Dublin. After the King's return an Irish parliament was regularly convoked, in which Temple represented the county of Carlow. The details of his conduct in this situation are not known to us. But we are told in general terms, and can easily believe, that he showed great moderation, and great aptitude for business. It is probable that he also distinguished himself in debate; for many years afterwards he remarked that 'his friends in Ireland used to think that if he 'had any talent at all, it lay in that way.'

In May 1663, the Irish Parliament was prorogued, and Temple repaired to England with his wife. His income amounted to about five hundred pounds a-year; a sum which was then sufficient for the wants of a family mixing in fashionable circles. He passed two years in London, where he seems to have led that easy, lounging life which was best suited to his temper.

He was not, however, unmindful of his interest. He had brought with him letters of introduction from the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to Clarendon, and to Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, who was Secretary of State. Clarendon was at the head of affairs. But his power was visibly declining, and was certain to decline more and more every day. An observer much less discerning than Temple might easily perceive that the Chancellor was a man who belonged to a by-gone world;—a representative of a past age, of obsolete modes of thinking, of unfashionable vices, and of more unfashionable virtues. His long exile had made him a stranger in the country of his birth. His mind, heated by conflict and by personal suffering, was far more set against popular and tolerant courses than it had been at the time of the breaking out of the Civil War. He pined for the decorous tyranny of the old Whitehall; for the days of that sainted King who deprived his people of their money and their ears, but let their wives and daughters alone; and could scarcely reconcile himself to a Court with a mistress and without a Star Chamber. By taking this course he made himself every day more odious, both

to the sovereign, who loved pleasure much more than prerogative, and to the people, who dreaded royal prerogatives much more than royal pleasures; and was at least more detested by the Court than any chief of the Opposition, and more detested by Parliament than any pander of the Court.

Temple, whose great maxim was to offend no party, was not likely to cling to the falling fortunes of a Minister, the study of whose life was to offend all parties. Arlington, whose influence was gradually rising as that of Clarendon diminished, was the most useful patron to whom a young adventurer could attach himself. This statesman, without virtue, wisdom, or strength of mind, had raised himself to greatness by superficial qualities, and was the mere creature of the time, the circumstances, and the company. The dignified reserve of manners which he had acquired during a residence in Spain provoked the ridicule of those who considered the usages of the French Court as the only standard of good-breeding, but served to impress the crowd with a favourable opinion of his sagacity and gravity. In situations where the solemnity of the Escurial would have been out of place, he threw it aside without difficulty, and conversed with great humour and vivacity. While the multitude were talking of 'Bennet's grave looks,'\* his mirth made his presence always welcome in the royal closet. While, in the antechamber, Buckingham was mimicking the pompous Castilian strut of the Secretary, for the diversion of Mistress Staart, this stately Don was ridiculing Clarendon's sober counsels to the King within, till his Majesty cried with laughter, and the Chancellor with vexation. There perhaps never was a man whose outward demeanour made such different impressions on different people. Count Hamilton, for example, describes him as a stupid formalist, who had been made Secretary solely on account of his mysterious and important looks. Clarendon on the other hand, represents him as a man whose 'best faculty was railery,' and who was 'for his pleasant and agreeable humour acceptable unto the King.' The truth seems to be, that, destitute as he was of all the higher qualifications of a minister, he had a wonderful talent for becoming, in outward semblance, all things to all men. He had two aspects; a busy and serious one for the public, whom he wished to awe into respect; and a gay one for Charles, who thought that the greatest service which could be rendered to a prince was to amuse him. Yet both these were masks, which he laid aside when they had served their turn. Long after, when he had retired to his deer-park and fish-ponds in Suffolk, and had no motive to act the part either of the Hidalgo or of the buffoon, Evelyn, who was neither an unprac-

\* 'Bennet's grave looks were a pretence' is a line in one of the best political poems of that age.

tised nor an undiscerning judge, conversed much with him, and pronounced him to be a man of singularly polished manners and of great colloquial powers.

Clarendon, proud and imperious by nature, soured by age and disease, and relying on his great talents and services, sought out no new allies. He seems to have taken a sort of morose pleasure in slighting and provoking all the rising talent of the kingdom. His connexions were almost entirely confined to the small circle, every day becoming smaller, of old cavaliers who had been friends of his youth, or companions of his exile. Arlington, on the other hand, beat up every where for recruits. No man had a greater personal following, and no man exerted himself more to serve his adherents. It was a kind of habit with him to push up his dependents to his own level; and then to complain bitterly of their ingratitude because they did not choose to be his dependents any longer. It was thus that he quarrelled with two successive Treasurers, Clifford and Danby. To Arlington, Temple attached himself, and was not sparing of warm professions of affection, or even, we grieve to say, of gross and almost profane adulation. In no long time he obtained his reward.

England was in a very different situation with respect to foreign powers from that which she had occupied during the splendid administration of the Protector. She was engaged in war with the United Provinces, then governed with almost regal power by the Grand Pensionary, John De Witt; and though no war had ever cost the kingdom so much, none had ever been more feebly and meanly conducted. France had espoused the interests of the States-General. Denmark seemed likely to take the same side. Spain, indignant at the close political and matrimonial alliance which Charles had formed with the House of Braganza, was not disposed to lend him any assistance. The Great Plague of London had suspended trade, had scattered the ministers and nobles, had paralysed every department of the public service, and had increased the gloomy discontent which misgovernment had begun to excite throughout the nation. One continental ally England possessed—the Bishop of Munster; a restless and ambitious prelate, bred a soldier, and still a soldier in all his tastes and passions. He hated the Dutch, who had interfered in the affairs of his see, and declared himself willing to risk his little dominions for the chance of revenge. He sent, accordingly, a strange kind of ambassador to London—a Benedictine monk, who spoke bad English, and looked, says Lord Clarendon, 'like a carter.' This person brought a letter from the Bishop, offering to make an attack by land on the Dutch territory. The English Ministers eagerly caught at the proposal, and promised a subsidy of 500,000 rix-dollars to their new ally. It was determined to send an English agent to Munster; and

Arlington, to whose department the business belonged, fixed on Temple for this post.

Temple accepted the commission, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employers, though the whole plan ended in nothing; and the Bishop, after pocketing an instalment of his subsidy, made haste to conclude a separate peace. Temple, at a later period, looked back with no great satisfaction to this part of his life; and excused himself for undertaking a negotiation from which little good could result, by saying that he was then young and very new in business. In truth, he could hardly have been placed in a situation where the eminent diplomatic talents which he possessed could have appeared to less advantage. He was ignorant of the German language, and did not easily accommodate himself to the manners of the people. He could not bear much wine; and none but a hard drinker had any chance of success in Westphalian society. Under all these disadvantages, however, he gave so much satisfaction that he was created a baronet, and appointed resident at the viceregal court of Brussels.

Brussels suited Temple far better than the palaces of the boar-hunting and wine-bibbing princes of Germany. He now occupied the most important post of observation in which a diplomatist could be stationed. He was placed in the territory of a great neutral power, between the territories of the two great powers which were at war with England. From this excellent school he soon came forth the most accomplished negotiator of his age.

In the mean time the Government of Charles had suffered a succession of humiliating disasters. The extravagance of the Court had dissipated all the means which Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was determined to wage only a defensive war; and even for defensive war the vast resources of England, managed by triflers and public robbers, were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British coasts, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness, and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the ships burning in the river was seen at London; it was rumoured that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend; and military men seriously proposed to abandon the Tower. To such a depth of infamy had mal-administration reduced that proud and victorious nation, which a few years before had dictated its pleasure to Mazarin, to the States-General, and to the Vatican. Humbled by the events of the war, and dreading the just anger of Parliament, the English Ministry hastened to huddle up a peace with France and Holland at Breda.

But a new scene was about to open. It had already been for some time apparent to discerning observers, that England and Holland were threatened by a common danger, much more formidable than any which

they had reason to apprehend from each other. The old enemy of their independence and of their religion was no longer to be dreaded. The sceptre had passed away from Spain. That mighty empire, on which the sun never set, which had crushed the liberties of Italy and Germany, which had occupied Paris with its armies, and covered the British seas with its sails, was at the mercy of every spoiler; and Europe saw with dismay the rapid growth of a new and more formidable power. Men looked to Spain and saw only weakness disguised and increased by pride,—dominions of vast bulk and little strength, tempting, unwieldy, and defenceless,—an empty treasury,—a haughty, sullen, and torpid nation,—a child on the throne,—factions in the council,—ministers who served only themselves, and soldiers who were terrible only to their countrymen. Men looked to France, and saw a large and compact territory,—a rich soil,—a central situation,—a bold, alert, and ingenious people,—large revenues,—numerous and disciplined troops,—an active and ambitious prince in the flower of his age, surrounded by generals of unrivalled skill. The projects of Louis could be counteracted only by ability, vigour and union on the part of his neighbours. Ability and vigour had hitherto been found in the councils of Holland alone, and of union, there was no appearance in Europe. The question of Portuguese independence separated England from Spain. Old grudges, recent hostilities, maritime pretensions, commercial competition separated England as widely from the United Provinces.

The great object of Louis, from the beginning to the end of his reign, was the acquisition of those large and valuable provinces of the Spanish monarchy which lay contiguous to the eastern frontier of France. Already, before the conclusion of the treaty of Breda, he had invaded those provinces. He now pushed on his conquests with scarcely any resistance. Fortress after fortress was taken. Brussels itself was in danger; and Temple thought it wise to send his wife and children to England. But his sister, Lady Giffard, who had been some time his inmate, and who seems to have been a more important personage in his family than his wife, still remained with him.

De Witt saw the progress of the French arms with painful anxiety. But it was not in the power of Holland alone to save Flanders; and the difficulty of forming an extensive coalition for that purpose appeared almost insuperable. Louis, indeed, affected moderation. He declared himself willing to agree to a compromise with Spain. But these offers were undoubtedly mere professions, intended to quiet the apprehensions of the neighbouring powers; and as his position became every day more and more advantageous, it was to be expected that he would rise in his demands.

Such was the state of affairs when Temple obtained

from the English ministry permission to make a tour in Holland incognito. In company with Lady Giffard he arrived at the Hague. He was not charged with any public commission, but he availed himself of this opportunity of introducing himself to De Witt. 'My only business, sir,' he said, 'is to see the things which are most considerable in your country, and I should execute my design very imperfectly if I went away without seeing you.' De Witt, who from report had formed a high opinion of Temple, was pleased by the compliment, and replied with a frankness and cordiality which at once led to intimacy. The two statesmen talked calmly over the causes which had estranged England from Holland, congratulated each other on the peace, and then began to discuss the new dangers which menaced Europe. Temple, who had no authority to say any thing on behalf of the English Government, expressed himself very guardedly. De Witt, who was himself the Dutch Government, had no reason to be reserved. He openly declared that his wish was to see a general coalition formed for the preservation of Flanders. His simplicity and openness amazed Temple, who had been accustomed to the affected solemnity of his patron, the Secretary, and to the eternal doublings and evasions which passed for great feats of statesmanship among the Spanish politicians at Brussels. 'Whoever,' he wrote to Arlington, 'deals with M. De Witt must go the same plain way that he pretends to in his negotiations, without refining or colouring, or offering shadow for substance.' He was scarcely less struck by the modest dwelling and frugal table of the first citizen of the richest state in the world. While Clarendon was amazing London with a dwelling more sumptuous than the palace of his master, while Arlington was lavishing his ill-gotten wealth on the decoys and orange-gardens and interminable conservatories of Euston,—the great statesman who had frustrated all their plans of conquest, and the roar of whose guns they heard with terror even in the galleries of Whitehall, kept only a single servant, walked about the streets in the plainest garb, and never used a coach except for visits of ceremony.

Temple sent a full account of his interview with De Witt to Arlington, who, in consequence of the fall of the Chancellor, now shared with the Duke of Buckingham the principal direction of affairs. Arlington showed no disposition to meet the advances of the Dutch Minister. Indeed, as was amply proved a few years later, both he and his master were perfectly willing to purchase the means of misgoverning England by giving up, not only Flanders, but the whole continent, to France. Temple, who distinctly saw that a moment had arrived at which it was possible to reconcile his country with Holland,—to reconcile Charles with the Parliament,—to bridle the power of Louis,—



to efface the shame of the late ignominious war,—to restore England to the same place in Europe which she had occupied under Cromwell, became more and more urgent in his representations. Arlington's replies were for some time couched in cold and ambiguous terms. But the events which followed the meeting of the Parliament, in the autumn of 1667, appear to have produced an entire change in his views. The discontent of the nation was deep and general. The Administration was attacked in all its parts. The King and the Ministers laboured, not unsuccessfully, to throw on Clarendon the blame of past miscarriages; but though the Commons were resolved that the late Chancellor should be the first victim, it was by no means clear that he would be the last. The Secretary was personally attacked with great bitterness in the course of the debates. One of the resolutions of the Lower House against Clarendon could be understood only as too favourable to France. To these events chiefly as a censure of the foreign policy of the Government, we are inclined to attribute the change which at this crisis took place in the measures of England. The Ministry seem to have felt that, if they wished to derive any advantage from Clarendon's downfall, it was necessary for them to abandon what was supposed to be Clarendon's system; and by some splendid and popular measure to win the confidence of the nation. Accordingly, in December 1667, Temple received a despatch containing instructions of the highest importance. The plan which he had so strongly recommended was approved; and he was directed to visit De Witt as speedily as possible, and to ascertain whether the States were willing to enter into an offensive and defensive league with England against the projects of France. Temple, accompanied by his sister, instantly set out for the Hague, and laid the propositions of the English Government before the Grand Pensionary. The Dutch statesman answered with his characteristic straightforwardness, that he was fully ready to agree to a defensive alliance, but that it was the fundamental principle of the foreign policy of the States to make no offensive league under any circumstances whatsoever. With this answer Temple hastened from the Hague to London, had an audience of the King, related what had passed between himself and De Witt, exerted himself to remove the unfavourable opinion which had been conceived of the Grand Pensionary at the English court, and had the satisfaction of succeeding in all his objects. On the evening of the 1st of January 1668, a council was held, at which Charles had declared his resolution to unite with the Dutch on their own terms. Temple and his indefatigable sister immediately sailed again for the Hague, and, after weathering a violent storm in which they were very nearly lost, arrived in safety at the place of their destination. On this occasion, as on every other, the dealings be-

tween Temple and De Witt were singularly fair and open. When they met, Temple began by recapitulating what had passed at their last interview. De Witt, who was as little given to lying with his face as with his tongue, marked his assent by his looks while the recapitulation proceeded; and when it was concluded, answered that Temple's memory was perfectly correct, and thanked him for proceeding in so exact and sincere a manner. Temple then informed the Grand Pensionary that the King of England had determined to close with the proposal of a defensive alliance. De Witt had not expected so speedy a resolution; and his countenance indicated surprise as well as pleasure. But he did not retract; and it was speedily arranged that England and Holland should unite for the purpose of compelling Louis to abide by the compromise which he had formerly offered. The next object of the two statesmen was to induce another Government to become a party to their league. 'The victories of Gustavus and Torstensson, and the political talents of Oxenstiern, had obtained for Sweden a consideration in Europe disproportioned to her real power. The princes of Northern Germany stood in great awe of her. And De Witt and Temple agreed that if she could be induced to accede to the league, 'it would be too strong a bar for France to venture on.' Temple went that same evening to Count Dona, the Swedish minister at the Hague; took a seat in the most unceremonious manner; and, with that air of frankness and good-will by which he often succeeded in rendering his diplomatic overtures acceptable, explained the scheme which was in agitation. Dona was greatly pleased and flattered. He had not powers which would authorize him to conclude a treaty of such importance. But he strongly advised Temple and De Witt to do their part without delay, and seemed confident that Sweden would accede. The ordinary course of public business in Holland was too slow for the present emergency; and De Witt appeared to have some scruples about breaking through the established forms. But the urgency and dexterity of Temple prevailed. The States-General took the responsibility of executing the treaty with a celerity unprecedented in the annals of the federation, and indeed inconsistent with its fundamental laws. The state of public feeling was, however, such in all the provinces, that this irregularity was not merely pardoned but applauded. When the instrument had been formally signed, the Dutch Commissioners embraced the English Plenipotentiary with the warmest expressions of kindness and confidence. 'At Brèda,' exclaimed Temple, 'we embraced as friends—here as brothers.'

This memorable negotiation occupied only five days. De Witt complimented Temple in high terms on having effected in so short a time what must, under other management, have been the work of months; and

Temple, in his despatches, spoke in equally high terms of De Witt. I must add these words, to do M. de Witt right, that I found him as plain, as direct and square in the course of this business as any man could be, though often stiff in points where he thought any advantage could accrue to his country; and have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with him; and for his industry, no man had ever more I am sure. For these five days at least, neither of us spent any idle hours, neither day nor night.'

Sweden willingly acceded to the league, which is known in history by the name of the Triple Alliance; and after some signs of ill-humour on the part of France, a general pacification was the result.

The Triple Alliance may be viewed in two lights—as a measure of foreign policy, and as a measure of domestic policy—and under both aspects it seems to us deserving of all the praise which has been bestowed upon it.

Dr. Lingard, who is undoubtedly a very able and well informed writer, but whose great fundamental rule of judging seems to be, that the popular opinion on a historical question cannot possibly be correct, speaks very slightly of this celebrated treaty; and Mr. Courtenay, who by no means regards Temple with that profound veneration which is generally found in biographers, has conceded, in our opinion, far too much to Dr. Lingard.

The reasoning of Dr. Lingard is simply this:—The Triple Alliance only compelled Louis to make peace on the terms on which, before the alliance was formed, he had offered to make peace. How can it then be said that this alliance arrested his career, and preserved Europe from his ambition? Now, this reasoning is evidently of no force at all, except on the supposition that Louis would have held himself bound by his former offers, if the alliance had not been formed; and if Dr. Lingard thinks this a reasonable supposition, we should be disposed to say to him, in the words of that great politician, Mrs. Western—'Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would soon persuade you that they take towns out of mere defensive principles.' Our own impression is, that Louis made his offer only in order to avert some such measure as the Triple Alliance, and adhered to it only in consequence of that alliance. He had refused to consent to an armistice. He had made all his arrangements for a winter campaign. In the very week in which Temple and the States concluded their agreement at the Hague, Franche Comté was attacked by the French armies; and in three weeks the whole province was conquered. This prey Louis was compelled to disgorge. And what compelled him? Did the object seem to him small or contemptible? On the contrary, the annexation of Franche Comté to his kingdom was one of the favourite projects of his life. Was he

withheld by regard for his word? Did he, who never in any other transaction of his reign showed the smallest respect for the most solemn obligations of public faith,—who violated the Treaty of the Pyrenees, who violated the Treaty of Aix, who violated the Treaty of Nimeguen, who violated the Partition Treaty, who violated the Treaty of Utrecht,—feel himself restrained by his word on this single occasion? Can any person who is acquainted with his character, and with his whole policy, doubt, that if the neighbouring powers would have looked quietly on, he would instantly have risen in his demands? How then stands the case? He wished to keep Franche Comté. It was not from regard to his word that he ceded Franche Comté. Why, then, did he cede Franche Comté? We answer, as all Europe answered at the time, from fear of the Triple Alliance.

But grant that Louis was not really stopped in his progress by this famous league, still it is certain that the world then, and long after, believed that he was so stopped; and this was the prevailing impression in France as well as in other countries. Temple, therefore, at the very least, succeeded in raising the credit of his country, and lowering the credit of a rival power. Here there is no room for controversy. No grubbing among old state-papers will ever bring to light any document which will shake these facts—that Europe believed the ambition of France to have been curbed by the three powers;—that England a few months before, the least among the nations, forced to abandon her own seas, unable to defend the mouths of her own rivers, regained almost as high a place in the estimation of her neighbours as she had held in the times of Elizabeth and Oliver;—and that all this change of opinion was produced in five days by wise and resolute counsels, without the firing of a single gun. That the Triple Alliance effected this will hardly be disputed; and if it effected nothing else, it must still be regarded as a masterpiece of diplomacy.

Considered as a measure of domestic policy, this treaty seems to be equally deserving of approbation. It did much to allay discontents, to reconcile the sovereign with a people who had, under his wretched administration, become ashamed of him, and of themselves. It was a kind of pledge for internal good government. The foreign relations of the kingdom had at that time the closest connexion with our domestic policy. From the Restoration, to the Accession of the House of Hanover, Holland and France were to England what the right hand horseman and the left hand horseman in Bürger's fine ballad were to Wildgraf,—the good and the evil counsellor,—the angel of light, and the angel of darkness. The ascendancy of France was inseparably connected with the prevalence of tyranny in domestic affairs. The ascendancy of Holland was as inseparably connected with the prevalence

of political liberty, and of mutual toleration among Protestant sects. How fatal and degrading an influence Louis was destined to exercise on the British counsels, how great a deliverance our country was destined to owe to the States, could not be foreseen when the Triple Alliance was concluded. Yet even then all discerning men considered it as a good omen for the English constitution, and the reformed religion, that the Government had attached itself to Holland, and had assumed a firm and somewhat hostile attitude towards France. The fame of this measure was the greater, because it stood so entirely alone. It was the single eminently good act performed by the Government during the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution.\* Every person who had the smallest part in it, and some who had no part in it at all, battled for a share of the credit. The most close-fisted republicans were ready to grant money for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this popular alliance; and the great Tory poet of that age, in his finest satires, repeatedly spoke with reverence of the 'triple bond.'

This negotiation raised the fame of Temple both at home and abroad to a great height,—to such a height, indeed, as seems to have excited the jealousy of his friend Arlington. While London and Amsterdam resounded with acclamations of joy, the Secretary, in very cold official language, communicated to his friend the approbation of the King; and lavish as the Government was of titles and of money, its ablest servant was neither ennobled nor enriched.

Temple's next mission was to Aix-la-Chapelle, where a general congress met for the purpose of perfecting the work of the Triple Alliance. On his road he received abundant proofs of the estimation in which he was held. Salutes were fired from the walls of the towns through which he passed; the population poured forth into the streets to see him; and the magistrates entertained him with speeches and banquets. After the close of the negotiations at Aix he was appointed ambassador at the Hague. But in both these missions he experienced much vexation from the rigid, and, indeed, unjust parsimony of the Government. Profuse to many unworthy applicants, the Ministers were niggardly to him alone. They secretly disliked his politics; and they seem to have indemnified themselves for the humiliation of adopting his measures by cutting down his salary, and delaying the settlement of his outfit.

At the Hague he was received with cordiality by De Witt, and with the most signal marks of respect by the States-General. His situation was in one point extremely delicate. The Prince of Orange, the hereditary chief of the faction opposed to the administra-

tion of De Witt, was the nephew of Charles. To preserve the confidence of the ruling party without showing any want of respect to so near a relation of his own master was no easy task. But Temple acquitted himself so well, that he appears to have been in great favour, both with the Grand Pensionary and with the Prince.

In the main, the years which he spent at the Hague seem, in spite of some pecuniary difficulties, occasioned by the ill-will of the English Ministers, to have passed very agreeably. He enjoyed the highest personal consideration. He was surrounded by objects interesting in the highest degree to a man of his observant turn of mind. He had no wearing labour, no heavy responsibility; and if he had no opportunity of adding to his high reputation, he ran no risk of impairing it.

But evil times were at hand. Though Charles had for a moment deviated into a wise and dignified policy, his heart had always been with France; and France employed every means of seduction to lure him back. His impatience of control, his greediness for money, his passion for beauty, his family affections, all his tastes, all his feelings, were practised on with the utmost dexterity. His interior Cabinet was now composed of men such as that generation, and that generation alone produced; of men at whose audacious profligacy the rats of our own time look with the same sort of admiring despair with which our sculptors contemplate the Theseus, and our painters the Cartoons. To be a real, hearty, deadly enemy of the liberties and religion of the nation was, in that dark conclave, an honourable distinction;—a distinction which belonged only to the daring and impetuous Clifford. His associates were men to whom all creeds and all constitutions were alike; who were equally ready to profess and to persecute the faith of Geneva, of Lambeth, and of Rome; who were equally ready to be tools of power without any sense of loyalty, and stirrers of sedition without any zeal for freedom.

It was hardly possible even for a man so penetrating as De Witt to foresee to what depths of wickedness and infamy this execrable administration would descend. Yet, many signs of the great woe which was coming on Europe,—the visit of the Duchess of Orleans to her brother,—the unexplained mission of Buckingham to Paris,—the sudden occupation of Lorraine by the French,—rendered the Grand Pensionary uneasy; and his alarm increased when he learned that Temple had received orders to repair instantly to London. He earnestly pressed for an explanation. Temple very sincerely replied that he hoped that the English Ministers would adhere to the principles of the Triple Alliance. 'I can answer,' he said, 'only for myself. But that I can do. If a new system is to be adopted, I will never have any part in it. I have told the King so; and I will make my words good. If

\* 'The only good public thing that hath been done since the King came into England.'—*Perry's Diary*, February 14, 1667-8.

return you will know more: and if I do not return you will guess more.' De Witt smiled, and answered that he would hope the best; and would do all in his power to prevent others from forming unfavourable surmises.

In October 1670, Temple reached London; and all his worst suspicions were immediately more than confirmed. He repaired to the Secretary's house, and was kept an hour and a half waiting in the ante-chamber, whilst Lord Ashley was closeted with Arlington. When at length the doors were thrown open, Arlington was dry and cold, asked 'trifling questions about the voyage, and then, in order to escape from the necessity of discussing business, called in his daughter;—an engaging little girl of three years old, who was long after described by poets 'as dressed in all the bloom of smiling nature,' and whom Evelyn, one of the witnesses of her inauspicious marriage, mournfully designated as 'the sweetest, hopefullest, most beautiful child, and most virtuous too.' Any particular conversation was impossible: and Temple, who, with all his constitutional or philosophical indifference, was sufficiently sensitive on the side of vanity, felt this treatment keenly. The next day he offered himself to the notice of the King, who was snuffing up the morning air, and feeding his ducks in the Mall. Charles was civil, but, like Arlington, carefully avoided all conversation on politics. Temple found that all his most respectable friends were entirely excluded from the secrets of the inner council; and were waiting in anxiety and dread for what those mysterious deliberations might produce. At length he obtained a glimpse of light. The bold spirit and fierce passions of Clifford rendered him the most unfit of all men to be the keeper of a momentous secret. He told Temple, with great vehemence, that the States had behaved basely, that De Witt was a rogue and a rascal, that it was below the King of England, or any other king, to have any thing to do with such wretches; that this ought to be made known to all the world, and that it was the duty of the minister at the Hague to declare it publicly. Temple commanded his temper as well as he could, and replied, calmly and firmly, that he should make no such declaration, and that if he were called upon to give his opinion of the States and their Ministers, he would say exactly what he thought.

He now saw clearly that the tempest was gathering fast,—that the great alliance which he had framed, and over which he had watched with parental care, was about to be dissolved,—that times were at hand when it would be necessary for him, if he continued in public life, either to take part decidedly against the Court, or to forfeit the high reputation which he enjoyed at home and abroad. He began to make preparations for retiring altogether from business. He en-

larged a little garden which he had purchased at Sheen, and laid out some money in ornamenting his house there. He was still nominally ambassador to Holland; and the English Ministers continued during some months to flatter the States with the hope that he would speedily return. At length, in June, 1671, the designs of the 'Cabal' were ripe. The infamous treaty with France had been ratified. The season of deception was past, and that of insolence and violence had arrived. Temple received his formal dismissal, kissed the King's hand, was repaid for his services with some of those vague compliments and promises which cost so little to the cold heart, the easy temper, and the ready tongue of Charles, and quietly withdrew to his little nest, as he called it, at Sheen.

There he amused himself with gardening, which he practised so successfully that the fame of his fruit soon spread far and wide. But letters were his chief solace. He had, as we have mentioned, been from his youth in the habit of diverting himself with composition. The clear and agreeable language of his despatches had early attracted the notice of his employers; and before the peace of Breda, he had, at the request of Arlington, published a pamphlet on the war, of which nothing is now known, except that it had some vogue at the time, and that Charles, not a contemptible judge, pronounced it to be very well written. He had also, a short time before he began to reside at the Hague, written a treatise on the State of Ireland, in which he showed all the feelings of a Cromwellian. He had gradually formed a style singularly lucid and melodious,—superficially deformed, indeed, by Gallicisms, and Hispanicisms, picked up in travel or in negotiation,—but at the bottom pure English,—generally flowing with careless simplicity, but occasionally rising even into Ciceronian magnificence. The length of his sentences has often been remarked. But in truth this length is only apparent. A critic who considers as one sentence every thing that lies between two full stops will undoubtedly call Temple's sentences long. But a critic who examines them carefully will find that they are not swollen by parenthetical matter; that their structure is scarcely ever intricate; that they are formed merely by accumulation; and that, by the simple process of leaving out conjunctions, and substituting full stops for colons and semi-colons, they might, without any alteration in the order of the words, be broken up into very short periods, with no sacrifice except that of euphony. The long sentences of Hooker and Clarendon, on the contrary, are really long sentences, and cannot be turned into short ones, without being entirely taken to pieces.

The best known of the works which Temple composed during his first retreat from official business are, an Essay on Government, which seems to us exceedingly childish; and an Account of the United

Provinces, which we think a master-piece in its kind. Whoever compares these two pieces will probably agree with us in thinking that Temple was not a very deep or accurate reasoner, but was an excellent observer,—that he had no call to philosophical speculation, but that he was qualified to excel as a writer of *Memoirs and Travels*.

While Temple was engaged in these pursuits, the great storm which had long been brooding over Europe burst with such fury as for a moment seemed to threaten ruin to all free governments, and all Protestant churches. France and England, without seeking for any decent pretext, declared war against Holland. The immense armies of Louis poured across the Rhine, and invaded the territory of the United Provinces. The Dutch seemed to be paralysed by terror. Great towns opened their gates to straggling parties. Regiments flung down their arms without seeing an enemy. Guelderland, Overijssel, Utrecht were overrun by the conquerors. The fires of the French camp were seen from the walls of Amsterdam. In the first madness of their despair the devoted people turned their rage against the most illustrious of their fellow-citizens. De Ruyter was saved with difficulty from assassins. De Witt was torn to pieces by an infuriated rabble. No hope was left to the Commonwealth, save in the dauntless, the ardent, the indefatigable, the unconquerable spirit which glowed under the frigid demeanour of the young Prince of Orange.

That great man rose at once to the full dignity of his part, and approved himself a worthy descendant of the line of heroes, who had vindicated the liberties of Europe against the house of Austria. Nothing could shake his fidelity to his country—not his close connexion with the royal family of England,—not the most earnest solicitations—not the most tempting offers. The spirit of the nation,—that spirit which had maintained the great conflict against the gigantic power of Philip;—revived in all its strength. Counsels such as are inspired by a generous despair, and are almost always followed by a speedy dawn of hope, were gravely concerted by the statesmen of Holland. To open their dykes,—to man their ships,—to leave their country, with all its miracles of art and industry,—its cities, its canals, its villas, its pastures, and its tulip gardens,—buried under the waves of the German ocean,—to bear to a distant climate their Calvinistic faith and their old Batavian liberties,—to fix, perhaps with happier auspices, the new Stadthouse of their Commonwealth, under other stars, and amidst a strange vegetation, in the Spice-Islands of the Eastern seas,—such were the plans which they had the spirit to form: and it is seldom that men who have the spirit to form such plans are reduced to the necessity of executing them.

The Allies had, during a short period, obtained the

most appalling success. This was their auspicious moment. They neglected to improve it. It passed away; and it returned no more. The Prince of Orange arrested the progress of the French armies. Louis returned to be amused and flattered at Versailles. The country was under water. The winter approached. The weather became stormy. The fleets of the combined kings could no longer keep the sea. The republic had obtained a respite; and the circumstances were such that a respite was, in a military view, important; in a political view almost decisive.

The alliance against Holland, formidable as it was, was yet of such a nature that it could not succeed at all, unless it succeeded at once. The English Ministers could not carry on the war without money. They could legally obtain money only from the Parliament; and they were most unwilling to call the Parliament together. The measures which Charles had adopted at home were even more unpopular than his foreign policy. He had bound himself by a treaty with Louis to re-establish the Catholic religion in England; and, in pursuance of this design, he had entered on the same course which his brother afterwards pursued with greater obstinacy to a more fatal end. He had annulled, by his own sole authority, the laws against Catholics and other dissenters. The matter of the Declaration of Indulgence exasperated one-half of his subjects, and the manner the other half. Liberal men would have rejoiced to see toleration granted, at least to all Protestant sects. Many high churchmen had no objection to the King's dispensing power. But a tolerant act done in an unconstitutional way excited the opposition of all who were zealous either for the Church or for the privileges of the people; that is to say, of ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred. The Ministers were, therefore, most unwilling to meet the Houses. Lawless and desperate as their counsels were, the boldest of them had too much value for his neck to think of resorting to benevolences, privy-seals, ship-money, or any of the other unlawful modes of extortion which former kings had employed. The audacious fraud of shutting up the Exchequer furnished them with about twelve hundred thousand pounds;—a sum which, even in better hands than theirs, would hardly have sufficed for the war-charges of a single year. And this was a step which could never be repeated;—a step which, like most breaches of public faith, was speedily found to have caused pecuniary difficulties greater than those which it removed. All the money that could be raised was gone; Holland was not conquered; and the King had no resource but in a Parliament.

Had a general election taken place at this crisis, it is probable that the country would have sent up representatives as resolutely hostile to the Court as those who met in November 1640; that the whole domestic

and foreign policy of the Government would have been instantly changed; and that the members of the Cabal would have expiated their crimes on Tower-Hill. But the House of Commons was still the same which had been elected twelve years before, in the midst of the transports of joy, repentance, and loyalty which followed the Restoration; and no pains had been spared to attach it to the Court by places, pensions, and bribes. To the great mass of the people it was scarcely less odious than the Cabinet. Yet, though it did not immediately proceed to those strong measures which a new House would in all probability have adopted, it was sullen and unmanageable; and undid, slowly indeed and by degrees, but most effectually, all that the Ministers had done. In one session it annihilated their system of internal government. In a second session it gave a death-blow to their foreign policy.

The dispensing power was the first object of attack. The Commons would not expressly approve the war; but neither did they as yet expressly condemn it; and they were even willing to grant the King a supply for the purpose of continuing hostilities, on condition that he would redress internal grievances, among which the Declaration of Indulgence held the foremost place.

Shaftesbury, who was Chancellor, saw that the game was up,—that he had got all that was to be got by siding with despotism and Popery, and that it was high time to think of being a demagogue and a good Protestant. The Lord Treasurer Clifford was marked out by his boldness, by his openness, by his zeal for the Catholic religion, by something which, compared with the villany of his colleagues, might almost be called honesty, to be the scape-goat of the whole conspiracy. The King came in person to the House of Peers to request their lordships to mediate between him and the Commons touching the Declaration of Indulgence. He remained in the House while his speech was taken into consideration,—a common practice with him;—for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. A more sudden turn his Majesty had certainly never seen in any comedy of intrigue, either at his own playhouse, or at the Duke's, than that which this memorable debate produced. The Lord Treasurer spoke with characteristic ardour and intrepidity in defence of the Declaration. When he sat down, the Lord Chancellor rose from the woolsack, and to the amazement of the King, and of the House, attacked Clifford—attacked the Declaration for which he had himself spoken in council—gave up the whole policy of the Cabinet—and declared himself on the side of the House of Commons. Even that age had not witnessed so portentous a display of impudence.

The King, by the advice of the French Court, which cared much more about the war on the Continent than about the conversion of the English heretics,

determined to save his foreign policy at the expense of his plans in favour of the Catholic church. He obtained a supply; and in return for this concession he cancelled the Declaration of Indulgence and made a formal renunciation of the dispensing power before he prorogued the Houses.

But it was no more in his power to go on with the war than to maintain his arbitrary system at home. His Ministry betrayed within, and fiercely assailed from without, went rapidly to pieces. Clifford threw down the white staff, and retired to the woods of Ugbrook, vowing, with bitter tears that he would never again see that turbulent city, and that perfidious Court. Shaftesbury was ordered to deliver up the Great Seal; and instantly carried over his front of brass, and his tongue of poison to the ranks of the Opposition. The remaining members of the Cabal had neither the capacity of the late Chancellor, nor the courage and enthusiasm of the late Treasurer. They were not only unable to carry on their former projects, but began to tremble for their own lands and heads. The Parliament, as soon as it again met, began to murmur against the alliance with France, and the war with Holland; and the murmur gradually swelled into a fierce and terrible clamour. Strong resolutions were adopted against Lauderdale and Buckingham. Articles of impeachment were exhibited against Arlington. The Triple Alliance was mentioned with reverence in every debate; and the eyes of all men were turned towards the quiet orchard, where the author of that great league was amusing himself with reading and gardening.

Temple was ordered to attend the King, and was charged with the office of negotiating a separate peace with Holland. The Spanish Ambassador to the Court of London had been empowered by the States-General to treat in their name. With him Temple came to a speedy agreement; and in three days a treaty was concluded.

The highest honours of the State were now within Temple's reach. After the retirement of Clifford, the white staff had been delivered to Thomas Osborne, soon after created Earl of Danby, who was related to Lady Temple, and had, many years earlier, travelled and played tennis with Sir William. Danby was an interested and unscrupulous man, but by no means destitute of abilities or of judgment. He was, indeed, a far better adviser than any in whom Charles had hitherto reposed confidence. Clarendon was a man of another generation, and did not in the least understand the society which he had to govern. The members of the Cabal were ministers of a foreign power, and enemies of the Established Church; and had in consequence raised against themselves and their master an irresistible storm of national and religious hatred. Danby wished to strengthen and extend the preroga-

tive; but he had the sense to see that this could be done only by a complete change of system. He knew the English people and the House of Commons; and he knew that the course which Charles had recently taken, if obstinately pursued, might well end before the windows of the Banqueting-House. He saw that the true policy of the Crown was to ally itself, not with the feeble, the hated, the down-trodden Catholics, but with the powerful, the wealthy, the popular, the dominant Church of England; to trust for aid, not to a foreign Prince whose name was hateful to the British nation, and whose succours could be obtained only on terms of vassalage, but to the old Cavalier party, to the landed gentry, the clergy, and the universities. By rallying round the throne the whole strength of the Royalists and High-Churchmen, and by using without stint all the resources of corruption, he flattered himself that he could manage the Parliament. That he failed is to be attributed less to himself than to his master. Of the disgraceful dealings which were still kept up with the French Court, Danby deserved little or none of the blame, though he suffered the whole punishment.

Danby, with great parliamentary talents, had paid little attention to foreign politics; and wished for the help of some person on whom he could rely in this department. A plan was accordingly arranged for making Temple Secretary of State. Arlington was the only member of the Cabal who still held office in England. The temper of the House of Commons made it necessary to remove him, or rather to require him to sell out; for at that time the great offices of State were bought and sold as commissions in the army now are. Temple was informed that he should have the Seals if he would pay Arlington six thousand pounds. The transaction had nothing in it discreditable, according to the notions of that age, and the investment would have been a good one; for we imagine that at that time the gains which a Secretary of State might make without doing any thing considered as improper, were very considerable. Temple's friends offered to lend him the money; but he was fully determined not to take a post of so much responsibility in times so agitated, and under a prince on whom so little reliance could be placed, and accepted the embassy to the Hague, leaving Arlington to find another purchaser.

Before Temple left England he had a long audience of the King, to whom he spoke with great severity of the measures adopted by the late Ministry. The King owned that things had turned out ill. 'But,' said he, 'if I had been well served, I might have made a good business of it.' Temple was alarmed at this language, and inferred from it that the system of the Cabal had not been abandoned, but only suspended. He therefore thought it his duty to go, as he expresses it, 'to the bottom of the matter.' He strongly represented

to the King the impossibility of establishing either absolute government or the Catholic religion in England; and concluded by repeating an observation which he had heard at Brussels from M. Gourville, a very intelligent Frenchman well known to Charles: 'A king of England,' said Gourville, 'who is willing to be the man of his people, is the greatest king in the world; but if he wishes to be more, by heaven he is nothing at all!' The King betrayed some symptoms of impatience during this lecture; but at last laid his hand kindly on Temple's shoulder, and said, 'You are right, and so is Gourville; and I will be the man of my people.'

With this assurance Temple repaired to the Hague in July 1674. Holland was now secure, and France was surrounded on every side by enemies. Spain and the Empire were in arms for the purpose of compelling Louis to abandon all that he had acquired since the treaty of the Pyrenees. A congress for the purpose of putting an end to the war was opened at Nimeguen under the mediation of England, in 1675; and to that congress Temple was deputed. The work of conciliation, however, went on very slowly. The belligerent powers were still sanguine, and the mediating power was unsteady and insincere.

In the meantime the Opposition in England became more and more formidable, and seemed fully determined to force the King into a war with France. Charles was desirous of making some appointments which might strengthen the Administration, and conciliate the confidence of the public. No man was more esteemed by the nation than Temple; yet he had never been concerned in any Opposition to any Government. In July 1677, he was sent for from Nimeguen. Charles received him with caresses, earnestly pressed him to accept the seals of Secretary of State, and promised to bear half the charge of buying out the present holder. Temple was charmed by the kindness and politeness of the King's manner, and by the liveliness of his conversation; but his prudence was not to be so laid asleep. He calmly and steadily excused himself. The King affected to treat his excuses as mere jests, and gaily said, 'Go; get you gone to Sheen. We 'shall have no good of you till you have been there; and when you have rested yourself, come up again.' Temple withdrew, and staid two days at his villa, but returned to town in the same mind; and the King was forced to consent at least to a delay.

But while Temple thus carefully shunned the responsibility of bearing a part in the general direction of affairs, he gave a signal proof of that never-failing sagacity which enabled him to find out ways of distinguishing himself without risk. He had a principal share in bringing about an event which was at the time hailed with general satisfaction, and which subsequent



ly produced consequences of the highest importance. This was the marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary.

In the following year Temple returned to the Hague; and thence he was ordered, in the close of 1678, to repair to Nimeguen, for the purpose of signing the hollow and unsatisfactory treaty by which the distractions of Europe were for a short time suspended. He grumbled much at being required to sign bad articles which he had not framed, and still more at having to travel in very cold weather. After all, a difficulty of etiquette prevented him from signing, and he returned to the Hague. Scarcely had he arrived there when he received intelligence that the King, whose embarrassments were now far greater than ever, was fully resolved immediately to appoint him Secretary of State. He a third time declined that high post, and began to make preparations for a journey to Italy; thinking, doubtless, that he should spend his time much more pleasantly among pictures and ruins than in such a whirlpool of political and religious frenzy as was then raging in London.

But the King was in extreme necessity; and was no longer to be so easily put off. Temple received positive orders to repair instantly to England. He obeyed, and found the country in a state even more fearful than that which he had pictured to himself.

Those are terrible conjectures, when the discontents of a nation—not light and capricious discontents, but discontents which have been steadily increasing during a long series of years—have attained their full maturity. The discerning few predict the approach of these conjunctures, but predict in vain. To the many, the evil season comes as a total eclipse of the sun at noon comes to a people of savages. Society which but a short time before, was in a state of perfect repose, is on a sudden agitated with the most fearful convulsions, and seems to be on the verge of dissolution; and the rulers who, till the mischief was beyond the reach of all ordinary remedies, had never bestowed one thought on its existence, stand bewildered and panic-stricken, without hope or resource, in the midst of the confusion. One such conjuncture this generation has seen. God grant that we may never see another! At such a conjuncture it was that Temple landed on English ground in the beginning of 1679.

The Parliament had obtained a glimpse of the King's dealings with France; and their anger had been unjustly directed against Danby, whose conduct as to that matter had been, on the whole, deserving rather of praise than of censure. The Popish plot, the murder of Godfrey, the infamous inventions of Oates, the discovery of Colman's letters, had excited the nation to madness. All the disaffections which had been generated by eighteen years of misgovernment had come to the birth together. At this mo-

ment the King had been advised to dissolve that Parliament which had been elected just after his restoration; and which, though its composition had since that time been greatly altered, was still far more deeply imbued with the old cavalier spirit than any that had preceded, or that was likely to follow it. The general election had commenced, and was proceeding with a degree of excitement never before known. The tide ran furiously against the Court. It was clear that a majority of the new House of Commons would be—to use a word which came into fashion a few months later—decided Whigs. Charles had found it necessary to yield to the violence of the public feeling. The Duke of York was on the point of retiring to Holland. 'I never,' says Temple, who had seen the abolition of monarchy, the dissolution of the long Parliament, the fall of the Protectorate, the declaration of Monk against the Rump,—'I never saw greater disturbance in men's minds.'

The King now with the utmost urgency besought Temple to take the seals. The pecuniary part of the arrangement no longer presented any difficulty; and Sir William was not quite so decided in his refusal as he had formerly been. He took three days to consider the posture of affairs, and to examine his own feelings; and he came to the conclusion that 'the scene was unfit for such an actor as he knew himself to be.' Yet he felt that, by refusing help to the King at such a crisis he might give much offence and incur much censure. He shaped his course with his usual dexterity. He affected to be very desirous of a seat in Parliament; yet he contrived to be an unsuccessful candidate; and, when all the writs were returned, he represented that it would be useless for him to take the seals till he could procure admittance to the House of Commons; and in this manner he succeeded in avoiding the greatness which others desired to thrust upon him.

The Parliament met; and the violence of its proceedings surpassed all expectation. The Long Parliament itself, with much greater provocation, had at its commencement been less violent. The Treasurer was instantly driven from office, impeached, sent to the Tower. Sharp and vehement votes were passed on the subject of the Popish Plot. The Commons were prepared to go much further,—to wrest from the King his prerogative of mercy in cases of high political crimes, and to alter the succession to the Crown. Charles was thoroughly perplexed and dismayed. Temple saw him almost daily, and thought that at last he was impressed with a deep sense of his errors, and of the miserable state into which they had brought him. Their conferences became longer and more confidential: and Temple began to flatter himself with the hope that he might be able to reconcile parties at home as he had reconciled hostile States abroad,—that he

might be able to suggest a plan which should allay all heats, efface the memory of all past grievances,—secure the nation from misgovernment, and protect the Crown against the encroachments of Parliament.

Temple's plan was that the existing Privy Council, which consisted of fifty members, should be dissolved—that there should no longer be a small interior council, like that which is now designated as the Cabinet,—that a new Privy Council of thirty members should be appointed,—and that the King should pledge himself to govern by the constant advice of this body,—to suffer all his affairs of every kind to be freely debated there, and not to reserve any part of the public business for a secret committee.

Fifteen of the members of this new Council were to be great officers of State. The other fifteen were to be independent noblemen and gentlemen of the greatest weight in the country. In appointing them particular regard was to be had to the amount of their property. The whole annual income of the councillors was estimated at L.300,000. The annual income of all the members of the House of Commons was not supposed to exceed L.400,000. The appointment of wealthy councillors Temple describes as 'a chief regard, necessary to this Constitution.'

This plan was the subject of frequent conversation between the King and Temple. After a month passed in discussions, to which no third person appears to have been privy, Charles declared himself satisfied of the expediency of the proposed measure, and resolved to carry it into effect.

It is much to be regretted that Temple has left us no account of these conferences. Historians have, therefore, been left to form their own conjectures as to the object of this very extraordinary plan,—'this Constitution,' as Temple himself calls it. And we cannot say that any explanation which has yet been given seems to us quite satisfactory. Indeed, almost all the writers whom we have consulted appear to consider the change as merely a change of administration; and, so considering it, they generally applauded it. Mr. Courtenay, who has evidently examined this subject with more attention than has often been bestowed upon it, seems to think Temple's scheme very strange, unintelligible, and absurd. It is with very great diffidence that we offer our own solution of what we have always thought one of the great riddles of English history. We are strongly inclined to suspect that the appointment of the new Privy Council was really a much more remarkable event than has generally been supposed; and that what Temple had in view was to effect, under colour of a change of administration, a permanent change in the Constitution.

The plan, considered as a plan for the formation of a Cabinet, is so obviously inconvenient, that we cannot easily believe this to have been Temple's chief ob-

ject. The number of the new Council alone would be a most serious objection. The largest Cabinets of modern times have not, we believe, consisted of more than fifteen members. Even this number has generally been thought too large. The Marquis Wellesley, whose judgment, on a question of executive administration, is entitled to as much respect as that of any statesman that England ever produced, expressed, on a very important occasion,\* his conviction that even thirteen was an inconveniently large number. But in a Cabinet of thirty members what chance could there be of finding unity, secrecy, expedition,—any of the qualities which such a body ought to possess? If, indeed, the members of such a Cabinet were closely bound together by interest, if they all had a deep stake in the permanence of the Administration, if the majority were dependent on a small number of leading men, the thirty might perhaps act as a smaller number would act, though more slowly, more awkwardly, and with more risk of improper disclosures. But the Council which Temple proposed was so framed that, if instead of thirty members, it had contained only ten, it would still have been the most unwieldy and discordant Cabinet that ever sat. One half of the members were to be persons holding no office, persons who had no motive to compromise their opinions, or to take any share of the responsibility of an unpopular measure;—persons, therefore, who might be expected, as often as there might be a crisis requiring the most cordial co-operation, to draw off from the rest, and to throw every difficulty in the way of the public business. The circumstance that they were men of enormous private wealth only made the matter worse. The House of Commons is a checking body, and therefore it is desirable that it should, to a great extent, consist of men of independent fortune, who receive nothing and expect nothing from the Government. But with executive boards the case is quite different. Their business is not to check, but to act. The very same things, therefore, which are the virtues of Parliaments may be vices in Cabinets. We can hardly conceive a greater curse to the country than an Administration, the members of which should be as perfectly independent of each other, and as little under the necessity of making mutual concessions, as the representatives of London and Devonshire in the House of Commons are, and ought to be. Now Temple's new Council was to contain fifteen members, who were to hold no offices, and the average amount of whose private estates was ten thousand pounds a year; an income which, in proportion to the wants of a man of rank of that period, was at least equal to thirty thousand a year in our time. Was it to be expected that such men would gratuitously take on themselves the labour and responsibility of Ministers, and the unpopularity which the best Minis-

\* In the negotiations of 1812.

ters must sometimes be prepared to brave! Could there be any doubt that an Opposition would soon be formed within the Cabinet itself, and that the consequence would be disunion, altercation, tardiness in operations, the divulging of secrets, every thing most alien from the nature of an executive council?

Is it possible to imagine that considerations so grave and so obvious should have altogether escaped the notice of a man of Temple's sagacity and experience? One of two things appears to us to be certain,—either that his project has been misunderstood, or that his talents for public affairs have been overrated.

We lean to the opinion that his project has been misunderstood. His new Council, as we have shown, would have been an exceedingly bad Cabinet. The inference which we are inclined to draw is this,—that he meant his Council to serve some other purpose than that of a mere Cabinet. Barillon used four or five words which contain, we think, the key of the whole mystery. Mr. Courtenay calls them pithy words; but he does not, if we are right, apprehend their whole force. 'Ce sont,' said Barillon, *des états, non des conseils.*

In order clearly to understand what we imagine to have been Temple's views, we must remember that the Government of England was at that moment, and had been during nearly eighty years, in a state of transition. A change, not the less real nor the less extensive because disguised under ancient names and forms, was in constant progress. The theory of the Constitution—the fundamental laws which fix the powers of the three branches of the legislature—underwent no material change between the time of Elizabeth and the time of William III. The most celebrated laws of the seventeenth century on those subjects—the Petition of Right—the Declaration of Right—are purely declaratory. They purport to be merely recitals of the old polity of England. They do not establish free government as a salutary improvement, but claim it as an undoubted and immemorial inheritance. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that, during the period of which we speak, all the mutual relations of all the orders of the State did practically undergo an entire change. The letter of the law might be unaltered; but, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the power of the Crown was, in fact, decidedly predominant in the State; and at the end of that century the power of Parliament, and especially of the Lower House, had become, in fact, decidedly predominant. At the beginning of the century, the sovereign perpetually violated, with little or no opposition, the clear privileges of Parliament. At the close of the century, the Parliament had virtually drawn to itself just as much as it chose of the prerogative of the Crown. The sovereign retained the shadow of that authority of which the Tudors had held the substance. He had a legislative veto which he never ventured to exercise,—a

power of appointing Ministers whom an address of the Commons could at any moment force him to discard,—a power of declaring war which, without Parliamentary support, could not be carried on for a single day. The Houses of Parliament were now not merely legislative assemblies—not merely checking assemblies. They were great Councils of State, whose voice, when loudly and firmly raised, was decisive on all questions of foreign and domestic policy. There was no part of the whole system of Government with which they had not power to interfere by advice equivalent to command; and, if they abstained from intermeddling with some departments of the executive administration, they were withheld from doing so only by their own moderation, and by the confidence which they reposed in the Ministers of the Crown. There is perhaps no other instance in history of a change so complete in the real constitution of an empire, unaccompanied by any corresponding change in the theoretical constitution. The disguised transformation of the Roman commonwealth into a despotic monarchy, under the long administration of Augustus, is perhaps the nearest parallel.

This great alteration did not take place without strong and constant resistance on the part of the Kings of the house of Stuart. Till 1642 that resistance was generally of an open, violent, and lawless nature. If the Commons refused supplies, the sovereign levied a 'benevolence.' If the Commons impeached a favourite Minister, the sovereign threw the chiefs of the Opposition into prison. Of these efforts to keep down the Parliament by despotic force, without the pretext of law, the last, the most celebrated, and the most wicked was the attempt to seize the five members. That attempt was the signal for civil war, and was followed by eighteen years of blood and confusion.

The days of trouble passed by; the exiles returned; the throne was again set up in its high place; the peerage and the hierarchy recovered their ancient splendour. The fundamental laws which had been recited in the Petition of Right were again solemnly recognised. The theory of the English constitution was the same on the day when the hand of Charles II. was kissed by the kneeling Houses at Whitehall, as on the day when his father set up the royal standard at Nottingham. There was a short period of doting fondness, a *hysterica passio* of loyal repentance and love. But emotions of this sort are transitory; and the interests on which depends the progress of great societies are permanent. The transport of reconciliation was soon over; and the old struggle recommenced.

The old struggle recommenced;—but not precisely after the old fashion. The sovereign was not indeed a man whom any common warning would have restrained from the grossest violations of law. But it was no common warning that he had received. All

around him were the recent signs of the vengeance of an oppressed nation,—the fields on which the noblest blood of the island had been poured forth,—the castles shattered by the cannon of the Parliamentary armies,—the hall where sat the stern tribunal to whose bar had been led, through lowering ranks of pikemen, the captive heir of a hundred kings,—the stately pilasters, before which the great execution had been so fearlessly done, in the face of heaven and earth. The restored Prince, admonished by the fate of his father, never ventured to attack his Parliaments with open and arbitrary violence. It was at one time by means of the Parliament itself, at another time by means of the courts of law, that he attempted to regain for the Crown its old predominance. He began with great advantages. The Parliament of 1661 was called while the nation was still full of joy and tenderness. The great majority of the House of Commons were zealous royalists. All the means of influence which the patronage of the Crown afforded were used without limit. Bribery was reduced to a system. The King, when he could spare money from his pleasures for nothing else could spare it for purposes of corruption. While the defence of the coasts was neglected, while ships rotted, while arsenals lay empty, while turbulent crowds of unpaid seamen swarmed in the streets of the seaports, something could still be scraped together in the Treasury for the members of the House of Commons. The gold of France was largely employed for the same purpose. Yet it was found, as indeed might have been foreseen, that there is a natural limit to the effect which can be produced by means like these. There is one thing which the most corrupt senates are unwilling to sell, and that is the power which makes them worth buying. The same selfish motives which induce them to take a price for a particular vote, will induce them to oppose every measure of which the effect would be to lower the importance, and consequently the price of their votes. About the income of their power, so to speak, they are quite ready to make bargains: But they are not easily persuaded to part with any fragment of the principal. It is curious to observe how, during the long continuance of this Parliament,—the pensionary Parliament as it was nicknamed by contemporaries,—though every circumstance seemed to be favourable to the Crown, the power of the Crown was constantly sinking, and that of the Commons constantly rising. The meetings of the Houses were more frequent than in former reigns; their interference was more harassing to the Government than in former reigns; they had begun to make peace, to make war, to pull down, if they did not set up, Administrations. Already a new class of statesmen had appeared, unheard of before that time, but common ever since. Under the Tudors and the earlier Stuarts, it was generally by courtly arts, or by official

skill and knowledge, that a politician raised himself to power. From the time of Charles II. down to our own days a different species of talent, Parliamentary talent, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesman. It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, weakness, rashness, the most fatal mal-administration. A great negotiator is nothing when compared with a great debater; and a Minister who can make a successful speech need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomats without French—which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda—which made a foreign secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened *Vattel*,—and which was very near making a chancellor of the exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division. This was the sort of talent which raised Clifford from obscurity to the head of affairs. To this talent Danby—by birth a simple country gentleman—owed his white staff, his garter, and his dukedom. The encroachment of the power of the Parliament on the power of the Crown resembled a fatality, or the operation of some great law of nature. The will of the individual on the throne, or of the individuals in the two Houses, seemed to go for nothing. The King might be eager to encroach, yet something constantly drove him back. The Parliament might be loyal, even servile; yet something constantly urged them forward.

These things were done in the green tree. What then was likely to be done in the dry? The Popish plot and the general election came together, and found a people predisposed to the most violent excitation. The composition of the House of Commons was changed. The legislature was filled with men who leaned to Republicanism in politics, and to Presbyterianism in religion. They no sooner met than they commenced a series of attacks on the Government, which, if successful, must have made them supreme in the State.

Where was this to end? To us, who have seen the solution, the question presents few difficulties. But to a statesman of the age of Charles II.—to a statesman who wished, without depriving the Parliament of its privileges, to maintain the monarch in his supremacy—it must have appeared very perplexing.

Clarendon had, when minister, struggled, honestly perhaps, but, as was his wont, obstinately, proudly and offensively, against the growing power of the Commons. He was for allowing them their authority, and not one atom more. He would never have claimed for the Crown a right to levy taxes from

the people, without the consent of Parliament. But when the Parliament, in the first Dutch war, most properly insisted on knowing how it was that the money which they had voted had produced so little effect, and began to enquire through what hands it had passed, and on what services it had been expended, Clarendon considered this as a monstrous innovation. He told the King, as he himself says, 'that he could not be too indulgent in the defence of the privileges of Parliament, and that he hoped he would never violate any of them; but he desired him to be equally solicitous to prevent the excesses in Parliament, and not to suffer them to extend their jurisdiction to cases they have nothing to do with; and that to restrain them within their proper bounds and limits is as necessary as it is to preserve them from being invaded; and that this was such a new encroachment as had no bottom.' This is a single instance. Others might easily be given.

The bigotry, the strong passions, the haughty and disdainful temper, which made Clarendon's great abilities a source of almost unmixed evil to himself, and to the public, had no place in the character of Temple. To Temple, however, as well as to Clarendon, the rapid change which was taking place in the real working of the Constitution gave great disquiet; particularly as he had never sat in the English Parliament, and therefore regarded it with none of the predilection which men naturally feel for a body to which they belong, and for a theatre on which their own talents have been advantageously displayed.

To wrest by force from the House of Commons its newly acquired powers was impossible; nor was Temple a man to recommend such a stroke, even if it had been possible. But was it possible that the House of Commons might be induced to let those powers drop—that, as a great revolution had been effected without any change in the outward form of the Government, so a great counter-revolution might be effected in the same manner—that the Crown and the Parliament might be placed in nearly the same relative position in which they had stood in the reign of Elizabeth, and that this might be done without one sword drawn, without one execution, and with the general acquiescence of the nation?

The English people—it was probably thus that Temple argued—will not bear to be governed by the unchecked power of the sovereign, nor ought they to be so governed. At present there is no check but the Parliament. The limits which separate the power of checking those who govern, from the power of governing, are not easily to be defined. The Parliament, therefore, supported by the nation, is rapidly drawing to itself all the powers of Government. If it were possible to frame some other check on the power of the Crown, some check which might be less galling to the

sovereign than that by which he is now constantly tormented, and yet which might appear to the people to be a tolerable security against mal-administration, Parliaments would probably meddle less; and they would be less supported by public opinion in their meddling. That the King's hands may not be rudely tied by others, he must consent to tie them lightly himself. That the executive administration may not be usurped by the checking body, something of the character of a checking body must be given to the body which conducts the executive administration. The Parliament is now arrogating to itself every day a larger share of the functions of the Privy Council. We must stop the evil by giving to the Privy Council something of the constitution of a Parliament. Let the nation see that all the King's measures are directed by a Cabinet composed of representatives of every order in the State—by a Cabinet which contains, not placemen alone, but independent and popular noblemen and gentlemen who have large estates and no salaries, and who are not likely to sacrifice the public welfare, in which they have a deep stake, and the credit which they have obtained with the country, to the pleasure of a Court from which they receive nothing. When the ordinary administration is in such hands as these, the people will be quite content to see the Parliament become what it formerly was,—an extraordinary check. They will be quite willing that the House of Commons should meet only once in three years for a short session, and should take as little part in matters of state as it did a hundred years ago.

Thus we believe that Temple reasoned: for on this hypothesis his scheme is intelligible; and on any other hypothesis appears to us, as it does to Mr. Courtenay, exceedingly absurd and unmeaning. This Council was strictly what Barillon called it—an Assembly of States. There are the representatives of all the great sections of the community—of the Church, of the Law, of the Peerage, of the Commons. The exclusion of one-half of the councillors from office under the Crown,—an exclusion which is quite absurd when we consider the council merely as an executive board,—becomes at once perfectly reasonable when we consider the council as a body intended to restrain the Crown as well as to exercise the powers of the Crown—to perform some of the functions of a Parliament, as well as the functions of a Cabinet. We see, too, why Temple dwelt so much on the private wealth of the members—why he instituted a comparison between their united incomes, and the united incomes of the members of the House of Commons. Such a parallel would have been idle in the case of a mere Cabinet. It is extremely significant in the case of a body intended to supersede the House of Commons in some very important functions.

We can hardly help thinking that the notion of this

Parliament on a small scale was suggested to Temple by what he had himself seen in the United Provinces. The original Assembly of the States-General consisted, as he tells us, of above eight hundred persons. But this great body was represented by a smaller council of about thirty, which bore the name and exercised the powers of the States-General. At last the real States altogether ceased to meet; and their power, though still a part of the theory of the Constitution, became obsolete in practice. We do not, of course, imagine that Temple either expected or wished that Parliaments should be thus disused; but he did expect, we think, that something like what had happened in Holland would happen in England, and that a large portion of the functions lately assumed by Parliament would be quietly transferred to the miniature Parliament which he proposed to create.

Had this plan, with some modifications, been tried at an earlier period, in a more composed state of the public mind, and by a better Sovereign, we are by no means certain that it would not have effected the purpose for which it was designed. The restraint imposed on the King by the Council of Thirty, whom he had himself chosen, would have been feeble indeed when compared with the restraint imposed by Parliament. But it would have been more constant. It would have acted every year, and all the year round; and before the Revolution the sessions of Parliament were short and the recesses long. The advice of the Council would probably have prevented any very monstrous and scandalous measures; and would consequently have prevented the discontents which follow such measures, and the salutary laws which are the fruit of such discontents. We believe, for example, that the second Dutch war would never have been approved by such a Council as that which Temple proposed. We are quite certain that the shutting up of the Exchequer would never even have been mentioned in such a Council. The people, pleased to think that Lord Russell, Lord Cavendish, and Mr. Powle, unplaced and unpensioned, were daily representing their grievances, and defending their rights in the Royal presence, would not have pined quite so much for the meeting of Parliaments. The Parliament, when it met, would have found fewer and less glaring abuses to attack. There would have been less misgovernment and less reform. We should not have been cursed with the Cabal, or blessed with the Habeas Corpus Act. In the mean time the Council, considered as an executive Council, would, unless some at least of its powers had been delegated to a smaller body, have been feeble, dilatory, divided, unfit for every thing which requires secrecy and despatch, and peculiarly unfit for the administration of war.

The Revolution put an end, in a very different way, to the long contest between the King and the Parlia-

ment. From that time, the House of Commons has been predominant in the State. The Cabinet has really been, from that time, a committee nominated by the Crown out of the prevailing party in Parliament. Though the minority in the Commons are constantly proposing to condemn executive measures, or to call for papers which may enable the House to sit in judgment on such measures, these propositions are scarcely ever carried; and if a proposition of this kind is carried against the Government a change of Ministry almost necessarily follows. Growing and struggling power always gives more annoyance and is more unmanageable than established power. The House of Commons gave infinitely more trouble to the Ministers of Charles II. than to any Ministers of later times; for, in the time of Charles II., the House was checking Ministers whom it did not confide in. Now that its ascendancy is fully established, it either confides in Ministers or casts them out. This is undoubtedly a far better state of things than that which Temple wished to introduce. The modern Cabinet is a far better Executive Council than his. The worst House of Commons that has existed since the Revolution was a far more efficient check on a misgovernment than his fifteen independent councillors would have been. Yet, every thing considered, it seems to us that his plan was the work of an observant, ingenious, and fertile mind.

On this occasion, as on every occasion on which he came prominently forward, Temple had the rare good fortune to please the public as well as the Sovereign. The general exultation was great when it was known that the old Council, made up of the most odious tools of power, was dismissed—that small interior committees, rendered odious by the recent memory of the Cabal, were to be disused—and that the King would adopt no measure till it had been discussed and approved by a body, of which one-half consisted of independent gentlemen and noblemen, and in which such persons as Russell, Cavendish, and Temple himself had seats. Town and country were in a ferment of joy. The bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and the acclamations of England were re-echoed by the Dutch, who considered the influence obtained by Temple as a certain omen of good for Europe. It is, indeed, much to the honour of his sagacity that every one of his great measures should, in such times, have pleased every party which he had any interest in pleasing. This was the case with the Triple Alliance—with the Treaty which concluded the second Dutch war—with the Marriage of the Prince of Orange—and, finally, with the institution of this new Council.

The only people who grumbled were those popular leaders of the House of Commons who were not among the thirty; and, if our view of the measure be correct, they were precisely the people who had good reason to grumble. They were precisely the people who

activity and whose influence the new Council was intended to destroy.

But there was very soon an end of the bright hopes and loud applauses with which the publication of this scheme had been hailed. The perfidious levity of the King and the ambition of the chiefs of parties produced the instant, entire, and irremediable failure of a plan which nothing but firmness, public-spirit, and self-denial on the part of all concerned in it could conduct to a happy issue. Even before the project was divulged, its author had already found reason to apprehend that it would fail. Considerable difficulty was experienced in framing the list of councillors. There were two men in particular about whom the King and Temple could not agree,—two men deeply tainted with the vices common to the English statesmen of that age, but unrivalled in talents, address, and influence. These were the Earl of Shaftesbury, and George Saville Viscount Halifax.

It was a favourite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor on rhetoric sent to Socrates a panegyric on Busris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise; or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escrutoires.

It is certain that, just before the Restoration, he declared to the Regicides, that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt; and that, just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known; and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that, in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution, in order to exalt the Catholics; and that, out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice, in order to destroy them. There were in that age honest men,—William Penn is an instance—who valued toleration so highly, that they would willingly have seen it established, even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much, that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. On both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Con-

stitution; and from the friends of liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that his conduct as a member of the Cabal, was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such, that every part of it, as if by a skilful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London, against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defence? Even this—that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defence? Even this—that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position, is one which lets him down into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking, is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's unscrupulous and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry VIII. is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the freedom of the press.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age,—by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit,—by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness,—by both with all the inspira-



tion of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptred pall, borrowed from her more august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

———'politician,  
With more heads than a beast in vision,'

and the Ahithophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and in the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

'Our state-artificer foresaw  
Which way the world began to draw.  
For as old sinners have all points  
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind,  
And better than by Napier's bones  
Feel in their own the age of moons:  
So guilty sinners in a state  
Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
And in their consciences feel pain  
Some days before a shower of rain.  
He, therefore, wisely cast about  
All ways he could to insure his throat.'

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Ahithophel is one of the 'great wits to madness near allied.' And again—

'A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,  
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.'

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of *Hudibras* appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as

\* It has never, we believe, been remarked, that two of the most striking lines in the description of Ahithophel are borrowed, and from a most obscure quarter. In Knolles's History of the Turks, printed more than sixty years before the appearance of Absalom and Ahithophel, are the following verses, under a portrait of the Sultan Mustapha I:—

'Greatness on goodness loves to slide, not stand,  
And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertu's firme land.'

Dryden's words are—

'But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.'

The circumstance is the more remarkable, because Dryden has really no complement more intensely Drydenian, both in thought and expression, than this, of which the whole thought, and almost the whole expression, are stolen.

As we are on this subject, we cannot refrain from observing that Mr. Courtenay has done Dryden injustice, by inadvertently attributing to him some feeble lines which are in Tate's part of Absalom and Ahithophel.

yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. His whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skilful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air:—his talk was rhodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow:—he treated the King as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands; he built on the favour of the multitude, as if that favour were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming re-action were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his; and feared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But to him they were lost. The counsel of Ahithophel,—that counsel which was as if a man had enquired of the oracle of God,—was turned into foolishness. He who had become a by-word for the certainty with which he foresaw, and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death, seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness; not turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with desperate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired, and long preserved, the reputation of infallible wisdom and invincible success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions;—to see the great party which he had led, vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down;—to see all his own devilish engines of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, blood-thirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers;—to fly from that proud city whose favour had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace;—to hide himself in squalid retreats;—to cover his grey head with ignominious disguises;—and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by a State which he had cruelly injured, insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favour he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very low morality where the public was concerned; but in it

case the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head;—by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and sceptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he staid with a party he went all lengths for it:—when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer,—a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honour. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition, he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court, all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold—as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy—as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defence by any means without weight; for, though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity; and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favour of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs. He did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories. And on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculation, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax; but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on

political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy:—Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the 'Character of a Trimmer,' and the 'Anatomy of an Equivalent.' What particularly strikes us in these works, is the writer's passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times—he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict:—yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority,—a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvellous,—he treats every question as an abstract question,—begins with the widest propositions—argues those propositions on general grounds—and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the Parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice, seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

'of piercing wit and pregnant thought,  
Endued by nature and by learning taught  
To move assemblies.'

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend—of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivalled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very lit-

tle about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he attempted to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception of the ridiculous exquisitely fine; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good-breeding and good-nature, while habitually indulging his strong propensity to mockery.

Temple wished to put Halifax into the new council, and to leave out Shaftesbury. The King objected strongly to Halifax, to whom he had taken a great dislike, which is not accounted for, and which did not last long. Temple replied that Halifax was a man eminent both by his station and by his abilities, and would, if excluded, do every thing against the new arrangement, that could be done by eloquence, sarcasm, and intrigue. All who were consulted were of the same mind; and the King yielded, but not till Temple had almost gone on his knees. This point was no sooner settled than his Majesty declared that he would have Shaftesbury too. Temple again had recourse to entreaties and expostulations. Charles told him that the enmity of Shaftesbury would be at least as formidable as that of Halifax; and this was true: but Temple might have replied that by giving power to Halifax they gained a friend, and that by giving power to Shaftesbury they only strengthened an enemy. It was vain to argue and protest. The King only laughed and jested at Temple's anger; and Shaftesbury was not only sworn of the Council, but appointed Lord President.

Temple was so bitterly mortified by this step, that he had at one time resolved to have nothing to do with the new Administration; and seriously thought of disqualifying himself from sitting in council by omitting to take the Sacrament. But the urgency of Lady Temple and Lady Giffard induced him to abandon that intention.

The council was organized on the 21st of April, 1679, and on the very next day one of the fundamental principles on which it had been constructed was violated. A secret committee, or, in the modern phrase, a cabinet of nine members was formed. But as this committee included Shaftesbury and Monmouth, it contained within itself the elements of as much faction as would have sufficed to impede all business. Accordingly, there soon arose a small interior cabinet, consisting of Essex, Sunderland, Halifax, and Temple. For a time perfect harmony and confidence subsisted

between the four. But the meetings of the thirty were stormy. Sharp retorts passed between Shaftesbury and Halifax, who led the opposite parties. In the council Halifax generally had the advantage. But it soon became apparent that Shaftesbury still had at his back the majority of the House of Commons. The discontents which the change of Ministry had for a moment quieted, broke forth again with redoubled violence; and the only effect which the late measures appeared to have produced was that the Lord President, with all the dignity and authority belonging to his high place, stood at the head of the Opposition. The impeachment of Lord Danby was eagerly prosecuted. The Commons were determined to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. All offers of compromise were rejected. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the midst of the confusion, one inestimable law—the only benefit which England has derived from the troubles of that period, but a benefit which may be set off against a great mass of evil,—the Habeas Corpus Act, was pushed through the Houses and received the royal assent.

The King, finding the Parliament as troublesome as ever, determined to prorogue it; and he did so without even mentioning his intention to the Council by whose advice he had pledged himself, only a month before, to conduct the Government. The councillors were generally dissatisfied; and Shaftesbury swore with great vehemence that if he could find out who the secret advisers were he would have their heads.

The Parliament rose; London was deserted; and Temple retired to his villa, whence, on council days, he went to Hampton Court. The post of Secretary was again and again pressed on him by his master, and by his three colleagues of the inner Cabinet. Halifax, in particular, threatened laughingly to burn down the house at Sheen. But Temple was immovable. His short experience of English politics had disgusted him; and he felt himself so much oppressed by the responsibility under which he at present lay, that he had no inclination to add to the load.

When the term fixed for the prorogation had nearly expired it became necessary to consider what course should be taken. The King, and his four confidential advisers, thought that a new Parliament might possibly be more manageable, and could not possibly be more refractory than that which they now had, as they therefore determined on a dissolution. But when the question was proposed at council, the majority, jealous, it should seem, of the small directing and unwilling to bear the unpopularity of the measures of Government, while excluded from all power, joined Shaftesbury, and the members of the Cabinet were alone in the minority. The King, however, had made up his mind and ordered the Parliament to be instantly dissolved. Temple's council was now nothing

than an ordinary privy council, if indeed it were not something less, and though Temple threw the blame of this on the King, on Lord Shaftesbury, on every body but himself, it is evident that the failure of his plan is to be traced to its own inherent defects. His council was too large to transact business which required expedition, secrecy, and cordial co-operation. A Cabinet was therefore formed within the Council. The Cabinet and the majority of the Council differed, and, as was to be expected, the Cabinet carried their point. Four votes outweighed six-and-twenty. This being the case, the meetings of the thirty were not only useless, but positively noxious.

At the ensuing election, Temple was chosen for the university of Cambridge. The only objection that was made to him by the members of that learned body was, that in his little work on Holland he had expressed great approbation of the tolerant policy of the States; and this blemish, however serious, was overlooked, in consideration of his high reputation, and of the strong recommendations with which he was furnished by the Court.

During the summer he remained at Sheen, and amused himself with rearing melons; leaving to the three other members of the inner Cabinet the whole direction of public affairs. Some unexplained cause began, about this time, to alienate them from him. They do not appear to have been made angry by any part of his conduct, or to have disliked him personally. But they had, we suspect, taken the measure of his mind, and satisfied themselves that he was not a man for that troubled time, and that he would be a mere incumbrance to them: living themselves for ambition, they despised his love of ease. Accustomed to deep stakes in the game of political hazard, they despised his piddling play. They looked on his cautious measures with the sort of scorn with which the gamblers at the ordinary, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, regarded Nigel's practice of never touching a card but when he was certain to win. He soon found that he was left out of their secrets. The King had, about this time, a dangerous attack of illness. The Duke of York, on receiving the news, returned from Holland. The sudden appearance of the detested Popish successor excited anxiety throughout the country. Temple was greatly amazed and disturbed. He hastened up to London and visited Essex, who professed to be astonished and mortified, but could not disguise a sneering smile. Temple then saw Halifax, who talked to him much about the pleasures of the country, the anxieties of office, and the vanity of all human things, but carefully avoided politics, and when the Duke's return was mentioned, only sighed, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his eyes and hands. In a short time Temple found that his two friends had been quizzing him; and that they had

themselves sent for the Duke, in order that his Royal Highness might, if the King should die, be on the spot to frustrate the designs of Monmouth.

He was soon convinced, by a still stronger proof, that, though he had not exactly offended his master, or his colleagues, in the Cabinet, he had ceased to enjoy their confidence. The result of the general election had been decidedly unfavourable to the Government; and Shaftesbury impatiently expected the day when the Houses were to meet. The King, guided by the advice of the inner Cabinet, determined on a step of the highest importance. He told the Council that he had resolved to prorogue the new Parliament for a year, and requested them not to object; for he had, he said, considered the subject fully, and had made up his mind. All who were not in the secret were thunderstruck—Temple as much as any. Several members rose and entreated to be heard against the prorogation. But the King silenced them, and declared that his resolution was unalterable. Temple, greatly hurt at the manner in which both himself and the Council had been treated, spoke with great spirit. He would not, he said, disobey the King by objecting to a measure on which his majesty was determined to hear no argument; but he would most earnestly entreat his Majesty, if the present Council was incompetent to advise him, to dissolve it and select another; for it was absurd to have councillors who did not counsel, and who were summoned only to be silent witnesses of the acts of others. The King listened courteously. But the members of the Cabinet resented this reproof highly; and from that day Temple was almost as much estranged from them as from Shaftesbury.

He wished to retire altogether from business. But just at this time Lord Russell, Lord Cavendish, and some other councillors of the popular party, waited on the King in a body, declared their strong disapprobation of his measures, and requested to be excused from attending any more at council. Temple feared that if, at this moment, he also were to withdraw, he might be supposed to act in concert with those decided opponents of the Court, and to have determined on taking a course hostile to the Government. He, therefore, continued to go occasionally to the board, but he had no longer any real share in the direction of public affairs.

At length the long term of the prorogation expired. In October, 1680, the Houses met; and the great question of the Exclusion was revived. Few parliamentary contests in our history appear to have called forth a greater display of talent;—none certainly ever called forth more violent passions. The whole nation was convulsed by party spirit. The gentlemen of every county, the traders of every town, the boys at every public school, were divided into exclusionists and abhorers. The book-stalls were covered with tracts on

the sacredness of hereditary right, on the omnipotence of Parliament, on the dangers of a disputed succession, on the dangers of a Popish reign. It was in the midst of this ferment that Temple took his seat, for the first time, in the House of Commons.

The occasion was a very great one. His talents, his long experience of affairs, his unspotted public character, the high posts which he had filled, seemed to mark him out as a man on whom much would depend. He acted like himself. He saw that, if he supported the exclusion, he made the King and the heir-presumptive his enemies; and that, if he opposed it, he made himself an object of hatred to the unscrupulous and turbulent Shaftesbury. He neither supported nor opposed it. He quietly absented himself from the House. Nay, he took care, he tells us, never to discuss the question in any society whatever. Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, asked him why he did not attend in his place. Temple replied that he acted according to Solomon's advice, neither to oppose the mighty, nor go about to stop the current of a river. The advice, whatever its value may be, is not to be found either in the canonical or apocryphal writings ascribed to Solomon. But Temple was much in the habit of talking about books which he had never read; and one of those books, we are afraid, was his Bible. Hyde answered, 'You are a wise and a quiet man.' And this might be true. But surely such wise and quiet men have no call to be members of Parliament in critical times.

A single session was quite enough for Temple. When the Parliament was dissolved, and another summoned at Oxford, he obtained an audience of the King, and begged to know whether his Majesty wished him to continue in Parliament. Charles, who had a singularly quick eye for the weaknesses of all who came near him, had no doubt seen through and through Temple, and rated the parliamentary support of so cool and guarded a friend at its proper value. He answered good-naturedly, but we suspect a little contemptuously, 'I doubt, as things stand, your coming into the House will not do much good. I think you may as well let it alone.' Sir William accordingly informed his constituents that he should not again apply for their suffrages; and set off for Sheen, resolving never again to meddle with public affairs. He soon found that the King was displeased with him. Charles indeed, in his usual easy way, protested that he was not angry,—not at all. But in a few days he struck Temple's name out of the list of Privy Councillors. Why this was done Temple declares himself unable to comprehend. But surely it hardly required his long and extensive converse with the world to teach him that there are conjunctures when men think that all who are not with them are against them,—that there are conjunctures when a lukewarm friend, who will not

put himself the least out of his way, who will make exertion, who will run no risk, is more distasteful than an enemy. Charles had hoped that the fair character of Temple would add credit to an unpopular and suspected Government. But his Majesty soon found that this fair character resembled pieces of furniture which we have seen in the drawing-rooms of very precise old ladies, which are a great deal too white to be used. This exceeding niceness was altogether out of season. Neither party wanted a man who was afraid of taking a part, of incurring abuse, of making enemies. There were probably many good and moderate men who would have hailed the appearance of a respectable mediator. But Temple was not a mediator. He was merely a neutral.

At last, however he had escaped from public life and found himself at liberty to follow his favourite pursuits. His fortune was easy. He had about five hundred a-year, besides the Mastership of the Rolls in Ireland; an office in which he had succeeded his father and which was then a mere sinecure for life, required no residence. His reputation both as a negotiator and a writer stood high. He resolved to be safe, to enjoy himself, and to let the world take its course; and he kept his resolution.

Darker times followed. The Oxford Parliament was dissolved. The Tories were triumphant. A terrible vengeance was inflicted on the chiefs of the Opposition. Temple learned in his retreat the disastrous fate of several of his old colleagues in council. Shaftesbury fled to Holland. Russell died on the scaffold. Essex added a yet sadder and more fearful story to the bloody chronicles of the Tower. Monmouth clung in agonies of supplication round the knees of the stern uncle whom he had wronged, and tasted a bitterness worse than that of death,—the bitterness of knowing that he had humbled himself in vain. A tyrant trampled on the liberties and religion of the realm. The national spirit swelled high under the oppression. Disaffection spread even to the strongholds of loyalty,—to the cloisters of Westminster, to the schools of Oxford, to the guard-room of the household troops, to the very hearth and bed-chamber of the Sovereign. But the troubles which agitated the whole society did not reach the quiet Orangery in which Temple loitered away several years without once seeing the smoke of London. He now and then appeared in the Circle at Richmond or Windsor. But the only expressions which he is recorded to have used during these perilous times were, that he would be a good subject, but that he had done with politics.

The Revolution came. Temple remained strictly neutral during the short struggle; and then transferred to the new settlement the same languid sort of loyalty which he had felt for his former masters. He paid court to William at Windsor, and William dined with

him at Sheen. But in spite of the most pressing solicitations he refused to become Secretary of State. The refusal evidently proceeded only from his dislike of trouble and danger; and not, as some of his admirers would have us believe, from any scruple of conscience or honour. For he consented that his son should take the office of Secretary at War under the new Sovereigns. This unfortunate young man destroyed himself within a week after his appointment, from vexation at finding that his advice had led the King into some improper steps with regard to Ireland. He seems to have inherited his father's extreme sensibility to failure; without that singular prudence which kept his father out of all situations in which any serious failure was to be apprehended. The blow fell heavy on the family. They retired in deep dejection to Moor Park, which they now preferred to Sheen, on account of the greater distance from London. In that spot,\* then very secluded, Temple passed the remainder of his life. The air agreed with him. The soil was fruitful, and well suited to an experimental farmer and gardener. The grounds were laid out with the angular regularity which Sir William had admired in the flower-beds of Haarlem, and the Hague. A beautiful rivulet, flowing from the hills of Surrey, bounded the domain. But a straight canal which, bordered by a terrace, intersected the garden, was probably more admired by the lovers of the picturesque in that age. The house was small, but neat and well furnished;—the neighbourhood very thinly peopled. Temple had no visitors, except a few friends who were willing to travel twenty or thirty miles in order to see him; and now and then a foreigner whom curiosity brought to have a look at the author of the *Triple Alliance*.

Here, in May 1694, died Lady Temple. From the time of her marriage we know little of her, except that her letters were always greatly admired, and that she had the honour to correspond constantly with Queen Mary. Lady Giffard, who, as far as appears, had always been on the best terms with her sister-in-law, still continued to live with Sir William.

But there were other inmates of Moor Park to whom a far higher interest belongs. An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable, young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis, for twenty pounds a year and his board,—dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl, who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters;—a genius destined to shake

great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants' hall, which he perhaps scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch, or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift—Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella.

Swift retained no pleasing recollections of Moor Park. And we may easily suppose a situation like his to have been intolerably painful to a mind haughty, irascible, and conscious of pre-eminent ability. Long after, when he stood in the Court of Requests with a circle of gartered Peers round him, or punned and rhymed with Cabinet Ministers over Secretary St. John's Mount-Pulciano, he remembered, with deep and sore feeling, how miserable he used to be for days together when he suspected that Sir William had taken something ill. He could hardly believe that he, the same Swift who chid the Lord Treasurer, rallied the Captain General, and confronted the pride of the Duke of Buckinghamshire with pride still more inflexible, could be the same being who had passed nights of sleepless anxiety, in musing over a cross look, or a testy word of a patron. 'Faith,' he wrote to Stella, with bitter levity, 'Sir William spoiled a fine gentleman.' Yet in justice to Temple we must say, that there is no reason to think that Swift was more unhappy at Moor Park than he would have been in a similar situation under any roof in England. We think also that the obligations which the mind of Swift owed to that of Temple were not inconsiderable. Every judicious reader must be struck by the peculiarities which distinguish Swift's political tracts from all similar works produced by mere men of letters. Let any person compare, for example, the *Conduct of the Allies*, or the *Letter to the October Club*, with *Johnson's False Alarm*, or *Taxation no Tyranny*, and he will be at once struck by the difference of which we speak. He may possibly think Johnson a greater man than Swift. He may possibly prefer Johnson's style to Swift's. But he will at once acknowledge that Johnson writes like a man who has never been out of his study. Swift writes like a man who has passed his whole life in the midst of public business, and to whom the most important affairs of state are as familiar as his weekly bills.

'Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.'

The difference, in short, between a political pamphlet by Johnson, and a political pamphlet by Swift, is as great as the difference between an account of a battle by Doctor Southey and the account of the same battle

\* Mr. Courtenay (vol. ii. page 160) confounds Moor Park in Surrey, where Temple resided, with the Moor Park in Hertfordshire, which he praises in the *Essay on Gardening*.

by Colonel Napier. It is impossible to doubt that the superiority of Swift is to be, in a great measure, attributed to his long and close connexion with Temple.

Indeed, remote as the alleys and flower-pots of Moor Park were from the haunts of the busy and the ambitious, Swift had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the hidden causes of many great events. William was in the habit of consulting Temple, and occasionally visited him. Of what passed between them very little is known. It is certain, however, that, when the Triennial Bill had been carried through the two Houses, his Majesty, who was exceedingly unwilling to pass it, sent the Earl of Portland to learn Temple's opinion. Whether Temple thought the bill in itself a good one does not appear; but he clearly saw how imprudent it must be in a prince, situated as William was, to engage in an altercation with his Parliament; and directed Swift to draw up a paper on the subject, which, however, did not convince the King.

The chief amusement of Temple's declining years was literature. After his final retreat from business, he wrote his very agreeable memoirs; corrected and transcribed many of his letters; and published several miscellaneous treatises, the best of which, we think, is that on Gardening. The style of his essays is, on the whole, excellent,—almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value; as our readers will readily believe when we inform them that Mr. Courtenay—a biographer,—that is to say, a literary vassal, bound by the immemorial law of his tenure to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord,—avows that he cannot give an opinion about the essay on 'Heroic Virtue,' because he cannot read it without skipping;—a circumstance which strikes us as peculiarly strange, when we consider how long Mr. Courtenay was at the India Board, and how many thousand paragraphs of the copious official eloquence of the East he must have perused.

One of Sir William's pieces, however, deserves notice, not, indeed, on account of its intrinsic merit, but on account of the light which it throws on some curious weaknesses of his character; and an account of the extraordinary effect which it produced on the republic of letters. A most idle and contemptible controversy had arisen in France touching the comparative merit of the ancient and modern writers. It was certainly not to be expected that, in that age, the question would be tried according to those large and philosophical principles of criticism which guided the judgments of Lessing, and of Herder. But it might have been expected, that those who undertook to decide the point, would at least take the trouble to read and understand the authors on whose merits they were to pronounce. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that, among the disputants who clamoured, some for the

ancients and some for the moderns, very few were decently acquainted with either ancient or modern literature, and not a single one was well acquainted with both. In Racine's amusing preface to the 'Iphigénie,' the reader may find noticed a most ridiculous mistake, into which one of the champions of the moderns fell about a passage in the *Alceste* of Euripides. Another writer blames Homer for mixing the four Greek dialects—Doric, Ionic, Æolic, and Attic—just, says he, as if a French poet were to put Gascon phrases, and Picard phrases, into the midst of his pure Parisian writing. On the other hand, it is no exaggeration to say that the defenders of the ancients were entirely unacquainted with the greatest productions of later times; nor, indeed, were the defenders of the moderns better informed. The parallels which were instituted in the course of this dispute are inexpressibly ridiculous. Balzac was selected as the rival of Cæsar; Corneille was declared to unite the merits of *Æneid*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. We should like a 'Prometheus' after Corneille's fashion. The 'Provincial Letters,' masterpieces undoubtedly of reasoning, wit, and eloquence, were pronounced to be superior to all the writings of Plato, Cicero, and *Lucian* together,—particularly in the art of dialogue—an art in which, as it happens, Plato far excelled all men, and in which Pascal, great and admirable in other respects, is notoriously very deficient.

This childish controversy spread to England; and some mischievous demon suggested to Temple the thought of undertaking the defence of the ancients. As to his qualifications for the task, it is sufficient to say, that he knew not a word of Greek. But his vanity, which, when he was engaged in the conflict of active life and surrounded by rivals, had been kept in tolerable order by his discretion, now, when he had long lived in seclusion, and had become accustomed to regard himself as by far the first man of his circle, rendered him blind to his own deficiencies. In an entire hour he published an 'Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning.' The style of this treatise is very good—the matter ludicrous and contemptible to the last degree. There we read how *Lycurgus* travelled into India, and brought the Spartan laws from that country—how *Orpheus* and *Museus* made voyages in search of knowledge, and how *Orpheus* attained to a depth of learning which has made him renowned in all succeeding ages—how *Pythagoras* passed twenty-two years in Egypt, and, after graduating there, spent twelve years more at Babylon, where the Magi educated him *ad eundem*—how the ancient Brahmins lived two hundred years—how the earliest Greek philosophers foretold earthquakes and plagues, and put down riots by magic—and how much *Ninus* surpassed in abilities any of his successors on the throne of Assyria. The moderns, he owns, have found out the



circulation of the blood; but, on the other hand, they have quite lost the art of magic; nor can any modern fiddler enchant fishes, fowls, and serpents by his performance. He tells us that 'Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus made greater progresses in the several empires of science than any of their successors have since been able to reach;' which is as much as if he had said that the greatest names in British science are Merlin, Michael Scott, Dr. Sydenham, and Lord Bacon. Indeed, the manner in which he mixes the historical and the fabulous reminds us of those classical dictionaries, intended for the use of schools, in which Narcissus, the lover of himself, and Narcissus, the freedman of Claudius—Pollux, the son of Jupiter and Leda, and Pollux, the author of the *Onomasticon*—are ranged under the same heading, and treated as personages equally real. The effect of this arrangement resembles that which would be produced by a dictionary of modern names, consisting of such articles as the following:—'Jones, William, an eminent Orientalist, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal—Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships—Thomas, a foundling, brought up by Mr. Allworthy.' It is from such sources as these that Temple seems to have learned all that he knew about the ancients. He puts the story of Orpheus between the Olympic games, and the battle of Arbelus; as if we had exactly as much reason for believing that Orpheus led beasts with his lyre, as we have for believing that there were races at Pisa, or that Alexander conquered Darius.

He manages little better when he comes to the moderns. He gives us a catalogue of those whom he regards as the greatest wits of later times. It is sufficient to say that, in his list of Italians, he has omitted Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso; in his list of Spaniards, Lope and Calderon; in his list of French, Mascal, Beaumont, Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau; and in his list of English, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

In the midst of all this vast mass of absurdity one paragraph stands out pre-eminent. The doctrine of Temple—not a very comfortable one—is, that the human race is constantly degenerating; and that the oldest books in every kind are the best. In confirmation of this doctrine, he remarks that the Fables of Æsop are the best Fables, and the Letters of Phalaris the best Letters in the world. On the merit of the letters of Phalaris he dwells with great warmth and with extraordinary felicity of language. Indeed we could hardly select a more favourable specimen of the graceful and easy majesty to which his style sometimes rises than this unlucky passage. He knows, he says, that some learned men, or men who pass for learned, such as Politian, have doubted the genuineness of these letters. But of these doubts he speaks

with the greatest contempt. Now it is perfectly certain, first, that the letters are very bad; secondly, that they are spurious; and thirdly, that, whether they be bad or good, spurious or genuine, Temple could know nothing of the matter; inasmuch as he was no more able to construe a line of them than to decipher an Egyptian obelisk.

This Essay, silly as it is, was exceedingly well received, both in England and on the Continent. And the reason is evident. The classical scholars, who saw its absurdity, were generally on the side of the ancients, and were inclined rather to veil than to expose the blunders of an ally; the champions of the moderns were generally as ignorant as Temple himself; and the multitude was charmed by his flowing and melodious diction. He was doomed, however, to smart, as he well deserved, for his vanity and folly.

Christchurch at Oxford was then widely and justly celebrated as a place where the lighter parts of classical learning were cultivated with success. With the deeper mysteries of philology neither the instructors nor the pupils had the smallest acquaintance. They fancied themselves Scaligers, as Bentley scornfully said, as soon as they could write a copy of Latin verses with only two or three small faults. From this College proceeded a new edition of the Letters of Phalaris, which were rare, and had been in request since the appearance of Temple's Essay. The nominal editor was Charles Boyle, a young man of noble family and promising parts; but some older members of the society lent their assistance. While this work was in preparation, an idle quarrel, occasioned, it should seem, by the negligence and misrepresentations of a bookseller, arose between Boyle and the King's Librarian, Richard Bentley. Boyle, in the preface to his edition, inserted a bitter reflection on Bentley. Bentley revenged himself by proving that the Epistles of Phalaris were forgeries; and in his remarks on this subject treated Temple, not indecently, but with no great reverence.

Temple, who was quite unaccustomed to any but the most respectful usage, who, even while engaged in politics, had always shrunk from all rude collision, and had generally succeeded in avoiding it, and whose sensitiveness had been increased by many years of seclusion and flattery,—was moved to most violent resentment; complained, very unjustly, of Bentley's foul-mouthed railery, and declared that he had commenced an answer, but had laid it aside, 'having no mind to enter the lists with such a mean, dull, unmannerly pedant.' Whatever may be thought of the temper which Sir William showed on this occasion, we cannot too highly applaud his discretion in not finishing and publishing his answer, which would certainly have been a most extraordinary performance.

He was not; however, without defenders. Like Hector, when struck down prostrate by Ajax, he was in an instant covered by a thick crowd of shields—

οὐτὶς ἰδὺντατο πομπὰ λαῶν  
Οὐτάσας οὐδ' ἐβαλυν' πρὶν γὰρ περιβῆσαν ἄριστοι,  
Πουλυδάμας τε καὶ Ἀντιάς, καὶ δῖος Ἀγένορ,  
Σαρπηδὼν τ' ἄρχος Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαυκος ἀμύμων.

Christchurch was up in arms; and though that college seems then to have been almost destitute of severe and accurate learning, no academical society could show a greater array of orators, wits, politicians,—bustling adventurers who united the superficial accomplishments of the scholar with the manners and arts of the man of the world; and this formidable body resolved to try how far smart repartees, well turned sentences, confidence, puffing, and intrigue could,—on the question whether a Greek book were or were not genuine,—supply the place of a little knowledge of Greek.

Out came the Reply to Bentley, bearing the name of Boyle, but in truth written by Atterbury, with the assistance of Smalridge and others. A most remarkable book it is, and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat; for that they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly ignorant. The learning of the confederacy is that of a schoolboy, and not of an extraordinary schoolboy; but it is used with the skill and address of most able, artful, and experienced men; it is beaten out to the very thinnest leaf, and is disposed in such a way as to seem ten times larger than it is. The dexterity with which they avoid grappling with those parts of the subject with which they know themselves to be incompetent to deal is quite wonderful. Now and then, indeed, they commit disgraceful blunders, for which old Busby, under whom they had studied, would have whipped them all round. But this circumstance only raises our opinion of the talents which made such a fight with such scanty means. Let our readers, who are not acquainted with the controversy, imagine a Frenchman who has acquired just English enough to read the Spectator with a dictionary, coming forward to defend the genuineness of 'Rowley's Poems' against Percy and Farmer; and they will have some notion of the feat which Atterbury had the audacity to undertake, and which, for a time, it was really thought that he had performed.

The illusion was soon dispelled. Bentley's answer for ever settled the question, and established his claim to the first place amongst classical scholars. Nor do those do him justice who represent the controversy as a battle between wit and learning. For, though there

is a lamentable deficiency of learning on the side of Boyle, there is no want of wit on the side of Bentley. Other qualities too, as valuable as either wit or learning, appear conspicuously in Bentley's book;—a sagacity, an unrivalled power of combination, a perfect mastery of all the weapons of logic. He was great indebted to the furious outcry which the misrepresentations, sarcasms, and intrigues of his opponents had raised against him;—an outcry in which fashionable and political circles joined, and which was repeated by thousands who did not know whether Phalaris reigned in Sicily or in Siam. His spirit, daring even to modesty—self-confident, even to negligence—and prone even to insolent ferocity,—was awed for the first time for the last time—awed, not into meanness or cowardice, but into wariness and sobriety. For once he ran risks; he left no crevice unguarded; he wanted no paradoxes;—above all, he returned no railing for railing of his enemies. In almost every thing we has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the guidance of good sense and good temper. Here, we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers and on his own luck, which he showed when he undertook to edit Milton;—none of that perverted ingenuity which deforms so many of his notes on Horace;—none of that disdainful carelessness by which he laid himself open to the keen and dexterous thrust of Middleton;—none of that extravagant vaunting, and savage severity, by which he afterwards dishonoured his studies and his profession, and degraded himself almost to the level of De Pauca.

Temple did not live to witness the utter and irreparable defeat of his champions. He died, indeed, at a fortunate moment, just after the appearance of Boyle's book, and while all England was laughing at the way in which the Christchurch men had handled the prodant. In Boyle's book, Temple was praised in the highest terms, and compared to Memmius—not a very happy comparison; for the only particular information which we have about Memmius is, that in agitated times he thought it his duty to attend exclusively to politics; and that his friends could not venture, even when the Republic was quiet and prosperous, to intrude on him with their philosophical and poetical productions. It is on this account, that Lucretius puts the exquisitely beautiful prayer for peace with which his poem opens:

'Nam neque nos agere hoc patriæ tempore inique  
Possumus æquo animo, nec Memmi clara propage  
Talibus in rebus communi deesse salutis.'

This description is surely by no means applicable to a statesman who had, through the whole course of his life, carefully avoided exposing himself in seasons

trouble; who had repeatedly refused, in most critical conjunctures, to be Secretary of State; and who now, in the midst of revolutions, plots, foreign and domestic wars, was quietly writing nonsense about the visits of Lycurgus to the Brahmins, and the tunes which Arion played to the Dolphin.

We must not omit to mention that, while the controversy about Phalaris was raging, Swift, in order to show his zeal and attachment, wrote the 'Battle of the Books;'—the earliest piece in which his peculiar talents are discernible. We may observe that the bitter dislike of Bentley, bequeathed by Temple to Swift, seems to have been communicated by Swift to Pope, to Arbuthnot, and to others who continued to tease the great critic, long after he had shaken hands very cordially both with Boyle and with Atterbury.

Sir William Temple died at Moor Park in January 1699. He appears to have suffered no intellectual decay. His heart was buried under a sun-dial which still stands in his favourite garden. His body was laid in Westminster Abbey by the side of his wife; and a place hard by was set apart for Lady Giffard, who long survived him. Swift was his literary executor, and superintended the publication of his Letters and Memoirs, not without some acrimonious contests with the family.

Of Temple's character little more remains to be said. Burnet accuses him of holding irreligious opinions, and corrupting every body who came near him. But the agreeable assertion of so rash and partial a writer as Burnet, about a man with whom, as far as we know, he ever exchanged a word, is of very little weight. It is, indeed, by no means improbable that Temple may have been a freethinker. The Osbornes thought him so when he was a very young man. And it is certain that a large proportion of the gentlemen of rank and fashion who made their entrance into society while the Puritan party was at the height of power, and while the memory of the reign of that party was still recent, conceived a strong disgust for all religion. The imputation was common between Temple and all the most distinguished courtiers of the age. Rochester and Buckingham were open scoffers, and Mulgrave very little better. Shaftesbury, though more guarded, was supposed to agree with them in opinion. All the three noblemen who were Temple's colleagues, during the short time of his continuance in the Cabinet, were of every indifferent repute as to orthodoxy. Halifax, indeed, was generally considered as an atheist; but he solemnly denied the charge; and, indeed, the truth seems to be, that he was more religiously disposed than most of the statesmen of that age; though two impulses which were unusually strong in him,—a passion for ludicrous images, and a passion for subtle speculations,—sometimes prompted him to talk on serious subjects in a manner which gave great and just

offence. It is not unlikely that Temple, who seldom went below the surface of any question, may have been infected with the prevailing scepticism. All that we can say on the subject is, that there is no trace of impiety in his works; and that the ease with which he carried his election for a university, where the majority of the voters were clergymen, though it proves nothing as to his opinions, must, we think, be considered as proving that he was not, as Burnet seems to insinuate, in the habit of talking atheism to all who came near him.

Temple, however, will scarcely carry with him any great accession of authority to the side either of religion or of infidelity. He was no profound thinker. He was merely a man of lively parts and quick observation,—a man of the world amongst men of letters,—a man of letters amongst men of the world. Mere scholars were dazzled by the Ambassador and Cabinet councillor; mere politicians by the Essayist and Historian. But neither as a writer nor as a statesman can we allot to him any very high place. As a man, he seems to us to have been excessively selfish, but very sober, wary, and far-sighted in his selfishness;—to have known better than most people know what he really wanted in life; and to have pursued what he wanted with much more than ordinary steadiness and sagacity;—never suffering himself to be drawn aside either by bad or by good feelings. It was his constitution to dread failure more than he desired success,—to prefer security, comfort, repose, leisure, to the turmoil and anxiety which are inseparable from greatness;—and this natural languor of mind, when contrasted with the malignant energy of the keen and restless spirits among whom his lot was cast, sometimes appears to resemble the moderation of virtue. But we must own, that he seems to us to sink into littleness and meanness when we compare him—we do not say with any high ideal standard of morality,—but with many of those frail men who, aiming at noble ends, but often drawn from the right path by strong passions and strong temptations, have left to posterity a doubtful and checkered fame.

From the London Review.

1. *Rahel. Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde.* (Rahel. A Book of Memorial for her Friends.) 3 vols. Berlin, 1834.
2. *Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel.* (Gallery of Portraits from Rahel's Circle of Society and Correspondence.) Edited by K. A. Varnhagen Von Ense. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1836.
3. *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften.* (Memoirs and Miscellaneous Writings.) By K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 4 vols. Mannheim, 1837–8.

The Lady *Rahel*, or *Rachael*, surnamed *Levin* in her maiden days, who died some five years ago as Madam Varnhagen von Ense, seems to be still memorable and notable, or to have become more than ever so, among our German friends. The widower, long known in Berlin and Germany for an intelligent and estimable man, has here published successively, as author, or as editor and annotator, so many volumes, nine in all, about her, about himself, and the things that occupied and environed them. Nine volumes, properly, of German Memoirs; of letters, of miscellanies, biographical and autobiographical; which we have read not without zeal and diligence, and in part with great pleasure. It seems to us that such of our readers as take interest in things German, ought to be apprised of this publication; and withal that there are in it enough of things European and universal to furnish out a few pages for readers not specially of that class.

One may hope, Germany is no longer to any person that vacant land, of gray vapour and chimeras, which it was to most Englishmen not many years ago. One may hope that, as readers of German have increased a hundredfold, some partial intelligence of Germany, some interest in things German, may have increased in a proportionably higher ratio. At all events, Memoirs of men, German or other, will find listeners among men. Sure enough, Berlin city, on the sandy banks of the Spree, is a living city, even as London is, on the muddy banks of Thames. Daily, with every rising of the blessed heavenly light, Berlin sends up the smoke of a hundred thousand kindled hearths, the fret and stir of five hundred thousand new-awakened human souls;—marking or defacing with such smoke-cloud, material or spiritual, the serene of our common all-embracing Heaven. One Heaven, the same for all, embraces that smoke-cloud too, adopts it, absorbs it, like the rest. Are there not dinner-parties, “æsthetic teas,” scandal-mongeries, changes of ministry, police cases, literary gazettes? The clack of tongues, the sound of hammers, mounts up in that corner of the planet too, for certain centuries of time. Berlin has its royalties and diplomacies, its traffickings, travellings; literatures, sculptures, cultivated heads, male and female; and boasts itself to be, “the intellectual capital of Germany.” Nine volumes of Memoirs out of Berlin will surely contain something for us.

Samuel Johnson, or perhaps another, used to say, there was no man on the streets whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with. No rudest mortal walking there who has not seen and known experimentally something, which, could he tell it, the wisest would hear willingly from him! Nay, after all that can be said and celebrated about poetry, eloquence, and the higher forms of composition and utterance, is not the primary use of speech itself this same: to utter *memoirs*, that is memorable experiences to our fellow

creatures? A fact is a fact; man is for ever the broil of man. That thou, O my brother, impart to me to how it stands with the in that inner man of thine, w lively images of things past thy memory has paind there; what hopes, what thoughts, affections, knowledges, do now dwell there: for this and for no od object that I can see was a gift of speech and hearing bestowed on us two. I say not how th feignest. Thy fictions, and thousand and one Arabi Nights, promulgated as fictions, what are they al bottom but this; things that are in thee, though od images of things? But to bewilder me with *falsehood* indeed; to ray out error and darkness,—misintellig which means misattainment, otherwise failure as sorrow; to go about confusing worse our poor world confusion, and, as a son of Nox and Chaos, propage delirium on earth: not surely with *this* view, but a far different one, was that miraculous tongue suspended in thy head, and set vibrating there. word, do not two things, *veracity* and *memoir*— seem to be prescribed by Nature herself and the constitution of man? Let us read, therefore, nothing to opportunity,—and with judicious audacity view!

Our nine printed volumes we called German Memoirs. They agree in this general character, but otherwise to be distinguished into kinds, and differ very much in their worth for us. The first book of our list, entitled ‘*Rahel*,’ is a book of private letters three thick volumes of Letters written by that lady selected from her wide correspondence, with a short introduction, with here and there a short note, and that on Varnhagen’s part is all. Then follows, in two volumes, the work named ‘*Gallery of Portraits*,’ consisting principally of Letters to Rahel, by various persons, mostly persons of note; to which Varnhagen, as editor, has joined some slight commentary, some sketch biographical sketch of each. Of these five volumes of German Letters we will say, for the present, that they seem to be calculated for Germany, and even for some special circle there; rather than for England or us. But the third work, that of Varnhagen himself, is one we must chiefly depend on here; the four volumes of ‘*Memoirs and Miscellanies*,’ lively pieces; which can be safely recommended as altogether pleasant reading to every one. They are “Miscellaneous writings as their title indicates; in part collected and reprinted out of periodicals or wherever they lay scattered; part sent forth now for the first time. There are discourses, notices literary or didactic; always of a plain worthy sort, generally of small extent. There are narrations; there is a long personal narrative, which might be called of service in the “*Liberation War*” of 1814, wherein Varnhagen did duty, as a volunteer officer, in Tattenborn’s corps, among the Coast

his is the longest piece, by no means the best. There is farther a curious narrative of Lafayette's escape (brief escape with recapture) from the Prison of Olmütz. Then also there is a curious biography of Doctor Bollmann, the brave, young Hanoverian, who aided Lafayette in that adventure. Then other biographies not so curious; on the whole there are many biographies. Biography, we might say, is the staple article; an article in which Varnhagen has long been known to excel. Lastly, as basis for the whole, there is presented, fitfully, now here, now there, and with long intervals, considerable sections of Autobiography;—not confessions, indeed, or questionable work of the Rousseau sort, but discreet reminiscences, personal and other, of a man who having looked on much, may be sure of willing audience in reporting it well. These are the four volumes written by Varnhagen von Ense; those are the five edited by him. We shall regard his autobiographic memorials as a general substratum, upholding and uniting into a certain coherence the multifarious contents of these publications: it is Varnhagen von Ense's passage through life; this is what it yielded him; these are the things and persons he took note of, and had to do with, in travelling thus far.

Beyond ascertaining for ourselves what manner of eyesight and way of judgment this our memoir-writer has, it is not necessary to insist much on Varnhagen's qualities or literary character here. He seems to us a man peculiarly fitted, both by natural endowment and by position and opportunity, for writing memoirs. In the space of half a century that he has lived in this world, his course has been what we might call erratic in a high degree: from the student's garret in Halle or Tübingen to the Tuileries hall of audience and the Wagram battle-field, from Chamisso the Poet to Napoleon the Emperor, his path has intersected all manner of paths of men. He has a fine intellectual gift; and what is the foundation of that and of all, an honest, sympathising, manfully patient, manfully courageous heart. His way of life, too erratic we should fear for happiness or ease, and singularly checkered by vicissitude, has had this considerable advantage, if no other, that it has trained him, and could not but train him, to a certain Catholicism of mind. He has been a student of literature, an author, a student of medicine, a soldier, a secretary, a diplomatist. A man withal of modest, affectionate nature; courteous and yet truthful; of quick apprehension, precise in utterance; of just, extensive, occasionally of deep and fine insight,—this is a man qualified beyond most to write memoirs. We should call him one of the best memoir-writers we have met with; decidedly the best we know of in these days. For clearness, grace of method, easy comprehensibility, he is worthy to be ranked among the French, who have a natural turn for memoir-writing; and in respect of honesty, valorous gentleness, and

simplicity of heart, his character is German, not French.

Such a man, conducting us in the spirit of cheerful friendliness, along his course of life, and delineating what he has found most memorable in it, produces one of the pleasantest books. Brave old Germany, in this and the other living phasis, now here, now there, from Rhineland to the East-sea, from Hamburg and Berlin to Deutsch-Wagram and the Marchfeld, paints itself in the colours of reality; with notable persons, with notable events. For consider withal in what a time this man's life has lain: in the thick of European things, while the Nineteenth Century was opening itself. Amid convulsions and revolutions, outward and inward,—with Napoleons, Goethes, Fichtes; while prodigies and battle-thunder shook the world, and, "amid the glare of conflagrations, and the noise of falling towns and kingdoms," a new era of thought was also evolving itself: one of the wonderfulest times! On the whole, if men like Varnhagen were to be met with, why have we not innumerable Memoirs? Alas, it is because the men like Varnhagen are not to be met with; men with the clear eye and the open heart. Without such qualities, memoir-writers are but a nuisance; which, so often as they show themselves, a judicious world is obliged to sweep into the cesspool, with loudest possible prohibition of the like. If a man is not open-minded, if he is ignorant, perverse, egoistic, splenetic; on the whole, if he is false and stupid, how shall he write memoirs?—

From Varnhagen's young years, especially from his college years, we could extract many a lively little sketch, of figures partially known to the reader; of Chamisso, La Motte Fouqué, Raumer, and other the like; of Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wiredrawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways; of Homeric Wolf, with his biting wit, with his grim earnestness and inextinguishable Homeric laugh, the irascible great-hearted man. Or of La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime what fair eye has not wept? Varnhagen found him "in a pleasant house near the Saale-gate" of Halle, with an ugly good-tempered wife, with a pretty niece, which latter he would not allow to read a word of his romance stuff, but "kept it locked from her like poison;" a man jovial as Boniface, swollen out on booksellers' profit, church preferments, and fat things, "to the size of a hogs-head;" for the rest, writing with such velocity (he did some hundred and fifty weeping volumes in his time) that he was obliged to hold in, and "write only two days in the week:" this was La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist. But omitting all these, let us pick out a family-picture of one far better worth looking at, Jean Paul in his little home at Baireuth,—"little city of my habitation, which I belong to on this side the

grave!" It is Sunday, the 23d October, 1806, according to Varnhagen's note-book. The ingenious youth of four-and-twenty, as a rambling student, passes the day of rest there, and luckily for us has kept memorandums:

"Visit to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.—This forenoon I went to Jean Paul's. Friend Harscher was out of humour, and would not go, say what I would. I too, for that matter, am but a poor, nameless student; but what of that?

"A pleasant, kindly, inquisitive woman, who had opened the door to me, I at once recognised for Jean Paul's wife by her likeness to her sister. A child was sent off to call its father. He came directly; he had been forewarned of my visit by letters from Berlin and Leipzig; and received me with great kindness. As he seated himself beside me on the sofa, I had almost laughed in his face, for in bending down somewhat he had the very look our Neumann, in his 'Versuchen und Hindernissen,' has jestingly given him, and his speaking and what he spoke confirmed that impression. Jean Paul is of stout figure; has a full, well-ordered face; the eyes small, gleaming out on you with lambent fire, then again veiled in soft dimness; the mouth friendly, and with some slight motion in it even when silent. His speech is rapid, almost hasty, even stuttering somewhat here and there; not without a certain degree of dialect, difficult to designate, but which probably is some mixture of Frankish and Saxon, and of course is altogether kept down within the rules of cultivated language. \* \* \*

"Some beautiful fruit was brought in for dessert. On a sudden, Jean Paul started up, gave me his hand, and said: 'Forgive me, I must go to bed! Stay-you here, in God's name, for it is still early, and chat with my wife; there is much to say, between you, which my talking has kept back. I am a *Spießbürger*' (of the Club of Odd-fellows), and my hour is come for sleep.' He took a candle, and said, good night. We parted with great cordiality, and the wish expressed on both sides, that I might stay longer at Baireuth another time."

These biographic phenomena; Jean Paul's loose-flowing talk, his careless variable judgments of men and things; the prosaic basis of the free-and-easy in domestic life, with the poetic Shandean, Shakspearean, and even Dantesque, that grew from it as its public outcome: all this Varnhagen had to rhyme and reconcile for himself as he best could. The loose-flowing and variable judgments, the fact that Richter went along, "looking only right before him as with blinders on," seemed to Varnhagen a pardonable nay an amiable peculiarity, the mark of a trustful, spontaneous, artless nature; connected with whatever was best in Jean Paul. He found him on the whole (what we at a distance have always done) "a genuine and noble man: no deception or impurity exists in his life; he is altogether as he writes, loveable, hearty, robust, and brave. A valiant man I do believe: did the cause summon, I fancy he would be readier with his sword too than the most." And so we quit our loved Jean Paul, and his simple little Baireuth home. The lights are blown out there, the fruit platters swept away, a dozen years ago, and all is dark now,—swallowed in the long night. Thanks to Varnhagen that he has, though imperfectly, rescued any glimpse of it, one scene of it still visible to eyes, by the magic of pen and ink.

The next picture that strikes us is not a family-piece,

but a battle-piece: Deutsch-Wagram, in the hot weather of 1809; whither Varnhagen, with a great change of plan and plan, has wended, purposing now to be a soldier, and rise by fighting the tyrannous French. It is a fine picture; with the author's best talent in it. Deutsch-Wagram village is filled with soldiers of every uniform and grade; in all manner of movements and employment. Archduke Karl is heard "fantasying for an hour on the pianoforte," before his serious generalissimo duties begin. The Marchfeld has its camp, the Marchfeld is one great camp of many nations—Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Madshars; advanced sentinels walk steady, drill-serjeants bustle, drums beat; Austrian generals gallop, "in blue-grey coat and red breeches"—combining "simplicity with conspicuousness." Far on our south-western horizon appears the *Stephans-thurm* (St. Stephen's Steeple) of Vienna; south, or the Danube, are seen endless French hosts delirious towards us, with dust and glitter, along the hills—one may hope, though with misgivings, there will be work soon.

Meanwhile, in every regiment there is but one us: a chapel, need also for shelter to the chief officers; you, a subaltern, have to lie on the bare ground, in your own dug trench, to which, if you can contrive it, some roofing of branches and rushes may be added. It is burning sun and dust, occasionally it is thunder-storm and water-spouts; a volunteer, if it were not the hope of speedy battle, has a poor time of it: your soldiers speak little, except unintelligible Bohemian *Sclavonic*; your brother ensigns know nothing of Xenophon, Jean Paul, of patriotism, or the higher philosophies; hope only to be soon back at Prague, where are willards and things suitable. "The following days were heavy and void: the great summer-heat had withered grass and grove; the willows of the Rusebach were long since leafless, in part barkless; on the endless plain fell nowhere a shadow; only dim dust clouds, driven up by sudden whirl-blasts, veiled for a moment the glaring sky, and sprinkled all things with a hot rain of sand. We gave up drilling as impossible, and crept into our earth-holes." It is feared, too, there will be no battle: Varnhagen has thoughts of making off to the fighting Duke of Brunswick-Oels, or some other that will fight. "However," it would seem, "the worst trial was already over. After a hot, wearying, wasting day, which promised nothing but a morning like it, there arose on the evening of the 30th of June from beyond the Danube, a sound of cannon-thunder, a solacing refreshment to the languid soul! A part of French, as we soon learned, had got across from the Lobau, by boats, to a little island named *Mühlentau* divided only by a small arm from our side of the river; they had then thrown a bridge over this too, with defences; our batteries at Kesslingen were for hindering the enemy's passing there, and his nearest cannon about the Lobau made answer." On the fourth day all

"Archduke John got orders to advance again as far as Marcheck; that, in the event of a battle on the morrow, he might act on the enemy's right flank. With us too a resolute engagement was arranged. On the 4th of July, in the evening, we were ordered, if there was cannonading in the night, to remain quiet till daybreak; but at daybreak to be under arms. Accordingly, so soon as it was dark, there began before us, on the Danube, a violent fire of artillery; the sky glowed ever and anon with the cannon-flashes, with the courses of bombs and grenades: for nearly two hours this thunder-game lasted on both sides; for the French had begun their attack almost at the same time with ours, and while we were striving to ruin their works on the Lobau, they strove to burn Enzersdorf town, and ruin ours. The Austrian cannon could do little against the strong works on the Lobau. On the other hand, the enemy's attack began to tell; in his object was a wider scope, more decisive energy; his guns were more numerous, more effectual: in a short time Enzersdorf burst out in flames, and our artillery struggled without effect against their superiority of force. The region round had been illuminated for some time with the conflagration of that little town, when the sky grew black with heavy thunder; the rain poured down, the flames dwindled, the artillery fired seldomer, and at length fell silent altogether. A frightful thunder-storm, such as no one thought he had ever seen, now raged over the broad Marchfeld, which shook with the crashing of the thunder, and, in the pour of rain-floods and howl of winds, was in such a roar that even the artillery could not have been heard in it."

On the morrow morning, in spite of Austria and the war of elements, Napoleon, with his endless hosts, and "six hundred pieces of artillery" in front of them, is across, advancing like a conflagration, and soon the whole Marchfeld, far and wide, is in a blaze.

"Ever stronger batteries advanced, ever larger masses of troops came into action; the whole line blazed with fire, and moved forward and forward. We, from our higher position, had hitherto looked at the evolutions and fightings before us, as at a show; but now the battle had got nigher; the air over us sang with cannon-balls, which were lavishly hurled at us, and soon our batteries began to bellow in answer. The infantry got orders to lie flat on the ground, and the enemy's balls at first did little execution; however, as he kept incessantly advancing, the regiments ere long stood to their arms. The Archduke Generalissimo, with his staff, came galloping along, drew bridle in front of us; he gave his commands; looked down into the plain, where the French still kept advancing. You saw by his face that he heeded not danger or death, that he lived altogether in his work; his whole bearing had got a more impressive aspect, a loftier determination, full of joyous courage, which he seemed to diffuse round him; the soldiers looked at him with pride and trust, many voices saluted him. He had ridden a little on towards Baumersdorf, when an adjutant came galloping back, and cried: 'Volunteers forward!' In an instant, almost the whole company of Captain Marais stepped out as volunteers: we fancied it was to storm the enemy's nearest battery, which was advancing through the corn fields in front; and so, cheering with loud shout, we hastened down the declivity, when a second adjutant came with the order that we were but to occupy the Russbach, defend the passage of it, and not to fire till the enemy were quite close. Scattering ourselves into skirmishing order, behind willow-trunks, and high corn, we waited with firelocks ready; covered against cannon-balls, but hit by musket shots and howitzer granades, which the enemy sent in great numbers to our quarter. About an hour we waited here, in the incessant roar of the artillery, which shot both ways over our heads; with regret we soon remarked that the enemy's was superior, at least, in number, and delivered twice as many shots as ours, which however was far

better served; the more did we admire the active zeal and valorous endurance by which the unequal match was nevertheless maintained.

"The Emperor Napoleon meanwhile saw, with impatience, the day passing on without a decisive result; he had calculated on striking the blow at once, and his great accumulated force was not to have directed itself all hitherward in vain. Rapidly he arranged his troops for storming. Marshal Bernadotte got orders to press forward, over Atterkla, towards Wagram; and, by taking this place, break the middle of the Austrian line. Two deep storming columns were at the same time to advance, on the right and left, from Baumersdorf over to Russbach; to scale the heights of the Austrian position, and sweep away the troops there. French infantry had in the meanwhile got up close to where we stood; we skirmishers were called back from the Russbach, and again went into the general line; along the whole extent of which a dreadful fire of musketry now began. This monstrous noise of the universal, never-ceasing crack of shots, and still more, that of the infinite jingle of iron, in handling of more than twenty thousand muskets, all crowded together here, was the only new and entirely strange impression that I, in these my first experiences in war, could say I had got: all the rest was in part conformable to my preconceived notion, in part even below it; but everything, the thunder of artillery never so numerous, every noise I had heard or figured, was trifling, in comparison with this continuous storm-tumult of the small arms, as we call them,—that weapon by which indeed our modern battles do chiefly become deadly.

What boots it! Ensign Varnhagen and Generalissimo Arch-duke Karl are beaten; have to retreat in the best possible order. The sun of Wagram sets as that of Austerlitz had done; the war has to end in submission and marriage: and, as the great Atlantic tide-stream rushes into every creek and alters the current there, so for our Varnhagen too, a new chapter opens;—the diplomatic one, in Paris first of all. Varnhagen's experiences 'At the Court of Napoleon,' as one of his sections is headed, are extremely entertaining. They are tragical, comical, of mixed character; always dramatic, and vividly given. We have a grand Schwartzenburg Festival, the Emperor himself, and all high persons present in grand gala, with music, light, and crowned goblets, in a wooden pavilion, with upholstery and draperies: a rag of drapery flutters the wrong way athwart some wax-light, shrivels itself up in quick fire, kindles the other draperies, kindles the gums and woods, and all blazes into swift choking ruin; a beautiful Princess Schwartzemberg, lost in the mad tumult, is found on the morrow as ashes amid the ashes! Then also there are *soirées* of Imperial notabilities; "the gentlemen walking about in varied talk, wherein you detect a certain cautiousness: the ladies all solemnly ranged in their chairs, rather silent for ladies." Berthier "is a man of composure," not without higher capabilities. Denon, in spite of his kind speeches, produces an ill effect on one; and in his *habileté*, with court-rapier and lace-cuffs, "looks like a dizened ape." Cardinal Maury in red stockings, he that was once Abbé Maury, "pet son of the scarlet woman," whispers diplomatically in your ear, in passing, *Nous avons beaucoup de joie de vous voir ici.* But



the thing that will best of all suit us here, is the presentation to Napoleon himself:—

"On Sunday, the 22nd of July (1810), was to be the Emperor's first levee after that fatal occurrence of the fire; and we were told it would be uncommonly fine and grand. In Berlin I had often accidentally seen Napoleon, and afterwards at Vienna and Schönbrunn; but always too far off for a right impression of him. At Prince Schwarzenberg's festival, the look of the man, in that whirl of horrible occurrences, had effaced itself again. I assume, therefore, that I saw him for the first time now, when I saw him *rightly*, near at hand, with convenience, and a sufficient length of time. The frequent opportunities I afterwards had, in the Tuileries and at Saint Cloud (in the latter place especially, at the brilliant theatre, open only to the Emperor and his guests, where Talma, Fleury, and La Raucourt figured) did but confirm and, as it were, complete that first impression.

"We had driven to the Tuileries, and arrived through a great press of guards and people at a chamber, of which I had already heard, under the name of *Salle des Ambassadeurs*. The way in which, here in this narrow ill-furnished pen, so many high personages stood jammed together, had something ludicrous and insulting in it, and was indeed the material of many a Paris jest. The richest uniforms and court-dresses were, with difficulty and anxiety, struggling hitherward and thitherward; intermixed with Imperial liveries of men handing refreshments, who always, by the near peril, suspended every motion of those about them. The talk was loud and vivacious on all sides, people seeking acquaintances, seeking more room, seeking better light. Seriousness of mood, any dignified concentration of oneself, seemed foreign to all; and what a man could not bring with him there was nothing here to produce. The whole matter had a distressful, offensive air; you found yourself ill off, and waited out of humour. My look, however, dwelt with especial pleasure on the members of our Austrian Embassy, whose bearing and demeanour did not discredit the dignity of the old Imperial house. Prince Schwarzenberg, in particular, had a stately aspect; ease without negligence, gravity without assumption, and over all an honest goodness of expression; beautifully contrasted with the smirking saloon-activity, the perked-up coquettism and pretentious nullity of many here. \* \* \*

"At last the time came for going up to audience. On the first announcement of it, all rushed without order towards the door; you squeezed along, you pushed and shoved your neighbour without ceremony. Chamberlains, pages, and guards, filled the passages and ante-chamber; restless, overdone officiousness struck you here too; the soldiers seemed the only figures that knew how to behave in their business,—and this, truly, they had learned, not at Court, but from their drill-sergeants.

"We had formed ourselves into a half-circle in the Audience Hall, and got placed in several crowded ranks, when the cry of '*L'Empereur*' announced the appearance of Napoleon, who entered from the lower side of the apartment. In simple blue uniform, his little hat under his arm, he walked heavily towards us. His bearing seemed to me to express the contradiction between a will that would attain something, and a contempt for those by whom it was to be attained. An imposing appearance he would undoubtedly have liked to have; and yet it seemed to him not worth the trouble of acquiring; acquiring, I may say, for by nature he certainly had it not. Thus there alternated in his manner a negligence and a studiedness, which combined themselves only in unrest and dissatisfaction. He turned first to the Austrian Embassy, which occupied one extremity of the half-circle. The consequences of the unlucky festival gave occasion to various questions and remarks. The Emperor sought to appear sympathetic, he even used words of emotion; but this tone by no means succeeded with him, and accordingly he soon let it drop. To the Russian Ambassa-

dor, Kurakin, who stood next, his manner had already changed into a rougher; and in his farther progress his face or some thought must have stung him, for he fell into violent anger; broke stormfully out on some one other, not of the most important there, whose name he now escaped me; could be pacified with no answer, but demanded always new; rated and threatened, and he the poor man, for a good space, in tormenting annihilation. Those who stood nearer, and were looking at the scene, not without anxieties of their own, declared afterwards that there was no cause at all for such fury; that the Emperor had merely been seeking an opportunity to vent his ill-humour, and had done so even intentionally on this poor wight, that all the rest might be thrown on due terror, and every opposition beforehand beat down.

"As he walked on, he again endeavoured to speak more mildly; but his jarred humour still sounded through. His words were short, hasty, as if shot for him, and on the most indifferent matters had a passionate rapidity; nay, when he wished to be kindly, it sounded as if he were in anger. Such a raspy, unsteady voice as that of his I have hardly heard.

"His eyes were dark, overclouded, fixed on the ground before him; and only glanced backwards in side-glances now and then, swift and sharp, on the persons around. When he smiled, it was but the mouth and a part of the cheeks that smiled; brow and eyes remained gloomily motionless. If he constrained these also, as I have subsequently seen him do, his countenance took a still more distorted expression. This union of gloom and rage had something frightfully repulsive in it. I know not what to think of the people who have called this countenance gracious, and its kindness attractive. Were not his features, though undeniably beautiful in the plastic sense, yet hard and like marble; foreign to all trust, incapable of any heartiness!

"What he said, whenever I heard him speaking, was always trivial both in purport and phraseology; without spirit, without wit, without force, nay, at times, quite poor and ridiculous. Faber, in his '*Notes sur l'Intérieur de la France*,' has spoken expressly of his questions, those questions which Napoleon was wont to prepare beforehand for certain persons and occasions, to gain credit thereby for acuteness and special knowledge. This is literally true of a visit he had made a short while before to the great Library: all the way on the stairs he kept calling out about that passage in Josephus where Jesus is made mention of; and seemed to have no other task here but that of showing off this bit of learning; it had together the air of a question got by heart. \* \* \* His gift lay in saying things sharp, or at least unpleasant; nay, when he wanted to speak in another sort, he often made no more of it than insignificance: thus it befell once as I myself witnessed in Saint-Cloud, he went through a whole row of ladies, and repeated twenty times mere these same three words, '*Il fait chaud*.' \* \* \*

"At this time there circulated a song on his second marriage; a piece composed in the lowest popular tone; but which doubtless had originated in the higher classes. Napoleon saw his power and splendour stained by a delad, and breathed revenge; but the police could no more detect the author than they could the circulators. Toward among others a copy, written in a bad hand and with name, had been sent by the city poet; I had privily with friends amused myself over the burlesque, and let it by heart. Altogether at the wrong time, exactly as the Emperor, gloomy and sour of humour, was now passing me, the words and tune of that song came into my head, and the more I strove to drive them back, the more decidedly they forced themselves forward; so that my imagination excited by the very frightfulness of the thing, was getting giddy, and seemed on the point of breaking forth into the deadliest offence,—when happily the audience came to an end; and deep repeated bows accompanied the exit of Napoleon; who to me had addressed none of his words but did, as he passed, turn on me one searching glance.

of the eye, with the departure of which it seemed as if a real danger had vanished.

"The Emperor gone, all breathed free, as if-disloaded from a heavy burden. By degrees the company again grew loud, and then went over altogether into the noisy disorder and haste which had ruled at the commencement. The French courtiers especially took pains to redeem their late downbent and terrified bearing by a free jocularly now; and even in descending the stairs there arose laughing and quizzing at the levee, the solemnity of which had ended here."

Such was Varnhagen von Ense's presentation to Napoleon Bonaparte in the Palace of the Tuileries. What Varnhagen saw remains a possession for him and for us. The judgments he formed on what he saw will—depend upon circumstances. For the eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing." Napoleon is a man of the sort which Varnhagen elsewhere calls *datmonisch*, a "demonic man;" whose meaning or magnitude is not very measurable by men; who, with his *ownness* of impulse and insight, with his mystery and strength, in a word, with his *originality* (if we will understand that), reaches down into the region of the perennial and primeval, of the inarticulate and unspeakable; concerning whom innumerable things may be said, and the right thing not said for a long while, or at all. We will leave him standing on his own basis, at present; bullying the hapless, obscure functionary there; declaring to all the world the meteorological fact, *Il fait chaud*.

Varnhagen, as we see, has many things to write about; but the thing which beyond all others he rejoices to write about, and would gladly sacrifice all the rest to, is the memory of Rahel, his deceased wife. Mysterious indications have of late years flitted round us, concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who seems to have lived in familiar relation to most of the distinguished persons of that country in her time. Travellers to Germany, now a numerous sect with us, ask you as they return from æsthetic capitals and circles, "Do you know Rahel?" Marquis Custine, in the 'Revue de Paris' (treating of this book of 'Rahel's Letters') says, by experience: "She was a woman as extraordinary as Madame de Staël, for her faculties of mind, for her abundance of ideas, her light of soul and her goodness of heart: she had, moreover, what the author of 'Corinne' did not pretend to, a disdain for oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like hers is a force too. With more vanity, a person so superior would have sought to make a public for herself: but Rahel desired only friends. She spoke to communicate the life that was in her; never did she speak to be admired." Goethe testifies that she is a "right woman; with the strongest feelings I have ever seen, and the completest mastery of them." Richter addresses her by the title *Geflügelte*, "winged one." Such a Rahel might be worth knowing.

We find, on practical inquiry, that Rahel was of

Berlin; by birth a Jewess, in easy, not affluent circumstances; who lived, mostly there, from 1771 to 1833. That her youth passed in studies, struggles, disappointed passions, sicknesses, and other sufferings and vivacities to which one of her excitable organization was liable. That she was deep in many spiritual provinces, in poetry, in art, in philosophy;—the first, for instance, or one of the first, to recognise the significance of Goethe, and teach the Schlegels to do it. That she wrote nothing; but thought, did, and spoke many things, which attracted notice, admiration spreading wider and wider. That in 1814 she became the wife of Varnhagen; the loved wife though her age was forty-three, exceeding his by some twelve years or more, and she could never boast of beauty. That without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatsoever, she had grown in her silently progressive way to be the most distinguished woman in Berlin; admired, partly worshipped by all manner of high persons, from Prince Louis of Prussia downwards; making her mother's and then her husband's house the centre of an altogether brilliant circle there. This is the "social phenomenon of Rahel." What farther could be readily done to understand such a social phenomenon we have endeavored to do; with what success the reader shall see.

First of all, we have looked at the Portrait of Rahel given in these volumes. It is a face full of thought, of affection, and energy; with no pretensions to beauty, yet loveable and attractive in a singular degree. The strong high brow and still eyes are full of contemplation; the long upper lip (sign of genius, some say) protrudes itself to fashion a curved mouth condemnable in academies, yet beautifully expressive of laughter and affection, of strong endurance, of noble silent scorn; the whole countenance looking as with cheerful clearness through a world of great pain and disappointment: one of those faces which the lady meant when she said, "But are not all beautiful faces ugly, then, to begin with?" In the next place, we have read diligently whatsoever we could anywhere find written about Rahel; and have to remark here that the things written about her, unlike some things written by her, are generally easy to read. Varnhagen's account of their intercourse, of his first young feelings towards her, his long waiting, and final meeting of her in snowy weather under the Lindens, in company with a lady whom he knew, his tremulous speaking to her there, the rapid progress of their intimacy; and so onwards, to love, to marriage: all this is touching and beautiful; a Petrarcan romance, and yet a reality withal.

Finally, we have read in these three thick volumes of Letters,—till, in the second thick volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture with considerable intervals! Such is the melancholy fact. It must be urged in defence that

these volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said for Germany, rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay of genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. The truth is, they do not suit us at all. They are *subjective* letters, what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective*; the grand material of them is endless depicting of moods, sensations, miseries, joys, and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions, or events which the writer stood amidst: a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end? To what end? we always ask. Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself, and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. "One thing above all others," says Goethe once, "I have never *thought about thinking*." What a thrift of thinking-faculty there; a thrift almost of itself equal to a fortune in these days: "*habe nie ans Denken gedacht!*" But how much wastefuller still is it to *feel about Feeling*! One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self,—why, this can drive one mad, like the monks of Athos, if it last too long. Unprofitable writing this *subjective* sort does seem;—at all events, to the present reviewer, no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macrocosm*, or universe large as nature; universal nature would barely hold what he *could* say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shopboard of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions, and internal mysteries of woe and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads nowhither; a course which should be avoided.

Add to all this, that such self-utterance on the part of Rahel, in these letters, is in the highest degree vaporous, vague. Her very mode of writing is complex, nay is careless, ineondite; with dashes and splashes, with notes of admiration, of interrogation (nay, both together sometimes), with involutions, abruptnesses, whirls, and tortuosities; so that even the grammatical meaning is altogether burdensome to seize. And then when seized, alas, it is as we say, of due likeness to the phraseology; a thing crude, not articulated into propositions, but flowing out in as in bursts of interjection and exclamation. No wonder the reading faculty breaks down! And yet we do gather gold grains of precious thought here and there; though out of large wastes of sand and quicksand. In fine, it becomes clear, beyond doubting, both that this Rahel was a woman of rare gifts and worth, a woman of true genius; and also that her genius has passed away, and left no impress of itself there for us. These printed

volumes produce the effect not of speech, but of multifarious, confused wind-music. It seems to require the aid of pantomime, to tell us what it means. Be after all, we can understand how *talk* of that kind, is an expressive mouth, with bright deep eyes and the vivacity of social movement, of question and response, may have been delightful; and moreover that, for those to whom they vividly recall such talk, these letters may still be delightful. Hear Marquis de Custine a little farther:

"You could not speak with her a quarter of an hour without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command equally to the highest degree of the sublime. The proof that she was natural is that she understood laughter as she understood grief; she took it as a readier means of showing truth. All had its resonance in her, and her manner of receiving the impressions which you wished to communicate, she modified them in yourself: you loved her at first, because she had admirable gifts; and then, what prevailed over everything, because she was entertaining. It was nothing for you, or she was all; and she could be to several at a time without exciting jealousy, so that her noble nature participated in the source of all that is of all clearness. When one has lost in youth such a friend," &c. &c. . . . "It seems to me you might define her in one word: she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle, and in spite of that she was a child and a woman as much as any one can be. Her mind penetrated into the obscurest depths of nature; she was a thinker of as much force and more clearness than our Theosophist Saint Martin, whom she comprehended and admired; and she felt like an artist. Her perceptions were always double; she attained the sublimest truths by two faculties which are incompatible in ordinary men, by feelings and by reflection. Her friends asked of themselves.—Whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation? Was it the effect of long studies? Was it the effect of sudden inspirations? It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true. These martyr souls wrestle for the truth, which they have a forecast of; they suffer for the God whom they love, and their whole life is the school of eternity."\*

This enthusiastic testimony of the clever sentimental Marquis is not at all incredible to us, in its way: yet from these letters we have nothing whatever to produce that were adequate to make it good. As was said already, it is not to be made good by excerpts and written documents; its proof rests in the memory of living witnesses. Meanwhile, from these same wastes of sand, and even of quicksand dangerous to linger in, we will try to gather a few grains the most like gold, that it may be guessed, by the charitable, whether or not a Pactolus once flowed there:

"If there be miracles, they are those that are in your own breast; what we do not know, we call by that name. How astonished, almost how ashamed are we, when an inspired moment comes, and we get to know them!"

"One is late in learning to lie; and late in learning to speak the truth."—"I cannot, because I cannot lie. Fancy not that I take credit for it: I cannot, just as one cannot play upon the flute."

"In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew its hearts there."

"So long as we do not take even the injustice which is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us;

long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness, without dawn."

"Manure with despair,—but let it be genuine; and you will have a noble harvest."

"True misery is ashamed of itself, hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that."

"What a common-place man! If he did not live in the same time with us, no mortal would mention him."

"Have you remarked that Homer, whenever he speaks of the water, is always great; as Goethe is when he speaks of the stars."

"If one were to say, 'You think it easy to be original: but no, it is difficult, it costs a whole life of labour and exertion,'—you would think him mad, and ask no more questions of him. And yet his opinion would be altogether true, and plain enough withal. Original, I grant, every man might be, and must be, if men did not almost always admit mere undigested hearsays into their head, and fling them out again undigested. Whoever honestly questions himself, and faithfully answers, is busied continually with all that presents itself in life; and is incessantly inventing, had the thing been invented never so long before. Honesty belongs as a first condition to good thinking; and there are almost as few absolute dunces as geniuses. 'Genuine dunces' would always be original; but there are none of them genuine: they have almost always understanding enough to be dishonest."

"He (the blockhead) tumbled out on me his definition of genius: the trivial old distinctions of intellect and heart; as if there ever was, or could be, a great intellect with a mean heart!"

"Goethe? When I think of him, tears come into my eyes: all other men I love with my own strength; he teaches me to love with his. My Poet!"

"Slave-trade, war, marriage, working-classes:—and they are astonished, and keep clouting, and remending!"

"The whole world is, properly speaking, a tragic *embarras*."

"... I here, Rahel the Jewess, feel that I am as unique as the greatest appearance in this earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, is not above me. We are of the same element; in the same rank, and stand together. Whichever would exclude the other, excludes only himself. But to me it was appointed not to write, or act, but to *live*: I lay in embryo till my century; and then was, in outward respects, so *flung away*—It is for this reason that I tell it you. But pain, as I know it, is a life too: and I think with myself, I am one of those figures which Humanity was fated to evolve, and then never to use more, never to have more: Me no one can comfort."—"Why *not* be beside oneself, dear friend? There are beautiful parentheses in life, which belong neither to us nor to others: beautiful I name them, because they give us a freedom we could not get by sound sense. Who would volunteer to have a nervous fever? And yet it may save one's life. I love rage; I use it, and patronise it."—"Be not alarmed; I am commonly calmer. But when I write to a *friend's heart*, it comes to pass that the sultry laden horizon of my soul breaks out in lightning. Heavenly men *love* lightning."

"To Varnhagen. ... One thing I must write to thee, what I thought of last night in bed, and for the first time in my life. That I, as a relative and pupil of Shakspeare, have, from my childhood upwards, occupied myself much with death, thou mayest believe. But never did my own death affect me; nay, I did not even think of this fact, that I was not affected by it. Now, last night there was something I had to write; I said, Varnhagen must know this thing, if he is to think of me after I am dead. And it seemed to me as if I must die; as if my heart were flitting away over this earth, and I must follow it; and my leath gave me pity: for never before, as I now saw, had I thought that it would give anybody pity: of thee I knew it would do so, and yet it was the first time in my life I had seen this, or known that I had never seen it. In such solitude have I lived: comprehend it! I thought, when I am dead, then first will Varnhagen know what sufferings

I had; and all his lamenting will be in vain, the figure of me meets him again through all eternity no more; swept away am I *then*, as our poor Prince Louis is. And no one can be kind to me then; with the strongest will, with the exertion of despair, no one; and this thought of thee about me was what at last affected me. I must write of this, though it afflict thee never so." . . .

"To Rose, a young sister, on her marriage in Amsterdam.—Paris, 1801. . . . Since thy last letter I am sore downcast. Gone art thou! No Rose comes stepping in to me with true foot and heart, who knows me altogether, knows all my sorrows *altogether*. When I am sick of body or soul, alone, alone, thou comest not to me any more; thy room empty, quite empty, for ever empty. Thou art away, to try thy fortune. O Heaven! and to me not even *trying* is permitted. Am not I in luck! The garden in the Lindenstrasse where we used to be with Hanne and Feu—was it not beautiful? I will call it *Rose* now; with Hanne and Hanse will I go often thither, and none shall know of it. Dost thou recollect that night when I was to set out with Fink the time before last? How thou hadst to sleep up stairs, and then to stay with me? O my sister, I might be as ill again—though not for that cause: and thou, too, what may not lie before thee! But, no, thy name is Rose; thou hast *blue* eyes, and a far other life than I with my stars and black ones. \* \* \* Salute mamma a million times; tell her I congratulate her from the heart; the more so as I can never give her such a pleasure! God willed it not. But I, in her place, would have great pity for a child so circumstanced. Yet let her not lament for me. I know all her goodness, and thank her with my soul. Tell her I have the fate of nations and of the greatest men before my eyes here: they too go tumbling even so on the great sea of Existence, mounting, sinking, swallowed up. From of *old*, all men have seemed to me like spring blossoms, which the wind blows off and whirls; none knows where it falls, and the fewest come to fruit."

Poor Rahel! The Frenchman said above she was an artist and apostle, yet had not ceased to be a child and woman. But we must stop short. One other little scene, a scene from her death-bed by Varnhagen, must end the tragedy:

"... She said to me one morning, after a dreadful night, with the penetrating tone of that lovely voice of hers, 'O, I am *still* happy; I am God's creature still. He knows of me; I shall come to see how it was good and needful for me so to suffer: of a surety I had something to learn by it. And am I not already happy in this trust, and in all the love that I feel and meet with?'

"In this manner she spoke, one day, among other things, with joyful heartiness, of a dream which always from childhood she had remembered and taken comfort from. 'In my seventh year,' said she, 'I dreamt that I saw God quite near me; he stood expanded above me, and his mantle was the whole sky; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest; and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me, and in the worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of his mantle, and he screened me from all sorrow there: He permitted it.' \* \* \* The following words, which I felt called to write down exactly as she spoke them on the 2nd of March, are also remarkable: 'What a history!' cried she, with deep emotion: 'A fugitive from Egypt and Palestine am I here; and find help, love, and kind care among you. To thee, dear August, was I sent by this guiding of God, and thou to me; from afar, from the old times of Jacob and the Patriarchs! With a sacred joy I think of this my origin, of all this wide web of pre-arrangement. How the oldest remembrances of mankind are united with the newest reality of things, and the most distant times and places

are brought together. What for so long a period of my life I considered as the worst ignominy, the sorest sorrow and misfortune, that I was born a Jewess, this I would not part with now for any price. Will it not be even so with these pains of sickness? Shall I not one day mount joyfully aloft on them, too; feel that I could not want them for any price? O August, this is just, this is true; we will try to go on thus!" Thereupon she said, with many tears, "Dear August, my heart is refreshed to its inmost: I have thought of Jesus, and wept over his sorrows; I have felt, for the first time felt, that he is my Brother. And Mary, what must not she have suffered! She saw her beloved Son in agony, and did not sink; she stood at the Cross. That I could not have done; I am not strong enough for that. Forgive me, God, I confess how weak I am." \* \* \*

"At nightfall, on the 6th of March, Rahel felt herself easier than for long before, and expressed an irresistible desire to be new dressed. As she could not be persuaded from it, this was done, though with the greatest precaution. She herself was busily helpful in it, and signified great contentment that she had got it accomplished. She felt so well she expected to sleep. She wished me good-night, and bade me also go and sleep. Even the maid, Dora, was to go and sleep; however, she did not.

"It might be about midnight, and I was still awake, when Dora called me: 'I was to come, she was much worse.' Instead of sleep, Rahel had found only suffering, one distress added to another; and now all had combined into decided spasm of the breast. I found her in a state little short of that she had passed six days ago. The medicines left for such an occurrence (regarded as possible, not probable) were tried; but, this time, with little effect. The frightful struggle continued; and the beloved sufferer, writhing in Dora's arms, cried, several times, 'This pressure against her breast was not to be borne, was pushing her heart out!' the breathing, too, was painfully difficult. She complained that 'it was getting into her head now, that she felt like a cloud there;' she leant back with that. A deceptive hope of some alleviation gleamed on us for a moment, and then went out for ever; the eyes were dimmed, the mouth distorted, the limbs lamed! In this state the Doctors found her; their remedies were all bootless. An unconscious hour and half, during which the breast still occasionally struggled in spasmodic efforts,—and this noble life breathed out its last. The look I got then, kneeling almost lifeless at her bed, stamped itself, glowing, for ever into my heart."

So died Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, born Levin, a singular biographic phenomenon of this century; a woman of genius, of true depth and worth, whose secluded life, as one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the public admiration of the whole world; a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century; in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that "the highest philosopher or poet or artist was not above her, but of a like element and rank with her." That such a woman should have lived unknown, and, as it were, silent to the world, is peculiar in this time.

We say not that she was equal to De Staël, nor the contrary; neither that she might have written De Staël's books, nor even that she might not have written far better books. She has ideas unequalled in De Staël; a sincerity, a pure tenderness and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost. But what then? The subjunctive, the optative are vague moods; there is no tense one can found on but the prerite of the indicative. Enough for us, Rahel did not

write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be sheltered and fosteringly embowered, in those circumstances here; she "was not appointed to write or to act, but only to live." Call her not unhappy on that account; call her not useless; nay, perhaps, call her happier and usefuller. Blessed are the humble, are they that are not known. It is written, "Seekest thou great things, seek them not;" live where thou art, only live wisely; live diligently. Rahel's life was not an idle one for herself or for others: how many souls may the "sparkle showering from that light-fountain" have kindled and illuminated; whose new virtue goes on propagating itself, increasing itself, under incalculable combinations and will be found in far places, after many days! She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this way will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the newspapers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing have made something, by never so much babbling about it there? Far better, probably, that no morning or evening paper mentioned it; that the right hand knew not what the left was doing! Rahel might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books? Has thou not already a bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal; namely, a Life to lead? Silence, too, is great; there should be great silent ones, too.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work of an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets: one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his "seven acres of nursery-ground," nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to "thole a factor's snash," and read attorney letters, in his pocket, "which threw us all into tears;" a man of no money-capital at all, of no account at all; yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a boy named Robert, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and his voice, fashioned here by this poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, like a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? "Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!" What chancellor, king, senator, begirt never such sumptuousity, dyed velvet, blaring and britity, could you have named in England that was as momentous as that William Burns! Courage!—

We take leave of Varnhagen with true goodwill and heartily thank him for the pleasure and instruction he has given us.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.—CONCLUDED.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

Our readers may recollect, that at the close of that part of our tale which appeared in the preceding month, Dandy Duffy and Ned M'Cormick exchanged significant glances with each other, upon Flanagan's having admitted unawares that the female he designed to take away on the following night was "the purtiest girl in the parish." The truth was, he imagined at the moment that his designs were fully matured, and in the secret vanity, or rather, we should say, in the triumphant villany of his heart, he allowed an expression to incautiously pass his lips which was nearly tantamount to an admission of Una's name. The truth of this he instantly felt. But even had he not, by his own natural sagacity, perceived it, the look of mutual intelligence which his quick and suspicious eye observed to pass between Duffy and Ned M'Cormick would at once have convinced him. Una was not merely entitled to the compliment so covertly bestowed upon her extraordinary personal attractions, but in addition it might have been truly affirmed, that neither that nor any adjoining parish could produce a female, in any rank, who could stand on a level with her in the character of a rival beauty. This was admitted by all who had ever seen the *colleen dhás dhun*, or "the purty brown girl," as she was called, and it followed, as a matter of course, that Flanagan's words could imply no other than the Bodagh's daughter.

It is unnecessary to say, that Flanagan, knowing this as he did, could almost have bit a portion of his own tongue off as a punishment for its indiscretion. It was then too late, however, to efface the impression which the words were calculated to make, and he felt besides that he would only strengthen the suspicion by an over anxiety to remove it. He therefore repeated his orders respecting the appointed meeting on the following night, although he had already resolved in his own mind to change the whole plan of his operations.

Such was the precaution with which this cowardly but accomplished miscreant proceeded towards the accomplishment of his purposes, and such was his apprehension lest the premature suspicion of a single individual might by contingent treachery defeat his design, or affect his personal safety. He had made up his mind to communicate the secret of his enterprise to none until the very moment of its execution; and this being accomplished, his ultimate plans were laid, as he thought, with sufficient skill to baffle pursuit and defeat either the malice of his enemies or the vengeance of the law.

No sooner had they left the schoolhouse than the Dandy and M'Cormick immediately separated from the rest, in order to talk over the proceedings of the night, with a view to their suspicions of the "Captain." They had not gone far, however, when they were overtaken by two others, who came up with them at a quick, or, if I may be allowed the expression, an earnest pace. The two latter were Rousin Redhead and his son Corney.

"So boys," said the Rouser, "what do you think of our business to-night? Didn't I get well out of his clutches?"

"Be me troth, Rouser darlin'," replied the Dandy, "you liver wor completely in them till this minnit."

"*Dhar ma tham chorth*," said Corney, "I say he's a lack-hearted villin, and *dammho orm* but it 'ud be a quill o' absolution from the priest's hand to knock him on the sad."

"But how am I in his clutches, Dandy?" inquired the Rouser.

"Why," rejoined Duffy, "don't you see that for all you said about his throwin' the post of danger on other people, he's givin' it to you to-morrow night."

Rousin Redhead stood still for nearly half a minute without uttering a syllable; at length he seized Dandy by the arm, which he pressed with the gripe of Hercules, for he was a man of huge size and strength.

"*Chorp an dioual*, you giant, is it my arm you're goin' to brake?"

"Be the 'tarnal primmer, Dandy Duffy, but I see it now," said the Rouser, struck by Bartle's address, and indignant at the idea of having been overreached by him. "Eh, Corney," he continued addressing the son, "hasn't he the Rouser set? I see boys, I see. I'm a marked man wid him, an' it's likely, for all he said, will be on the black list afore he sleeps. Well, Corney avic, you an' others know how to act if any thing happens me."

"I don't think," said M'Cormick, who was a lad of considerable penetration, "that you need be afeard of either him or the black list. Be me sowl, I know the same Bartle well, an' a bigger coward never put a coat on his back. He got as pale as a sheet to-night, when Corney there threatened him; not but he's deafeul enough, I grant, but he'd be a greater tyrant only that he's so hearted."

"But what job," said the Rouser, "has he for us to-morrow night, do you think? It must be something past the common. Who the *dioual* can he have in his eye to run away wid?"

"Who's the purtiest girl in the parish, Rouser?" asked Ned. "I thought every one knew that."

"Why you don't mane for to say," replied Redhead, "that he'd have the spunk in him to run away with Bodagh Buie's daughter? Be the contents o' the book, if I thought he'd thry it, I'd stick to him like a Throjan; the dirty Bodagh, that, as Larry Lawdher said to-night, never backed or supported us, or gev a single rap to help us, if a penny 'ud save one of us from the gallies. To hell's delights wid him an' all belongin' to him, I say too; an' I'll tell you what it is, boys, *dhar Chriestha*, if Flanagan has the manliness to take away his daughter, I'll be the first to sledge the door into pieces."

"*Dhar a spiridh* an' so will I!" said the young beetle-browed tiger beside him; "thim that can an' wont help on the cause, deserves no marcy from it."

Thus spoke from the lips of ignorance and brutality that *esprit du corps* of blood, which never scruples to sacrifice all minor resentments to any opportunity of extending the cause, as it is termed, or that ideal monster, in the promotion of which the worst principles of our nature, still the most active, are sure to experience the greatest glut of low and gross gratification. Oh, if reason, virtue, and true religion, were only as earnest and vigorous in extending their own cause, as ignorance, persecution, and bigotry, how soon would society present a different aspect. But, unfortunately, *they cannot stoop* to call in the aid of tyranny, and cruelty, and bloodshed, nor of the thousand other atrocious allies of falsehood and dishonesty, of which ignorance, craft, and cruelty, never fail to avail themselves, and without which they could not proceed successfully.

M'Cormick having heard Rousin Redhead and his son utter such sentiments, did not feel at all justified in admitting them to any confidence with himself or Duffy. He accordingly replied with more of adroitness than of candor to the savage sentiments they expressed.

"Faith you're right, Rouser; he'd never have spunk, sure enough, to carry off the Bodagh's daughter. But, in

the mane time, who was spakin' about her? Begor if I thought he had the heart I'd—but he hasn't."

"I know he hasn't," said the Rouser.

"He's nothing but a white-livered dog," said Duffy.

"I thought, to tell you the truth," said M'Cormick, "that you might give a guess as to the girl, but for the Bodagh's daughter, he has *not* the mettle for that."

"If he had," replied the Rouser, "he might count upon Corney an' myself as right-hand men. We all have a crow to pluck wid the dirty Bodagh, an' be me zounds it 'll puzzle him to find a bag to hould the feathers."

"One 'ud think he got enough," observed M'Cormick, "in the loss of his haggard."

"But that didn't come from uz," said the Rouser, "we have our share to give him yet, an' never fear he'll get it. We'll taich him to abuse us, an' set us at defiance, as he's constantly doin'."

"Well, Rouser," said M'Cormick, who now felt anxious to get rid of him, "we'll be wishin' you a good night; we're goin' to have a while of a *kailyeah*\* up at my uncle's. Corney, my boy, good night."

"Good night kindly, boys," replied the others, "an' *banaght laht* any how."

"Rouser, you devil," said the Dandy, calling after them, "will you an' blessed Corney there, offer up a Patthernavy for my conversion, for I'm sure that both your prayers will go far."

Rousin Redhead and Corney responded to this with a loud laugh, and a banter.

"Ay, ay, Dandy; but be me sowl, if they only go as far as your own goodness sinit you before now, it 'll be seven years before they come back agin; eh, do you smell anything?—ha, ha, ha!"

"The big bosthoon hot me fairly, begad," observed the Dandy. Aside—"The devil's own tongue he has."

"Bad cess to you for a walkin' bonfire, an' go home," replied the Dandy, "I'm not a match for you wid the tongue, at all at all."

"No, nor wid anything else, barrin' your heels," replied the Rouser; "or your hands, if there was a horse in the way. Arrah Dandy!"

"Well, you graceful youth, well?"

"You ought to be a good workman by this time; you first larned your thrade, an' thin you put in your apprenticeship—ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, an' Rouser I can promise you a merry end, my beauty; you'll be the only man that'll dance at your own funeral; an' I'll tell you what, Rouser, it'll be like an egg-bornpipe, wid your eyes covered. That's what I call an active death, avouchal!"

"Faith, an' if you wor a priest, Dandy, you'd never die with you face to the congregation. You'll be a rope-dancer yourself yet; only this, Dandy, that you'll be under the rope instead of over it; so good night."

"Rouser," exclaimed the other, "Rousin, Redhead!"

"Go home," replied the Rouser. "Good night, I say; you've thravelled a great deal too far for an ignorant man like me to stand any chance wid you. Your tongue's lighter than your hands† even, and that's payin' it a high compliment."

"Devil sweep you, Brien," said Dandy, "you'd beat the devil an' Docthor Foster. Good night again!"

"Oh, ma *banaght laht*, I say."

And they accordingly parted.

"Now," said Ned, "what's to be done, Dandy? As sure as gun's iron, this limb of hell will take away the Bodagh's daughter, if we don't do something to prevent it."

"I'm not puttin' it past him," returned his companion "but *how* to prevent it is the thing. He has the boys all on his side, barrin' yourself and me, an' a few more."

"An' you see, Ned, the Bodagh is so much hated, that even some of them that don't like Flanagan, wont scruple to join him in this."

"An' if we were known to let the cat out o' the bag to the Bodagh, we might as well prepare our coffins as wanst."

"Faith, sure enough—that's but gospel, Ned," replied the Dandy; "still it 'ud be the *millich* murderers to let the double-faced villin carry off sich a girl."

"I'll tell you what you'll do thin, Dandy," rejoined Ned "what if you'd walk down wid me as far as the Bodagh's."

"For why? Sure they're in bed now, man alive."

"I know that," said M'Cormick; "but how-an'-ever, you come down wid me that far, I'll contrive to get it somehow, widout wakenin' them."

"The dickens you will! How, the sarra, man?"

"No matter, I will; an' you see," he added, puffing out a flask of spirits, "I'm not goin' impty handed."

"Phew!" exclaimed Duffy, "is it there you are!—that indeed. Faith I got a whisper of it some time; but it wint out o' my head. Biddy Nulty, fair—a 2 clane girl she is too."

"But that's not the best of it, Dandy. Sure, that alive, I can tell you a secret—may depind? How bright! The Bodagh's daughter, man, 's to give her a portion, in regard to her bein' so thrue to Connor O'Donovan. Bad luck to the oath she'd swear against him if they'd make a queen of her, but outdone the counsellors and lawyers, an' all the whole bobbory o' them, when they wanted her to turn king's evidence. Now, it's not but I'd do anything to sarve the purty Bodagh's daughter widout it; but you see, Dandy, if white liver takes her aff, I may stand a bad chance for the portion."

"Say no more; I'll go wid you; but how will you get in, Ned?"

"Never you mind that; here, take a pull out of this flask before you go any farther. Blood an' flummery! what a night; devil a my finger I can see before me. Here—where's your hand?—that's it; warm your heart, my boy."

"You intend thin, Ned, to give Biddy the hard word about Flanagan?"

"Why, to bid her put them on their guard; sure there can be no harm in that."

"Then say, Ned, it's not safe to trust a woman; what if you'd ax to see the Bodagh's son, the young sagarth?"

"I'd trust my life to Biddy—she that was so honest as the Donovans wouldn't be desateful to her sweetheart the—he—hem—she's far gone in consate wid—your son. Her brother Alick's to meet me at the Bodagh's, on his way from their lodge, for they hould a meetin' to-night too."

"Never say it agin. I'll stick to you; so push an' it's late. You'll be apt to make up the match before I part I suppose."

"That wont be hard to do anytime, Dandy."

Both then proceeded down the same field which have already said was called the Black Park, in consequence of its dark and mossy soil. Having, with some difficulty, found the stile at the lower end of it, they passed into a short car track, which they were barely able to follow.

The night, considering that it was the month of November, was close and foggy—such as frequently follows a calm day of incessant rain. The bottoms were plashed the drains all full, and the small rivulets and streams all

\* An evening conversational visit

† In Ireland, to be light-handed signifies to be a thief.



the country were above their banks, whilst the larger rivers swept along with the hoarse continuous murmurs of an unusual flood. The sky was one sheet of darkness—for not a cloud could be seen, or any thing, except the passing gleam of a cottage taper, lessened by the haziness of the night into a mere point of faint light, and thrown by the same cause into a distance which appeared to the eye much more remote than that of reality.

After having threaded their way for nearly a mile, the water spouting almost at every step up to their knees, they at length came to an old bridle way, deeply shaded with hedges on each side. They had not spoken much since the close of their last dialogue; for the truth is, each had enough to do, independently of dialogue, to keep himself out of drains and quagmires. An occasional "hanamondiou, I'm in the hitches;" "holy St. Pether, I'm stuck;" "tundher an' turf, where are you at all?" or, "by this an' by that I dunna where I am," were the only words that passed between them, until they reached the little road we are speaking of, which, in fact, was one unbroken rut, and on such a night almost impassable.

"Now," said McCormick, "we must n't keep this devil's gut, for conahamin' to the shoe or stockin ever we'd bring out of it; however do you folly me Dandy, and there's no danger."

"I can do nothing else," replied the other, "for I know no more where I am than the man o' the moon, who, if all's true that's sed of him, is the biggest blockhead alive."

McCormick, who knew the path well, turned off the road into a pathway that ran inside the hedge and along the fields, but parallel with the muddy boreen in question. They now found themselves upon comparatively clear ground, and with the exception of an occasional slip or two, in consequence of the heavy rain, they had little difficulty in advancing. At this stage of their journey not a light was to be seen nor a sound of life heard, and it was evident that the whole population of the neighborhood had sunk to rest.

"Where will this bring us to Ned?" asked the Dandy—"I hope we'll soon be at the Bodagh's."

McCormick stood and suddenly pressed his arm, "Whisht," said he, in an under tone, "I think I hard voices."

"No," replied the other in the same low tone.

"I'm sure I did," said Ned; "take my word for it there's people before us on the boreen—whisht!"

They both listened, and very distinctly heard a confused but suppressed murmur of voices, apparently about a hundred yards before them on the little bridle-way. Without uttering a word they both proceeded as quietly and quickly as possible, and in a few minutes nothing separated them but the hedge. The party on the road were wallowing through the mire with great difficulty, many of them, at the same time, bestowing very energetic execrations upon it and upon those who suffered it to remain in such a condition. Even the oaths, however, were uttered in so low and cautious a tone, that neither McCormick nor the Dandy could distinguish their voices so clearly as to recognize those who spoke, supposing that they had known them. Once or twice they heard the clashing of arms or of iron instruments of some sort, and it seemed to them that the noise was occasioned by the accidental jostling together of those who carried them. At length they heard one voice exclaim rather testily. "D—n your blood, Bartle Flanagan, will you have patience till I get my shoe out o' the mud—you don't expect me to lose it, do you? We're not goin' to get a purty wife, whatever you may be."

The reply to this was short, but pithy—"May all the devils in hell's fire pull the tongue out o' you, for nothin' but hell itself, you villin, tempted me to bring you with me."

This was not intended to be heard, nor was it by the person against whom it was uttered, he being some distance behind—but as Ned and his companion were at the moment exactly on the other side of the hedge, they could hear the words of this precious soliloquy—for such it was—delivered as they were with a suppressed energy of malignity, worthy of the heart who suggested them.

McCormick immediately pulled Duffy's coat without speaking a word, as a hint to follow him with as little noise as possible, which he did, and ere many minutes they were so far in advance of the others, as to be enabled to converse without being heard.

"*Thar Dheah* Duffy," said his companion, "there's not a minute to be lost."

"There is not," replied the other—"but what will you do with me? I'll lend a hand in any way I can—but remember that if we're seen, or if it's known that we go against them in this—"

"I know," said the other, "we're gone men; still we must manage it somehow, so as to save the girl; God! if it was only on Connor O'Donovan's account, that's far away this night, I'd do it. Dandy you wor only a boy whin Blennarhasset prosecuted you, an people pitied you at the time, and now they dont think much the worse of you for it; an you know it was proved since, that what you sed then was thrue, that other rogues made you do it, an thin left you in the lurch. But d—n it, where's the use of all this; give me your hand, it's life or death—can I thrust you?"

"You may," said the other, "you may Ned; do whatsoever you wish with me."

"Then," continued Ned, "I'll go into the house, and do you keep near them without bein' seen; watch their motions; but above all things, if they take her off—folly on till you see where they'll bring her; after that they can get back enough—the sogers, if they're a wantin'."

"Depind an me, Ned; to the core depind an me."

They had now reached the Bodagh's house, upon which, as upon every other object around them, the deep shadows of night rested heavily. The Dandy took up his position behind one of the porches of the gate that divided the little grass-plot before the hall-door and the farm-yard, as being the most central spot, and from which he could with more ease hear, or as far as might be observed, the plan and nature of their proceedings.

It was at least fifteen minutes before they reached the little avenue that led up to the Bodagh's residence; for we ought to have told our readers, that McCormick and Duffy having taken a short path, left the others—who, being ignorant of it, were forced to keep to the road—considerably behind them. Ned was consequently from ten to fifteen minutes in the house previous to their arrival. At length they approached silently, and with that creeping pace which betokens either fear or caution, as the case may be, and stood outside the gate which led into the grass-plot before the hall-door, not more than three or four yards from the porch of the farm-yard gate where the Dandy was concealed. And here he had an opportunity of witnessing the extreme skill with which Flanagan conducted this nefarious exploit. After listening for about a minute, he found that their worthy lender was not present, but he almost immediately discovered that he was engaged in placing guards upon all the back windows of the dwelling-house and kitchen. During his absence the following short consultation took place among those whom he left behind him, for the purpose of taking a personal part in the enterprize:

"It was too thrue what Rousin Redhead said to-night," observed one of them, "he always takes care to throw the post of danger on some one else. Now, it's not that I'm

afraid, but as he's to have the girl himself, it's but fair that his own neck should run the first danger, an not mine."

They all assented to this.

"Well, then, boys," he proceeded, "if yez support me, we'll make him head this business himself. It's his own consarn, not ours; an besides, as he holds the Articles, it's his duty to lead us in every thing. So be the askment I for wan, won't take away his girl, an himself keepin back. If there's any one here that 'ill take my place for his, let him now say so."

They were all silent as to that point; but most of them said, they wished, at all events, to give "the dirty Bodagh," for so they usually called him, something to remember them by, in consequence of his having, on all occasions, stood out against the system.

"Still it's fair," said several of them, "that in takin away the colleen, Bartle should go foremost, as she's for himself an not for huz."

"Well, then, you all agree to this?"

"We do," but whilst—here he is.

Deeply mortified was their leader on finding that they had come unanimously to this determination. It was too late now, however, to reason with them, and the crime, to the perpetration of which he brought them, too dangerous in its consequences, to render a quarrel with them safe or prudent.—He felt himself therefore, in a position which, of all others, he did not wish. Still his address was too perfect to allow any symptoms of chagrin or disappointment to be perceptible in his voice or manner, although the truth is, he cursed them in his heart at the moment, and vowed in some shape or other to visit their insubordination with vengeance.

Such, indeed, is the nature of those secret confederacies that are opposed to the laws of the land, and the spirit of religion. It matters little how open and apparently honest the conduct of such men may be among each other; there is, notwithstanding this, a distrust, a fear, a suspicion lurking at every heart, that renders personal security unsafe, and life miserable. But how indeed can they repose confidence in each other, when they know that in consequence of their connexion with such systems, many of the civil duties of life cannot be performed without perjury on the one hand, or risk of life on the other, and that the whole principle of the combination is founded upon hatred, revenge, and a violation of all moral obligation. No church but the church that grapples with the secrets of the heart can crush this; but wo to the church that can and will not.

"Well then," said their leader, "as your minds is made up boys, folly me as quietly as you can, an dont spake a word in your own voices."

They approached the hall-door, with the exception of six, who stood guarding the front windows of the dwelling-house and kitchen; and to the Dandy's astonishment, the whole party, amounting to about eighteen, entered the house without either noise or obstruction of any kind.

"By Japurs," thought he to himself, "there's thraichery there any how."

This now to the Dandy was a moment of intense interest. Though by no means a coward, or a young fellow of delicate nerves, yet his heart beat furiously against his ribs, and his whole frame shook with excitement. He would in truth, much rather have been engaged in the outrage, than forced as he was, merely to look on without an opportunity of taking a part in it, one way or the other. Such, at least, were his own impressions, when the report of a gun was heard inside the house.

*Dhor an Iffrin*, thought he again, I'll bould in an see what's goin ap—*ah ma shaght millia mallach orth Flan-*

agan, if you spill blood—Jesus above! Well any how, come or go what may, we can hang him for this—glory be to God!

These reflections were very near breaking forth into words.

"*Dhor Jaska*, I dont like that," said one of the guards to another; "he may take the girl away," but it's not the thing to murder any one belongin to a decent family, as of our own religion."

"If it's only the Bodagh got it," replied his comrade, who was no other than Mickey Malvathra, "blazes to the hair I care. When my brother Barney, that suffered for *Cass Beal* (crooked mouth) Grime's business, was before his thrial, hell reave the taitther the same Bodagh would give to defend him."

"Damn it," rejoined the other, "but to murder a man in his bed! Why now, if it was even comin home for a fair or market, but at midnight, an in his bed, begurs it is not the thing, Mickey."

There was now a pause in the conversation for some minutes; at length screams were heard, and the noise of men's feet, as if engaged in a scuffle upon the stairs, the hall-door lay open. A light too was seen, but it appeared to have been blown out; the same noise of trampling, as if still in a tumult, approached the door, and almost immediately afterwards Flanagan's party appeared, bearing in their arms a female, who panted and struggled as if she had been too weak to shriek or call for assistance. The hall-door was then pulled to and locked by those who were outside.

The Dandy could see by the passing gleam of light which fell upon those who watched beside him, that their faces were blackened, and their clothes covered by a shirt, as was usual with the Whiteboys of old, and for the same object—that of preventing themselves from being recognized by their apparel.

"So far so good," said Flanagan, who cared not now whether his voice was known or not; "the price is mine, boys, an now to bring ma colleen dhas dhun to a snug place, an a friendly priest that I have to put the knot on us for life."

"Be——," thought Duffy, "I'll put a different kind of knot on you for that, if I should swing myself for it."

They hurried onwards with as much speed as possible, bearing the fainting female in a seat formed by clasping their hands together. Duffy still stood in his place of concealment, waiting to let them get so far in advance as that he might dog them without danger of being heard. Just then a man cautiously approached, and in a whisper asked, "Is that Dandy?"

"It is—Saver above, Ned, how is this! all's lost!"

"No, no—I hope not—but go an an' watch them; we'll folly as soon as we get help. My curse on Alick Nulty, he disappointed me an' did'nt come; if he had, why some of the Bodagh's sarvant boys would be up wid us in the kitchen, an' we could bate them back aisy; for Flanagan, as I tould you, is a dam coward."

"Well thin I'll trace them," replied the other; "but ye know that in sich darkness as this you have'nt a minute to lose, otherwise you'll miss them."

"Go an; but afore you go listen, be the light af do not that we have much af it now any way—by the way, Biddy Nulty's worth her weight in Bank af Ireland notes; now pelt an ather them; I'll tell you agin."

Flanagan's party were necessarily forced to retrace their steps along the slodgy boroen we have mentioned, and we need scarcely say, that in consequence of the charge with which they were encumbered, their progress was proportionally slow; to cross the fields on such a night was out of the question.

The first thing Flanagan did, when he found his prize safe, was to tie a handkerchief about her mouth that she might not scream, and to secure her hands together by the wrists. Indeed, the first of these precautions seemed to be scarcely necessary, for what with the terror occasioned by such unexpected and frightful violence, and the extreme delicacy of her health, it was evident that she could not utter even a shriek. Yet, did she on the other hand, pass into fits of such spasmodic violence as, wrought up as she was by the horror of her situation, called forth all her physical energies, and literally gave her the strength of three women.

"Well, well," observed one of the fellows who had assisted in holding her down during these wild fits, "you may talk of jintee people, but be the piper o' Moses, that same sick daughter of the Bodeagh's is the hardest sprout 've had my hands on this month o' Sundays."

"May be you'd make as hard a battle yourself," replied he to whom he spoke, "if you wor forced to a thing you hate as much as she hates Bartle."

"May be so," rejoined the other, with an incredulous shrug, that seemed to say he was by no means satisfied by the reasoning of his companion.

Bartle now addressed his charge with a hope of reconciling her, if possible, to the fate of becoming united to him.

"Don't be at all alarmed, Miss Oona, for indeed you may take my word for it, that I'll make as good and as ovin' a husband as ever had a purty wife. It's two or three years since I fell in consate wid you, an' I need'nt tell you darlin', how happy I'm now, that you're mine. I have two horses waitin' for us at the end of this vile road, an' please Providence, we'll ride onwards a bit, to a friend's house of mine, where I've a priest ready to tie the knot; an' to-morrow, if you're willin', we'll start for America; but if you don't like that, we'll live together till you'll be willin' enough, I hope, to go any where I wish. So take heart, darlin', take heart. As for the money I made free wid out o' your desk, it'll help to keep us comfortable; it was your own, you know, an' who has a better right to be at the spendin' of it?"

This, which was meant for consolation, utterly failed, or rather aggravated the sufferings of the affrighted girl; for she bore, who once more struggled with a power that resembled the intense muscular strength of epilepsy, more than any thing else. It literally required four of them to hold her down, so dreadfully spasmodic were her efforts to be free.

The delay caused by these occasional workings of terror, at a moment when Flanagan expected every sound to be the noise of pursuit, wrought up his own bad passions to a furious height. His own companions could actually hear him grinding his teeth with vexation and venom, whenever any thing on her part occurred to retard their flight. All this, however, he kept to himself, owing to the singular command he possessed over his passions. Nay, he undertook, once more, the task of reconciling her to the agreeable prospect, as he termed it, that life presented her.

"We'll be as happy as the day's long," said he, "espically when heaven sends us a family; an' upon my thro' a purty mother you'll make. I suppose, darlin' love, you wonder how I got in to-night, but I tell you I've my wits about me; you don't know that it was I encouraged Biddy Nulty to go to live wid you, but I knew what I was about then; Biddy it was that left the door open for me, an' that could me the room you lay in, an' the place you keep your hard good an' notes; I mention these things to shew you how I have you hemmed in, and that your wisest way is to submit widout makin' a rout about it. You know that

even if you wor taken from me this minit, there 'ud be a stain upon your name that 'ud never lave it, an' it would'nt be my business, you know, to clear up your character, but the contrary. As for Biddy, the poor fool, I did all in my power to prevint her bein' fond o' me, but ever since we two lived wid the ould miser, somehow she couldn't."

For some time before he had proceeded thus far, there was felt by those who carried their fair charge, a slight working of her whole body, especially of the arms, and in a moment Flanagan, who walked a little in advance of her, with his head bent down, that he might not be put to the necessity of speaking loud, suddenly received, right upon his nose, such an incredible facer as made the blood spin a yard out of it.

"May all the curses of heaven an' hell blast you, for a cowardly, thraichorous, parjured stag—why you black-hearted informer, see now what you've made by your cunnin'. Well, we hope you'll keep your word—won't I make a purty mother, an' won't we be as happy as the day's long, espically when heaven sends us a family! Why you rap of hell, aren't you a laughing-stock this minute? An' to go to take away my name too—an' to lave the guilt of some other body's thraichery on me, that you knewn in your burnin' sow! to be innocent—me, a poor girl that has only my name an' good character to carry me through the world. Oh you mane spirited, revengeful dog, for you're not a man, or you'd not go to take sich revinge upon a woman, an' all for sayin' an' puttin' it out on you, what I ever an' always will do, that you struv to hang Connor O'Donovan, knowin' that it was yourself did the crime the poor boy is now sufferin' for. Ha! may the sweetest an' bitterest of bad luck both meet upon you, you villin! Amin I pray this night!"

The scene that followed this discovery, and the unexpected act which produced it, could not, we think, be properly described by either pen or pencil. Flanagan stood with his hands alternately kept to his nose, from which he flung away the blood, as it sprung out in a most copious stream. Two-thirds, indeed we might say three-fourths, of his party, were convulsed with suppressed laughter, nor could they prevent an occasional cackle from being heard, when forcibly drawing in their breath, in an effort not to offend their leader. The discovery of the mistake was, in itself, extremely ludicrous, but when the home truths uttered by Biddy, and the indescribable bitterness caused by the disappointment, joined to the home blow, were all put together, it might be said that the darkness of hell itself was not so black as the rage, hatred, and thirst of vengeance, which at this moment consumed Bartle Flanagan's heart. He who had laid his plans so artfully that he thought failure in securing his prize impossible, now not only to feel that he was baffled by the superior cunning of a girl, and made the laughing-stock of his own party, who valued him principally upon his ability in such matters; but in addition to this, to have his heart and feelings torn, as it were, out of his body, and flung down before him and his confederates in all their monstrous deformity, and to be jeered at, moreover, and despised, and literally cuffed by the female who outreached him—this was too much; all the worst passions within him were fired, and he swore in his own heart a deep and blasphemous oath, that Biddy Nulty never should part from him unless as a degraded girl.

The incident we have just related happened so quickly that Flanagan had not time to reply a single word, and Biddy followed up her imprecation by a powerful effort to release herself.

"Let me home this minnit, you villin," she continued; "now that you find yourself on the wrong scent—boys don't hould me, nor back that ruffin in his villany."

"Hould her like hell," said Bartle, "an' tie her up

wanst more; we'll gag you too, my lady—ay will we. Take away your name—*Dhar Christha!* I'll take care you'll carry shame upon your face from this night to the hour of your death. Character indeed!—ho, by the crass I'll have you that little of that will go far wid you."

"Maybe not," replied Biddy; "the same God that disappointed you in hangin' Connor O'Donovan—"

"Damn you," said he, "take that;" and as he spoke he struck the poor girl a heavy blow in the cheek, which cut her deeply, and for a short time rendered her speechless.

"Bartle," said more than one of them, "that's onmanly, an' it's contrhary to the regulations."

"To perdition wid the regulations! Hasn't the vagabone drawn a pint of blood from my nose already—look at that," he exclaimed, throwing away a handful of the warm gore—"hell saize her, look at that. Ho be the ——" He made another onset at the yet unconscious girl as he spoke, and would have still inflicted further punishment upon her, were it not that he was prevented.

"Stop," said several of them, "if you wor over us fifty times you wont lay another finger on her; that's wanst for all, so be quiet."

"Are yez threatenin' me," he asked furiously, but in an instant he changed his tone—"Boys dear," continued the wily but unmanly villain—"boys dear can yez blame me? disappointed as I am by this—by this—*ha anghien na athreepa*—I'll ——" but again he checked himself, and at length burst out into a bitter fit of weeping—"Look at this," he proceeded, throwing away another handful of blood, "I've lost a quart of it by her."

"Be the hand af my body," said one of them in a whisper, "he's like every coward, it's at his own blood he's cryin'; be the virtue of my oath that man's not the thing to depind on."

"Is she tied an' gagged?" he then inquired.

"She is," replied those who tied her. "It was very easy done, Bartle, afther the blow you hot her."

"It wasn't altogether out of ill-will I hot her aither," he replied, "although, boys dear, you know how she vexed me, but you see, the thruth is, she'd 'a given us a great dale o' trouble in gettin' her quiet."

"An' you tuck the right way to do that," they replied ironically; and they added, "Bartle Flanagan, you may thank the oaths we tuck, or be the crass, a single man of us wouldn't assist you in *this* consarn, afther your cowardly behavior to this poor girl. Takin' away the Bodagh's daughter was another thing; you had better let the girl go home."

Biddy had now recovered and heard this suggestion with joy, for the poor girl began to entertain serious apprehensions of Flanagan's revenge and violence, if left alone with him; she could not speak, however, and those who bore her, quickened their pace at his desire, as much as they could.

"No," said Bartle, artfully, "I'll keep her prisoner anyhow for this night. I had once a notion of marryin' her—an' may be—as I am disappointed in the other—but, we'll think of it. Now we're at the horses an' we'll get an faster."

This was indeed true. After the journey we have just described, they had at length got out of the breen, where, in the corner of a field, a little to the right, two horses, each saddled, were tied to the branch of a tree. They now made a slight delay until their charge should be got mounted, and were collected in a group on the road, when a voice called out, "Who goes there?"

"A friend to the guard?"

"Good morrow!"

"Good morrow mornin' to you."

"What Age are you in?"

"The end of the fifth."

"All right," said Bartle aloud; "now boys," he whispered to his own party, "we must tell them goodmouredly to pass on—that this is a runaway—just as we're bringin' aff wid us, an' to hould a hard cheek' at it. You know we'd do as much for them."

Both parties now met, the strangers consisting of about twenty men.

"Well boys," said the latter, "what's the fun?"

"Devil a thing but a girl we're helpin' a boy to t' away. What's your own sport?"

"Begorra we wor in luck to-night; we got as purty double-barrelled gun as ever you seen, an' a case of m dherin fine pistols."

"Success ould heart! that's right; we'll be able to sm the heretics a tug whin the 'Day' comes."

"Which of you is takin' away the girl, boys?" inquired one of the strangers.

"Begad, Bartle Flanagan, since there's no use in his it, when we're all as we ought to be."

"Bartle Flanagan!" said a voice—"Bartle Flanagan! it! An' who's the girl?"

"Blur an' agres, Alick Nulty, don't be too curious: comes from Bodagh Buie's."

Biddy, on hearing the voice of her brother, made an violent effort, and succeeded in partially working the x out of her mouth—she screamed faintly, and struggle with such energy that her hands again became loose. x in an instant the gag was wholly removed.

"Oh, Alick, Alick, for the love o' God save me frst Flanagan! it's me, your sither Biddy, that's in it; save me Alick, or I'll be lost; he has cut me to the bone wid a blow, an' the bloods pourin' from me."

Her brother flew to her. "Whisht Biddy, don't be afeard," he exclaimed. "Boys," said he, "let my party stand by me; this is the way Bartle Flanagan keeps his oath."†

"Secure Bartle," said Biddy, "He robbed Bodagh Buie's house, an' has the money about him."

The horses were already on the road, but in consequence of both parties filling up the passage in the direction which Bartle and his followers intended taking, the animals could not be brought through them without delay and trouble, even had there been no resistance offered to their progress.

"A robber too!" exclaimed Nulty, "that's more of his parjury to'ards us. Bartle Flanagan, you're a traitor, and you'll get a traitor's death afore you're much oulder. He's not fit to be among us," added Alick, addressing himself to both parties, "an' the thruth is, if we don't hang x settle him, he'll some day hang us."

"Bartle's no traitor," said Mulvather, "but he's a traitor that says he is."

The coming reply was interrupted by "Boys good mnt to yez;" and immediately the clatter of a horse's feet was heard stumbling and floundering back along the deep snow boreen. "Be the vestment he's aff," said one of his party "the cowardly villin's aff wid himself the minit he at the approach of danger."

"Sure enough, the bad dhrop's in him," exclaimed x vernal on both sides. "But what the h—l does he m now I dunna?" "It'll be only a good joke to-morrow him," observed one of them—"but boys we must t' how to manage him; I can't forgive him for the cowards blow he hot the poor colleen here, an' for the same reason did'nt dhrow the knot so tight upon her as I could a' done."

"Was it you that nipped my arm?" asked Biddy.

"Fair you may say that, an' it was to let you know

\* To keep it secret.

† One of the clauses of the Ribbon oath was, not to injure or treat the wife or sister of a brother Ribbonman.

hat let him say as he would, afther what we seen of him o'-night, we wou'dn't allow him to thrate you badly without marryin' you first."

The night having been now pretty far advanced, the two parties separated in order to go to their respective homes—Alick taking Biddy under his protection to her master's. As the way of many belonging to each lodge lay in the same direction, they were accompanied, of course, to the turn that led up to the Bodagh's house. Biddy, notwithstanding the severe blow she had got, related the night's adventure with much humour, dwelling upon her own part in the transaction with singular glee.

"There's some thraicherous villain in the Bodagh's," said she, "be it man or woman; for what id you think but he hall door was left lying to only—neither locked nor bolted. But indeed, any how, it's the start was taken out o' me whin Ned McCormick—that *you wor* to meet in our kitchen, Alick—throth I won't let *Kitty Lowry* wait up or *you* so long another time." She added this to throw the onus of the assignation off her own shoulders, and to lay it upon those of Alick and Kitty. "But, any how, I had just time to throw her clothes upon me and to get into yer bed. Be me sowl but I acted the fright and sickness in style. I wassn't able to spake a word, you persave, till we got far enough from the house to give Miss Oona time to hide herself. Oh, thin the robbin villin, how he put the muzzle of his gun to the lock of Miss Oona's desk, whin he couldn't get the key, an *bleurn* it to pieces, an' thin he ack every fardin he could lay his hands upon."

She then detailed her own feelings during the abduction, in terms so ludicrously abusive of Flanagan, that those who accompanied her were exceedingly amused; for although what she said was strongly provocative of mirth, yet the chief cause of laughter lay in the vehement sincerity with which she spoke, and in the utter unconsciousness of uttering anything that was calculated to excite a smile. There is, however, a class of such persons, whose power of provoking laughter consists in the utter absence of humour. Those I speak of never laugh either at what they say themselves, or at what any one else may say; but they live on right a-head with an inverted originality that is perfectly irresistible.

We must now beg the reader to accompany them to the Bodagh's, where a scene awaited them for which they were scarcely prepared. On approaching the house they could perceive by the light glittering from the window hinks that the family were in a state of alarm; but at this they were not surprised; for such a commotion in the house after what had occurred, was but natural. They went directly to the kitchen door and rapped.

"Who is there?" said a voice within.

"It's Biddy; for the love o' God make haste, Kitty, an' open."

"What Biddy are you? I won't open."

"Biddy Nulty. You know me well enough, Kitty; so make haste an' open. Alick, mark my words," said she in a low voice to her brother, Kitty's the very one that practised the deace this night—that left the hall door open. Make haste, Kitty, I say."

"I'll do no such thing indeed," replied the other; "it was you left the hall door open to night, an' I hear you pakin to fellows outside. I have too much regard for my master's house an' family to let you or any one else in o'-night. Come in the mornin'."

"Folly me, Alick," said Biddy, "folly me."

She went immediately to the hall door, and gave such a single rap with the knocker, as brought more than Kitty to the door.

"Who's there," inquired a voice, which she and her brother at once knew to be Ned McCormick's.

"Ned, for the love o' God let me an' Alick in," she replied, "we got away from that netarnal villin."

Instantly the door was opened, and the first thing Ned did was to put his arms about Biddy's neck and—we were going to say kiss her.

"Saints above," said he, "what's this?" on seeing that her face was dreadfully disfigured with blood.

"Nothin' to signify," she replied; "but thanks be to God we got clane away from the villin, or be the Padheren Partha, the villin it was that got clane away from huz. How is Miss Oona?"

"She went over to a neighbor's house for safety," replied Ned, smiling, "an' will be back in a few minutes; but who do you think, above all men in the five quarters o' the earth, we have got widin? Guess now."

"Who?" said Biddy; "why I dunna, save—but no, it couldn't."

"Faix but it could though," said Ned, mistaking her, as the matter turned out.

"Why, *tick na hoiah*, no! Connor O'Donovan back! Oh! no, no, Ned; that ud be too good news to be thrue."

The honest lad shook his head with an expression of regret that could not be mistaken as the exponent of a sterling heart. And yet, that the reader may perceive how near a-kin the one circumstance was to the other in his mind, we have only to say, that whilst the regret for Connor was deeply engraven on his features, yet the expression of triumph was as clearly legible as if his name had not been at all mentioned.

"Who then, Ned?" said Alick. "Who the dickens is it?"

"Why, divil resave the other than Bartle Flanagan himself—*secured*—and the constables sent for—an' plase the Saver he'll be in the stone jug afore his head gets grey any how, the black hearted villin!"

It was even so; and the circumstances accounting for it are very simple. Flanagan having mounted one of the horses, made the best of his way from what he apprehended was likely to become a scene of deadly strife. Such was the nature of the road, however, that any thing like a rapid pace was out of the question. When he had got over about half the borse he was accosted in the significant terms of the Ribbon pass-word of that day.

"Good morrow!"

"Good morrow mornin to you!"

"Arrah what Age may you be, neighbour?"

Now the correct words were, "what Age are we in?" but they were often slightly changed, sometimes through ignorance and sometimes from design, as in the latter case less liable to remark when addressed to persons not up. "In the end of the Fifth," was the reply.

"An' if you wor shakin' hands wid a friend, how would you do it? Or stay—all's right so far—but give us a grip of your *cham ahas* (right hand)."

Flanagan, who apprehended pursuit, was too cautious to trust himself within reach of any one coming from the direction in which the Bodagh lived. He made no reply, therefore, to this, but urged his horse forward, and attempted to get clear of his catechist.

"*Dhar Dhegh*! it's Flanagan," said a voice, which was that of Alick Nulty; and the next moment the equestrian was stretched in the mud, by a heavy blow from the butt of a carbine. Nearly a score of men were immediately about him; for the party he met on his return were the Bodagh's son, his servants, and such of the cottiers as lived near enough to be called up to the rescue. On finding himself secured, he lost all presence of mind, and almost all consciousness of his situation.

\* This order or throng of the Ages is taken from Pastoral.

"I'm gone," said he; "I'm a lost man; all Europe can't save my life. Don't kill me, boys; don't kill me; I'll go wid yez quietly—only if I am to die let me die by the laws of the land."

"The laws of the land!" said John O'Brien; "oh, little, Bartle Flanagan, you respected them. You needn't be alarmed now—you are safe here—to the laws of the land we will leave you; and by them you must stand or fall."

Bartle Flanagan, we need scarcely say, was well guarded until a posse of constables should arrive to take him into custody. But in the mean time a large and increasing party sat up in the house of the worthy Bodagh; for the neighbours had been alarmed, and came flocking to his aid. 'Tis true, the danger was now over; but the kind Bodagh, thankful in his heart to the Almighty for the escape of his daughter, would not let them go without first partaking of his hospitality. His wife, too, for the same reason, was in a flutter of delight; and as her heart was as Irish as her husband's, and consequently as hospitable, so did she stir about, and work, and order right and left until abundant refreshments were smoking on the table. Nor was the gentle and melancholy Una herself, now that the snake was at all events scotched, averse to show herself among them—for so they would have it. Biddy Nulty had washed her face; and notwithstanding the poultrice of stirabout which her mistress with her own hands applied to her wound, she really was the most interesting person present, in consequence of her heroism during the recent outrage. After a glass of punch had gone round, she waxed inveterately eloquent, indeed so much so that the mourner, the *colleen dhas dhun*, herself was more than once forced to smile, and in some instances fairly to laugh at the odd grotesque spirit of her descriptions.

"The rascal was quick," said the Bodagh; "but upon my credit, Biddy, you wor a pop afore him for all that. Devil a thing I, or John, or the others, could do wid only one gun an' a case o' pistols against so many—still we would have fought life or death for poor Una anyhow. But, Biddy, here, good girl, by her cleverness and invention saved us the danger, an' maybe was the means of savin' some of our lives or theirs. God knows I'd have no relish to be shot myself," said the pacific Bodagh, "nor would I ever have a day or night's pace if I had the blood of a fellow crathur on my sowl—upon my sowl I wouldn't."

"But blood alive, masther, what could I 'a' done only for Ned M'Cormick, that gave us the hard word?" said Biddy, anxious to transfer the merit of the transaction to her lover.

"Well, well, Bid," replied the Bodagh, "maybe neither Ned or yourself will be a loser by it. If you're bint on layin' your heads together we'll find you a weddin' present, any way."

"Bodad, sir, I'm puzzled to know how they got in so easy," said Ned.

"That matter remains to be cleared up yet," said John. "There is certainly treachery in the camp somewhere."

"I am cock sure the hall door was not latched," said Duffy; for they had neither stop nor stay at it."

"There is a villing among us sartainly," observed Mrs. O'Brien; for as heaving is above me I looked it wid my own two hands this blessed night."

"I thought it might be wid the key, Bridget," said the Bodagh, laughing at his own easy joke; "for you see, doors is generlly locked wid keys—ha! ha! ha!"

"Faix, but had Oona been tuck away to-night wid that vag o' the world, it's not laughin' you'd be."

"God, he sees, that's only thruth, too, Bridget," he re-

plied; "but still there's some rogue about the place that opened the door for the villins."

"*Dar ma chuirp*, I'll hould goold I put the saddle on the right horse in no time," said Biddy. "Mistress, w you call Kitty Lowry, ma'am i' you please? I'll do evn thing above board; no behind backs for me; blazes to th one alive hates foul play more nor I do."

We ought to have observed that one of Biddy's peculiarities was a more than usual readiness at letting fly, as not unfrequently at giving an oath; and as her character presented a strange compound of simplicity and cleverness, honesty and adroitness, her master and mistress, and fellow servants, were frequently amused by this unfeminine propensity. For instance, if Una happened to ask her "Biddy, did you iron the linen?"

Her usual reply was, "No, blast the iron, miss, I hah time." Of course the family did every thing in their power to discourage such a practice; but on this point they found it impossible to reform her. Kitty Lowry's countenance when she appeared, certainly presented strong inclinations of guilt; but still there was a hardness of outline about which gave promise at the same time of the most intense assurance. Biddy, on the other hand, was brimful of sequence; and a sense of authority on finding that judicial power was on this occasion entrusted chiefly to her hands. She rose up when Kitty entered, and stuck up of red formidable fists with great energy into her sides.

"Pray ma'am," said she, "what's the reason you refuse to let me in to-night, afther gettin' away wid my life from that netarnal blackguard, Bartle Flanagan—what's the reason I say, ma'am, that you keep me out afther you know who was in it?"

There was here visible a slight vibration of the head, rather gentle at the beginning, but clearly prophetic of ultimate energy, and an unequivocal determination to enforce whatever she might say with suitable action even in its widest sense.

"An' pray, ma'am," said the other—for however paradoxical it may appear—it is an established case that in all such displays between women, politeness usually keeps pace with scurrility.

"An' pray, ma'am," replied Kitty, "is it to the likes of you we're to say our catechize?"

Biddy was resolved not to be outdone in politeness, and replied—

"Af you please, ma'am," with a courtesy.

"Lord protect us! what will we hear next, I wonder! Well, ma'am!" Here her antagonist stood, evidently waiting for the onset.

"You'll hear more than 'll go down your back please afore I've done wid you, ma'am."

"Don't be makin' us long for it in the mane time, Miss Biddy."

"You didn't answer my question, Miss Kitty. Why did you refuse to let me in to-night?"

"For good reasons—bekase I hard you cologgin' in whisperin' wid a pack of fellows 'thout."

"An' have you the brass to say so, knowin' that it's false an' a lie into the bargain?" (Head energetically shaken.)

"Have I the brass, is it? I keep my brass in my pocket, ma'am, not in my face, like some of our friends." (Head shaken in reply to the action displayed by Kitty.)

This was a sharp retort; but it was very well returned.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Biddy, "if its faces you've spoken about, I know you're able to outface me any day but whatever's in my face there's no desate in my heart, Miss Lowry. Put that in your pocket." (One triumphant shake of the head at the conclusion.)

"There's as much in your heart as'll shame your face."

yet, Miss Nulty. Put that in yours." (Another triumphant shake of the head.)

"Thank God," retorted Biddy, "none o' my friends ever knewn what a shamed face is. I say, madam, none o' my family iver wore a shamed face. *Thiguthu shin?*" (Do you understand that?)

This, indeed, was a bitter hit; for the reader must know that a sister of Lowry's had not passed through the world without the breath of slander tarnishing her fair fame.

"Oh it's well known your tongue's no scandal, Biddy."

"Thin that's more than can be sed of yours, Kitty."

"If my shisther met wid a misfortune, it was many a better woman's case than ever you'll be. Don't shout till you get out of the wood ma'am. You dunna what's afore yourself. Any how it's not be lettin' fellows into the mather's kitchin whin the family's in bed, an' dhrinkin' whiskey wid them, that'll get through the world wid your character safe. \* \* \* An' you're nothin' but a barge or you'd not dhrav down my shisther's name that never did you an ill turn, whatever she did to herself, poor girl!"

"An' do you dar' for to call me a barge? \* \* \* Blast your insurance! be this an' be that, for a farden I'd malivogue the devil out o' you."

"We're not puttin it past you, madam; you're blaggard enough to fight like a man; but we're not goin' to make a blaggard an' a bully of ourselves, in the mane time."

[The conversation of which we are giving a very imperfect report, was garnished by both ladies with sundry vituperative epithets, which it would be inconsistent with the dignity of our history to record.]

"That's becase you haven't the blood of a hen in you \* \* \* sure we know what you are! But howld! be me sowl you're *doin'* me for all that. Ah, ha! I see where you're ladin me; but it won't do, Miss Kitty Lowry. I'll bring you back to the catechise agin. You'd light the sthraw to get away in the smoke; but you're worth two gone people yet, though."

"Worth half a dozen o' you any day."

"Well, as we're both to the fore, we'll soon see that. How did you know, my lady, that the mather's hall door was left open to-night?—Answer me that, on the nail!"

This was what might be very properly called a knock-down blow; for if the reader but reflects a moment he will see that Kitty, on taxing her antagonist after her rescue, with leaving it open, directly betrayed herself, as there was and could have been no one in the house cognizant of the fact at the time unless the guilty person. With this latter exception, Alick Nulty was the only individual aware of it, and from whom the knowledge of it could come. Kitty, therefore, by her over anxiety to exculpate herself from a charge which had not been made, became the unconscious instrument of disclosing the fact of her having left the door open.

This trying query, coming upon her unexpectedly as it did, threw her into palpable confusion. Her face became at once suffused with a deep scarlet hue, occasioned by mingled shame and resentment, as was at once evident from the malignant and fiery glare which she turned upon her querist.

"Get out," she replied; "do you think I'd think it worth my while to answer the likes o' you? I'd see you farther than I could look first. You, indeed! faugh! musha bad luck to your impudence!"

"Oh, i' you please, ma'am," said Biddy, dropping a courtesy, that might well be termed the very pink of politeness—"we hope you'll show yourself a better Christian than to be ignorant o' your catechise. So, ma'am, if

it 'ud be plain' to you afore the company maybe you'd answer it."

"Who made you my mistress, you blaggard flipe; who gave you authority to ax me sich a question," replied the other. "A fellow sarvant like myself! to the devil I pitch you. You, indeed! Faix, it's well come up wid the likes o' you to ballyrag over me!"

"Well, but, ma'am dear, will you answer—that is i' you please, for sure we can't forget our manners, you know—will you jist answer what I axed you? Oh, be my sowl, your face condimns you, my lady," said Biddy, abruptly changing her tone; "it does, you yolla Mullatty, it does. You betrayed the mather's house, an' Miss Oona, too, you villin o' blazes. If you could see your face now—your guilty face."

The spirit of her antagonist, being that of a woman, could bear no more. The last words were scarcely uttered, when Lowry made a spring like a tigress at her opponent, who, however, received this onset with a skill and intrepidity worthy of Penthesilea herself. They were immediately separated, but not until they had twisted and twined about one another two or three times, after which, each displayed, by way of trophy, a copious handful of hair that had changed proprietorship during their brief but energetic conflict. In addition to this, there were visible on Kitty's face five small streams of liquid gore, which, no doubt, would have been found to correspond with the red expanded talons of her antagonist.

John O'Brien then put the question seriously to Lowry, who, now that her blood was up, or probably feeling that she had betrayed herself, declined to answer it at all.

"I'll answer nottin' I don't like," she replied; "an' I'll not be ballyragged by any one—not even by you, Misther John; an' what's more, I'll lave the sarvice at the shriek o' day to-morrow. I wouldn't live in the house wid that one; my life 'udn't be safe undher the wan roof wid her."

"Thin you'll get no correcther from any one here," said Mrs. O'Brien; "for indeed any way, there was never a minute's pace in the kitchen since you came into it."

"Divil cares," she replied, with a toss of her head; "if I don't, I must only live widout it, and will, I hope."

She then flounced out of the room, and kept grumbling in an insolent tone of voice, until she got to her bed. Alick Nulty then detailed all the circumstances he had witnessed, by which it appeared unquestionable that Kitty Lowry had been aware of Flanagan's design, and was consequently one of his accomplices. This in one sense was true, whilst in another and the worst they did her injustice. It is true that Bartle Flanagan pretended affection for her, and contrived on many occasions within the preceding five months, that several secret meetings should take place between them, and almost always upon a Sunday, which was the only day she had any opportunity of seeing him. He had no notion, however, of entrusting her with his secret. In fact, no man could possibly lay his plans with deeper design or more ingenious precaution for his own safety, than Flanagan. Having gained a promise from the credulous girl to elope with him on the night in question, he easily induced her to leave the hall-door open. His exploit, however, having turned out so different in its issue from that which Kitty expected, she felt both chagrined and confounded, and knew not at first whether to ascribe the abduction of Biddy Nulty to mistake or design; for, indeed, she was not ignorant of Flanagan's treacherous conduct to the sex—no female having ever repulsed him, whose character he did not injure whenever he could do so with safety. Biddy's return,



however, satisfied her that Bartle must have made a blunder of some kind, or he would not have taken away her fellow-servant instead of herself; and it was the bitterness which weak minds always feel when their own wishes happen to be disappointed, that prompted her resentment against poor Biddy, who was unconsciously its object. Flanagan's primary intention was still, however, in some degree effected, so far as regarded the abduction. The short space of an hour gave him time to cool and collect himself sufficiently to form the best mode of action under the circumstances. He resolved, therefore, to plead mistake, and to produce Kitty Lowry to prove that his visit that night to the Bodagh's house was merely to fulfil their mutual promise of eloping together.

But there was the robbery staring him in the face; and how was he to manage that? This, indeed, was the point on which the accomplished villain felt by the sinking of his heart that he had overshot his mark. When he looked closely into it, his whole frame became cold and feeble from despair, the hard paleness of mental suffering settled upon his face, and his brain was stunned by a stupor which almost destroyed the power of thinking.

All this, however, availed him not. Before twelve o'clock the next day informations had been sworn against him, and at the hour of three he found himself in the very room which had been assigned to Connor O'Donovan, sinking under the double charge of abduction and robbery.

And now once more did the mutability of public feeling and opinion as usual become apparent. No sooner had fame spread abroad the report of Flanagan's two-fold crime, and his imprisonment, than those very people who had only a day or two before inferred that Connor O'Donovan was guilty, because his accuser's conduct continued correct and blameless, now changed their tone, and insisted that the hand of God was visible in Flanagan's punishment. Again were all the dark traits of his character dragged forward and exposed; and this man reminded that man, as that man did some other man, that he had said more than once that Bartle Flanagan would be hanged for swearing away an innocent young man's life. Such, however, without reference to truth or justice, is public opinion among a great body of the people, who are swayed by their feelings only instead of their judgment. The lower public will, as a matter of course, feel at random upon every thing, and like a fortune-teller, it will for that reason, and for that only, sometimes be found on the right side. From the time which elapsed between the period of Bartle's imprisonment and that of his trial, many strange circumstances occurred in connexion with it, of which the public at large were completely ignorant. Bartle was now at the mercy of a man who had been long looked upon with a spirit of detestation and vengeance by those illegal confederacies with which he had uniformly declined to associate himself. Flanagan's party, therefore, had now only two methods of serving him, one was intimidation, and the other a general subscription among the various lodges of the district, to raise funds for his defence. To both of these means they were resolved to have recourse.

Many private meetings they held among themselves upon those important matters, at which Dandy Duffy and Ned McCormick attended, as was their duty; and well was it for them that the part they took in defeating Bartle Flanagan, and serving the Bodagh and his family, was unknown to their confederates. To detail the proceedings of their meetings, and recount the savage and vindictive ferocity of such men, would be paying the taste and humanity of our readers a bad compliment. It is enough to say that a fund was raised for Flanagan's defence, and a threatening notice written to be posted on the Bodagh

Buie's door—of which elegant production the following is a literal copy:—

"BRODDHA BLE—You 'ave wan iv our boys in for a jecton an' rubbry—an' it seems is resolved to parsequ the poor boy at the nuxt 'Shizers—now dhis is be way a dalikit hint to yew an' yooos that aff butt wan spudh his blud is spiled in quensequence av yewr parsequum as the winther's comin' on an' the wether gettin cowl an' the long knights sett'n in yew may as well prap yewr coughin an' not that same remimber you've a pradother an' may no more about her afore your mutt shoulder.

"SIMON PETHER SCARLIGE"

This and several others of the same class were sent upon the Bodagh, with the intention of intimidating him from the prosecution of Flanagan. They had, however, quite mistaken their man. The Bodagh, though peccable and placable, had not one atom of the coward in his whole composition. On the contrary, he was not only resolute in resisting what he conceived to be oppressive unjust, but he was also immoveably obstinate in any wherein he fancied he had right on his side. And he had his disposition been inclined to timidity or fear, his son John would have used all his influence to induce him to resist a system which is equally opposed to the laws of God and of man, as well as to the temporal happiness of those who are slaves to the terrible power which like a familiar devil, it exercises over its victims under a hollow promise of protection.

As the Bodagh and his son took the usual legal step to forward the prosecution, it was but natural that they should calculate upon the evidence of Dandy Duffy, Ned McCormick, and Alick Nulty. John O'Brien accordingly informed them on the very night of the outrage, that his father and himself would consider them as strong evidences against Bartle Flanagan, and call upon them as such. This information placed these young men in a position of incredible difficulty and danger. They knew not exactly at that moment how to proceed consistently with the duty which they owed to society at large, and that which was expected from them by the dark combination to which they were united. McCormick, however, begged of John O'Brien not to mention their names until the day after the next, and told him that if he could understand their reason for this request, he would not hesitate to comply with it.

O'Brien, who suspected the true cause of their reluctance, did not on this occasion press them farther, but consented to their wishes, and promised not to mention their names even as indirectly connected with the outrage, until the time they had specified had elapsed.

In the course of the following day Nogher McCormick presented himself to the Bodagh and his son, neither of whom felt much difficulty in divining the cause of his visit.

"Well," said Nogher, after the first usual civilities had passed, "glory be to God, gentlemen, this is desperate weather for the season—barrin' the wet."

John smiled, but the plain matter-of-fact Bodagh replied,

"Why, how the devil can you call this good weather, neighbour, when it's raining for the last week, night and day?"

"I do call it good weather for all that," returned Nogher, "for you ought to know that every weather's good that God sends."

"Well," said the Bodagh, taken aback a little by Nogher's piety, "there's truth in that, too. You are right, neighbour."

"I am right," said Nogher, "an' it's nothin' else th

sinful word to say that this is bad weather, or that's bad weather—bekase, as the Scripthur says, 'vo be to he —?'"

"But, pray," interrupted John, "what's your business with my father and me?"

Nogher rubbed down his chin—very gravely and significantly.

"Why," said he, "somethin' for your own good, gentlemen."

"Well, what is that," said John, anxious to bring him to the point as soon as possible.

"The truth, gentlemen, is this—I am an ould man, an' hope that I never was found to be anything else than an honest one. They're far away this day that could give me a good correctur—two o' them anyhow I'll never forget—Connor an' his mother; but I'll never see them again; an' the ould man too, I never could hate him, in regard of the love he bore his son.\* Long, long was the journey he tuck to see that son, an', as he tould me the day he wint into the ship, to die in his boy's arms; for he said heaven would'n't be heaven to him, if he died any where else."

Nogher's eyes filled as he spoke, and we need scarcely say that neither the Bodagh nor his son esteemed him the less for his attachment to Connor O'Donovan and his family.

"The sooner I end the business I come about to-day," said he, "the better. You want my son Ned, Dandy Duff, an' Alick Nulty, to join in givin' evidence against daggard Bartle Flanagan. Now, the truth is, gentlemen, you don't know the state o' the country. If they come into a court of justice against him, their lives won't be worth a traneeen. Its aginst their oath, I'm tould, as Ribbonmen, to prosecute one another; and from hints I received, I am afraid they can't do it, as I said, barrin' at the risk o' their lives."

"Father," said John, "as far as I have heard, he speaks nothing but truth."

"I believe he does not," rejoined the Bodagh, "an' by my sowl I'll be bound he's an honest man—upon my credit I think you are, M'Cormick."

"I am thankful to you, sir," said Nogher.

"I'm inclined to think further," said John, "that we have proof enough against Flanagan without them."

"Thin, if you think so, John, God forbid that we'd be the manes of bringin' the young men into trouble. All my sorry for is, that they allowed themselves to be hooked into such a dark and murderous piece of villany."

"I know, sir, it's a bad business," said Nogher, "but it isn't be helped now; no man's safe that won't join it."

"Faith and I won't for one," replied the Bodagh, "not that they sent many a threat to me. Any thing aginst the laws o' the country is bad, and never ends but in harm to them that's consarned in it."

"God forbid," further observed his son, "that ever the day should come when the government of the country will shamefully and basely truckle to those agitating politicians, who, spiritual or otherwise, keep alive such murderous combinations for their own personal purposes. That day will be an unhappy day to the loyal Catholic, and the loyal Protestant, who may wish to rest contented under those laws which are adequate to their protection."

Firmly and impartially administered. "M'Cormick," tould the son, "villain as Flanagan is, we shall let him see more loose upon society, sooner than bring the lives o' your son, and the two other young men into jeopardy. Such, unhappily, is the state of the country, and we must submit to it."

"I thank you, sir," said Nogher. "The truth is, they're worn, it seems, *not* to prosecute one another, let whatever may happen; an' any one of them that breaks that

oath—God knows I wish they'd think of others as much as they do of it—barrin' a stag that's takin up, an' kep' safe by the government, is sure to be knocked on the head."

"Say no more, M'Cormick," said the Bodagh's inestimable son, "say no more. No matter how this may terminate, we shall not call upon them as evidences. It must be so, father," he added, "and God help the country in which the law is a dead letter, and the passions and bigoted prejudices of disaffected or seditious men, the active principle which impresses its vindictive horrors upon society. Although not myself connected with them, I know their oath, and—but I say no more. M'Cormick, your friends are safe; we shall not, as I tould you, call upon them, be the result what it may; better that one guilty should escape, than that three innocent persons should suffer."

Nogher again thanked him, and having taken up his hat, was about to retire, when he paused a moment, and, after some consideration with himself, said—

"You're a scholar, sir, an'—but may-be I'm sayin' what I oughtn't to say—but sure, God knows, it's all very well known long ago."

"What is it, M'Cormick?" asked John, "speak out plainly; we will not feel offended."

"Twas only this, sir," continued Nogher, "I'm an unlarned man; but *he* would write to *you* may be—I mane Connor—an' if he did, I'd be glad to hear—but I hope I dont offend you, sir. You wouldn't think of me may be, although many and many's the time I nursed him on these knees, an' carried him about in these arms, an' he cried—ay, as God is my judge, he cried bitterly—when, as he said, at the time—'Nogher, Nogher, my affectionate friend, I'll never see you more.'"

John O'Brien shook him cordially by the hand, and replied—"I will make it a point to let you know any thing that our family may hear from him."

"An' if you write to him, sir, just in a single line, to say that the affectionate ould friend never forgot him."

"That, too, shall be done," replied John—"you may rest assured of it."

The Bodagh, whose notions in matters of delicacy and feeling were rough but honest, now rang the bell with an uncommon, nay, an angry degree of violence.

"Get up some spirits here, an' dont be asleep. You must take a glass of whiskey before you go," he said, addressing Nogher.

"Sir," replied Nogher, "I'm in a hurry home, for I'm off my day's work."

"By — but you must," rejoined the Bodagh; "and what's your day's wages?"

"Ten pence."

"There's half-a-crown; an' I tell you more, you must come an' take a *col-tack* under me, and you'll find the change for the better, never fear."

In point of fact it was so concluded, and Nogher left the Bodagh's house with a heart thankful to Providence that he had ever entered it.

The day of Flanagan's trial, however, now approached, and our readers are fully aware of the many chances of escaping justice which the state of the country opened to him, notwithstanding his most atrocious villany. As some one, however, says in a play—in that of Othello, we believe—"God is above all," so might Flanagan have said on this occasion. The evidence of Biddy Nulty, some of the other servants, and the Bodagh, who identified some of the notes, was quite sufficient against him, with respect to the robbery. Nor was any evidence adduced of more circumstantial weight than Kitty Lowry's, who, on being satisfied of Flanagan's designs against Una, and that she was consequently no more than his dupe, openly acknow-

ledged the part she had taken in the occurrences of the night on which the outrages were committed. This confession agreed so well with Bartle's character for caution and skill in every thing he undertook, that his object in persuading her to leave the hall door open was not only clear, but perfectly consistent with the other parts of his plan; it was a capital crime; and when fame once more had proclaimed abroad that Bartle Flanagan was condemned to be hanged for robbing Bodagh Buie, they insisted still more strongly that the sentence was an 'undeniable instance of retributive justice. Striking indeed was the difference between his deportment during the trial, and the manly fortitude of Connor O'Donovan, when standing under as heavy a charge at the same bar. The moment he entered the dock, it was observed that his face expressed all the pusillanimous symptoms of the most unmanly terror. His brows fell, or rather hung over his eyes, as if all their muscular power had been lost—giving to his countenance not only the vague sullenness of irresolute ferocity, but also, as was legible in his dead small eye, the cold calculations of deep and cautious treachery; nor was his white haggard cheek a less equivocal assurance of his consummate cowardice. Many eyes were now turned upon him; for we need scarcely say that his part in a case, which created so much romantic interest as the conviction of Connor O'Donovan, and the history it developed of the mutual affection which subsisted between him and Una, was by no means forgotten. And even if it had, his present appearance and position would, by the force of ordinary association, have revived it in the minds of many then present.

Deprived of all moral firmness, as he appeared to be, on entering the dock, yet as the trial advanced, it was evident that his heart and spirits were sinking still more and more, until at length his face, in consequence of its ghastliness, and the involuntary hanging of his eye-brows, indicated scarcely any other expression than that of utter helplessness, or the feeble agony of a mind so miserably prostrated, as to be hardly conscious of the circumstances around him. This was clearly obvious when the verdict of "guilty" was uttered in the dead silence which prevailed through the court. No sooner were the words pronounced than he looked about him wildly, and exclaimed—"What's that? what's that? Oh, God!—sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus!"

His lips then moved for a little, and he was observed to mark his breast privately with the sign of the cross; but in such a manner as to prove that the act was dictated by the unsettled incoherency of terror, and not by the promptings of piety or religion.

The judge now put on the black cap, and was about to pronounce the fatal sentence, when the prisoner shrieked out, "Oh, my Lord—My Lord, spare me. Oh, spare me, for I'm not fit to die. I daren't meet God."

"Alas!" exclaimed the Judge, "unhappy man, it is too often true, that those who are least prepared to meet their Almighty Judge, are also the least reckless in the perpetration of those crimes which are certain, ere long, to hurry them into his presence. You find now, that whether as regards this life or the next, he who observes the laws of his religion and his country, is the only man who can be considered, in the true sense of the word, his own friend; and there is this advantage in his conduct, that whilst he is the best friend to himself, it necessarily follows, that he must be a benefactor in the same degree to society at large. To such a man the laws are a security, and not, as in your case, and in that of those who resemble you, a punishment. It is the wicked only who hate the laws, because they are conscious of having provoked their justice. In asking me to spare your life, you are aware that you ask me for that which I cannot grant. There is nothing at

all in your case to entitle you to mercy; and if by the life you have led, you feel that you are unfit to die, it is due upon your own principles, and by the use you have made of life, that you are unfit to live."

He then proceeded to exhort him in the usual terms of sue for reconciliation with an offended God, through the merits and sufferings of Christ. After which he sentenced him to be executed on the fifth day from the close of the assizes. On hearing the last words of the Judge he clutched the dock at which he stood with a convulsive effort:—his hands and arms, however, became the next moment relaxed, and he sank down in a state of helpless insensibility. On reviving he found himself in his cell, attended by two of the turnkeys, who felt now more alarmed at his screams and the horror which was painted on his face, than by the fainting fit from which he had just recovered. It is our design to dwell at much length upon the last minutes of such a man; but we will state briefly, that, as might be expected, he left nothing unattempted to save his own life. On the day after his trial, he sent for the sheriff, and to him, that provided his life were granted by the government, he could make many important disclosures, and give very valuable information concerning the state and prospects of Ribbonism in the country, together with a long list of the persons who were attached to it in that parish. The sheriff told him that this information, which might under other circumstances, have been deemed of much value by government, had already been anticipated by another man during the very short period that elapsed since his conviction. There was nothing which he could now disclose, the sheriff added, that he himself was not already in possession of, even to the rank which he, Flanagan, was invested with among them, and the very place where he and they had held their last meeting. But, independently of that, he proceeded, it is not usual for government to pardon the principals in any such outrage as that for which you have been convicted. I shall, however, transmit your proposal to the Secretary, who may act in the matter as he thinks proper.

In the mean time his relatives and confederates were not idle outside, each party having already transmitted a petition to the Castle in his behalf. That of his relations contained only the usual melancholy sentiments, and earnest entreaties for mercy, which are to be found in such documents. The memorial, however, of his confederates was equally remarkable for its perverted ingenuity, and those unlucky falsehoods which are generally certain to defeat the objects of those who have recourse to them.

It went to say, that petitioners feared very much that the country was in a dangerous state in consequence of the progressive march of Ribbonism in part of that parish, and in many of the surrounding districts. That the unhappy prisoner had for some time past made himself peculiarly obnoxious to this illegal class of persons; and that he was known in the country as what is termed "a marked man," ever since he had the courage to prosecute, about two years ago, one of their most notorious leaders, whose name Connor O'Donovan, of Lisnamona; who was the period of writing that memorial, a convict during his imprisonment in New South Wales, for a capital White-boy offence.

That said Connor O'Donovan having seduced the affections of a young woman named Una O'Brien, daughter of a man called Michael O'Brien, otherwise Bodagh Buie, or the Yellow Churl, demanded her in marriage from her father and family, who unanimously rejected his pretensions. Upon which, instigated by the example and practice of the dark combination of which he was so distinguished a leader, he persuaded memorialist, partly by treaties, but principally by awful and mysterious threats to join him in the commission of this most atrocious crime. That from the moment he had been forced into the part

violation of such an act, his conscience could not permit him to rest night or day; and he consequently came forward boldly and fearlessly, and did what he considered his duty to God and his country.

That in consequence of this conscientious act, O'Donovan the Ribbon Ringleader, was capitally convicted; but through the interest of some leading gentlemen of the parish, who were ignorant of his habits and connections, the sentence was, by the mercy of government, commuted to transportation for life.

That upon his banishment from the country, the girl whose affections he had seduced, became deranged for some time; but after her recovery, expressed, on many occasions, the most bitter determination to revenge upon petitioner the banishment of her lover; and that the principal evidence upon which petitioner was convicted, was hers\* and that of a girl named Bridget Nulty, formerly a servant in his father's house, and known to have been his paramour.

That this girl, Bridget Nulty, was taken into O'Brien's family at the suggestion of his daughter Una; and that from motives of personal hatred, she and Bridget Nulty, aided by another female servant of O'Brien's, named Kitty Lowry, formed the conspiracy of which petitioner is unhappily the victim.

It then proceeded to detail how the conspiracy which Una O'Brien and the two females she had taken in as accomplices, was carried into effect; all of which was done with singular tact and ingenuity; every circumstance being made to bear a character and design diametrically opposed to truth. It concluded by stating that great exultation had been manifested by the Ribbonmen of that parish, who, on the night of petitioner's conviction, lit bonfires in several parts of the neighbourhood, fired shots, sounded horns, and displayed other symptoms of great rejoicing; and hoped his Excellency would therefore interpose his high prerogative, and prevent petitioner from falling a sacrifice to a conspiracy on the one hand, and the resentment of a traitorous confederacy on the other; and all this only for having conscientiously and firmly served the government of the country.

Our readers need not be surprised at the ingenuity of this plausible petition, for the truth is that before government supported any system of education at all in Ireland, the old hedge schoolmasters were almost to a man, office-bearers and leaders in this detestable system. Such men, and those also who were designed for the priesthood, with here and there an occasional poor scholar, were uniformly the petition writers, and, indeed, the general scribes of the little world in which they lived. In fact, we have abundance of public evidence to satisfy us, that persons of considerable literary attainments have been connected with Ribbonism in all its stages.

This fine writing, however, was unfortunately counteracted in consequence of the information already laid before the sheriff by no less a personage than Rousin Redhead, who, fearing alike the treachery and enmity of his leader, resolved thus to neutralise any disclosures he should happen to make. But lest this might not have been sufficient to exhibit the character of that document, the proposal of Bartle himself to make disclosures was transmitted to the secretary of state, by the same post; so that both reached that gentleman, *pari passu*, to his no small astonishment.

Had Flanagan's confederates consulted him, he would of course have dissuaded them from sending any petition at all, or at least, only such as he could approve of, but

such is the hollowness of this bond, and so little confidence is placed in its obligation, that when any of its victims happen to find themselves in a predicament similar to Flanagan's, his companions without lead such a life of terror, and suspicion, and doubt, as it would be difficult to describe. But when, as in Bartle's case, there exists a strong distrust in his firmness and honesty, scarcely one can be found hardy enough to hold any communication with him. This easily and truly accounts for the fact of their having got this petition written and sent to government in his name. The consequence was, that on the day previous to that named for his execution, his death warrant reached the sheriff, who lost no time in apprizing him of his unhappy fate.

This was a trying task to that humane and amiable gentleman, who had already heard of the unutterable tortures which the criminal suffered from the horror of approaching death, and the dread of eternity; for neither by penitence nor even by remorse, was he in the slightest degree moved.

"To die!" said he, staggering back; "to be in eternity to-morrow; to have to face God before twelve o'clock! terrible! terrible! terrible! Can no one save me! To die to-morrow!—terrible!—terrible!—terrible! Oh that I could sink into the earth! that the ground 'ud swallow me!"

The sheriff advised him to be a man, and told him to turn to God, who, if he repented, would in no wise cast him out. "Act," said he, "as O'Donovan did, whom you yourself prosecuted, and placed in the very cell in which you now stand."

"Connor O'Donovan," he exclaimed, "he might well bear to die; he was innocent; it was I that burned Bodagh Buie's haggard; he had neither act nor part in it no more than the child unborn. I swore away his life out of revenge to his father an' jealousy of himself about Una O'Brien. Oh, if I had as little to answer for now as he, I could die—die! Sweet Jesus, an' must I die to-morrow—be in the flames o' hell afore twelve o'clock! terrible!"

It was absolutely, to use his own word, "terrible," to witness the almost superhuman energy of his weakness. On making this last disclosure to the sheriff, the latter stepped back from a feeling of involuntary surprise and aversion, exclaiming as he did it,

"Oh God forgive you, unhappy and guilty man, you have much, indeed, to answer for; and, as I said before, I advise you to make the most of the short time that is allotted to you, in repenting and seeking pardon from God."

The culprit heard him not, however, for his whole soul was fearfully absorbed in the contemplation of eternity and punishment, and death.

"Sir," said the turnkey, "that's the way he's runnin' about the room almost since his trial; not, to be sure, altogether so bad as now, but clappin' his hands, an' screamin' an' groanin', that it's frightful to listen to him. An' his dhramas, sir, is worse. God, sir, if you'd hear him asleep, the hair would stand on your head; indeed, one of us is ordered to be still with him."

"It is right," replied the sheriff, who, after recommending him to get a clergyman, left him, and with his usual promptness and decision, immediately wrote to the secretary of state, acquainting him with Flanagan's confession of his own guilt, and Connor O'Donovan's innocence of the burning of O'Brien's haggard; hoping at the same time, that government would take instant steps to restore O'Donovan to his country and his friends.

Soon after the sheriff left him, a Roman Catholic clergyman arrived, for it appeared that against the priest who was chaplain to the jail, he had taken an insurmount-

\* This was a falsehood, inasmuch as Una, having been concealed in another room, could give and did give no evidence that any way affected his life.

able prejudice, in consequence of some fancied resemblance he supposed him to bear to the miser's son. The former gentleman spent that night with him, and after a vast deal of exertion and difficulty, got him so far composed, as that he attempted to confess to him, which, however, he did only in a hurried and distracted manner.

But how shall we describe the scene, and we have it from more than one or two witnesses, which presented itself, when the hour of his execution drew nigh. His cries and shriekings were distinctly heard for a considerable distance along the dense multitudes which were assembled to witness his death; thus giving to that dreadful event a character of horror so deep and gloomy, that many persons finding themselves unable to bear it, withdrew from the crowd, and actually fainted on hearing the almost supernatural tones of his yells and howlings within.

In the meantime, the proceedings in the press-room were of a still more terrific description. He now resembled the stag at bay; his strength became more than human. On attempting to tie his hands, five men were found insufficient for the woeful task. He yelled, and flung them aside like children, but made no attempt at escape, for, in truth, he knew not what he did. The sheriff, one of the most powerful and athletic men to be found in a province, was turned about and bent like an osier in his hands. His words, when the fury of despair permitted his wild and broken cries to become intelligible, were now for life—only life upon any terms; and again did he howl out his horror of death, hell, and judgment. Never was such a scene perhaps witnessed.

At length his hands were tied, and they attempted to get him up to the platform of death, but to their amazement he was once more loose, and flying to the priest, he clasped him with the gripe of Hercules.

"Save me, save me," he shouted. "Let me live. I can't die. You're puttin' me into hell's fire. How can I face God? Ho, it's terrible! it's terrible! it's terrible! Life, life, life—only life—oh, only life!"

As he spoke he pressed the reverend gentleman to his breast and kissed him, and shouted with a wildness of entreaty, which far transcended in terror the most outrageous paroxysms of insanity.

"I will not lave the priest," shrieked he, "so long as I stay with him I'll be so long out of the punishments of eternity. I will stick to you. Don't—don't put me away, but have pity on me. No—I'll not go, I'll not go."

Again he kissed his lips, cheeks, and forehead, and still clung to him with terrific violence, until at last his hands were finally secured beyond the possibility of his again getting them loose. He then threw himself upon the ground, and still resisted, with a degree of muscular strength altogether unaccountable in a person even of his compact and rather athletic form. His appearance upon the platform will long be remembered by those who had the questionable gratification of witnessing it. It was the struggle of strong men dragging a strong man to the most frightful of all precinices—Death. When he was seen by the people in the act of being forced with such violence to the drop, they all moved, like a forest agitated by a sudden breeze, and uttered that strange murmur, composed of many passions, which can only be heard where a large number of persons are congregated together under the power of something that is deep and thrilling in its interest. At length after a struggle for life, and a horror of death possibly unprecedented in the annals of crime, he was pushed upon the drop, the spring was touched, and the unhappy man passed shrieking into that eternity which he dreaded so much. His death was instantaneous, and after hanging the usual time, his body was removed to the goal; the crowd began to disperse, and in twenty minutes the streets and people presented nothing more than their ordi-

nary aspect of indifference to every thing but their own affairs.\*

Such, and so slight, after all, is the impression which death makes upon life, when the heart and domestic affections are not concerned.

And now, gentle and patient reader—for well, indeed has thy patience been tried, during the progress of this tantalizing narrative—we beg to assure thee, that unless thou art so exquisitely tender hearted as to mourn over the fate of Bartle Flanagan, the shadows which darkened the morning and noon of our story have departed, and its eve will be dewy, and calm, and effulgent.

Flanagan's execution, like any other just and necessary vindication of the laws, was not without its usual good effect upon the great body of the people; for although we are not advocates for a sanguinary statute-book, neither are we the eulogists of those who, with sufficient power in their hands, sit calmly and serenely amidst scenes of outrage and crime, in which the innocent suffer by the impunity of the guilty. Fame, who is busy on such occasions soon published to a far distance Flanagan's confession, having committed the crime for which O'Donovan was punished. John O'Brien had it himself from the sheriff, as well as from a still more authentic statement written by the priest who attended him, and signed by the unhappy culprit's mark, in the presence of that gentleman, the governor of the gaol, and two turnkeys. The sheriff also heard, from O'Brien, for the first time, that O'Donovan's parents having disposed of all their property, followed him to New South Wales, a circumstance by which he was so much struck at the moment, that he observed to O'Brien:

"Do you not think it the duty of the government, considering all the young man and his parents have suffered by that rascal's malice, to bring the whole family back at its own expense? For my part, aware as I am of the excellent disposition of the Secretary, I think if we ask them it will be done."

"Our best plan, perhaps," replied John, "is to get a memorial to that effect signed by those who subscribed to the former one in his behalf. I think it is certainly necessary, for to tell you the truth, I doubt whether they are in possession of funds sufficient for the expenses of so long a journey."

"I know," said the sheriff, "that there is little time to be lost, for S—, naming the governor of the gaol, tells me that the next convict ship sails in a fortnight. We must, therefore, push forward the business as rapidly as we can."

Well and truly did they keep their words, for we have the satisfaction of adding, that on the seventh day from the date of that conversation, they received a communication from the Castle, informing them that after having taken the peculiar hardships of O'Donovan's singular case into mature consideration, they deemed the prayer of the memorial such as they felt pleasure in complying with; and that the colonial secretary had been written to, to take the proper steps for the return of the young man and his parents to their own country at the expense of government.

This was enough, and almost more than O'Brien expected. He had now done as much as could be done in the present, and nothing remained but to await their arrival with hope and patience. In truth, the prospect thus now presented itself to the Bodagh's family was one it

\* We have only to say, that W—m C—k, Esq., of L—ab—e, sheriff of the county of D—n, and those who officially attended, about ten years ago, the execution of a man named M—y—, at the gaol of D—n—k, for a most heinous murder, will, should they happen to see this description, not hesitate to declare that it falls far, far short of what they themselves witnessed upon this "terrible" occasion. There is nothing mentioned here which did not then occur, but there is much omitted.

which, for the sake of the beloved Una, they felt a deep and overwhelming interest. Ever since Connor's removal from the country her spirits had gradually become more and more depressed. All her mirth and gaiety had abandoned her; she disrelished reading; she avoided company; she hardly ever laughed, but on the contrary indulged in long fits of bitter grief while upon her solitary rambles. Her chief companion was Biddy Nulty, whom she exempted from her usual employment whenever she wished that Connor should be the topic of their conversation. Many a time have they strolled together through the garden, where Una had often stood, and, pointing to the summer house, where the acknowledgments of their affection were first exchanged, said to her humble companion,

"Biddy, that is the spot where he first told me that he loved me, and where I first acknowledged mine to him."

She would then pull out from her heart the locket which contained his rich brown hair, and after kissing it, sit and weep on the spot which was so dear to her.

Biddy's task then, was to recount to the unhappy girl such anecdotes as she remembered of him; and as these were all to his advantage, we need scarcely say that many an entertainment of this kind she was called upon to furnish to her whose melancholy enjoyment was now only the remembrance of him, and what he had once been to her.

"I would have been in a convent long before now, Biddy," said she, a few days before Flanagan's trial, "but I cannot leave my father and mother, because I know they could not live without me. My brother John has declined Maynooth lest I should feel melancholy for want of some person to amuse me and to cheer me; and now I feel that it would be an ungrateful return I should make if I entered a convent and left my parents without a daughter whom they love so well, and my brother without a sister on whom he coats."

"Well, Miss," replied Biddy, "don't be cast down; for my part I'd always hope the best. Who knows, Miss, but a better life may be turned up for you yet? I'd hould a naggin that God nivr intinded an innocent crature like you to spend the rest of your life in sadness and sorrow, as you're doin. Always hope for the best."

"Ah, Biddy," she replied, "you don't know what you speak of. His sentence is one that can never be changed; and as for hoping for the best how can I do that, Biddy, when I know that I have no 'best' to hope for. He was my best in this world; but he is gone. Now go in Biddy, and leave me to myself for a little. You know how I love to be alone."

"May God in heaven pity you, Miss Oona," exclaimed the poor girl, whilst the tears gushed from her eyes, "as I do this day! Oh, keep up your heart, Miss, darlin; for while there's life there's hope."

Little did she then dream, however, that hope would be so soon restored to her heart, or that the revolution of another year should see her waiting with trembling delight for the fulness of her happiness.

On the evening previous to Bartle Flanagan's execution, she was pouring out tea for her father and mother, as was usual, when her brother John came home on his return from the assizes. Although the smile of affection with which she always received him lit up her dark glossy eyes, yet he observed that she appeared unusually depressed, and much more pale than she had been for some time past.

"Una, are you unwell, dear?" he asked, as she handed him a cup of tea.

She looked at him with a kind of affectionate reproof in her eyes, as if she wondered that he should be ignorant of the sorrow which preyed upon her.

"Not in health, John," she replied; "but that man's trial, and the many remembrances it has stirred up in my mind, have disturbed me. I am very much cast down, as you may see. Indeed, to speak truth, and without disguise, I think that my heart is broken. Every one knows that a breaking heart is incurable."

"You take it too much to yourself a lanna dhas," said her mother; "but you must keep up your spirits, darlin—time will work wondhers."

"With me, mother, it never can."

"Una," said John, with affected gravity, "you have just made two assertions which I can prove to be false."

She looked at him with surprise.

"False, dear John!"

"Yes false, dear Una; and I will prove it, as I said. In the first place, there is a cure for a breaking heart; and in the next place, time will work wonders even for you."

"Well," said she, assuming a look of sickly cheerfulness, "I should be very ungrateful, John, if I did not smile for you, even when you don't smile yourself, after all the ingenious plans you take to keep up my spirits."

"My dear girl," replied John, "I will not trifle with you; I ask you now to be firm, and say whether you are capable of hearing good news."

"Good news to me! I hope I am, John."

"Well, then, I have to inform you that this day Bartle Flanagan has confessed that it was not Connor O'Donovan who burned our haggard, but himself. The sheriff has written to inform the government, so that we will have Connor back again with a name and character unsullied."

She looked at him for a moment, then at her parents; and her cheek still got paler, and after a slight pause she burst out into a vehement and irrepressible paroxysm of grief.

"John, is this true?" inquired his father.

"Vic na hoiah! John—blessed mother—thru?—but is it, John? is it?"

"Indeed it is, mother—the villain, now, that he has no hope of his life, confessed it this day."

"God knows, darlin," exclaimed the Bodagh's warm-hearted wife, now melting into tears herself, "it's no wonder you should cry tears of joy for this. God would'n't be above us, a cushla oge machree, or he'd sind brighter days before your young and innocent heart."

Una could not speak, but wept on; the grief she felt, however, became gradually milder in its character, until at length her violent sobbings were hushed; and although the tears still flowed, they flowed in silence.

"We will have him back, sartinly," said the Bodagh; "don't cry, dear, 'we'll have him here again with no desateful villain to awear away his life."

"I could die now," said the noble-minded girl; "I think I could die now, without ever seeing him. His name is cleared, and will be cleared; his character untainted; and that is dearer to me even than his love. Oh, I knew it; I knew it," she fervently exclaimed; "and when all the world was against him, I was for him; I and his own mother—for we were the two that knew his heart best."

"Well," said John, smiling, "if I brought you gloomy news once, I believe I brought you pleasant news twice. You remember when I told you that he was not to die."

"Indeed, John, dear, you are the best brother that ever God blessed a sister with; but I hope this is not a dream. Oh, can it be possible; and when I awako in the morning, will it be to the sorrowful heart I had yesterday? I am bewildered. After this who should ever despair in the goodness of God, or think that the trial he sends but for a time is to last always."

"Bridget," said the gracious Bodagh, "we must have a glass of punch; an' upon my reputaytion, Oona, we'll drink to his speedy return."

"Throth, an' Oona will take a glass, herself, this night," added her mother; "an' thanks be to Goodness she'll be our *colleen dhas dhun* agin—wont you have a glass, asthore machree?"

"I'll do any thing that any of you wishes me, mother," replied Una.

She gave, as she uttered the words, a slight sob, which turned their attention once more to her; but they saw at once, by the brilliant sparkle of her eyes, that it was occasioned by the unexpected influx of delight and happiness which were accumulating around her heart.

"Mother," she said, "will you make the punch for them, to-night? I cannot rest till I let poor Biddy Nulty know what has happened. Cleared!" she added, exultingly, "his name and character cleared!"

The beautiful girl then left the room, and short as was the space which elapsed since she heard her brother's communication, they could not help being struck at the light elastic step with which she tripped out of it. Brief, however, as the period was, she had time to cast aside the burthen of care which had pressed her down, and changed her easy pace to the slow tread of sorrow.

"God help our poor colleen dhas," exclaimed her mother, "but she's the happy crature, this night."

"And happy will the hearth be where her light will shine," replied her father, quoting a beautiful Irish proverb to that effect.

"The ways of Providence are beautiful when seen aright or understood," observed her brother, "she was too good to be punished, but not too perfect to be tried. Their calamitous separation will enhance the value of their affection for each other when they meet; for pure and exalted as her love for him is yet, I am proud to say that Connor is worthy of her and it."

That night her mother observed that Una spent a longer time than usual at her devotions, and on looking into her room when passing, she saw her on her knees, and heard her again sobbing with the grateful sense of a delighted heart. She did not again address her, and they all retired to happier slumbers than they enjoyed for many a night.

Our readers have already had proofs of Una's consideration, generosity, and uncommon delicacy. Her conduct at the approach of her lover's trial, and again when he was about to leave her and his country for ever, they cannot, we are sure, have forgotten. When her brother had shown the official communication from the Castle, in which government expressed its intention of bringing Connor and his parents home at its own expense, the Bodagh and his wife knowing that the intended husband of their daughter possessed no means of supporting her, declared, in order to remove any shade of anxiety from her mind, that O'Donovan after their marriage should live with themselves, for they did not wish, they said, that Una should be separated from them. This was highly gratifying to her, but beyond her lover's welfare, whether from want of thought or otherwise, it is not easy to say, she saw that their sympathy did not extend. This troubled her, for she knew how Connor loved his parents, and how much any want of comfort they might feel would distress him. She accordingly consulted with her ever faithful confidant, John, and begged of him to provide for them at her own expense a comfortable dwelling, and to furnish it as near as might be practicable to the manner in which their former one had been furnished. She also desired him to say nothing to their parents about this, "for I intend," she added, "to have a little surprise for them all."

About the time, therefore, when the vessel in which

they were to arrive was expected, a snug, well furnished house, convenient to the Bodagh's, amply stored with provisions, and kept by a daughter of Nogher M'Cormick's, awaited them. Nothing that could render them easy was omitted, and many things also were procured, in the shape of additional comforts, to which they had not been accustomed before.

At length the arrival of the much wished-for vessel was announced, and John O'Brien, after having agreed to let Una know by letter where the Bodagh's car should meet them, mounted the day coach, and proceeded to welcome home his future brother-in-law, prepared, at the same time, to render both to him and his parents whatever assistance they stood in need of, either pecuniary or otherwise, after so long and so trying a voyage.

The meeting of two such kindred spirits may be easily conceived. There were few words wasted between them, but they were full of truth and sincerity.

"My noble fellow," said O'Brien, clasping Connor's hand, "she is at home with a beating heart and a happy one, waiting for you."

"John," replied the other fervently, "the wealth of the universe is below her price. I'm not worthy of her, except in this, that I could shed my heart's dearest blood to do it good."

"Little you know of it yet," said the other, smiling significantly, "but you will soon."

It appeared that Fardorougha's wife had borne the hardships of both voyages better than her husband, who, as his son sensibly observed, had been too much worn down before by the struggle between his love for him and his attachment to his money.

"His cares is now nearly over," said Connor, with a sigh. "Indeed he is so far gone that I don't know how to lave him while I'm providin' a home for him to die in."

"That is already done," replied O'Brien, "Una did not forget it. They have a house near our, furnished with every thing that can contribute to their comfort."

Connor, on hearing this, paused, and his cheek became pale and red alternately with emotion—his nerves thrilled, and a charm of love and pleasure diffused itself over his whole being.

"There is no use in my speaking," he exclaimed; "love her more than I do I cannot."

In consequence of Fardorougha's illness, they were forced to travel by slower and shorter stages than they intended. O'Brien, however, never left them; for he knew that should the miser die on the way, they would require the presence and service of a friend. In due time, however, they reached the place appointed by John for the car to meet them; and ere many hours had passed they found themselves once more in what they could call their own home. From the miser's mind the power of observing external nature seemed to have been altogether withdrawn; he made no observation whatever upon the appearance or novelty of the scene to which he was conveyed, nor of the country through which he passed; but when put to bed he covered himself with the bed-clothes, and soon fell into a slumber.

"Connor," said his mother, "your father's now asleep an' won't miss you; lose no time, thin, in goin' to see her; an' may God strinthen you both for sich a meetin'!"

They accordingly went.

The Bodagh was out, but Una and her mother were sitting in the parlour when the noise of a jaunting-car was heard driving up to the door; Una involuntarily looked out of the window, and seeing two she started up, and putting her hands together, hysterically exclaimed thrice, "Mother, mother, mother, assist me, assist me—he's here." Her mother caught her in her arms; and at the same



moment Connor rushed in. Una could only extend her arms to receive him; he clasped her to his heart, and she sobbed aloud several times rapidly, and then her head sank upon his bosom.

Her mother and brother were both weeping.

Her lover looked down upon her, and as he hung over the beautiful and insensible girl, the tears which he shed copiously bedewed her face. After a few minutes she recovered, and her brother, with his usual delicacy, beckoned to his mother to follow him out of the room, knowing that the presence of a third person is always a restraint upon the interchange of even the tenderest and purest affection. Both, therefore, left them to themselves; and we, in like manner, must allow that delicious interview to be sacred only to themselves, and unprofaned by the gaze or presence of a spectator.

The Bodagh and his wife were highly gratified at the steps their children had taken to provide for the comfort of Fardorougha and his wife. The next day the whole family paid them a visit, but on seeing the Miser, it was clear that his days were numbered. During the most vigorous and healthy period of his life, he had always been thin and emaciated; but now, when age, illness, the severity of a six months' voyage, and, last of all, the hand of death, left their wasting traces upon his person, it would indeed be difficult to witness an image of penury more significant of its spirit. We must, however, do the old man justice. Since the loss of his money, or rather since the trial and conviction of his son, or probably since the operation of both events upon his heart, he had seldom, if ever, by a single act or expression, afforded any proof that his avarice survived, or was able to maintain its hold upon him, against the shock which awakened the full power of a father's love.

About ten o'clock, A. M., on the fourth day after their arrival, Connor, who had ran over to the Bodagh's, was hurriedly sent for by his mother, who desired Nelly M' Cormick to say that his father incessantly called for him, and that he must not lose a moment in coming. He returned immediately with her, and found the old man reclining in bed, supported by his wife, who sat behind him.

"Is my boy comin'?" he said, in a thin, wiry, worn voice, but in words which, to any person near him, were as distinct almost as ever—"is my boy Connor comin'?"

"I am here, father," replied Connor, who had just entered the sick room; "sure I am always with you."

"You are, you are," said he, "you were ever an' always good. Give me your hand, Connor."

Connor did so.

"Connor, darlin'," he proceeded, don't be like me. I loved money too much; I set my heart in it, an' you know how it was taken away from me. The priest yestherday laid it upon me, out of regard to my reignin' sin, as he called it, to advise you afore I'd die aginst lovin' the wealth o' this world too much."

"I hope I never will, father. Your own misfortune ought to be a warnin to me."

"Ay, you may say that; it's I indeed that was misfortunate; but it was all through P——, an' that nest o' robbers, the Isle o' Man."

"Don't think of him or it now, my dear father—don't be discomposin' your mind about them."

"He was a villin—a deep villin'; but that's not the thing. Your mother was spakin' to the priest about masses for my sowl. Now, Connor, I know that they'll take far less than they'll ax. I know that; for I remember batin' down Father Fogarty myself, from two-an'-sixpence a mass to a shillin' for my own father's sowl, an' I saved the price of a pair o' shoes by it, and had the same number o' masses sed still. That was makin' a bargin' the right way."

Connor and his mother exchanged a melancholy glance; and the latter, who, on witnessing his frame of mind, could not help shedding bitter tears, said to him—

"Fardorougha dear, Fardorougha ashore machree, won't you be guided by me! You're now on your death-bed, an' think of God's marcy—it's that you stand most in need of. Sure, avourneen, if you had all the money you ever had, you couldn't bring a penny of it where you're goin'."

"Well, but I'm givin' Connor an advice that'll serve him. Sure I'm not biddin' him to set his heart on it, for I tould the priest I wouldn't; but is that any reason why he'd not save it? I didn't tell the priest that I wouldn't bid him do *that*."

"Father," said Connor, "for the love o' God will you put these thoughts out o' your heart and mind?"

"So, Connor dear," proceeded the old man, not attending to him; "in makin' a bargain wid the priest bate him down, or he'll *do* you, an' in makin' any bargain, Connor, be sure to make as *hard* a one as you can; but for all that be honest, an' never lind a penny o' money widout intherest."

"I think he's wandherin'," whispered his mother. "Oh grant it may be so, merciful Jasus, this day!"

"Honor ahagur."

"Well, darlin'," what is it?"

"There's another thing that troubles me—I niver knew what it was to feel myself far from my own till now."

"How is that, dear?"

"My bones won't rest in my own country; I won't sleep wid them that belong to me. How will I lie in a strange grave, and in a far land? Oh will no one bring me back to my own!"

The untutored sympathies of neither wife nor son could resist this beautiful and affecting trait of nature, and the undying love of one's own land, emanating, as it did, so unexpectedly, from a heart otherwise insensible to the ordinary tendernesses of life.

"Sure you are at home, avourneen, said Honor; "an' will rest wid your friends and relations that have gone before you."

"No," said he, "I'm not, I'm far away from them, but now I feel more comforted; I have *one* wid me that's dearer to me than them all. Connor and I will sleep together; won't we, Connor?"

This affectionate transition from every other earthly object to himself, so powerfully smote the son's heart that he could not reply.

"What ails him, Connor?" said his wife. "Help me to keep up his head—Saver above!"

Connor raised his head, but saw at a glance that the last struggle in the old man's heart was over. The miser was no more.

Little now remains to be said. The grief for old age, though natural, is never abiding. The miser *did* sleep with his own; and after a decent period allotted to his memory, need we say that our hero and heroine, if we may be permitted so to dignify them, were crowned in the enjoyment of those affections which were so severely tested, and at the same time so worthy of their sweet reward.

Ned M'Cormick and Biddy Nulty followed their example, and occupied the house formerly allotted to Fardorougha and his wife. John O'Brien afterwards married, and the Bodagh, reserving a small but competent farm for himself, equally divided his large holdings between his son and son-in-law. On John's moiety he built a suitable house; but Una and her husband, and Honor, all live with themselves, and we need scarcely say, for it is not long since we spent a week with them, that the affection of the old people for their grand-children, is quite enthusiastic, and that the grand-children, both boys and girls, are worthy of it.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

## STORMS.

1. *An Attempt to Develop the Law of Storms by means of Facts, arranged according to Place and Time; and hence, to point out a cause for the variable Winds, with a view to practical use in Navigation.* By Lieut. Colonel REID, C. B., of the Royal Engineers, &c. London: 1838. With an ATLAS of Nine Charts.
2. *Remarks on the prevailing Storms of the Atlantic Coast of the North American States.* By WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, of the City of New York. (*Silliman's Journal*, Vol. XX.)
3. *Hurricane of August, 1831.* By W. C. REDFIELD, of the City of New York. (*Silliman's Journal*, Vol. XXI.)
4. *Observations on the Hurricanes and Storms of the West Indies, and the Coast of the United States.* By W. C. REDFIELD. (*Blunt's American Coast Pilot*, 12th Edition, p. 626-629.)
5. *On the Gales and Hurricanes of the Western Atlantic.* By W. C. REDFIELD. (*United States Naval Magazine*.)

It is mortifying to the pride of science, and a reproach to every civilized Government, that we know so little of meteorology—of the laws and perturbations of that aerial fluid which exists within and around us—which constitutes the pabulum of life; and in which we should instantly perish, were it either polluted or scantily supplied. Considering the earth's atmosphere merely in its chemical and statistical relations, our knowledge of its properties is at once extensive and profound. We have decomposed the gaseous mass into its elements, and ascertained their separate agencies in sustaining and destroying life. Its weight, its variable density, its altitude, its action upon light, its electrical and magnetical phenomena, its varying temperature, whether we ascend from the earth, or move to different points on its surface, have all been investigated with an accuracy of result honourable to the industry and genius of philosophers. But, however great be the knowledge which we have acquired of our aerial domains, when in a state of serenity and peace, we must confess our utter ignorance of them in a state of tumult and excitement. When the paroxysms of heat and cold smite the organisations of animal and vegetable life—when the swollen cloud pours down its liquid charge, and menaces us with a second deluge—when the raging tempest sweeps over the earth with desolating fury, driving beneath the surge, or whirling into the air, the floating or the fixed dwellings of man—when the electric fires, liberated from their gaseous prison, shiver the fabrics of human power, and rend even the solid pavement of the globe—when the powers of the air are thus marshalled against him, man trembles upon his own hearth, the slave of terrors which he cannot foresee, the sport of elements which he cannot restrain, and the victim of desolation from which he knows not how to escape.

But though the profoundest wisdom has been hitherto of no avail in emergencies like these, it would be at variance with the whole history of scientific research to suppose that effectual means may never be obtained for protecting life and property when thus endangered, or at least for diminishing the hazards to which they are exposed. The philosopher in his closet has already done something to protect as well as

to forewarn. The electric conductor, when skillfully applied, has performed some function of mercy in guarding our houses and our ships; and the indications of the barometer and sympiesometer, have doubtless warned the mariner to reef his topsails, and prepare for the struggle of the elements. But, paltry as these auxiliaries are, they are almost the only ones which unaided science can supply. It belonged to the Governments of Europe and America, and pre-eminently to ours, whose royal and commercial marine almost covers the ocean, to encourage, by suitable appointments and high rewards, every inquiry that could throw light upon the origin and nature of those dire catastrophes by which, in one day, hundreds of vessels have been wrecked—thousands of lives sacrificed, and millions of property consigned to the deep. But, alas! they have done nothing. Our, at least, has no national institution to which they could intrust such an inquiry; and the cause of universal humanity, involving the interests of every existing people, and of every future generation, is left as all such causes are, to the feeble and isolated exertions of individual zeal.

It is fortunate, however, for our species, that a high interest of humanity and knowledge are not confined to the cares of ephemeral legislation. He who rides on the whirlwind has provided for the attention of the physical as well as the moral evils which are the instruments of his government; and in the last few years two or three individuals have devoted themselves to the study of the gales and hurricanes that desolate the tropical seas, with a zeal and success which the most sanguine could never have anticipated. They have not, indeed, yet succeeded in discovering the origin of these scourges of the ocean; but they have determined their general nature and character; and have thus been able to deduce infallible rules, if not to disarm their fury, at least to withdraw us from their power: And if so much has been done by the successive labours of two living individuals in the brief period of only six years, what may we not expect to achieve when meteorological inquiries shall be set on foot at suitable stations, and the science of Europe brought to bear on the observations which may be registered?

Before the attention of philosophers was directed to the investigation of individual tempests and hurricanes, it was generally believed that a gale differed from a breeze only in the velocity of the air which was put in motion; and a hurricane was supposed to be well explained when it was described as a wind moving in a rectilinear direction, at the rate of 100 or 120 miles an hour.

The first person who seems to have opposed himself to this vulgar error was the late Colonel Capper of the East India Company's Service, who published, in 1801, a work *On the Winds and Monsoons*. After studying all the circumstances of the hurricanes which occurred at Pondicherry and Madras in 1760 and 1773, this intelligent writer remarks, that these circumstances, when properly considered, positively prove that the hurricanes were whirlwinds, whose diameter could not be more than 120 miles. Colonel Capper was also aware of the remarkable fact, that these whirlwinds had sometimes a progressive motion; and he not only states that ships might escape beyond their influence by taking advantage of the wind which blows from the land; but he refers to the

practicability of ascertaining the situation of a ship in a whirlwind, from the strength and changes of the wind, with a view, no doubt, of enabling the vessel to resist its fury, and escape from its vortex.

These observations, valuable though they be, seem to have excited no interest, either in this or in other countries; and the next philosopher who directed his attention to the subject, was led to it by independent observations, and in the course of more extensive meteorological inquiries. Mr. W. C. Redfield, of New York, whose position on the Atlantic coast gave him the finest opportunities not only of observing the phenomena, but of collecting the details of individual storms, was led to the same conclusion as Col. Capper, that the hurricanes of the West Indies, like those of the East, were great whirlwinds. He found also, what had been merely hinted at by Colonel Capper, that the whole of the revolving mass of atmosphere advanced with a progressive motion from south-west to north-east; and hence he draws the conclusion, *that the direction of the wind at a particular place forms no part of the essential character of the storm, and is in all cases compounded of both the rotative and progressive velocities of the storm in the mean ratio of these velocities.* Mr. Redfield was conducted to these generalizations by the study of the hurricane of September 1821; but in order to corroborate his views, he has taken the more recent hurricane of the 17th August, 1830, and by the aid of a chart he has exhibited its character, and traced its path along the Atlantic coast, as deduced from a diligent collection of accounts from more than seventy different localities.

Interesting as these details are, our limits will only permit us to give a few of the leading facts, along with the results at which Mr. Redfield has arrived. The hurricane of 1830 seems to have commenced at St. Thomas on the 12th of August at midnight; and, continuing its course along the Bahama Islands and the coast of Florida, it passed along the American shores, and terminated its devastations to the south of the island of St. Pierre, in long. 57° west, and lat. 43° north. It performed this long journey in about six days, at the average rate of about *seventeen* geographical miles per hour. The general width of the tract, which was more or less influenced by the hurricane, was from 500 to 600 miles; but the width of the tract where the hurricane was severe was only from 150 to 250 miles. The duration of the most violent portion of the storm at the several points over which it passed, was from seven to twelve hours, and the rate of its progress from the Island of St. Thomas to its termination beyond the coast of Nova Scotia, varied from *fifteen* to *twenty* miles per hour.

The rotative character of this storm, which always moves from *right* to *left*, is amply proved by the varying directions of the wind at the different points of its path; but a striking evidence of this was exhibited in its action on two outward bound European ships, the *Illinois* and the *Britannia*. On the 15th August, the *Illinois* experienced the swell which preceded the hurricane advancing from the south; but as the ship had a fair wind and was impelled by the Gulf Stream, while the storm lost time by making a detour towards Charlestown and the coast of Georgia, the ship outran the swell: but on the 17th she was overtaken by the hurricane blowing furiously from the *south*, whilst at the same moment it was unroofing houses

at New York from the *northeast*. The *Britannia*, which left New York in fine weather on the 16th, met the hurricane on the night of the 17th, having the wind first at north-east, then E. N. E., and after midnight from the south-east.

After describing other hurricanes which lead him to the same conclusions, Mr. Redfield remarks that their axis of revolution, or *gyral axis* as he calls it, is probably inclined in the direction of its progress. This inclination he ascribes to the retardation of the lower part of the revolving mass by the resistance of the surface; in consequence of which the more elevated parts will be inclined forward, and overrun to a very considerable extent the more quiet atmosphere which lies near the surface. Hence we see the reason why vessels at sea sometimes encounter the sudden violence of these winds upon their lofty sails and spars, when all upon the deck is quiet.

One of the most important deductions which Mr. Redfield has made from the facts and illustrations to which we have referred, is an explanation of the causes which produce a fall in the barometer at places to which a hurricane is approaching, or more immediately under its influence. This effect he ascribes to the centrifugal tendency of the immense revolving mass of atmosphere which constitutes a storm. This centrifugal action must expand and spread out the stratum of atmosphere subject to its influence; and towards the vortex or centre of rotation must flatten and depress the stratum so as to diminish the weight of the superincumbent column which presses on the mercury in the barometer.\* Mr. Redfield also conceives that whatever be the upward limit of the revolving mass, the effect of its depression must be to lower the cold stratum of the upper atmosphere, particularly towards the more central portions of the storm; and by thus bringing it in contact with the humid stratum of the surface, to produce a permanent and continuous stratum of clouds, with an abundant precipitation of rain, or a deposition of 'congelated' vapours, according to the state of temperature in the lower region.

From these views Mr. Redfield is led to speculate on the cause of the hurricanes which prevail on the Atlantic coast. He conceives that they "originate in detached and gyrating portions of the northern margin of the trade winds, occasioned by the oblique obstruction which is opposed by the islands to the direct progress of this part of the trades, or to the falling in of the northerly or eddy wind from the American coast upon the trades, or to both these causes combined."

Such is a brief analysis of the first and most important memoir of Mr. Redfield. The second paper contains a very short notice of the hurricane, which, after raging with great violence at Barbadoes on the night of the 10th August, 1831, passed over St. Lucia, St. Domingo, and Cuba, and reached the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in about 30° of N. lat. where it raged simultaneously at Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans. Here it entered upon the territories of the adjoining states, where it must have encountered the mountain region of the Alleghenies; and was perhaps disorganized by the resistance which

\* Hence we see the reason why the mercury in the barometer always rises again during the passage of the last portion of the gale, and reaches its greatest elevation after the storm has passed.

these elevations offered to its progress. It seems, however, to have caused heavy rains over a large extent of country to the north of the Gulf of Mexico; and if its peculiar action was continued beyond New Orleans, it must have been confined to the higher atmosphere as no violent effects were produced at the surface nearer than the southern states. This hurricane, which revolved from right to left, passed over a distance of 2000 nautical miles in about 150 hours, which gives an average velocity of more than 13½ miles an hour. The rotative character of this storm was finely exemplified in the effects which it produced at Barbadoes. The trees which it uprooted near the northern coast lay from NNW. to SSE., having been thrown down by a northerly wind in the earlier part of the storm, while in the interior and some other parts of the island, they were found to lie from south to north, having been prostrated in the latter part of the gale.

In his *third* Memoir, Mr. Redfield directs our attention to the different points which he considers as established in reference to the principal movements of the atmosphere which constitute a hurricane. The following is a condensed summary of his observations.

1. The severest hurricanes originate in tropical latitudes to the North or East of the West India Islands.

2. They cover simultaneously an extent of surface from 100 to 500 miles in diameter, acting with diminished violence towards the exterior, and increased energy towards the interior of that space.

3. South of the parallel of 30° these storms pursue towards the West a track inclined gradually to the North till it approaches 30°, where their course changes abruptly to the North and Eastward, the track continuing to incline gradually to the East, towards which point they advance with an accelerated velocity.

4. The duration of a storm depends on its extent and velocity, and storms of smaller extent even with greater rapidity than larger ones.

5. The direction and strength of the wind in a hurricane are found *not to be in the direction of its progress*.

6. In their *Westward* course, the direction of the wind at the commencement is from a *Northern* quarter, and during the latter part of the gale, from a *Southern* quarter of the horizon.

7. In their *Northward and Eastward* course, the hurricane begins with the wind from an *Eastern* or *Southern* quarter, and terminates with the wind from a *Western* quarter.

8. North of 30°, and on the portion of the track furthest from the American coast, the hurricane begins with a *Southerly* wind, which, as the storm comes over, *veers gradually* to the Westward, where it terminates.

9. Along the *central portion* of the track in the same latitude the wind commences from a point near to *South-East*, but after a certain period *changes suddenly* to a point almost directly opposite to that from which it had been blowing; from which opposite quarter it blows with equal violence till the storm has passed. Under this central portion the greatest fall of the barometer takes place, the mercury rising a short time previous to the change of wind.

10. On the portion of the track nearest the American coast, or furthest inland, if the storm reaches the

land, the wind begins from a *more Eastern* or *North-Eastern* point, and afterwards veers more or less gradually by *North* to a *North-Western* or *Western* quarter, where it terminates.

11. From these facts it follows that the great body of the storm whirls in a horizontal circuit round a vertical or somewhat inclined axis of rotation, which is carried onward with the storm, and that the direction of this rotation is from *Right to Left*.

12. The Barometer in all latitudes sinks under the first half of the storm in every part of its track except perhaps, its extreme northerly margin, and thus affords the *earliest and nearest* indication of the approaching tempest. The Barometer again rises during the passage of the last portion of the gale.

Our readers will naturally inquire what are the phenomena which take place within the vortex, or in the axis of the revolving storm. It is well known that in the heart of a storm or hurricane in the open sea violent *flaws* or *gusts* of wind alternate with *lulls* and remissions of its violence; and here Mr. Redfield conceives that the vortex or rotative axis of a *cyclone* or hurricane, oscillates in its course with considerable rapidity in a moving circuit of moderate extent *in the centre of the hurricane*; and he conjectures that such an eccentric movement of the vortex may be essential to the continued activity or force of the hurricane.

The *fourth* and last Memoir of Mr. Redfield has for its object the illustration of his preceding labours, by delineating, on a chart, the route of several storms and hurricanes, as derived from numerous accounts of them in his possession, by which their progress is specifically identified from day to day during that part of their route which appears on the chart. The following is a list of the storms thus projected.

1. The hurricane which visited Trinidad, Tobago, and Grenada on the 23d of June 1831.

2. The hurricane of the 10th August 1831, already referred to.

3. The hurricane which passed over the Westward Islands on the 17th August 1827, and terminated about Sable Island and Porpoise Bank on the 27th; having travelled over 3000 nautical miles in about eleven days at the average rate of about eleven miles an hour.

4.\* The hurricane which swept over the Windward Islands on the 3d September 1804, the Virgin Islands on the 4th, Turk's Island on the 5th, the Bahamas on the 6th, the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas on the 7th, Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey on the 8th, and the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine on the 9th; becoming a violent snow-storm in the highlands of New Hampshire. It performed a journey of 2200 miles in about six days, at the average rate of about 15½ miles per hour.

5. The hurricane which ravaged Antigua, Nevis, and St. Kitts on the night of August 12th, 1835, and reached Metamora on the coast of Mexico on the 18th, after passing over St. Thomas, St. Domingo, and Cuba. Its velocity was 15½ miles per hour, having moved through 2200 miles in six days.

6. This is the memorable gale of the 12th August 1830, already referred to. It visited St. Thomas on

\* This is, by an oversight of Mr. Redfield, described as No. V. in the text; while No. V. is described as No. IV. We follow the chart.

he 12th, and reached the Porpoise and Newfoundland Banks on the 19th, having travelled through more than 3000 nautical miles, with an average rate of eighteen miles an hour.

7. This hurricane, which swept over the Atlantic in 1830, was encountered to the north of the West India Islands. It passed along a more eastern route than any of the rest, and reached the Grand Bank of Newfoundland on the 2d of October, after having caused great damage and destruction to the many vessels which occupied its widely extended track. The length of its route is about 1800 miles, and its average velocity twenty-five miles per hour.

8. Is the path of a much smaller, but more violent hurricane, which was encountered off Turk's Island on the 1st September 1821, and reached the State of Maine, having passed over 1800 miles in sixty hours, with a velocity of thirty miles an hour.

9. A violent and extensive hurricane, which was encountered north of Turk's Island, on the 22d August 1830, passed north of the Bahamas on the 23d, and was off the coast of the United States on the 24th, 25th, and 26th. A great deal of damage was done on the ocean by this storm, but it scarcely reached the American shores. It appears to have moved more slowly than other storms.

10. Is the course of a violent hurricane and snow storm on the 5th and 6th December, which swept along the American coast from the latitude of 30°.

11. Is a portion of the general route of the violent inland storm, which swept over the Lakes Erie and Ontario on the 11th of November 1835.

After some general remarks on these hurricanes, which our limits will not allow us to notice, Mr. Redfield makes the following observations:—

‘It will hardly escape notice, that the tract of most of these hurricanes, as presented on the chart, appears to form part of an elliptical or parabolic circuit, and this will be more obvious if we make correction in each case for the slight distortion of the apparent course in the higher latitudes which is produced by the plane projection: We are also struck with the fact that the vortex of the curve is uniformly found in or near the 30th degree of latitude. In connection with this fact, it may also be noted that the latitude of 30° marks the external limit of the trade winds on both sides of the equator; and perhaps it may not prove irrelevant to notice even further, that, by the parallel of 30°, the surface area, as well as the atmosphere of each hemisphere is equally divided, the area between this latitude and the equator being about equal to that of the entire surface between the same latitude and the pole.’

Independent of the scientific interest which is attached to inquiries such as these we have been considering, they deeply involve the still higher interests of humanity. Mr. Redfield has, therefore, laboured to deduce some practical rules by which the unfortunate mariner may extricate himself, with the least hazard, from the impending calamities of a hurricane. These rules will, of course, admit of continual improvement and extension, as our knowledge of the laws of storms becomes more complete; but it is a great step in the march of science to be able to hold out to humanity even the faintest hope of escaping from risks the most imminent, and from dangers the most appalling.

1. ‘A vessel bound to the eastward between the

latitudes of 30° and 45° in the western part of the Atlantic, on being overtaken by a gale which commences blowing from any point to the eastward of S. E. or E. S. E., may avoid some portion of its violence by putting her head to the northward, and when the gale has veered sufficiently in the same direction, may safely resume her course. But by standing to the southward, under like circumstances, she will probably fall into the heart of the storm.’

‘2. In the same region, vessels, on taking a gale from S. E., or points near thereto, will probably soon find themselves in the heart of the storm, and after its first fury is spent, may expect its recurrence from the opposite quarter. The most promising mode of mitigating its violence, and at the same time shortening its duration is, to stand to the southward upon the wind, as long as may be necessary or possible; and if the movement succeeds, the wind will gradually head you off in the same direction. If it becomes necessary to heave-to, put your head to the southward, and if the wind does not veer, be prepared for a blast from the north-west.

‘3. In the same latitudes, a vessel scudding in a gale with the wind at east or north-east, shortens its duration. On the contrary, a vessel scudding before a south-westerly, or westerly gale, will thereby increase its duration.

‘4. A vessel which is pursuing her course to the westward or south-westward, in this part of the Atlantic, meets the storms in their course, and thereby shortens the period of their occurrence; and will encounter more gales in an equal number of days than if stationary, or sailing in a different direction.

‘5. On the other hand, vessels while sailing to the eastward, or north-eastward, or in the course of the storms, will lengthen the periods between their occurrence, and consequently experience them less frequently than vessels sailing on a different course. The difference of exposure which results from these opposite courses, on the American coast, may in most cases be estimated as nearly two to one.

‘6. The hazard from casualties, and of consequence the value of insurance, is enhanced or diminished by the direction of the passage, as shown under the last two heads.

‘7. As the ordinary routine of the winds and weather in these latitudes often corresponds to the phases which are exhibited by the storms as before described, a correct opinion, founded upon this resemblance, can often be formed of the approaching changes of wind and weather, which may be highly useful to the observing navigator.

‘8. A due consideration of the facts which have been stated, will inspire additional confidence in the indications of the *barometer*, and these ought not to be neglected, even should the fall of the mercury be unattended by any appearances of violence in the weather, as the other side of the gale will be pretty sure to take effect, and often in a manner so sudden and violent as to more than compensate for its previous forbearance. Not the least reliance, however, should be placed upon the prognostics which are usually attached to the scale of the barometer, such as *set-fair, fair, change, rain, &c.*, as in this region, at least, they serve no other purpose than to bring this valuable instrument into discredit. It is the mere rising and falling of the mercury which chiefly

deserves attention, and not its conformity to a particular point in the scale of elevation.

'9. These practical inferences apply in terms, chiefly to storms which have passed to the northward of the 30th degree of latitude on the American coast, but with the necessary modification as to the point of the compass, which results from the westerly course pursued by the storm while in the lower latitudes, are for the most part equally applicable to the storms and hurricanes which occur in the West Indies, and south of the parallel of 30°. As the marked occurrence of tempestuous weather is here less frequent, it may be sufficient to notice that the point of direction in cases which are otherwise analogous, is, in the West Indian seas, about ten or twelve points of the compass *more to the left*, than on the coast of the United States, in the latitude of New York.

'Vicissitudes of winds and weather on this coast, which do not conform to the foregoing specifications, are more frequent in April, May, and June, than in other months.

'Easterly or southerly winds, under which the barometer rises or maintains its elevation, are not of a gyratory or stormy character; but such winds frequently terminate in the falling of the barometer, and the usual phenomena of an easterly storm.'

Mr. Redfield concludes these valuable observations by stating it as his opinion, (an opinion to which we shall have occasion to recur,) that the great circuits of wind, of which the trade winds form an integral part, are nearly uniform in all the great oceanic basins; and that the course of these circuits, and of their stormy gyrations, is, in the *Southern Hemisphere*, in a *COUNTER DIRECTION* to those in the *Northern one*, producing a corresponding difference in the general phases of storms and winds in the two hemispheres.

From the investigations of this Transatlantic observer, we now pass to those of our countryman, Lieut.-Col. W. Reid, who has pursued the inquiry with the greatest zeal and ability. His attention was first directed to the subject, in consequence of his having been employed officially at Barbadoes in re-establishing the Government Buildings, blown down by the hurricane of 1831; in which 1477 persons lost their lives in the short space of seven hours. In order to learn something of the causes and modes of action of these violent gales, he searched every where for accounts of previous storms, and was fortunate in meeting with the Memoirs of Mr. Redfield, which we have above analyzed. Impressed with the belief that Mr. Redfield's views were correct, Colonel Reid determined to verify them by making charts on a large scale, and laying down the different reports of the wind at points given in Mr. Redfield's Memoirs; and the more accurately this was done, the more did the tracks approximate to those of a progressive whirlwind. But Colonel Reid was not content with thus revising, in a more accurate projection, the labours of his predecessor. He obtained from the Admiralty the logs of British ships that had been navigating the hurricane region, and by combining the observations which they contained with those made on land, he was thus enabled to group the varying phenomena of different storms; to place beyond a doubt their rotatory and progressive character, as described by Redfield; to ascertain that they derive their destructive power from their rotatory

force; and to confirm the sagacious conjecture of the American philosopher, that the storms in southern latitudes would be found to revolve in a contrary direction (namely, from left to right,) to that which they take in the northern hemisphere.

Before we proceed, however, to these discussions we shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of a West India hurricane, by combining the more interesting parts of the description which Colonel Reid has given of the Barbadoes hurricane of 1831. In passing from Barbadoes to St. Vincent, this hurricane moved only at the rate of ten miles an hour. Before it reached St. Vincent Mr. Simons observed a cloud to the north of him so threatening in its aspect, that he had never seen any thing so alarming during his residence of forty years in the tropics; and he informed Colonel Reid that it appeared of an *olive-green colour*. Mr. Simons hastened home, and by shutting up his doors and windows, saved his house from a general calamity. The water of the sea was raised to such a height in Kingston bay as to flood the streets, and several buildings in Fort Charlotte were ruined, and others blown down. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, which took place at St. Vincent was the effect of the storm on the extensive forest with which a great part of the island is covered. *A large portion of the trees at its northern extremity were killed without being blown down.* These trees were frequently examined by Colonel Reid in 1832; and they appeared to him to have been killed, not by the wind, but by the extraordinary quantity of electric matter rendered active during the storm. This exhibition of electric fire seems to be a common accompaniment of violent hurricanes; and during that of 1671 the lightning is described as *darting*, not with its usual short-lived flashes, but in rapid flames, skimming over the surface of the earth, as well as ascending to the upper air. During the paroxysm of the storm of 1831, two negroes at Barbadoes were greatly terrified by sparks of electricity passing off from one of them. This took place in the garden of Codrington College, where the hut of the negroes having been just blown down they were supporting each other in the dark, and endeavouring to reach the main building. Another remarkable phenomenon accompanied this hurricane. In consequence of the sea breaking continually over the cliff at the north point, a height of seventy feet, the spray was carried inland by the wind for many miles, and it *rained salt water in all parts of the country.\** The fresh-water fish in the ponds of Major Leacock were all killed, and at Bright Hall, about two miles to the south-south-east of the point, the water in the ponds continued salt many days after the storm.

The great struggle of the elements, which constituted the paroxysm of the hurricane of Barbadoes, was ushered in on the afternoon of the 18th of August, with variable squalls of wind and rain, with intervening calms. About four P. M. a dismal darkness brooded around; and towards the zenith there was an obscure circle of imperfect light subtending an angle of 35° or 40°. The following description

\* It is probable that what is called *RAIN*, was only vesicular salt-water. During the violent north-east winds which dashed upon the rocky coast at St. Andrews, in Scotland, the spray carried over the city in the form of vesicles or foam, which, as it strikes the windows, or lights upon the ground, exhibits the character from the rings of salt saline matter which remain at the evaporation of the water.

the storm, given by Colonel Reid, was published at Bridgetown, immediately after the event:—

'After midnight, the continued flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a gale blew fiercely from the north and north-east; but at one, A. M., on the 11th of August, the tempestuous rage of the wind increased; the storm, which at one time blew from the north-east, suddenly shifted from that quarter, and burst from the north-west and intermediate points. The upper regions were from this time illuminated by incessant lightning; but the quivering sheet of blaze was surpassed in brilliancy by the darts of electric fire which were exploded in every direction. At a little after two, the astounding roar of the hurricane, which rushed from the north-west, cannot be described by language. About three, the wind occasionally abated, but intervening gusts proceeded from the south-west, the west, and west-north-west, with accumulated fury.

'The lightning also having ceased, for a few moments only at a time, the blackness in which the town was enveloped was inexpressibly awful. Fiery meteors were presently seen falling from the heavens; one, in particular, of a globular form, and a deep red hue, was observed by the writer to descend perpendicularly from a vast height. It evidently fell by its specific gravity, and was not shot or propelled by any extraneous force. On approaching the earth with accelerated motion, it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form, and dashing to the ground it splashed around in the same manner as melted metal would have done, and was instantly extinct. In shape and size it appeared much like a common barrel shade; its brilliancy, and the spattering of its particles on meeting the earth, gave it the resemblance of a body of quicksilver of equal bulk. A few minutes after the appearance of this phenomenon, the deafening noise of the wind sank to a distant roar, and the lightning, which from midnight, had flashed and darted forkedly, with few and but momentary intermissions, now, for a space of nearly half a minute, played frightfully between the clouds and the earth. The vast body of vapour appeared to touch the houses, and issued downward flaming blazes, which were nimbly returned from the earth upward.

'The moment after this singular alternation of lightning, the hurricane again burst from the western points with violence prodigious beyond description, hurling before it thousands of missiles—the fragments of every unsheltered structure of human art. The strongest houses were caused to vibrate to their foundations, and the surface of the very earth trembled as the destroyer raged over it. No thunder was at any time distinctly heard. The horrible roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean—whose frightful waves threatened the town with the destruction of all that the other elements might spare—the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. No adequate idea of the sensations which then distracted and confounded the faculties, can possibly be conveyed to those who were distant from the scene of terror.

'After five o'clock, the storm, now and then for a few moments abating, made clearly audible the falling of tiles and building materials, which, by the last gust, had probably been carried to a lofty height.

'As soon as dawn rendered outward objects visible, the writer proceeded to the wharf. The rain was driven with such force as to injure the skin. The prospect was majestic beyond description. The gigantic waves rolling on-wards, seemed as if they would defy all obstruction; yet as they broke over the careenage they seemed to be lost, the surface of it being entirely covered with floating wrecks of every description. It was an undulating body of

lumber—shingles, staves, barrels, trusses of hay, and every kind of merchandise of a buoyant nature. Two vessels only were afloat within the pier, but numbers could be seen which had been capsize or thrown on their beam ends in shallow water.

'On reaching the summit of the cathedral tower, a grand but distressing picture of ruin presented itself around.

The whole face of the country was laid waste; no sign of vegetation was apparent except here and there small patches of a sickly green. The surface of the ground appeared as if fire had run through the land, scorching and burning up the productions of the earth. The few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous seats in the environs of Bridgetown, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were now exposed, and in ruins.'

In the year 1835 two rotatory hurricanes occurred in the West Indies. One of them, which we have already mentioned as No. V. in Mr. Redfield's chart, took place at Antigua on the 12th of August. According to the additional information obtained by Colonel Reid, the wind blew from the north during the first part of the storm, and from the south during the latter part of it; a calm of twenty minutes having intervened. Hence he conjectures that the centre or vortex passed over Antigua. The barometer fell 1.4 inches, and the trees were blown down so as to form lanes.

The second hurricane of 1835 is represented in his fourth chart by Colonel Reid, who has been enabled, by the logs of H. M. steam-vessel *Spitfire*, and ship *Champion*, to determine its direction and general rotatory character. About nine in the morning the sea rose in an extraordinary manner. The waves rolled at Carlisle bay of an unusual height, and about ten A. M. the wind blew so violently that persons could with difficulty keep on their feet. The wind, which was at first NNE. veered gradually more and more to the east, and then having reached the east, it continued veering towards the south, until at the end of the storm it blew into Carlisle bay. The storm abated at Barbadoes about one o'clock, P. M., and had ceased by two o'clock. About half-past three o'clock the *Champion* was in the centre of it, and must have crossed from the right hand side to the left of the course of the hurricane. She was still in the gale at midnight, but by one o'clock A. M. of the 4th of September, it had ceased at the place she then occupied. The *Spitfire* lost her mainmast by six o'clock, P. M. of the 3d, when she was on the left hand side of the hurricane's course, but by eight o'clock P. M. she was out of the tempest. This hurricane extended to St. Lucia, the north end of which was strewn with lumber and pieces of wrecked vessels; but it was not felt at St. Vincents. The shortness of its course is remarkable, and it seems to have come from a point much further to the south than usual.

In the fifth chapter, occupying above eighty pages of his work, Colonel Reid proceeds to investigate, and to project, in three interesting charts, the course and phenomena of three hurricanes which marked the year 1837.

The first of these hurricanes passed over Barbadoes on the morning of the 26th of July. It reached Martinique at ten min. P. M. of the same day, when it had ceased at Barbadoes. Santa Cruz received it on the 26th at midnight. It arrived at the Gulf of Florida on the 30th, when it wrecked some vessels, and damaged others. Taking a northerly course, it reached Jacksonville in Florida on the 1st of August, and thence passed over Savannah and Charlestown, following a course to the eastward of north.

Accordingly to the private journal of Lieutenant James, of H. M. S. *Spey*, then at Barbadoes, on the 26th a heavy swell rolled into the bay at four P. M., attended with light-



ning and thunder. The sky assumed a blue black appearance, with a red glare at the verge of the horizon. Every flash of lightning was accompanied with an unusual whizzing noise, like that of a red hot iron plunged in water. The barometer and sympiesometer fell rapidly about six r. m., and sunk to 28.45 inches. At half-past seven, the hurricane burst on the ship in all its dreadful fury. At eight, it shifted from ESE. to S. and blew for half an hour, so that the crew could scarcely stand on the deck. The sea came rolling into the bay like heavy breakers, the ship pitching deep, the bowsprit and forecastle sometimes under water. The wind was shifted at nine to WSW., the barometer began to rise, and as the haze cleared away, Mr. James counted twenty-one sail of merchantmen driven on shore and perfect wrecks.

From the numerous data which Col. Reid has collected respecting this storm, he has constructed his fifth chart, which presents some interesting results. In place of the track of the hurricane being concave to the east, it is convex at its commencement from Barbadoes to Santa Cruz, as if it had begun with a direction almost southerly. The curve, however, resumes its usual form, and what is peculiarly interesting, has its apex at the parallel of 30° like all those projected by Mr. Redfield. The revolving cylinder of atmosphere, comparatively small at the commencement of the hurricane, gradually enlarges itself, till it expands to a great width, and terminates in ordinary and irregular winds in the northern hemisphere.

The second hurricane of 1837, called the *Antigua hurricane*, possesses the peculiarity of having commenced much further east than usual; while the details, so well collected by Colonel Reid, are most deeply interesting. On the night of the 31st July (eight p.m.), in lat. 17° 19' N. of W. long. 52° 10' Captain Seymour, of the brigantine *Judith and Esther*, of Cork, when the wind was blowing fresh from the NE., observed near the zenith a *white appearance of a round form*, and while looking steadfastly at it, a *sudden gust of wind* (from the NE.) *carried away the topmast and lower studding sails*. At one a.m. of the 1st August, the wind increased, the sea rose fast, and the vessel laboured hard. At seven a.m., the wind *gradually increasing*, the ship was allowed to run under bare poles, the sea running very high, and the vessel labouring and straining, and shipping great quantities of water. At eight a.m., the wind increased to a hurricane, so that the crew could not hear each other speak on deck, or do any thing for their safety.

"She broached to," says Capt. Seymour, whose interesting narrative we must not any longer abridge, "and was hove on her larboard beam ends by a tremendous heavy sea which took all the bulwarks nearly away on the larboard side. She had been for some time on her larboard beam ends before she rose, and when she did, the wind *veered suddenly to the southward of east*. After running a short time before the wind, she was hove again on her beam ends, which, when she righted, took all the bulwarks away on the other side except a few planks; she then became again manageable for about fifteen minutes. About noon it fell calm for about fifteen minutes, and the hurricane suddenly veered to about south, when we gave up all hopes of safety. A sea, owing to the sudden shift of wind, had struck her on the starboard side, and hove the vessel the third time on her beam ends. *She had remained some time so*, the cabin nearly filled with water, and the forecastle, all the three boats, in fact every thing of any value was gone; the mate who was at the wheel was washed from it, and the wheel itself carried away. All the stanchions on the starboard side were broken, and every sail, except the mainsail, blown into rags; the fore-top, while on her beam ends, nearly smashed to pieces,—when, to our agreeable surprise, we observed her again

righting, and could not account for the manner in which we were saved, but through the powerful hand of an mighty protector. *For nearly an hour we could not serve each other, or any thing, but merely the light and most astonishing, every one of our finger nails turned quite black, and remained so nearly five weeks afterwards.*"—P. 66.

This remarkable change produced upon the sight at the nails of the crew, induced Colonel Reid to apply to Captain Seymour for further information. The captain states it as his opinion that the darkness was not so great as to hinder the crew from seeing one another, or even at a greater distance. He mentions also that their finger nails turned black about the time that their eyes were affected; and *as every one of the crew were affected in the same manner*, he concludes that such an effect was not produced by the firmness of the grasp with which they were holding by the rigging or sails, but that the whole was caused by an *electric body in the elements*.

After quitting the *Judith and Esther*, the hurricane visited Antigua, Nevis, St. Kitts, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, (where thirty three vessels were lost) on 2d August. At St. Thomas's, the *Water Witch*, Capt. Newby, experienced the effects of the hurricane on 2d. In the morning the wind was N. and NNW. at three p.m. the violence of the squalls forced him to run in ten fathoms water. At five, the squalls were succeeded by a gale; and at seven, a hurricane arose 'beyond description dreadful.'

'The windlass,' says the captain, 'capsized, and I could not slip my cables, the ship driving until I was in twenty fathoms of water. A calm then succeeded for about ten minutes, and then, in the most tremendous *unearthly screech I ever heard*, it recommenced from the south and south-west. I now considered it all over with us, for the wind was directly on shore, and the sea rose, and ran mountains high. The fore-top gallant mast (though struck) and the gig were carried up some feet in the air, and the vessel drove again into twelve fathoms. At two a.m. on the 3d, the gale somewhat abated, and the barometer rose an inch. At daylight, out of forty vessels, the *Water Witch* and one other were the only two not sunk, ashore, or capsized.'

On the 3d August, the hurricane reached Porto Plata, in St. Domingo. On the 5th, it dismasted the *Pomery* off Abaco. On the 6th of August, two Government houses were blown down, and the cotton crops destroyed at Jacksonville, in Florida. The *Ann*, after drifting six miles into the woods, was left 700 yards from the river. On the 6th of August, the hurricane reached the parallel of 30°, where, in obedience to the general law, it ought to have turned north and eastward; but owing to some unusual cause, it turned to the north-west into the interior of Florida, reaching Pensacola on the 8th; the general track of the storm no longer resembling a parabola, but having a striking resemblance to the human thigh, leg and foot extended.

Colonel Reid does not particularly notice this singular anomaly; but we infer from the following paragraph, that the Antigua hurricane was diverted from its proper course in consequence of its coming up with the previous Barbadoes hurricane, which must have been opposite Chesapeake Bay, where it (the Antigua one) entered upon the coasts of Florida and Georgia by a more direct course.

'At the upper part of Chart VI.,' says Colonel Reid 'is marked, by a dotted circle, the probable place where the first storm, the Barbadoes one, was proceeding towards Cape Hatteras on the 6th of August, at the time the second hurricane from Antigua was arriving on the coast of Florida and Georgia. It will be easily understood, with a little consideration, that if these storms were rotated

when their tracks approach each other, the wind, as it blew in the first, would be reversed by the approach of the second, and thus we have a clue towards an explanation of the variable winds.\*

Colonel Reid next proceeds to investigate the phenomena of another hurricane more extensive than the preceding, which the *Felicity* of Glasgow met at its commencement,\* on the 12th of August, 1837; the period when the last Jamaica ships of the season are on their passage to England. Owing to this cause, the chart, No. VII., in which the path of this storm is exhibited, is crowded with vessels. About midnight of the 14th of August, the *Castries* crossed the last portion of this storm near the beginning of its path, in lat.  $18^{\circ}$  N. and long.  $60^{\circ}$  W. On the 15th, the storm reached Turk's Island. On the 16th, it was felt by the easternmost vessels off the Bahamas. On the 17th, the *Calypso* was upset off Abasco, under circumstances of an appalling nature. When the ship was on its side, the captain and fourteen men, struggling for life, got over the main and mizen rigging, just as the *mast-heads went in the water*. The ship was sinking fast. While some were cutting the weather-lanyards of the rigging, others were calling to God for mercy, and others stupefied with despair; and two poor fellows, who had gone to stop the leak, were swimming in the hold. The mizen, main, and fore masts went one after the other, just as the vessel was going down head foremost. She then righted very slowly, and though the sea broke over the ship as over a log, and the main and bilge pumps were broken, yet every man was landed safe from the ship on the quay at Wilmington!

About midnight of the 18th August, in lat.  $31^{\circ}$ , the *Rawlins*, Captain Macqueen, seems to have been in the very vortex of the hurricane, when it reached the apex of its parabolic course. On the 17th, the wind blew strong from the NE. by E. for twelve hours, then suddenly veered to the north, continuing with unabated vigour till the 18th, at midnight, when in an instant a perfect calm ensued for one hour. Then, 'quick as thought, the hurricane sprung up with tremendous force from the SW., no swell whatever preceding the convulsion.' During the gale, the barometer was almost invisible in the tube above the frame-work of the instrument. At midnight of August 19th, the force of the wind subsided; a tremendous sea rose in every direction. The waves had no tops, being dispersed in one sheet of white foam—the decks were tenanted by many sea-birds in an exhausted state, seeking shelter in the vessel. During the day, nothing could be discerned fifty yards distant. The wind represented numberless voices elevated to the shrillest tone of screaming. A few flashes of lightning occurred in the south-west, and a 'dismal appearance' was seen in the NW., the direction in which the centre of the storm was moving.

The *Duke of Manchester* and the *Palambam*, which had been to the south of the two first hurricanes, were in the very heart of the present one. The *Palambam* foundered under a close-reefed topsail, near the very centre of the storm, and the *Duke of Manchester* was with difficulty saved. During the hurricane at one P.M. of the 17th, a most extraordinary phenomenon presented itself to windward, almost in an instant. It resembled a solid black perpendicular wall about  $15^{\circ}$  or  $20^{\circ}$  above the horizon, and it disappeared almost in a moment. It then re-appeared as suddenly, and in five seconds was broken, and spread as far as the eye could see. This 'black squall' was described to Colonel Reid, by Mr. Griffith, 'as the

most appalling sight he had ever seen during his life at sea.'

On the 21st of August, the *West Indian* seems to have been in the centre of the hurricane, in lat.  $38^{\circ} 23'$  N., and lon.  $62^{\circ} 40'$ . At ten P.M. it blew a hurricane, and the ship was involved in a white smoke or fog, and the water as white as a sheet. At midnight it was nearly calm. At one A.M. it blew harder than ever. The sea was at times smooth; and on the 22d at noon, the gale was at its height. The crew could not hear one another, and could scarcely see for the lashing of the rain and sleet.

On the 24th of August, when the preceding storm had passed the *West Indian*, a third rotatory hurricane was experienced on the 24th of August, farther south, by the *Clydesdale*, in lat.  $32^{\circ} 21'$ , and long.  $59^{\circ}$ ; by the *Victoria*, in lat.  $32^{\circ} 30'$ ; and long.  $54^{\circ} 30'$ ; and by the *Castries* in lat.  $35^{\circ}$  and long.  $58^{\circ}$ . As the *Castries* experienced a sudden lull whilst close reefing her topsails, and as the wind was not only blowing violently, but veering rapidly at this time, she was probably, as Colonel Reid supposes, in the centre of a rotative storm. The *Victoria* was upset and dismantled, and abandoned on the 12th September, and the *Clydesdale*, after being hove on her beam ends, and remaining so for about two hours, righted as soon as her top-gallant masts and rigging had been cut away. This second example of one storm coming up with a preceding one, leads Colonel Reid to regard it as another 'instance for an explanation of the variable winds, for the great storm would cause a westerly gale on the 22d over the same part of the ocean, where the smaller storms coming from the south changed the wind to east. From this circumstance,' he continues, 'no storm yet traced, is of more interest than this.'

A fifth storm occurred in 1837. It came from the west, and has been traced back by Colonel Reid to Apalachicola and St. Mark, in the state of Alabama, where it did great mischief, on the 31st of August. Thence it crossed over Florida, entered the Atlantic, where the *Calypso* met it under jury-masts, and was obliged to anchor thirty miles to the south of Cape Fear. The *Calypso* received the wind first from the eastward. During the night of the 31st, it increased and backed into the northward, and at noon of the 1st of September, it blew a very heavy gale of wind, which, on the morning of the 2d, backed to the WNW., and moderated, thus exhibiting the character of a rotatory gale.

Colonel Reid now proceeds, in his sixth chapter, to consider the phenomena of storms in the Southern hemisphere; and we do not hesitate to say that he has been as successful in his exposition of his views, as he has been indefatigable in the collection of his materials. He has established, we think, in a very satisfactory manner, the rotatory and progressive character of the Southern hurricanes; and has confirmed in every case the sagacious conjecture of Mr. Redfield—that in hurricanes which take place on the south of the equator, the revolving mass moves from left to right, in a direction opposite to that of the Northern hurricanes. In this chapter the observations on the barometer are more numerous and accurate; and such is the regularity with which the mercury falls till the middle of the storm has passed, and rises till the storm is entirely over, that Colonel Reid considers this fact as of itself a proof that storms revolve during their progress.

\* An officer on board H.M. ship TARTARUS, in describing the hurricane which overtook her on the American coast, on the 26th September, 1814, states, that after the hurricane had continued four hours with a mountainous sea, the barometer sunk beneath the wood of the frame, and the scenery of the sky became indescribable. 'No horizon appeared, but only a something resembling an immense wall within ten yards of the ship.' The TARTARUS was then laid on its beam ends, and the mizen and main-top masts were blown away without any person hearing the crash. See Howard on THE CLIMATE OF LONDON, Vol. II., pp. 150, 151.

\* In lat. 16 degrees 55 minutes N., and long. 53 degrees 45 minutes west.

The hurricanes and gales which Col. Reid has treated of in this chapter are the following:—

1. The Mauritius hurricanes of 1818, 1819, 1824, 1834, 1836.
2. The Culloden's storm, 1809.
3. The Boyne gale, 1835.
4. The Albion's hurricane, 1808.
5. The Mauritius gales of 1811.
6. The Blenheim's storm, 1807.
7. The Bridgewater's hurricane, 1830.
8. The Neptune's storm, 1835.
9. The Ganges' storm, 1837.

It is a circumstance which deserves to be noticed, that all the preceding hurricanes, *thirteen* in number, took place, with the exception of three, in the vicinity of the Mauritius and Madagascar; and hence we see the truth of the opinion which prevails among seamen, that the hurricanes are frequently avoided by ships steering on a course, so as to keep well to the eastward of the Mauritius. The three exceptions to this rule are the *Albion's* hurricane, which took place in 5° of south lat. and in 90° of east long., about 30° to the east of the Mauritius—the *Bridgewater's* hurricane, which happened in lat. 21° south, and long. 90° west; and the *Ganges'* storm, which was experienced in lat. 3° 5' and long. 90° west. Notwithstanding these, and, of course, many other exceptions, the region of the Mauritius may be regarded as the focus of the hurricanes of the Southern hemisphere; in the same manner as the West Indies and the Atlantic coast of North America is the focus of the Northern storms.

The most desolating hurricanes on record have certainly had their origin, and expended their fury, in these two regions; and though there appear to be no circumstances connected with the distribution of terrestrial heat, magnetism, or electricity, which would lead us to consider these localities as the probable birth-place of storms, yet we may expect to form some rational hypothesis on the subject when our knowledge of the interior condition of the earth shall be more advanced; and when we shall have studied with better materials the connexion which seems to exist between the convulsions of our atmosphere, and the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanic action.

The only one of all these storms which Colonel Reid has had materials enough for projecting satisfactorily, is the storm experienced in March 1803, by the East India fleet, under the convoy of the *Culloden* line of battle ship. Four of the Company's ships, and H. M. brig of war *Harriet* foundered in this storm; the details of which are peculiarly interesting and pregnant with instruction. At the Court of Inquiry which investigated these losses, most of the commanders speak of *two* distinct storms; but Colonel Reid's Chart proves that the second storm was only the *second* branch of the parabolic route of the storm, into which the *Huddart* sailed, after crossing the narrow and peaceful area which was interposed between the *two* branches. In this pacific spot, the *William Pitt*, *Harriet*, and *Euphrates*, enjoyed two days of fine weather in consequence of lying to; and a similar advantage was enjoyed by the *Northumberland*, *Indus*, and *Sovereign*, which, by lying to, got out of the violence of the hurricane. The *Sir William Bensley*, on the contrary, and the *St. Vincent*, by running a day's sail a-head of the above seven ships, involved themselves in fresh misfortunes; and the former was hence compelled to lie to on the 17th for twenty-one hours, under bare poles. The *Culloden* and the *Terpsichore* frigate scudded like the *Bensley*, and the four missing Indiamen followed her. The *Culloden* stood on, and got out of the storm on the 18th, while the *Terpsichore*, in consequence of having lain to on the 15th for sixteen hours, was longer exposed to danger. The *four* missing ships were all seen on the 18th, and if they put before the

wind, they must have rushed into the heart of the storm and perished.\*

Colonel Reid proceeds, in his seventh chapter, to treat of the typhoons in the Chinese sea, and the hurricanes of India, particularly the Bengal ones; and though the accounts he has been able to procure are, as he says, 'neither in sufficient number, nor sufficiently connected to be satisfactory,' yet, in as far as they go, they exhibit the same character as the storms of northern latitudes. During preceding hurricanes, the barometer does not seem to have fallen lower than 27.52 inches, which was its height at Port Louis at 2 p. m. on the 6th of March, during the Mauritius hurricane of 1836; it fell at Saugar on the 21st May, 1833, at 11 a. m., to a point lower than 26.50 inches, the mercury having been so low as to be invisible.†

The most deeply interesting portion of Colonel Reid's work is his eighth Chapter, in which he treats of the hurricanes of 1780: two of the most tremendous visitations of physical power which have been let loose upon our globe. The first of these hurricanes took place on the 3d October. After the tempest had abated, the sea exhibited a awful scene. The waves swelled to an amazing height, rushed with indescribable impetuosity on the land, and overwhelmed the town of Savannah le Mar. When the waters began to abate, a most severe shock of an earthquake was felt. At Montego Bay prodigious flashes of lightning regularly succeeded each other, and proved a real blessing amid the midnight darkness which brooded over the general desolation. The centre of the hurricane passed over H. M. S. *Badger*, then commanded by the late Lord Collingwood. H. M. ships the *Phoenix*, *Scarborough*, *Barbadoes*, and *Victor*, were lost.

This hurricane was succeeded on the 18th October by the great one of 1780; which Colonel Reid has been able to lay down in his ninth and last Chart. It originated to the SE. of Barbadoes, and followed a parabolic course, the revolving mass of air expanding as it advanced. It did not, however, reach the American coast, in consequence of its turning north earlier than usual, the apex of its course being in about 23° of N. lat.‡ At Barbadoes the inhabitants deserted their houses, and took shelter during the night in the fields, exposed to thunder, lightning, and rain. A ship was dashed on shore against one of the buildings of the Naval Hospital; and the bodies of men and cattle were lifted from the ground and carried many yards. The trees were uprooted, and all the fruits of the earth ruined, and more than three thousand of the inhabitants destroyed. At St. Eustatia seven ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and their crews lost. The houses were either blown down or washed, with their inhabitants, into the sea, and about 8000 people were destroyed. At Martinique four ships foundered in Port Royal Bay, and their crews perished. Every house in St. Kitt's was blown down, and 1000 persons destroyed. At Port Royal 1400 houses were blown down, and about 1600 sick and wounded were almost all buried in the ruins of the Hospital of Notre Dame. At Barbadoes the condition of the Governor, Mr. Cunningham, and his family, was truly deplorable; though the walls of the Government-house were three feet thick, and the doors and windows had been barricaded, the wind forced its way into every part, and took off most of the roof. The Governor and his family retreated

\* No electrical phenomena seem to have been noticed in any of the THIRTEEN storms excepting that of the Boyne.

† 'The oil in the syphonometer retired completely when the mercury in the barometer disappeared, and rose again a little before it.'—P. 271.

‡ Owing to this cause, the Bermudas were included in the hurricane, though they escaped from all those projected by Mr. Reid.

ed to the cellar, from which they were expelled by the entrance of the water and the tumbling of the ruins. They then fled to the ruins of the foundation of the flag-staff, and when these gave way also, the party dispersed. The Governor and the few that remained were thrown down, and with difficulty reached the cannon, under the carriages of which they took shelter. Many of the cannon were moved by the fury of the wind, and they dreaded every moment either that the guns over their heads would be dismounted and crush them by their fall, or that some of the flying ruins would put an end to their existence. Sir George Rodney, in his official despatch, says—'That nothing but an earthquake could have occasioned the foundations of the strongest buildings to be rent;' and he was 'convinced that the violence of the wind must have prevented the inhabitants from feeling the earthquake which certainly attended the storm.'

Colonel Reid concludes his work with four chapters of a miscellaneous character, and containing many valuable observations. He treats of the storms in high latitudes; on anemometers for remeasuring the wind's force; on the adaptation of buildings to resist hurricanes; on waterspouts and smaller whirlwinds; on the apparent connexion of storms with electricity and magnetism; on Arctic squalls and African tornadoes; and he concludes with rules for laying ships to in hurricanes.

We have thus endeavored to convey some idea of the nature and value of Colonel Reid's work. Following in the steps of Mr. Redfield, he has done ample justice to his prior labours; and has in every respect confirmed, while he has widely extended, the reasonings and views of the American philosopher. The concurrence of two such inquirers in the same general theory, gives it additional claims to our support; but though we readily adopt it as the best generalisation of the phenomena of storms, we are sufficiently aware of the peculiar character of the facts upon which it rests; and therefore consider the subject as still open to further inquiry. Another theory, indeed, by an American author, renders a careful revision of it still more necessary; and if the new theory shall not succeed in supplanting its rival, it cannot fail to lead the abettors of both to a more rigorous examination of their data. According to Mr. Espy, the wind in every hurricane blows to one point in its centre; and in the case of the storm of June 1835, which passed over New Jersey, Professor Bache of Philadelphia has strengthened Mr. Espy's opinion; in so far as he finds that the objects thrown down by the wind were directed towards a centre.

But however accurate these views and observations may be, we cannot for a moment consider them as invalidating the results deduced by Mr. Redfield and Col. Reid, in reference to the grand hurricanes which have swept over the Atlantic; and unless Mr. Espy can show that in such hurricanes the idea of a focal convergence of the wind explains the admitted phenomena, we must regard his theory as applicable only to mere atmospherical disturbances. The indications of the barometer, too, so consonant with the rotatory theory, stand in direct opposition to Mr. Espy's; and Mr. Redfield assures us that he has 'not met with the statement of a single fact which is at variance with his explanations, *except in two or three instances which proved, on further inquiry, to have been erroneously stated.*'\*

Some insight into the physical constitution of hurricanes might perhaps be obtained from a consideration of the purposes which they seem intended to answer in the economy of nature. The support of animal and vegetable life is, doubtless, the main function of the element in which it is

carried on; and for this purpose the air of our atmosphere is pre-eminently adapted. The very processes, however, which preside over the growth and decay of organic structures, vitiate the salubrious medium; and various natural causes in the interior and on the surface of our globe, concur in its deterioration.

An atmosphere thus disorganized, becomes the birth-place of fever and pestilence; and, if not periodically cleared, would soon be the grave of every thing that lives and breathes. That the Parent of life, therefore, has contrived some means for remedying such an evil can scarcely be doubted by those who witness daily the beneficent system of reproduction by which the decays in their own frame are so mysteriously supplied.

The diurnal rotation of our globe under a vertical sun, necessarily involves a variety of movements in the aerial envelope which surrounds it; but these movements, however rapid, would be inadequate either in their rectilinear course, or even if converged to a focus, to reunite the straggling ingredients of a vitiated atmosphere. It is only by a rotatory movement, combined with a progressive velocity, that a sufficiently tumultuous agitation can be excited and propagated through the malarious mass. In the alembic of such a tornado its isolated poisons will be redistilled; by the electric fires which it generates, their deleterious sublimations will be deflagrated; and thus will the great Alchemist neutralize the azotic elements which he has let loose, and shake the medicinal draught into salubrity.

After perusing the preceding details, our readers will, we doubt not, agree with us in opinion that a real step has been made in the Statistics and Philosophy of Storms; and we venture to predict that no sailor will study these records of atmospherical convulsions, without feeling himself better armed for a professional struggle with the elements. The navigator, indeed, who may quit the shores of Europe for either Indies, without Colonel Reid's book, will discover, when it is too late, that he has left behind him his best chronometer and his surest compass. In his attempts to escape the Scylla of its incipient gales, he may recklessly plunge himself into the Charybdis of the hurricane.

Having such impressions of the vast importance of this subject, we earnestly implore Mr. Redfield and Colonel Reid,\* whose names will be for ever associated with it, to continue their invaluable labours, and to press upon their respective Governments the necessity of some liberal arrangements for investigating more effectually the origin and laws of these disturbers of the deep. If we cannot bind them over to keep the peace, we may, at least, organize an efficient police to discover their ambush and watch their movements. If the bolts and bars of mechanism cannot secure our sea-borne dwellings from the angry spirit of the storm, we may at least track his course and fall into the wake of his fury. If the landsman is unable to protect himself by ordinary bulwarks of stone, let him vivify his walls, and oppose gables of least resistance to the tempest;—and if these last auxiliaries of science shall fail, let him provide a subterranean retreat for the reception of his family. Where there is safety either in escape or in resistance,—where a change of direction or an antagonist force are the remedies, human skill may go far to facilitate the one or to supply the other. It is only over the pestilence that walks by noon-day—over the enemy that haunts no locality and sounds no alarm—that knowledge has acquired no physical power, and can therefore wield no weapon of mercy.

\* Since this article was written, Colonel Reid has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas, a position peculiarly favourable for carrying on his valuable researches. This appointment, so honourable to Colonel Reid, is not less so to the Government.

## From the Examiner.

L. E. L.

The death of Mrs. Maclean, who as Miss Landon, has associated her name and memory with the highest literature of our time, is described in all its painful and distressing details, in another part of this journal. Ordinary friends and acquaintances were reading letters from her of singular hope and cheerfulness, while others to whom she was bound by more intimate ties were grieving over letters of a very different character—when the awful news, as little expected in the one case as it was but too mournfully prepared for in the other, reached London. The same post brought intelligence of the death of her uncle, Dr. Wittington Landon.

This is not the time to enter upon any review of the literary claims or position of this accomplished and lamented woman. We may quote from one or two sources however—not ill qualified to pronounce upon such a matter—the estimation in which she was held.

The Editor of the Courier writes—

"The qualities which gave to 'L. E. L.' so proud and permanent a claim upon public admiration, were not those which constituted the chief charm of her character in the estimation of her more intimate and deeply attached friends. Brilliant as her genius was, her heart was after all the noblest and truest gift that nature in its lavishness had bestowed upon her—upon her, who paid back the debt which she owed for these glorious endowments of heart and mind, by an indefatigable exercise of her powers for the delight of the public, and by sympathies the most generous and sincere with human virtue and human suffering. More perfect kindness and exquisite susceptibility than her's was, never supplied a graceful and fitting accompaniment to genius, or elevated the character of woman. We cannot, however, write her eulogy now—we can only lament her loss, and treasure the recollection which a long and faithful friendship renders sacred."

The editor of the *Literary Gazette*, by whom her graceful and impassioned verses were first introduced to the world, speaks of her thus—

"Her name will descend to the most distant times, as one of the brightest in the annals of English literature; and whether after-ages look at the glowing purity and nature of her first poems, or the more sustained thoughtfulness and vigor of her later works in prose or in verse, they will cherish her memory as that of one of the most beloved of female authors, the pride and glory of our country while she lived, and the undying delight of succeeding generations. Then, as in our day, young hearts will beat responsive to the thrilling touch of her music; her song of love will find a sacred home in many a fair and ingenuous bosom; her numbers which breathed of the finest humanities, her playfulness of spirit, and her wonderful delineations of character and society—all—all will be admired, but not lamented as now. She is gone, and, oh, what a light of mind is extinguished; what an amount of friendship and of love has gone down into her grave!"

Lastly, we borrow from the *Athenæum*, a quiet, just, and well judged notice—

"The time for a personal notice of this lady is not yet come; it may be stated, however, that Mrs. Maclean was the daughter of an army agent, and the niece of Dr. Landon, Dean of Exeter, whose death is also announced in this week's papers; and that the early loss of her father, and the early manifestation of a talent facile as it was fanciful, brought her before the world while yet a girl, as an enthusiastic and constant literary labourer. To her honour, it must be added, that the fruits of her incessant exertion were neither selfishly hoarded nor foolishly trifled away—

but applied to the maintenance and advancement of her family. It might be partly the early consciousness of this power to befriend others, which encouraged her to such ceaseless composition as necessarily precluded the thought and cultivation essential to the production of poetry of the highest order. Hence, with all their fancy and feeling, her principal works—the *Improvisatrice*—the *Troubadour*—the *Golden Violet*—the *Golden Bracelet*—and the *Vow of the Peacock*—bear a strong family likeness to each other in their recurrence to the same sources of allusion, and the same veins of imagery,—in the conventional rather than natural colouring of their descriptions, and in the excessive, though not unmusical carelessness of their versification. It should be remarked, however, that in spite of the ceaseless strain upon her powers, and the ceaseless distractions of a London life, Miss Landon accomplished much for her own mind in the progress of its career; that she had reached a deeper earnestness of thought—had added largely to the stores of her knowledge, and done much towards the polishing and perfecting of her verse;—her latest published lyric, *The Polar Star*, written on shipboard, and which appears in the current number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, is an earnest of the scenes upon which she was entering would have opened a new life for the authoress as well as the work. Besides her poetry, Miss Landon's three novels—*Romance and Reality*—*Francesca Carrara*—and *Ethel Churchill*—remain to attest her powers as a prose writer. They are, all of them, stories of sentiment: the two latter relieved by glimpses of such gay and courtly life, as *Watteau* loved to paint, and *Walpole* and *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* to embalm in their correspondence. In right of this spirit they in some degree reflect the conversation of their authoress—which sparkled always brightly with quick fancy, and a *badinage* astonishing to those matter-of-fact persons who expected to find, in the manners and discourse of the poetess, traces of the weary heart, the broken lute, and the disconsolate willow tree, which were so frequently her theme of song. Another novel was in progress at the time she was snatched away with such awful suddenness—it having been her purpose to maintain her literary relations with England, and her hope to produce yet better and fresher works. Had her life been spared, this hope would, we think, have been fulfilled. As it is, the public will recollect pleasantly what she has achieved, and feel the void caused by the withdrawal of her graceful and versatile fancy. Her private friends and her literary contemporaries, too, will remember her long—as one alike kind, affectionate, and liberal.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*, published Jan. 7th:

## THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—

A lovely northern light—

How many planets are on high,

But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,

It was a friend to me,

Associate with my native place,

And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,

Shone o'er our English land.

And brought back many a loving eye,

And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,  
It called the past to mind.  
And with its welcome presence brought  
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends  
Soon on a foreign shore;  
How can I but recall the friends  
Who I may see no more!

Fresh from the pain it was to part—  
How could I bear the pain!  
Yet strong the omen in my heart  
That says we meet again,

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,  
For absence shows the worth  
Of all from which we then remove.  
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave—  
Thy radiant place unknown;  
I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone.

Farewell!—ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light,  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write.

Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be;  
Thy shining orbit would have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,  
And little needed too,  
My friends! I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you? L. E. L.

*From the London Courier, 24th January, 1800.*

#### WASHINGTON.

"The melancholy account of the death of General Washington, was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His head was small, in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eyes were of a light grey colour; and, in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stewart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say, there were features in his face totally different from what he had ever observed in that of any other human being; the sockets for the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word;

but it was always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through any remarkable places, his conversation was free and particularly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behaviour at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so than when solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor did those emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as rather tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and a reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, the steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

The long life of General Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was indeed a man of such rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which may sometimes belong to these descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance: its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions and times.

General Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages! Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposition; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, revise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance, either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed even to be uninfluenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. His excellent

mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honour, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation, amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honourable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror, for the freedom of his country! a legislator, for its security! a magistrate, for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that 'Nature might have stood up to all the world' and owned him as her work. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished."

*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

#### A SIMPLE STORY.

The only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmamma and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called very old indeed, though they by no means were of the same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously maintained, on all suitable, and many very unsuitable occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lilly's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance to the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's black silks and satins. Lilly was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of

Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmamma and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise any where except in her own play-room at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked; and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes; but then she used soon to get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fan for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone out to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs. Martha, the housekeeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs. Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies'-maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day, all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying-pan and the fire, as she said afterwards to Hannah the housemaid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials wherewith to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge-ware dinner service, and conveyed the little girl's little table and little chair to a spot on the grass plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wings of a monstrous eagle cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and, if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day; "but I dare say it's but natural," she soliloquised, "when they so seldom go a-pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her."

Maria was in general a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But Aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed to ask questions, for that, when they grew up, they would know every thing that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the laughter of her aunts when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for herself what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmamma and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that with unqualified pleasure she heard that Miss Maria was to exercise the rights of hospitality on the same evening. Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history, though from the dry tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the



same kind of sound, were contemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the churchyard to be really what Mrs. Martha asserted them to be, the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmamma told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads; namely, to put every thing in its proper place, to do every thing in its proper time, to keep every thing to its proper use, to be genteel, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. Sorely puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear the answer distinctly, but was quite sure she heard the word Beautiful; and as they immediately began to descend a hill, she immediately concluded that it was the palace Beautiful, and that the hill was the hill Difficult. One great point was now ascertained, that there were really such places; but she began to be sadly distressed when it occurred to her that they were travelling in the wrong direction from what they ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurred than in more populous and modern places, and Maria scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any one's leaving it. Certainly she had never heard of any one going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very much how her aunts, who had told her the *Pilgrim's Progress* was so very good a book, should have read it without thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the very next day at Mrs. Walker's, and as he was going away, inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she was called in from the garden to see him. He asked what book it was she was reading, and when she said it was the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he stroked her head, and said he hoped she would not delay setting out on her pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, adding that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting object he knew. This last observation was addressed to her aunts, who assented to it, as they did to every thing Mr. Roberts said, and it confirmed the resolution which Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I need hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one to which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room had just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a signal that they did not wish them replenished, when one of the party requested Mrs. Martha's permission to bestow a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered with sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume, as a token of gratitude for keeping out of their way. Consent was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be seen, the whole party issued forth into the garden in search of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain; and at last a little gate leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched, but with no better success. What anguish did Mrs. Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child out of her sight! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no!—all their search was vain. Hannah thought she might have gone to buy some barley sugar, but she had not been seen at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child. Hour after hour was spent in an unavailing search,

and at last the ladies arrived at home, when a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. In the midst of it a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam: of its being hers there could be no doubt; and many were the tears shed, over what, Mrs. Martha said, was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him to bring to Mrs. Walker, saying only that she had got it from a man, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where; but she had heard that a little lady had been lost at Oldtown, and she thought, if it was hers, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she was determined to ask no one by the way, for fear of encountering Mr. Worldly Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew, did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore, that there must be some different route through the fields to the foot of the hill Difficult, which she could distinctly see from the garden; so she resolved to make her way through the fields for the chance of finding it; but should she not succeed in getting there by the right path, she would at any rate get there; and when she reached the porter's lodge, at the gate of the palace, she would there ask them to take her back to the beginning of the path, which she was sure some of them would do. She set out, then, expecting every moment to hear her name called from behind her; for she remembered that Christian's friends were clamorous that he should return, and she naturally supposed hers might be so too; but she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course that he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear. She had her misgivings certainly, as to the propriety of leaving home; but then she thought Mr. Roberts had so distinctly recommended her journey, that her aunts could not blame her very much, particularly as it had not escaped her observation how cordially they had agreed with him as to the necessity of it; and they had so often on a Sunday evening exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr. Roberts had enforced in his sermons, that she thought, or tried to think, that for once they would have no cause to complain. She scrambled over or through several hedges, without seeing any thing at all like a path through the fields; still she fancied she was gaining upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the Palace, they would allow her to sleep there, although she had not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really wished to go through it; and she amused herself by wondering whether she should sleep in the same room where Christian had slept, and whether they would give her any armour, or whether it was only worn by men pilgrims. She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a number of cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she began to run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gate into the next field, that she missed one of her shoes, which had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe which caused so much lamentation at home. She durst not go back to look for it, as a dog was still chasing the cows; but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the arbour, for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been

pulled down: she could not help feeling very glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been very difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly as she thought how very awful the lions must look: for if these were not Timorous and Mistrust themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor little thing trembled, when, on reaching the bend of the road, were it swept off to the lodge she had before seen, there appeared, reposing under the shade of two fine beech-trees, two enormous lions! Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone; but she never for a moment doubted that they were really *the* lions! She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating, "The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;" and then, summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate, and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge. It was opened by a tall good-humoured-looking man; and Maria, awe-struck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a curtsy, and said, "If you please, sir, are you Watchful?" "Why, Miss, as to that," said the man, smiling good-humouredly, "I hopes I be; what did you please to want?" "I want Discretion, if you please, sir," replied Maria. "I say, Missis," said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, "didst ever hear the like of that!—here's a little maiden says as how she wants discretion." "Well, I've seed many a one as wanted it afore, but never one as owned to it." A sharp-featured vinegar-looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike any thing Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. "So you want discretion, Miss, do you? Well, I wonder if there's any thing else you want?" "I thought," said Maria, trying to feel brave, "I might perhaps be allowed to sleep either here or at the palace."

A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as may be they would make something of her. Maria felt very proud when she found herself with her hand in that of Mr. Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mrs. Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellects seemed all of a heap together; it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of want of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs. Adams told him to get a horse ready that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she had ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see three young ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs. Adams, as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter and some new milk, said, "Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are." "My name, ma'am, is Maria Walker, but I never had either a papa or mamma," replied Maria, with the utmost simplicity. "And where do you live, dear?" "At Oldtown, with my grandmamma." "And where were you going, my love?" "I did not want to go farther than this house to-night. I always intended to sleep here." "And does any one know you were coming here?" "No, ma'am. No one knew exactly that I meant to come to-day;

but our clergyman, Mr. Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon." "And what was your object in coming, Maria?" "I wished to set an example to all the people in Oldtown," was the answer, and both Mrs. Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visitor.

Maria, however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might now venture to ask a few questions, and began with, "Do many children come here, ma'am?" "Yes, sometimes we have children here. We're all very fond of them when they are good." "And have you got any armour for little girl's, ma'am?" This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs. Adams, but she determined not to let her see how very much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by that means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary state in which her mind seemed to be. "Oh no!" she said; "but why do you want to know?" "I was afraid you had not," said Maria, and then looking very serious, "Please, ma'am, tell me is this house very near the Valley of the Shadow of Death?" "My poor little child," said Mrs. Adams, drawing her close to her and kissing her, "that none of us can tell; it may be nearer than we think." "But you wont send me there to-night, will you? and the child half cried as she asked the question, "You'll let me stay and sleep here?" "Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer, and I think you must need sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot." "I suppose nobody ever comes back here that's been through the Valley," continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud. This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke. "I've been thinking, ma'am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armour; oh! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do!" said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so. At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs. Adams desired him to tell Mrs. Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies if they liked to come and fetch her. "I don't want to go home," said Maria; "I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning." "Oh, now I see it all!" exclaimed she whom Maria was sure must be Charity; "you dear delightful little creature, you've been reading the Pilgrim's Progress till your little head is turned, as I'm sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma to explain it all to me; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know any thing about it?"

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage, and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well and happy and rational, as they had been very much frightened by Mr. Watchful's account of what he called her lightmindedness and want of discretion.

Mrs. Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a few days with them; and before the time came for her departure the beautiful allegory which had so much perplexed her, was made so very plain, that she thought she must have been extremely stupid not to have found out the meaning for herself.

My young readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Maria, who has now little girls of her own, has long since found the true Wicket Gate, and is anxious to show to others the privilege of being permitted to enter it. Few in the present day have not greater advantages than she had; and if any are induced to ask themselves the ques-

lon, whether, with superior instruction, they are equally earnest to obtain in the days of health Piety for their companionship through that dark valley, which sooner or later all must tread, my story will not have been written in vain.

From the Examiner.

### THE BEAM IN OUR OWN EYES.

What a treasure would the following case have been to the *Quarterly Review*, if it had occurred in the United States:—

"The twenty-fifth anniversary ball of the Loyal United Craven and Nelson Lodge of Odd Fellows took place on Tuesday last, at the Rose and Crown Inn, Salisbury. The dancing was kept up with untiring spirit until a late hour, when the harmony of the evening was broken in upon by a quarrel between Sir John Milbank, Bart., and a Mr. Pocock. The former gentleman wished to have a country dance, while the latter wanted a quadrille. A few words passed between them, when Sir John Milbank stepped back a few paces, drew a dagger from his pocket, and stabbed Mr. Pocock in the neck. Fortunately, the weapon did not reach the carotid artery, or death must have instantly ensued. Mr. Mackay, surgeon, proceeded to examine Mr. Pocock, and discovered a desperate wound in the neck, about an inch and a half in length, in an oblique direction, and bleeding profusely. He arrested the hemorrhage as soon as possible, and put the wounded man to bed. Immediately after this, Sir John Milbank made a similar attack upon the son of Dr. Wheeler, who was another of the guests, when a policeman was procured, who wrested the dagger from him, but refused to take him into custody, assigning as his reason, that 'he was a gentleman!'—another striking instance of the intelligence and efficiency of our police force. On the following morning, a warrant having been issued against Sir John, he was taken into custody, and brought before the magistrates, when a very lengthy investigation took place. Mr. Sharp appeared on behalf of Sir John Milbank, and strongly urged the magistrates to accept of bail, which he offered to any amount; but as the surgeon would not pronounce Mr. Pocock out of danger, he was remanded until Friday, in which day Sir John was brought up again, when the court was crowded to excess. It being the wish of the prisoner that some other medical gentlemen in conjunction with Mr. Mackay, should visit Mr. Pocock, Dr. Clark and G. B. Corfe, Esq. complied with his request, when he gentlemen were decidedly of opinion that the wound was going on favourably, but that he was not out of danger. The magistrates stated that they should not be justified, under existing circumstances, in accepting bail. The prisoner was then remanded until Monday."—*Salisbury Journal*.

It appears, by another account, that Sir John Milbank was officiating as master of the ceremonies, and that it was in maintaining his character as regulator of the decorums, that he thought proper to cut Mr. Pocock's throat. Mr. Pocock, who so narrowly escaped with his life, does not, it seems, intend to prosecute, Sir John Milbank having explained that, in sticking him like a pig, he meant him no sort of harm. These persons are certainly worthy of the society of "Odd Fellows." The constable, after all, knew what he was about when he refused to take a gentleman into custody. The end of the affair shows that he had only a correct notion of gentlemanly impunity.

For the future, we hope that the master of the ceremonies will wear his dagger outwardly, so as to give gentlemen to understand more clearly what they have to expect, if they wish for quadrilles, when Sir John's heart is set on a country dance. Indeed, it might be as well to put up a written notice, that any gentleman who calls for one dance, when the master of the ceremonies wishes for another, will instantly have his throat cut by the presiding pink of decorum.

Had such a case as this happened in the United States, what a theme it would have afforded for the animadversion of Bulls, Blackwoods, Frasers, and Quarterlies. What a state of society would have been inferred from the circumstance of one gentleman (and he the elect *arbitrator elegantiarum*) stabbing another in a ball room for two or three words of difference about a dance. Then what arguments, as to the impotence of the law, would have been founded on the fact that the constable had refused to take the offender into custody, which, had it occurred in America, would not have been because he was a gentleman, but because he was "a free and enlightened citizen." Lastly, we should have had a multitude of edifying questions raised, as to the manners of a people amongst whom a master of the ceremonies, in preparing for a ball, puts a stiletto in his pocket, together with his scented cambric handkerchief.

From the Spectator.

### ROB OF THE BOWL.

The author of this romance is an able and a painstaking man. He has much fluency and some invention; a very nice judgment in perceiving the true qualities of things; he has chosen his subject well; made himself acquainted with the history and customs of the time, and caught something of their spirit. Still, with all these excellent qualifications, Mr. Kennedy has not produced a sterling romance, for two main essentials are wanting. He has not that vivifying power which is called genius, and by which a writer is enabled to endow his characters with life and his scenes with reality—painting rather than describing. He has not been led to prose fiction by the natural impulse of his mind, and the course of his observations; but has been excited by fashion and other men's writings; so that he is essentially, if not formally, an imitator. We can fancy some such thoughts as these passing through his mind, after perusing Scott and noting the success of some of his copyists. "I too will write an historical novel. I will choose a ground that has scarcely been broken; I will investigate the antiquities, character, customs, and costumes of the period; like Scott, I will develop the humours of my persons, and carry on a good deal of my story by dialogue, reserving my narrative for description—description of scenery, dress, and outward lineaments; and for the diction of my characters I will go to the fountain-head, studying the writers of the time, or may be some half-century earlier."

But, as he who "copies the Iliad is not imitating Homer," so he who wishes to emulate Scott must possess some kindred qualities of mind, and use, as Scott did, the materials which he had stored up during a peculiar course of study and experience. Instead of this, Mr. Kennedy merely imitates the *modes* in which Scott presented his materials; and these with less skill than might have been expected from the judgment which he unquestionably possesses. The descriptions of Scott might be elaborate, but they were in the main necessary parts of the piece, and were besides imbued with a rare vividness and truth: Mr. Kennedy's are very often unnecessary, and almost al-

ways overdone—the pursuit of the Buccaneer's boat, where the various particulars become necessary for a full comprehension of the chase, is an exception. The dialogues of Scott told particulars useful to be known, and developed the characters of persons who bore a conspicuous part in the story: Mr. Kennedy's dialogues are very often occupied on trivial or remote subjects; the peculiarities displayed are often those of supernumeraries—people who contribute nothing to the action of the novel. Again, the history of Scott was so far necessary, that if you take it away, the story is destroyed—it is more than the amputation of a limb, it is like cutting a figure in two: Mr. Kennedy's history is a mere encumbrance; and the same may be said of much of his archæology. It is possible, however, that some of these vicious errors may have partly arisen from the sordid and silly prejudices of the *trade*, which require three volumes in a work of fiction,—spoiling a book for the sake of some saving in advertisements, without reflecting that two or three running off editions are better than a heavy one. A vigorous amputation of the excrescent parts, and a spirited condensation of some of the necessary but wire-drawn subordinate passages, might diminish *Rob of the Bowl* by nearly one half, and greatly improve it.

The scene of the novel is laid in Maryland, during the days of Charles the Second: and the historical part, about which so much is said, and of which so little is made, turns upon the rival factions of the Puritans and Catholics,—Maryland having been founded by the Catholic family of Baltimore, as a refuge for their own and all other persecuted creeds; in return for which liberality, the Puritans fomented dissatisfaction and raised rebellion. The romance turns upon the love of the Governor's Secretary, and a Buccaneer, disguised as a trading merchant, for the Rose of St. Mary's. Variety and interest are given to the story by the incidents which their rivalry occasions, up to the forcible abduction and recovery of Rose. And Rob of the Bowl, first confederate, and afterwards, on sufficient motives suddenly brought to operate, the foiler of the Buccaneer, enacts the part of the classical machinery, and of Scott's gipsies, dwarfs, and so forth.

The characters, though many of them have little or no necessary connexion with the story, are sketched with sprightliness, and with general truth as regards the time and place; but they are deficient in strength, and perhaps individuality. From this judgment Cocklescraft, the Buccaneer, must be excepted. Wanting actual vitality, he is conceived with knowledge and developed with truth. The idea of him may have been derived from the Pirate; but his character, unlike Scott's, is maintained with consistency and keeping from first to last. His coarse manners, his love of finery, the violence of his passions, his incapacity of comprehending female delicacy—believing to the last that Rose can be made to like him, if he can but get her to himself—are all drawn with remarkable judgment and metaphysical nicety. Nor is his ignorant misconception of her free-hearted father's hospitalities, and his rage when, presuming on them to make proposals of marriage, he finds them somewhat scornfully refused, less skillful. Here is his first appearance at Rob of the Bowl's cot.

"Cocklescraft, with two seamen, entered the hut. The Skipper was now in the prime of youthful manhood; tall, active, and strong, with the free step and erect bearing that no less denoted the fearlessness of his nature than pride in the consciousness of such a quality. His face, tinged with a deep brown hue, was not unhandsome, although an expression of sensuality, to some extent, deprived it of its claim to be admired. A brilliant eye suffered the same disparagement by its over-ready defiance, which told of a temper obtrusively prone to quarrel. The whole physiognomy wanted gentleness; although a fine set of teeth, a regular profile, and a complexion which,

with proper allowance for exposure to the weather, was uncommonly good, would unquestionably have won from the majority of observers the repute of a high degree of masculine beauty.

"A scarlet jacket fitted close across the breast, wide breeches of ash-colored stuff, hanging in the fashion of a kilt or kilt to the knees, tight gray hose, accurately displaying the leg in all its fine proportions, and light shoes, furnished a costume well adapted to the lithe and sinewy figure of the wearer. A jet black and glossy moustache, and tuft below the nether lip, gave a martial aspect to his face, which had, nevertheless, the smoothness of skin of a boy. He wore in his embroidered belt a pair of pistols richly mounted with chased silver and costly jewels; and his person was somewhat gorgeously, and, in his present occupation, inappropriately, ornamented with gems and chains of gold. His hair, in almost feminine luxuriance, descended in ringlets upon his neck. A large hat, made of the palm-leaf, broad enough to shade his face and shoulders, but ill assorted with the rest of his apparel, and was still less adapted to the season and the latitude he was in, though it threw into the general expression of his figure that trait of the swaggering companion, which was, in fact, somewhat prominent in his character."

As another specimen of Mr. Kennedy's powers of writing, we will take part of a duel scene between the Buccaneer and Albert Verheyden, Lord Baltimore's Secretary. Captain Dauntrees is the commander of the troops; a favourable specimen of the mercenary soldier of the age.

#### A DUEL.

It was as the Captain said; for at that moment Cocklescraft, attended by two followers, was seen coming up from the margin of St. Luke's across the meadow, to the place appointed for the combat.

Cocklescraft's bearing was stern, his brow high charged with passion, and a keen resentment flashed from his eye, as he advanced into the presence of his adversary. A slight salute passed between the combatants, and for some moments each party drew aside. \* \* \* \*

"The Skipper is surly," said Dauntrees, as he stood apart with the Secretary, wiping the sword that was to be used by his friend. "I am glad to see it; it denotes passion. Receive the assault from him; stand on your defence, giving ground slightly to his advance; then suddenly, when you have whipped him to a rage, as you will surely do, give back the attack hotly; follow it up, as you did this morning in practice with me, and you will hardly fail to find him at disadvantage; then thrust home—for the shorter you make this quarrel the better for your strength."

"I am more at my ease in this play than you think me," replied Albert, smiling; you shall find it so. Pray let us go to our business."

The Captain, with two rapiers in his hand, advanced to the ground occupied by Cocklescraft and his friends.

"I would be acquainted with thy second, Master Cocklescraft," he said. "Here are our swords: shall we measure?"

"Master Roche del Carmine," replied the Skipper, as he presented a swarthy Portuguese seaman, the mate of the Olive Branch; "this other companion is but a looker-on."

"I would that thou hadst matched me," replied Dauntrees, hastily, and with some show of displeasure, "with an antagonist of better degree, Master Skipper, than this mate of thine. He was but a boatswain within the year past. Our quality deserved that you should sort us with gentlemen at least."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the Portuguese, in a passion: "St. Salvadore! are we not gentlemen enough for you! We belong to the Coast!"

"Peace, sirrah!" hastily interrupted Cocklescraft:—"Prate not here—leave me to speak. Master Roche del Carmine is my follower, not my second, further than as your bearing, Master Dauntrees, may render one needful to me. I came hither to make my own battle."

"I came to this field," replied Dauntrees, "prepared with my sword to make good the quarrel of my friend against any you might match me with. So, second or follower, bully or bravo at your heels, Master Cocklescraft, I will fight with this Master Roche."

"That is but a boy's play, and I will none of it, Captain Dauntrees," said Cocklescraft, angrily. "This custom of making parties brings the quarrel to an end at the first drawing of blood. I wish no respite upon a scratch; my demand stops not short of a mortal strife."

"My sword, Sir!" said Albert Verheyden, hastily striding up to the Captain and seizing his sword. "This is my quarrel alone; Captain Dauntrees, you strike no blow in it. Upon your guard, Sir!" he added, whilst his eye flashed fire, and his whole figure was lighted up with the animation of his anger. "To your guard; I will have no parley."

"Are you bereft!" exclaimed Dauntrees, interposing with his sword between the parties, and looking the Secretary steadfastly in the face. "Back, Master Verheyden; this quarrel must proceed orderly."

Then conducting his principal some paces off, the other yielding to his guidance, he again cautioned him against losing his self-command by such bursts of passion. The Secretary promised obedience, and begged him to proceed.

"Go to it in earnest; strip to thy shirt, Master Albert," said the Captain. When the Secretary had, in obedience to this order, thrown aside his cloak and doublet, and come to the spot designated by his second as his position in the fight, Dauntrees once more approached the opposite party, went through the formal ceremony of measuring swords, and then returned and placed the weapon in Albert's hand, at the same time drawing his own and planting himself within a few paces of his friend.

"We are ready, Sir," he said, bowing to the Skipper's attendant.

Cocklescraft lost no time in taking his ground; Master Roche del Carmine carefully keeping out of the way of harm from any party.

The onset was made by the Skipper with an energy that almost amounted to rage; and it was with a most lively interest, not unmingled with pleasure, that Dauntrees watched the eye of Albert Verheyden, and saw it playing with an expression of confidence and self-command, whilst with admirable dexterity he parried his antagonist's assault.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Dauntrees, more than once during this anxious moment. "To it, Master Verheyden: *passado*: hotly, master!" he cried aloud, at the same time flourishing his own blade above his head when he saw Albert return the attack with great animation upon his adversary, who was thus compelled to give ground.

This rapid exchange of thrust and parry was suddenly arrested by the sword of the Skipper being struck from his hand. The Secretary had disarmed him; and, instead of following up his advantage, generously halted, and brought the point of his own sword to the ground. . . .

We have spoken of the historical parts of *ROB OF THE BOWL* as having little connexion with its story. At the same time, it may be said that they convey some idea of the politics of Maryland at that period; and will suggest many thoughts respecting the advantages of colonization upon a large scale, and with founders in the higher ranks of life.

*From the Spectator.*

## EMIGRATION FIELDS.

North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand: describing these Countries, and giving a Comparative View of the Advantages they present to British Settlers. By Patrick Matthew, Author of "Naval Timber and Arboriculture."

Of the British North American Colonies Mr. Matthew speaks very unfavourably, without regard to the present disturbances. The soil is soon exhausted; the "clearing" very heavy work; the country thinly settled; and Englishmen are not so well fitted as Americans for contending with the difficulties of the "bush." The climate is in extremes; and the severity of the winter forces all agricultural labour to be done in a limited time, under a burning sun, with the additional toil, unknown elsewhere, of storing immense quantities of hay, &c. for the sole winter consumption of cattle, which are yet emaciated in the spring. These evils aggravate a climate not naturally healthy to Englishmen: and the country has no natural riches; it is too cold for wool, and scarcely furnishes an export.

As the passages descriptive of the features of these countries are written with vigour and a picturesque character, we will select a few as a specimen of the writer, as well as for the information they contain—not perhaps new, but newly and practically put. We begin with an important point for an emigrant.

### FIRST REGARD HEALTH.

Some may think that the circumstance of salubrity of climate has met with more attention in these pages than it merits; but if they think so, it is from ignorance or inattention to facts. In a vast majority of cases, at least where slave labour is not employed, every thing depends upon the personal activity and the power of muscular exertion of the emigrant and his family; and health and strength come to be of the last importance to happiness, and even to existence. In the greater part of the United States, and even of North America, the defect lies more in the climate than in the productive powers of the soil. The United States citizens are sufficiently sensible upon this point; and nothing can be said more likely to give offence than any reflection upon, or expressed doubt of the character of the district they belong to in regard to salubrity. Although it can be proven that every dwelling during the latter part of every summer is an hospital of fever and ague patients, and even that one-half of the population died the previous season, yet any allusion to the fact is quite enough to afford occasion for a little rifle practice. The rapid increase of the population of the United States is not owing to any salubrity of climate, but to the favourable field for human labour inducing early marriage; scarcely a woman of twenty-one years of age remaining a spinster, unless she is *ugly* (very ugly.) In certain localities of America, the prevalence of insects, mosquitoes, and sand-flies, come to be an important consideration as well as climate: in some cases, otherwise desirable settlements have been abandoned, after the necessary buildings have been erected and clearances made, from the insufferable annoyance of these diminutive pests.

### THE MARITIME PROVINCES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.\*

Although in the same latitude with the most temperate parts of Europe, the winter is long and the cold intense, with much snow (a consequence of the great intermixture of sea and land;) and when the wind blows strong from the north and west, over thousands of leagues of an intensely cold snow surface, exposure to the breath of *Boreas* is insupportable. The spring and autumn, especially in the more Eastern parts, are also boisterous and variable, with snow, sleet, and rain. The short summer is, how-

\* This division includes the seaboard of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

ever, warm and genial, more particularly in the island of St. John and the south-west portion of these provinces; and is sufficient to ripen oats, barley, potatoes, excellent apples and pears, with a little spring-sown wheat, (autumn-sown wheat generally rotting or dying under the snow, from the very long period, sometimes six months, which the snow remains on the ground.) In the Eastern and Northern portion, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the climate is exceedingly ungenial and rough, and but for the vicinity of the fisheries (the most productive in the world) would be considered uninhabitable. The prodigious quantity of floating ice which drifts down from Davis's and Hudson's Straits, and which grounds upon the banks and shallows on the Eastern shores, neutralizes the sun's heat during the first half of summer, and, combined with the shallow seas, produces very frequent fogs, sleet, and drizzly rain, which sometimes chills the season so much as to ruin the prospects of the grain-farmer. These regions are as yet only very thinly peopled, chiefly along the river-courses, upon the alluvial lands, and in the vicinity of the frequented harbours. The clearances have generally the most uncouth appearance; around which the bare unsightly stems of the broken forest stand mangled and torn, and scathed by fire, giving a character of destructive rudeness to the doings of man. Nearly the whole of these wide provinces are covered by forest; the most valuable timber of which is yellow, white, and red pine, black birch, elm, oak, and maple. Almost the sole export is timber, under the different forms, and potash, (the soluble portion of timber-ashes,) to Britain and the West Indies, which admits of a return of clothing, hardware, iron utensils, rum, tea, and coffee. Ship-building, and the cutting and preparing of timber for export, and the manufacture of barrel-staves, hoops, and potash, are, with the fisheries, agriculture, and a little mining, the sole employments.

#### PROSPECTS OF THE CANADAS.

The division of races and language is a barrier to the formation of any considerable independent national power in these provinces, and renders their ultimate union with the United States much more probable. In speculating on the future prospects of these regions, we cannot see much chance of their ever becoming highly peopled and civilized. The climate, which no drainage or clearing can ever render congenial to man, or favorable to the production of grain, or the rearing of flocks and herds, will remain an insuperable barrier. The opening of a communication between the Lakes of Upper Canada and the Hudson and Mississippi rivers, by means of canals and railways, will also divert the commerce of the interior to the Lower St. Lawrence, the navigation of which must always labour under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed by ice for six months in the year. The timber trade, will, however, continue while the forest exists. It may indeed, in the first place, experience a considerable diminution, when the anticipated removal of duties takes place; but as the Baltic supply, already much exhausted, will under the then greatly increased demand, rapidly fall off, recourse must again be had to the inferior and more distant supply of these provinces. The decrease of timber in the United States, already beginning to be felt, will also soon compel them to resort to the Lower St. Lawrence Provinces, and the demand of the West Indies, and of South America, will continue. Yet, in the course of time, the timber supply furnished by these regions will come to be reduced to the annual growth, and it is on the fisheries chiefly that the trade and industry must ultimately depend.

#### UPPER CANADA.

This great interior country, extending from south-west of Lower Canada along the North side of the great American lakes, is chiefly a flat or slightly undulated continuous forest, only diversified by the lake and the river, and

the small rude clearance of the settler. Nothing can exceed the sensation of loneliness (*lone*, as the Americans term it,) which is experienced in these interminable forests, where for hundreds of miles no object is recognizable beyond the tops of the trees. To a Scotsman, the view of hills is awanting; to the Englishman, the cleanly smiling villages, and the neat enclosures, with the beautiful sheep and cattle. The ocean is also awanting, so interesting to the Briton, as giving him some assurance of his locality, and carrying with it the idea of home—that he is not lost in flat, dull, illimitable space.

This dreariness, combined with some climatic influence, has a marked effect upon the spirits and character of the settler, who is as silent and sombre as the gloomy woods among which he is lost,—nothing seeming to be alive and in a state of active noisy enjoyment in these interminable swampy forests, but the myriads of frogs.

The great disadvantage of the country of the Lakes is, that it wants some staple article of export. Its timber is too distant from market to be worth transporting. The climate is not very favourable to fine-woolled sheep, or sheep of any kind; besides, they would require a great extent of clearance, not a pile of grass growing in the dense hard-wood forest, where only pigs can pick up a little food, consisting of reptiles, nuts, and tree seeds. Cattle require too much hoarded winter forage, and are far from markets, the nearest of which are Montreal, Albany, and New York. Grain is also too distant from market to be profitably raised for export; and, in fact, it, as well as cattle, is imported to very considerable extent. There is thus almost no means of export to balance necessary imports of clothing, hardware, &c.; and the portion they receive has hitherto been purchased by the hard cash that emigrants have carried out, by the pension of half-pay officers, (a number of whom have settled in the country,) and by the money expended by the Government derived from Britain. Being entirely destitute of exports, the imports of even the few supplies which people of such inadequate means find necessary, speedily exhaust the little hoarded money which settlers carry out with them; and, except when they can exchange a few cattle or some seed-grain with a new comer for his hard dollars, they are under the necessity to content themselves with the rude fabrics which their own hands can manufacture, and with the simple food which their clearance can supply.

*From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

#### ON THE PROBABLE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.\*

DR. CASPAR, of Berlin, in his valuable work, entitled, 'Der wahrscheinliche Lebensdauer des Menschen, &c.,' 1835, after having examined the current opinions as to the average duration of human life, and as to the most satisfactory method of ascertaining such a result, announces his own doctrine in the following proposition:—*The proportion of births to the population in any place expresses almost exactly the medium or average duration of life there.*

For example, suppose that this proportion is in the ratio of 1 to 28, then the average life of the inhabitants of the place will be found to be 28 years.

If this rule be correct, it must follow that the duration of life increases and diminishes in a population, according as their fecundity is greater or less; so that man, if not as an individual, at least as a member of the mass, may be said to have it in his power to lengthen or to abridge his life.

\* Medico-Chirurgical Review, July, 1836.

This, if true, is indeed a proposition of great importance in political economy.

To prove that the mortality is in a direct ratio with the fecundity of any population, and, consequently, that governments, seeing that the force of states consists not so much on the mere number, as on the strength, fecundity, and longevity of their inhabitants, ought not to favour or encourage an over abundant population, the author has collected together a vast number of facts, and for this purpose has drawn up tables of the mortality, not only in Prussia, but also in Britain, France, and Belgium.

From these researches he comes to the conclusion, that everywhere the mortality is directly proportional to the fecundity of the population.

This doctrine, if confirmed by future inquiries, may, to a certain extent, reconcile the opinions of Malthus and his opponents, as it shews us that Nature herself tends to remedy the evil of a redundant population.

Dr. Caspar gives a valuable table of the mortality in Berlin, for twelve years, from 1817 to 1829, which comprises nearly 70,000 deaths in nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants.

The following are a few interesting data which are derivable from his researches.

The longevity of the female, is greater than that of the male sex.

The age of puberty carries off 8 per cent. more of the female than of the male sex.

The proportion of deaths of women in labour is 1 in 108.

It has been an erroneous, although hitherto a very prevalent notion, that the climacteric age of women has a marked influence in increasing the mortality of the female sex.

This opinion has been shewn to be incorrect by several statistical writers, and the researches of Dr. Caspar confirm the accuracy of their statements. On the whole, therefore, we may assert that the longevity of the female is greater than that of the male sex.

It is also worthy of notice that of still-born infants, there are more of the male than of the female sex.

Dr. Caspar proceeds to shew that the medium or average duration of life has increased considerably in most European cities of late years. In London this increase is great, for it would seem that, within the last century, probable life has increased by twenty years.

At Geneva, again, in the 16th century one-half of the infants born there died, we are told, before their fifth year; whereas, in the present day, it would appear that this half reaches nearly 43 years of age. A similar remark may be made as to the increased length of life at Berlin.

Dr. Caspar treats pretty fully on the influence of pursuits and occupations on the duration of human life; and from his inquiries it appears that *clergymen are, on the whole, the longest, and medical men are the shortest lived.* The different classes may be arranged, in respect to longevity, as follows:—

	Medium Longevity.
Clergymen, . . . . .	65 years.
Merchants, . . . . .	62 do.
Clerks, . . . . .	61 do.
Farmers, . . . . .	61 do.
Military Men, . . . . .	59 do.
Lawyers, . . . . .	58 do.
Artists, . . . . .	57 do.
Medical Men, . . . . .	56 do.

Another important agent or influence on the probable duration of life is *marriage*. It is proved by the researches of our author that *the married state is favourable to longevity*, and especially in reference to the male sex.

The influence of poverty and destitution in shortening

the medium duration of life is well known. Dr. Caspar gives some tables of mortality which prove the sad contrast in this respect between the poor and the affluent. From these it would seem that the medium age of the nobility in Germany may be stated at about 60 years, whereas that of the paupers is as low as 32 years.

The last chapter of the work treats of the influence of the fecundity of a population upon its mortality. Dr. Caspar shews, by a vast number of documents, that "*the mortality in any population is always in exact ratio to its fecundity*," or, in other words, "*the more prolific the people is, the greater, usually, is the mortality among them.*"

He alludes to the difference, in this respect, in the different districts in England; and maintains that wherever the number of births is highest, there the mortality is greatest at the same time.

The same result is derivable from statistical investigations in Belgium, France, and other countries.

Dr. Caspar concludes his work by embodying the general principles of his researches in the following conclusions:

1. The proportion of births to the actual stationary population of any place expresses, or is relative to, the medium duration of life in that population.

2. The female sex enjoys, at every period of life, except at puberty, at which epoch the mortality is rather greater among young females, a greater longevity than the male sex.

3. Pregnancy and labour occasion, indeed, a considerable loss of life; but this loss disappears, or is lost in the general mass.

4. The so-called climacteric periods of life do not seem to have any influence on the longevity of either sex.

5. The medium duration of life, at the present time, is in Russia about 21 years, in Prussia 29, in Switzerland 34, in France 36, in Belgium 36, and in England 36 years.

6. The medium duration of life has, in recent times, increased very greatly in most cities in Europe.

7. In reference to the influence of professions or occupations on life, it seems that ecclesiastics are, on the whole, the longest, and medical men are the shortest lived; military men are nearly between the two extremes, but yet, proportionally, they, more frequently than others, reach very advanced years.

8. The mortality is very generally greater in manufacturing than in agricultural districts.

9. Marriage is decidedly favourable to longevity.

10. The mortality among the poor is always greater than among the wealthier classes.

11. The mortality in a population appears to be always proportionate to its fecundity,—as the number of births increases so does the number of deaths at the same time.

*From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.*

## LONDON PORTER BREWERIES.

Accustomed as a provincial inhabitant of the United Kingdom is to estimate at a very high rate the extent of the London porter breweries, from his finding the beverage in abundance in every spot on which he may set his foot, yet the reality, when it is his fortune to visit the actual scene of the manufacture in question, will prove in general far to exceed any anticipations which may have been formed. Nothing which a stranger can behold in the whole British metropolis will strike and amaze his eye more than the mere appearance of one of the larger brew-houses of



the city, with its enormous coppers, huge fermenting vessels, and monster-like store-vats; while, if he carries his observations farther, and examines into all the dealings and ramifications of such a concern, his mind will be filled with still greater astonishment at the seemingly incalculable amount of capital embarked in it, as necessary to sustain and carry it on. The first question which suggests itself to one's thoughts, on looking at the lakes of porter perpetually being manufactured in such places, is, "Who is to drink all this?" One can scarcely believe that any given number of human throats, even of the thirstiest order, can consume these seas of liquor as fast as they seem to be produced. Yet but a short residence in the mighty city which is the scene of this production, will remove much of this wonderment from the stranger's mind. He will soon discover that porter almost supplies the place of water in London, as the common and hourly means of slaking thirst. None so poor, none so miserable in London, but contemns the thin colourless product of the spring, and will have his deep-brown "stout," in pot or can, at home or abroad. With the labouring classes the beverage has become a necessary of life, and, indeed, even the most temperate and orderly among them would perhaps as soon want their solid food, as the "entire," to wash it down. In part, the origin, at least, of this habit may be owing to the rather impure sources of much of the water about the metropolis, and we have heard sensible men trace it to such a cause; but the cheapness, abundance, and quality of the liquor, not to speak of other circumstances, seem in a great measure sufficient to account for the prevalence of the custom at the present day.

The difference in colour between porter and ale, as well as other malt liquors, is chiefly owing, as is generally known, to the condition of the malt used in preparing the former of these drinks. The malt in this case is slightly scorched in drying, or *curing* as it is more frequently termed, so as to acquire a *brown* hue, which it communicates to the liquor made from it. But there are other qualities for which porter is remarkable; and it is for the possession of these, more peculiarly, that the porter of London has obtained its great and distinctive celebrity. The agreeable bitterness and empyreumatic flavour which characterise it, have been the envy of all the brewers, we may safely say, of the wide world, and fortunes have been thrown away in the endeavour to discover the source of these properties, and to imitate them. These attempts have always failed so signally, if not uniformly and universally, that at length mankind have almost agreed, by common consent, to rank the puzzle of London porter-brewing with the mystery of the Iron Mask, or that of the authorship of Junius. Numberless, indeed, were the explanations tendered by one party and another, before the point was thus given up; and as one of these notions may be said still, in some measure, to hold its ground, many persons may be glad of a little information upon the subject. Finding that no means whatever, tried in any quarter of the earth, could make porter taste as it did in London, some ingenious individual at length hit on the idea that the cause must lie in the Thames water, with which it was manufactured. As the Thames water was really known to have peculiar properties—that of keeping long fresh and pure at sea, for example, after undergoing several fermentations—many people

regarded this solution as perfectly satisfactory; and one enterprising brewer of the Scottish capital actually went the length of bringing down the Thames water in casks, in the full expectation of at length rivalling the metropolitan brewers. The attempt was unsuccessful; nor will the reader marvel at this, when informed how erroneous were the premises upon which the experiment was based. Only *four* of the London brew-houses do really make use of the Thames river water! In other words, not a sixth part of the London porter is manufactured with water from that source. The breweries have in most cases *private* wells, and the liquor brewed thus is no whit inferior in quality to that into which the river water enters. The public, at least, have never discovered any difference. So much for the Thames water fallacy.

The real cause of the pleasing bitter relish and aroma of the London porter, we have good authority for asserting, rests with the malt used, and also the mode of curing it for use. The hops, of course, are a principal source of the bitter in all porter, but in the case of London porter, the delightful bitter smack is not so much derived from the employment of a large allowance of hops, as from the use, in the brewing, of great quantities of brown or embrowned malt, which malt is cured along with dried wood of a stringent quality. This wood is mixed with the malt, and, besides contributing to the spirit and strength of the beverage, is the ingredient that imparts to it its much prized aroma. In the introduction of this stringent wood, consists the long-sought-for secret. All the stories which have been told of the unbounded use of liquors, and drugs of every kind and name, are entirely erroneous as far as regards the leading brew-houses; which supply the world with London porter.

From various causes, it would be extremely difficult to give any thing like a correct estimate of the capital embarked in one of the great London brew-houses. In the hop room alone of such a concern, there lies a princely fortune, some single houses having usually a stock of hops on hand about two hundred thousand pounds in value. This is in some measure dormant capital, as such a stock would last a year or two. But the keeping of so large a store is a provision against a scarcity or a rise in prices, and the power of making such a provision is a magnificent proof of the means held at command. The stock of malt, again, in the larger houses, is on an equal scale. Malt and hops together will generally amount in value to about three hundred thousand pounds.\* The stock-vats exhibit another immense absorption of money. In these vats, vast quantities of porter are stored up, to ripen and mellow for public use. The vessels in question resemble houses in size more than any thing else. In Messrs. Whitbread's brewery there are about thirty vats, each between twenty and thirty feet high, and of a proportionate transverse diameter. They hold many thousand barrels each, and are usually full to the brim. These vats are bound with a succession of very strong iron hoops, set as close to one another as they can well go; and, in reality, the danger would be extreme, without powerful supports of this kind. A number of years ago, a vessel of this nature burst in one of the large London brew-houses, and did no small damage, floating a family in a neigh-

\* The quantity of malt consumed in one year, by eleven of the principal breweries in London, exceeds five hundred thousand quarters.

bouring house clean out of doors, besides other feats of the like order.

Barclay, Perkins, and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend, Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred thousand barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hanbury's, Reid's, Whitbread's Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's, produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to any thing like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing-houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed public-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance *loans* to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall sell the lender's liquor, and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail-agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their sign above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has *fifteen thousand pounds worth of sign-boards* stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost prices. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with—the number of large boards marked with "Whitbread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London. These signs are of such size as to extend usually from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if a house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. Such boards cost from fifteen to twenty pounds a-piece, so that eight or nine hundred of them will amount to the sum total stated; and some breweries have that number up, in one quarter and another of the great city. This mode of advertising may look expensive, but it has its advantages. It is permanent, and readily points out to the favourers of particular brewing-houses where their favourite stout is to be found. One loves Meux's, another man Barclay's, a third Courage and Donaldson's and these gilded placards show where the desired articles may be had by all parties. What an idea this "tie" system in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! A handsome fortune laid out on sign-boards!

In reality, however, the leading partners, whose names are at the head of these firms, are in many

cases men possessed of extensive landed property, and to all intents and purposes private country gentlemen, though retaining, it may be, large shares in the establishment to which the wealth and standing of their families were originally owing. There are always some of the principal partners in these concerns, nevertheless, who take an active share in their management. The mode of conducting them is thoroughly systematic, as much so, and necessarily as much so, as in the case of the Bank of England. The whole business is divided into sections, with responsible persons at the head of each. One man usually, and sometimes two, superintend the brewing department. These are the operative managers, who are a shrewd and intelligent class of men. Salaries in these extensive concerns are on the handsomest scale, the motto of the proprietors being, "best service, best pay." The number of operatives about these places is of course very great. They are usually stout, florid men, with countenances and persons alike redolent of the cherishing fluids amid which they live, move, and have their being. And when hard exercise is combined with this generous nutrition, they will, we have no doubt, be as healthy as they appear. Otherwise, they will be liable, it is to be feared, to apoplectic and dropsical affections. Numerous as are these common workers at the brewing business, however, those who conceive the employment flowing from these vast establishments to rest and end here, will form but a poor idea of the range of their influence. Hop-growers, iron-founders, coopers, colliers, publicans, horse-dealers, saddlers, cart-wrights, agriculturists in all the various lines of barley, corn, and hay growing, with many other trades and professions, are all directly and perpetually benefitting from the maintenance of these great concerns. It is astonishing how many of all these tradesmen one single brewing-house will sustain within its circle, disseminating its work and its payments with never-failing punctuality.

Serious attempts have frequently been made to shake the businesses of the great porter breweries, but the system was too deeply rooted to permit of its easy overthrow. A heavy though indirect stroke of this kind came from the ale-brewers of London, who some time since commenced brewing an ale article at so low a price as to encroach on the sale of "entire." In retaliation, the porter-houses, with the exception of three only, were tempted to add a proportion of ale to their ordinary manufacture. They do not, however, carry this ale brewing to any great extent, and, on the other hand, their porter monopoly remains but little, if at all, impaired.

One point more about the London breweries, and we have done with these loose hints. The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitute one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. To Scotsmen, the powerful make and general beauty of the horses of burden that are seen traversing the streets of the metropolis, is always a subject of wonder. The little carts of his own country, and the comparatively puny though active creatures which draw them, sink into absolute insignificance in his eyes when contrasted with the colossal wagons and horses of the south. One horse to one cart is the way in Scotland, while in England you observe a train of six or eight gigantic creatures dragging along a large and heavily-loaded vehicle, resembling a goodly

haystack in breadth, height, and compactness. A lengthened line of such wagons is one of the most imposing sights imaginable. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to most perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek, and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitbread's, we observed the name of each horse painted above his stall, and were told that every one of them knew its designation as well as any biped about the place. Some of the most extensive breweries employ above one hundred such horses, to disseminate their produce through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

*From the London Sunbeam.*

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A NIGHT-HAWK.

BIRD of the noiseless night,  
While life is folded to a silent sleep,  
I sit beneath thy solitary flight,  
In reverie deep.

I hail thee, fiend of air,  
As through the shadow of the mystic hour  
Thy form appears in upward freedom there,  
From ruin's tower;

Or from some mountain cave,  
Forgotten by the day, as thou dost rise,  
Like solemn visions from the secret grave,  
To range the skies.

And while in circling motion,  
Upwheeling calmly on thy phantom wings,  
With thee in deep dispassionate devotion  
My spirit springs.

It mounts with thee, fleet minion  
Of evening dread, as thy nocturnal form  
Is wafted on the north wind's clouded pinion,  
Like threat'ning storm.

Poised high, and higher now,  
In thy ethereal way so thin and far,  
Thou seem'st to me on night's impending brow,  
Some darkling star.

And now sublimely wading  
Amid the cold light that the moon doth shed,  
I catch the last gleam of thy gilt wing fading,  
But thou art fled.

And hark! the vault of heaven  
Is dismal with the piercing cry thou hast,  
That comes like old impressive warning given  
By prophets past.

Soar on—with yon high cloud  
Flaunt up the starry halls of heaven together,  
And from mortality's vile vision shroud  
Thyself in ether.

Oh! in thy strange career,  
Diving through distant solitude alone,  
Thou art an emblem of my spirit here,  
Thou cheerless one;

For from the revel hall  
When pleasure shines in banquet pomp, I fly  
And seek the joy that wealth—power—honour—all—  
My soul deny.

Like thee, I darkly close,  
My spirit from the light and voice of day,  
And in the breathless hour of night's repose,  
Brood time away.

But thy serener path  
Through silence dead and ether's quiet blue,  
To me a holier retirement hath,  
Than man e'er knew.

And could I wing thy height,  
All ties which link me to the earth I'd sever,  
And floating in illimitable flight,  
Ascend for ever.

#### THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY L. E. L.

And he said, of a truth, I say unto you, that this  
poor widow hath cast in more than they all. *St. Luke*  
xxi. 3.

It is the fruit of waking hours  
When others are asleep,  
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof,  
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days  
Past in a gloomy room,  
When others are abroad to taste  
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store  
And miss'd while it is given:  
'Tis given—for the claims of earth,  
Are less than those of heaven.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor,  
'The rich know not how hard,  
It is to be of needful food,  
And needful rest barred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,  
They sleep on silk and down,  
And never think how heavily  
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal  
With small pale faces round;  
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,  
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,  
And see the gay pass by;  
Yet take their weary work again,  
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—  
A blessing cannot be,  
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,  
Upon thy gift and thee.

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Mrs. Nickleby becomes acquainted with Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, whose affection and interest are beyond all bounds.*

MRS. NICKLEBY had not felt so proud and important for many a day, as when, on reaching home, she gave herself wholly up to the pleasant visions which had accompanied her on her way thither. Lady Mulberry Hawk—that was the prevalent idea. Lady Mulberry Hawk!—On Tuesday last, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Llandaff, Sir Mulberry Hawk, of Mulberry Castle, North Wales, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Nicholas Nickleby, Esquire, of Devonshire. "Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Nicholas Nickleby, "it sounds very well."

Having despatched the ceremony, with its attendant festivities, to the perfect satisfaction of her own mind, the sanguine mother pictured to her imagination a long train of honours and distinctions which could not fail to accompany Kate in her new and brilliant sphere. She would be presented at court, of course. On the anniversary of her birthday, which was upon the nineteenth of July ("at ten minutes past three o'clock in the morning," thought Mrs. Nickleby in a parenthesis, "for I recollect asking what o'clock it was,") Sir Mulberry would give a great feast to all his tenants, and would return them three and a half per cent. on the amount of their last half-year's rent, as would be fully described and recorded in the fashionable intelligence, to the immeasurable delight and admiration of all the readers thereof. Kate's picture, too, would be in at least half-a-dozen of the annals; and on the opposite page would appear, in delicate type, "Lines on 'contemplating the Portrait of Lady Mulberry Hawk. By Sir Dingleby Dabber.'" Perhaps some one annual, of more comprehensive design than its fellows, might even contain a portrait of the mother of Lady Mulberry Hawk, with lines by the father of Sir Dingleby Dabber. More unlikely things had come to pass. Less interesting portraits had appeared. As this thought occurred to the good lady, her countenance unconsciously assumed that compound expression of smirking and sleepiness which, being common to all such portraits, is perhaps one reason why they are always so charming and agreeable.

With such triumphs of aerial architecture did Mrs. Nickleby occupy the whole evening after her accidental introduction to Ralph's titled friends; and dreams, no less prophetic and equally promising, haunted her sleep that night. She was preparing for her frugal dinner next day, still occupied with the same ideas—a little softened down perhaps by sleep and daylight—when the girl who attended her, partly for company, and partly to assist in the household affairs, rushed into the room in unwonted agitation, and announced that two gentlemen were waiting in the passage for permission to walk up stairs.

"Bless my heart!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, hastily arranging her cap and front, "if it should be—dear me, standing in the passage all this time—why don't you go and ask them to walk up, you stupid thing?"

While the girl was gone on this errand, Mrs. Nickleby hastily swept into a cupboard all vestiges of eating and drinking; which she had scarcely done, and seated herself with looks as collected as she could assume, when two gentlemen, both perfect strangers, presented themselves.

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"How do you do?" said one gentleman, laying great stress on the last word of the inquiry.

"How do you do?" said the other gentleman, altering the emphasis, as if to give variety to the salutation.

Mrs. Nickleby curtsied and smiled, and curtsied again, and remarked, rubbing her hands as she did so, that she hadn't the—really—the honour to—

"To know us," said the first gentleman. "The loss has been ours, Mrs. Nickleby. Has the loss been ours, Pyke?"

"It has, Pluck," answered the other gentleman.

"We have regretted it very often, I believe, Pyke?" said the first gentleman.

"Very often, Pluck," answered the second.

"But now," said the first gentleman, "now we have the happiness we have pined and languished for. Have we pined and languished for this happiness, Pyke, or have we not?"

"You know we have, Pluck," said Pyke, reproachfully.

"You hear him, ma'am?" said Mr. Pluck, looking round; "you hear the unimpeachable testimony of my friend Pyke—that reminds me,—formalities, formalities, must not be neglected in civilized society. Pyke—Mrs. Nickleby."

Mr. Pyke laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed low.

"Whether I shall introduce myself with the same formality," said Mr. Pluck—"whether I shall say myself that my name is Pluck, or whether I shall ask my friend Pyke (who being now regularly introduced, is competent to the office) to state for me, Mrs. Nickleby, that my name is Pluck; whether I shall claim your acquaintance on the plain ground of the strong interest I take in your welfare, or whether I shall make myself known to you as the friend of Sir Mulberry Hawk—these, Mrs. Nickleby, are considerations which I leave to you to determine."

"Any friend of Sir Mulberry Hawk's requires no better introduction to me," observed Mrs. Nickleby, graciously.

"It is delightful to hear you say so," said Mr. Pluck, drawing a chair close to Mrs. Nickleby, and sitting himself down. "It is refreshing to know that you hold my excellent friend, Sir Mulberry, in such high esteem. A word in your ear, Mrs. Nickleby. When Sir Mulberry knows it, he will be a happy man—I say, Mrs. Nickleby, a happy man. Pyke, be seated."

"My good opinion," said Mrs. Nickleby, and the poor lady exulted in the idea that she was marvellously sly—"my good opinion can be of very little consequence to a gentleman like Sir Mulberry."

"Of little consequence?" exclaimed Mr. Pluck. "Pyke, of what consequence to our friend, Sir Mulberry, is the good opinion of Mrs. Nickleby?"

"Of what consequence?" echoed Pyke.

"Aye," repeated Pluck; "is it of the greatest consequence?"

"Of the very greatest consequence," replied Pyke.

"Mrs. Nickleby cannot be ignorant, said Mr. Pluck, "of the immense impression which that sweet girl has—"

"Pluck!" said his friend, "beware!"

"Pyke is right," muttered Mr. Pluck, after a short pause; "I was not to mention it. Pyke is very right. Thank you, Pyke."

"Well now, really," thought Mrs. Nickleby within herself. "Such delicacy as that, I never saw!"

Mr. Pluck, after signing to be in a condition of great embarrassment for some minutes, resumed the conversation by entreating Mrs. Nickleby to take no heed of what he had inadvertently said—to consider him imprudent, rash, injudicious. The only stipulation he would make in his own favour was, that she should give him credit for the best intentions.

"But when," said Mr. Pluck, "when I see so much sweetness and beauty on the one hand, and so much ardour and devotion on the other, I—pardon me, Pyke, I didn't intend to resume that theme. Change the subject, Pyke."

"We promised Sir Mulberry and Lord Frederick," said Pyke, "that we'd call this morning and inquire whether you took any cold last night."

"Not the least in the world last night, Sir; replied Mrs. Nickleby, "with many thanks to his Lordship and Sir Mulberry for doing me the honour to inquire; not the least—which is the more singular, as I really am very subject to colds, indeed—very subject. I had a cold once," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I think it was in the year eighteen hundred and seventeen; let me see, four and five are nine, and—yes, eighteen hundred and seventeen, that I thought I never should get rid of; actually and seriously, that I thought I never should get rid of. I was only cured at last by a remedy that I don't know whether you ever happened to hear of, Mr. Pluck. You have a gallon of water as hot as you can possibly bear it, with a pound of salt and sixteen outh of the finest bran, and sit with your head in it for twenty minutes every night just before going to bed; at least, I don't mean your head—your feet. It's a most extraordinary cure—a most extraordinary cure. I used it for the first time, I recollect, the day after Christmas Day, and by the middle of April following the cold was gone. It seems quite a miracle when you come to think of it, for I had it ever since the beginning of September."

"What an afflicting calamity!" said Mr. Pyke.

"Perfectly horrid!" exclaimed Mr. Pluck.

"But it's worth the pain of bearing, only to know that Mrs. Nickleby recovered it, isn't it, Pluck?" cried Mr. Pyke.

"That is the circumstance which gives it such a thrilling interest," replied Mr. Pluck.

"But come," said Pyke, as if suddenly recollecting himself; "we must not forget our mission in the pleasure of this interview. We come on a mission, Mrs. Nickleby."

"On a mission," exclaimed that good lady, to whose mind a definitive proposal of marriage for Kate at once presented itself in lively colours.

"From Sir Mulberry, replied Pyke. "You must be very dull here."

"Rather dull, I confess," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"We bring the compliments of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and a thousand entreaties that you'll take a seat in a private box at the play to-night," said Mr. Pluck.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Nickleby, "I never go out at all, never."

"And that is the very reason, my dear Mrs. Nickleby, why you should go out to-night," retorted Mr. Pluck. "Pyke, entreat Mrs. Nickleby."

"Oh, pray do," said Pyke.

"You positively must," urged Pluck.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Nickleby hesitating; "but—"

"There's not a but in the case, my dear Mrs. Nickleby," remonstrated Mr. Pluck; "not such a word in the vocabulary. Your brother-in-law joins us, Lord Frederick joins us, Sir Mulberry joins us, Pyke joins us—a refusal is out of the question. Sir Mulberry sends a carriage for you—twenty minutes before seven to the moment—you'll not be so cruel as to disappoint the whole party, Mrs. Nickleby?"

"You are so very pressing, that I scarcely know what to say," replied the worthy lady.

"Say nothing; not a word, not a word, my dearest madam," urged Mr. Pluck. "Mrs. Nickleby," said that excellent gentleman, lowering his voice, "there is the most trifling, the most excusable breach of confidence in what I am about

to say; and yet if my friend Pyke there overheard it—such is that man's delicate sense of honour, Mrs. Nickleby—he'd have me out before dinner-time."

Mrs. Nickleby cast an apprehensive glance at the war-like Pyke, who had walked to the window; and Mr. Pluck, squeezing her hand, went on—

"Your daughter has made a conquest—a conquest on which I may congratulate you. Sir Mulberry, my dear ma'am, Sir Mulberry is her devoted slave. Hom!"

"Hah!" cried Mr. Pyke at this juncture, snatching something from the chimney-piece with a theatrical air. "What is this! what do I behold!"

"What do you behold, my dear fellow?" asked Mr. Pluck.

"It is the face, the countenance, the expression," cried Mr. Pyke, falling into his chair with a miniature in his hand; "feebly portrayed, imperfectly caught, but still the face, the countenance, the expression."

"I recognise it at this distance!" exclaimed Mr. Pluck in a fit of enthusiasm. "Is it not, my dear madam, the faint similitude of—"

"It is my daughter's portrait," said Mrs. Nickleby, with great pride. And so it was. And little Miss La Creevy had brought it home for inspection only two nights before.

Mr. Pyke no sooner ascertained that he was quite right in his conjecture, than he launched into the most extravagant encomiums of the divine original; and in the warmth of his enthusiasm kissed the picture a thousand times, while Mr. Pluck pressed Mrs. Nickleby's hand to his heart, and congratulated her on the possession of such a daughter, with so much earnestness and affection, that the tears stood, or seemed to stand, in his eyes. Poor Mrs. Nickleby, who had listened in a state of enviable complacency at first, became at length quite overpowered by these tokens of regard for, and attachment to, the family; and even the servant girl, who had peeped in at the door, remained rooted to the spot in astonishment at the ecstasies of the two friendly visitors.

By degrees these raptures subsided, and Mrs. Nickleby went on to entertain her guests with a lament over her fallen fortunes, and a picturesque account of her old home in the country: comprising a full description of the different apartments, not forgetting the little store-room, and a lively recollection of how many steps you went down to get into the garden, and which way you turned when you came out at the parlour-door, and what capital fixtures there were in the kitchen. This last reflection naturally conducted her into the wash-house where she stumbled upon the brewing materials, among which she might have wandered for an hour, if the mere mention of those implements had not, by an association of ideas, instantly reminded Mr. Pyke that he was "amazing thirsty."

"And I'll tell you what," said Mr. Pyke; "if you'll send round to the public-house for a pot of mild half-and-half, positively and actually I'll drink it."

And positively and actually Mr. Pyke *did* drink it, and Mr. Pluck helped him, while Mrs. Nickleby looked on in divided admiration of the condescension of the two, and the aptitude with which they accommodated themselves to the pewter-pot; in explanation of which seeming marvel it may be here observed, that gentlemen who, like Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, live upon their wits (or not so much, perhaps, upon the presence of their own wits as upon the absence of wits in other people) are occasionally reduced to very narrow shifts and straits, and are at such periods accustomed to regale themselves in a very simple and primitive manner.

"At twenty minutes before seven, then," said Mr. Pyke, rising, "the coach will be here. One more look—one little look—at that sweet face. Ah! here it is. Unmoved unchanged!" This by the way was a very remarkable cir-

circumstances, miniatures being liable to so many changes of expression—"Oh, Pluck! Pluck!"

Mr. Pluck made no other reply than kissing Mrs. Nickleby's hand with a great show of feeling and attachment; Mr. Pyke having done the same, both gentlemen hastily withdrew.

Mrs. Nickleby was commonly in the habit of giving herself credit for a pretty tolerable share of penetration and acuteness, but she had never felt so satisfied with her own sharp-sightedness as she did that day. She had found it all out the night before. She had never seen Sir Mulberry and Kate together—never even heard Sir Mulberry's name—and yet hadn't she said to herself from the very first, that she saw how the case stood? and what a triumph it was, for there was now no doubt about it. If these flattering attentions to herself were not sufficient proof, Sir Mulberry's confidential friend had suffered the secret to escape him in so many words. "I am quite in love with that dear Mr. Pluck," I declare I am, said Mrs. Nickleby.

There was one great source of uneasiness in the midst of this good fortune, and that was the having nobody by, to whom she could confide it. Once or twice she almost resolved to walk straight to Miss La Creevy's and tell it all to her. "But I don't know," thought Mrs. Nickleby; "She is a very worthy person, but I am afraid too much beneath Sir Mulberry's station for us to make a companion of. Poor thing!" Acting upon this grave consideration she rejected the idea of taking the little portrait-painter into her confidence, and contented herself with holding out sundry vague and mysterious hopes of preferment to the servant girl, who received these obscure hints of dawning greatness with much veneration and respect.

Punctual to its time came the promised vehicle, which was no hackney coach, but a private chariot, having behind it a footman, whose legs, although somewhat large for his body, might, as mere abstract legs, have set themselves up for models at the Royal Academy. It was quite exhilarating to hear the clash and bustle with which he banged the door and jumped up behind after Mrs. Nickleby was in; and as that good lady was perfectly unconscious that he applied the gold-headed end of his long stick to his nose, and so telegraphed most disrespectfully to the coachman over her very head, she sat in a state of much stiffness and dignity, not a little proud of her position.

At the theatre entrance there was more banging and more bustle, and there were also Messrs. Pyke and Pluck waiting to escort her to her box; and so polite were they, that Mr. Pyke threatened with many oaths to "smiffigato" a very old man with a lantern who accidentally stumbled in her way—to the great terror of Mrs. Nickleby, who, conjecturing more from Mr. Pyke's excitement than any previous acquaintance with the etymology of the word that smiffigation and bloodshed must be in the main one and the same thing, was alarmed beyond expression, lest something should occur. Fortunately, however, Mr. Pyke confined himself to mere verbal smiffigation, and they reached their box with no more serious interruption by the way, than a desire on the part of the same pugnacious gentlemen to "smash" the assistant box-keeper for happening to mistake the number.

Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely been put away behind the curtain of the box in an arm chair, when Sir Mulberry and Lord Verisopht arrived, arrayed from the crowns of their heads to the tips of their gloves, and from the tips of their gloves to the toes of their boots, in the most elegant and costly manner. Sir Mulberry was a little hoarser than on the previous day, and Lord Verisopht looked rather sleepy and queer; from which tokens, as well as from the circumstance of their both being to a trifling extent unsteady upon

their legs, Mrs. Nickleby justly concluded that they had taken dinner.

"We have been—we have been—toasting your lovely daughter, Mrs. Nickleby, whispered Sir Mulberry, sitting down behind her.

"Oh, ho!" thought that knowing lady; "wine in; truth out.—You are every kind, Sir Mulberry."

No, no, upon my soul!" replied Sir Mulberry Hawk. "It's you that's kind, upon my soul it is. It was so kind of you to come to-night."

"So very kind of you to invite me, you mean Sir Mulberry," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head, and looking prodigiously sly.

"I am so anxious to know you, so anxious to cultivate your good opinion, so desirous that there should be a delicious kind of harmonious family understanding between us," said Sir Mulberry, "that you mustn't think I'm disinterested in what I do. I'm infernal selfish; I am—upon my soul I am."

"I am sure you can't be selfish, Sir Mulberry!" replied Mrs. Nickleby. "You have much too open and generous a countenance for that."

"What an extraordinary observer you are!" said Sir Mulberry Hawk.

"Oh no, indeed, I don't see very far into things, Sir Mulberry," replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a tone of voice which left the baronet to infer that she saw very far indeed.

"I am quite afraid of you," said the baronet. "Upon my soul," repeated Sir Mulberry, looking round to his companions; "I am afraid of Mrs. Nickleby. She is so immensely sharp."

Messrs. Pyke and Pluck shook their heads mysteriously, and observed together that they had found that out long ago; upon which Mrs. Nickleby tittered, and Sir Mulberry laughed, and Pyke and Pluck roared.

"But where's my brother-in-law, Sir Mulberry?" inquired Mrs. Nickleby. "I shouldn't be here without him. I hope he's coming."

"Pyke," said Sir Mulberry, taking out his tooth-pick and lolling back in his chair, as if he were too lazy to invent a reply to this question, "where's Ralph Nickleby?"

"Pluck," said Pyke, imitating the baronet's action, and turning the lie over to his friend, "where's Ralph Nickleby?"

Mr. Pluck was about to return some evasive reply, when the bustle caused by a party entering the next box seemed to attract the attention of all four gentlemen, who exchanged glances of much meaning. The new party beginning to converse together, Sir Mulberry suddenly assumed the character of a most attentive listener, and implored his friends not to breathe—not to breathe.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Nickleby. "What is the matter?"

"Hush!" replied Sir Mulberry, laying his hand on her arm.

"Lord Frederick, do you recognize the tones of that voice?"

"Devyle take me if I didn't think it, was the voice of Miss Nickleby."

"Loi, my Lord!" cried Miss Nickleby's mamma, thrusting her head round the curtain. "Why, actually—Kate, my dear, Kate."

"You here, mamma! Is it possible?"

"Possible, my dear? Yes."

"Why who—who on earth is that you have with you, mamma?" said Kate, shrinking back as she caught sight of a man smiling and kissing his hand.

"Who do you suppose, my dear?" replied Mrs. Nickleby, bending towards Mrs. Witterly, and speaking a little louder for that lady's edification. "There's Mr. Pyke, Mr. Pluck, Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Lord Frederick Verisopht."

"Gracious Heaven!" thought Kate hurriedly. "How comes she in such society?"

Now, Kate though thus so hurriedly, and the surprise was so great, and moreover brought back so forcibly the recollection of what had passed at Ralph's delectable dinner, that she turned extremely pale and appeared greatly agitated, which symptoms being observed by Mrs. Nickleby, were at once set down by that acute lady as being caused and occasioned by violent love. But although she was in no small degree delighted by this discovery which reflected so much credit on her own quickness of perception, it did not lessen her motherly anxiety in Kate's behalf; and accordingly, with a vast quantity of trepidation, she quitted her own box to hasten into that of Mrs. Wititterly. Mrs. Wititterly keenly alive to the glory of having a lord and a baronet among her visiting acquaintance, lost no time in signing to Mr. Wititterly to open the door, and thus it was that in less than thirty seconds, Mrs. Nickleby's party, had made an irruption into Mrs. Wititterly's box, which it filled to the very door, there being in fact only room for Messrs. Pyke and Pluck to get in their heads and waistcoats.

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, kissing her daughter affectionately. "How ill you looked a moment ago! You quite frightened me, I declare!"

"It was mere fancy, inamma,—the—the reflection of the lights perhaps," replied Kate, glancing nervously round, and finding it impossible to whisper any caution or explanation.

"Don't you see Sir Mulberry Hawk, my dear?"

Kate bowed slightly, and biting her lip turned her head towards the stage.

But Sir Mulberry Hawk was not to be so easily repulsed, for he advanced with extended hand; and Mrs. Nickleby officiously informing Kate of this circumstance, she was obliged to extend her own. Sir Mulberry detained it while he murmured a profusion of compliments, which Kate, remembering what had passed between them, rightly considered as so many aggravations of the insult he had already put upon her. Then followed the recognition of Lord Verisopht, and then the greeting of Mr. Pyke, and then that of Mr. Pluck, and finally, to complete the young lady's mortification, she was compelled at Mrs. Wititterly's request to perform the ceremony of introducing the odious persons, whom she regarded with the utmost indignation and abhorrence.

"Mrs. Wititterly is delighted," said Mr. Wititterly, rubbing his hands; "delighted, my Lord, I am sure, with this opportunity of contracting an acquaintance which, I trust, my Lord, we shall improve. Julia, my dear, you must not allow yourself to be too much excited, you must not, indeed you must not. Mrs. Wititterly is of a most excitable nature, Sir Mulberry. The snuff of a candle, the wick of a lamp, the bloom on a peach, the down on a butterfly. You might blow her away, my Lord; you might blow her away."

Sir Mulberry seemed to think that it would be a great convenience if the lady could be blown away. He said, however, that the delight was mutual, and Lord Verisopht added that it was mutual, whereupon Messrs. Pyke and Pluck were heard to murmur from the distance that it was very mutual indeed.

"I take an interest, my Lord," said Mrs. Wititterly, with a faint smile, "such an interest in the drama."

"Ye—es. It's very interesting," replied Lord Verisopht.

"I'm always ill after Shakespeare," said Mrs. Wititterly. "I scarcely exist the next day; I find the reaction so very great after a tragedy, my Lord, and Shakespeare is such a delicious creature."

"Ye—es!" replied Lord Verisopht. "He was a clayver man."

"Do you know, my Lord," said Mrs. Wititterly, after a

long silence, "I find I take so much more interest in his plays, after having been to that dear little dull house he was born in! Were you ever there, my Lord?"

"No, nayver," replied Verisopht.

"Then really you ought to go, my Lord," returned Mrs. Wititterly, in very languid and drawing accents. "I don't know how it is, but after you've seen the place and written your name in the little book, somehow or other you seem to be inspired; it kindles up quite a fire within one."

"Ye—es!" replied Lord Verisopht. "I shall certainly go there."

"Julia, my life," interposed Mr. Wititterly, "you are deceiving his lordship—unintentionally, my Lord, she is deceiving you. It is your poetical temperament, my dear—your ethereal soul—your fervid imagination, which throws you into a glow of genius and excitement. There is nothing in the place, my dear—nothing, nothing."

"I think there must be something in the place," said Mrs. Nickleby, who had been listening in silence; "for, soon after I was married, I went to Stratford with poor dear Mr. Nickleby, in a post-chaise from Birmingham—was it a post-chaise though?" said Mrs. Nickleby, considering; "yes, it must have been a post-chaise, because I recollect remarking at the time that the driver had a green shade over his left eye;—in a post-chaise from Birmingham, and after we had seen Shakespeare's tomb and birth-place, we went back to the inn there, where we slept that night, and I recollect that all night long I dreamt of nothing but a black gentleman, at full length, in plaster-of-Paris, with a lay down collar tied with two tassels, leaning against a post and thinking; and when I woke in the morning and described him to Mr. Nickleby, he said it was Shakespeare just as he had been when he was alive, which was very curious indeed. Stratford—Stratford," continued Mrs. Nickleby, considering. "Yes, I am positive about that, because I recollect I was in the family way with my son Nicholas at the time, and I had been very much frightened by an Italian image boy that very morning. In fact, it was quite a mercy, ma'am," added Mrs. Nickleby, in a whisper to Mrs. Wititterly, "that my son didn't turn out to be a Shakespeare, and what a dreadful thing that would have been!"

When Mrs. Nickleby had brought this interesting anecdote to a close, Pyke and Pluck, ever zealous in their patron's cause, proposed the adjournment of a detachment of the party into the next box; and with so much skill were the preliminaries adjusted, that Kate, despite all she could say or do to the contrary, had no alternative but to suffer herself to be led away by Sir Mulberry Hawk. Her mother and Mr. Pluck accompanied them, but the worthy lady, plumping herself upon her discretion, took particular care not so much as to look at her daughter during the whole evening, and to seem wholly absorbed in the jokes and conversation of Mr. Pluck, who, having been appointed sentry over Mrs. Nickleby for that especial purpose, neglected, on his side, no possible opportunity of engrossing her attention.

Lord Frederick Verisopht remained in the next box to be talked to by Mrs. Wititterly, and Mr. Pyke was in attendance to throw in a word or two when necessary. As to Mr. Wititterly, he was sufficiently busy in the body of the house, informing such of his friends and acquaintance as happened to be there, that those two gentlemen up stairs, whom they had seen in conversation with Mrs. W., were the distinguished Lord Frederick Verisopht and his most intimate friend, the gay Sir Mulberry Hawk—a communication which inflamed several respectable housekeepers with the utmost jealousy and rage, and reduced sixteen unmarried daughters to the very brink of despair.

The evening came to an end at last, but Kate had yet to



be handed down stairs by the detested Sir Mulberry; and so skilfully were the manoeuvres of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck conducted, that she and the baronet were the last of the party, and were even—without an appearance of effort or design—left at some little distance behind.

"Don't hurry, don't hurry," said Sir Mulberry, as Kate hastened on, and attempted to release her arm.

She made no reply, but still pressed forward.

"Nay, then—" coolly observed Sir Mulberry, stopping her outright.

"You had best not seek to detain me, sir!" said Kate, angrily.

"And why not?" retorted Sir Mulberry. "My dear creature, now why do you keep up this show of displeasure?"

"Show!" repeated Kate, indignantly. "How dare you presume to speak to me, Sir—to address me—to come into my presence?"

"You look prettier in a passion, Miss Nickleby," said Sir Mulberry Hawk, stooping down, the better to see her face.

"I hold you in the bitterest detestation and contempt, sir," said Kate. "If you find any attraction in looks of disgust and aversion, you—let me rejoin my friends, sir, instantly. Whatever considerations may have withheld me thus far, I will disregard them all, and take a course that even you might feel, if you do not immediately suffer me to proceed."

Sir Mulberry smiled, and still looking in her face and retaining her arm, walked towards the door.

"If no regard for my sex or helpless situation will induce you to desist from this coarse and unmanly persecution," said Kate, scarcely knowing, in the tumult of her passions, what she said,—“I have a brother who will resent it dearly, one day.”

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Sir Mulberry, as though quietly communing with himself; passing his arm around her waist as he spoke, "she looks more beautiful, and I like her better in this mood, than when her eyes are cast down, and she is in perfect repose!"

How Kate reached the lobby where her friends were waiting she never knew, but she hurried across it without at all regarding them, and disengaged herself suddenly from her companion, sprang into the coach, and throwing herself into its darkest corner burst into tears.

Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, knowing their cue, at once threw the party into great commotion by shouting for the carriages, and getting up a violent quarrel with sundry inoffensive bystanders; in the midst of which tumult they put the affrighted Mrs. Nickleby in her chariot, and having got her safely off, turned their thoughts to Mrs. Witlitterly, whose attention also they had now effectually distracted from the young lady, by throwing her into a state of the utmost bewilderment and consternation. At length, the conveyance in which she had come rolled off too with its load, and the four worthies, being left alone under the portico, enjoyed a hearty laugh together.

"There," said Sir Mulberry, turning to his noble friend. "Didn't I tell you last night that if we could find where they were going by bribing a servant through my fellow, and then established ourselves close by with the mother, these people's honour would be our own? Why here it is, done in four-and-twenty hours."

"Ye-es," replied the dupe. "But I have been tied to the old woman all night."

"Hear him," said Sir Mulberry, turning to his two friends. "Hear this discontented grumbler. Isn't it enough to make a man swear never to help him in his plots and schemes again? Isn't it an infernal shame?"

Pyke asked Pluck whether it was not an infernal shame, and Pluck asked Pyke; but neither answered.

"Isn't it the truth?" demanded Verisopht. "Wasn't it so?"

"Wasn't it so!" repeated Sir Mulberry. "How would you have had it?" How could we have got a general invitation at first sight—come when you like, go when you like, stop as long as you like, do what you like—if you, the lord, had not made yourself agreeable to the foolish mistress of the house? Do I care for this girl, except as your friend? Haven't I been sounding your praises in her ears, and bearing her pretty sulks and peevishness all night for you? What sort of stuff do you think I'm made of? Would I do this for every man—don't I deserve even gratitude in return?"

"You're a deyvlish good fellow," said the poor young lord, taking his friend's arm. "Upon my life, you're a deyvlish good fellow, Hawk."

"And I have done right, have I?" demanded Sir Mulberry.

"Quite right."

"And like a poor, silly, good-natured, friendly dog as I am, eh?"

"Ye-es, ye-es—like a friend," replied the other.

"Well then," replied Sir Mulberry, "I'm satisfied. And now let's go and have our revenge on the German baron and the Frenchman, who cleaned you out so handsomely last night."

With these words the friendly creature took his companion's arm and led him away, turning half round as he did so, and bestowing a wink and a contemptuous smile on Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, who, crumpling their handkerchiefs into their mouths to denote their silent enjoyment of the whole proceedings, followed their patron and his victim at a little distance.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Miss Nickleby, rendered desperate by the persecution of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and the complicated difficulties and distresses which surround her, appeals, as a last resource, to her uncle for protection.*

THE ensuing morning brought reflection with it, as morning usually does; but widely different was the train of thought it awakened in the different persons who had been so unexpectedly brought together on the preceding evening, by the active agency of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck.

The reflections of Sir Mulberry Hawk—if such a term can be applied to the thoughts of the systematic and calculating man of dissipation, whose joys, regrets, pains, and pleasures, are all of self, and who would seem to retain nothing of the intellectual faculty but the power to debase himself, and to degrade the very nature whose outward semblance he wears—the reflections of Sir Mulberry Hawk turned upon Kate Nickleby, and were, in brief, that she was undoubtedly handsome; that her coyness must be easily conquerable by a man of his address and experience, and that the pursuit was one which could not fail to redound to his credit, and greatly to enhance his reputation with the world. And lest this last consideration—no mean or secondary one with Sir Mulberry—should sound strangely in the ears of some, let it be remembered that most men live in a world of their own, and that in that limited circle alone are their ambitions for distinction and applause. Sir Mulberry's world was peopled with profligates, and he acted accordingly.

Thus, cases of injustice, and oppression, and tyranny, and the most extravagant bigotry, are in constant occurrence among us every day. It is the custom to trumpet forth much wonder and astonishment at the chief actors therein setting at defiance so completely the opinion of the world; but there is no greater fallacy; it is precisely because they

do consult the opinion of their own little world that such things take place at all, and strike the great world dumb with amazement.

The reflections of Mrs. Nickleby were of the proudest and most complacent kind; and under the influence of her very agreeable delusion she straightway sat down and indited a long letter to Kate, in which she expressed her entire approval of the admirable choice she had made, and extolled Sir Mulberry to the skies; asserting, for the more complete satisfaction of her daughter's feelings, that he was precisely the individual whom she (Mrs. Nickleby) would have chosen for her son-in-law, if she had had the picking and choosing from all mankind. The good lady then, with the preliminary observation that she might be fairly supposed not to have lived in the world so long without knowing its ways, communicated a great many subtle precepts applicable to the state of courtship, and confirmed in their wisdom by her own personal experience. Above all things she commended a strict maidenly reserve, as being not only a very laudable thing in itself, but as tending materially to strengthen and increase a lover's ardour. "And I never," added Mrs. Nickleby, "was more delighted in my life than to observe last night, my dear, that your good sense had already told you this." With which sentiment, and various hints of the pleasure she derived from the knowledge that her daughter inherited so large an instalment of her own excellent sense and discretion (to nearly the full measure of which she might hope, with care, to succeed in time), Mrs. Nickleby concluded a very long and rather illegible letter.

Poor Kate was well nigh distracted on the receipt of four closely-written and closely-crossed sides of congratulation on the very subject which had prevented her closing her eyes all night, and kept her weeping and watching in her chamber; still worse and more trying was the necessity of rendering herself agreeable to Mrs. Witterly, who, being in low spirits after the fatigue of the preceding night, of course expected her companion (else wherefore had she board and salary?) to be in the best spirits possible. As to Mr. Witterly, he went about all day in a tremor of delight at having shaken hands with a lord, and having actually asked him to come and see him in his own house. The lord himself, not being troubled to any inconvenient extent with the power of thinking, regaled himself with the conversation of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, who sharpened their wit by a plentiful indulgence in various costly stimulants at his expense.

It was four in the afternoon—that is, the vulgar afternoon of the sun and the clock—and Mrs. Witterly reclined, according to custom, on the drawing-room sofa, while Kate read aloud a new novel in three volumes, entitled "The Lady Flabella," which Alphonse the doubtful had procured from the library that very morning. And it was a production admirably suited to a lady labouring under Mrs. Witterly's complaint, seeing that there was not a line in it, from beginning to end, which could, by the most remote contingency, awaken the smallest excitement in any person breathing.

Kate read on.

"Cherizette," said the lady Flabella, inserting her mouse-like feet in the blue satin slippers, which had unwittingly occasioned the half-playful half-fangry altercation between herself and the youthful Colonel Befflaire, in the Duke of Minceville's *salon de danse* on the previous night. "*Cherizette, ma chère, donnez-moi de l'eau-de-Cologne, s'il vous plaît, mon enfant.*"

"*Mercie*—thank you," said the Lady Flabella, as the lively but devoted Cherizette plentifully besprinkled with the fragrant compound the Lady Flabella's *mouchoir* of finest cambric, edged with richest lace, and emblazoned at the

four corners with the Flabella crest, and gorgeous heraldic bearings of that noble family; "*Mercie*—that will do."

"At this instant, while the Lady Flabella yet inhaled that delicious fragrance by holding the *mouchoir* to her exquisite, but thoughtfully-chiselled nose, the door of the *boudoir* (artfully concealed by rich hangings of silken damask, the hue of Italy's firmament) was thrown open, and with noiseless tread two valets-de-chambre, clad in sumptuous liveries of peach-blossom and gold, advanced into the room followed by a page in *bas de soie*—silk stockings—who, while they remained at some distance making the most graceful obeisances, advanced to the feet of his lovely mistress, and dropping on one knee presented, on a golden salver gorgeously chased, a scented *billet*.

"The Lady Flabella, with an agitation she could not repress, hastily tore off the *envelope* and broke the scented seal. It was from Befflaire—the young, the slim, the low-voiced—her own Befflaire."

"Oh, charming!" interrupted Kate's patroness, who was sometimes taken literary; "Poetic, really. Read that description again, Miss Nickleby."

Kate complied.

"Sweet, indeed!" said Mrs. Witterly, with a sigh. "So voluptuous, is it not—so soft?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied Kate, gently; "very soft."

"Close the book, Miss Nickleby," said Mrs. Witterly. "I can hear nothing more to-day; I should be sorry to disturb the impression of that sweet description. Close the book."

Kate complied, not unwillingly; and, as she did so, Mrs. Witterly raising her glass with a languid hand, remarked, that she looked pale.

"It was the fright of that—that noise and confusion last night," said Kate.

"How very odd!" exclaimed Mrs. Witterly, with a look of surprise. And certainly, when one comes to think of it, it was very odd that anything should have disturbed a companion. A steam-engine, or other ingenious piece of mechanism out of order, would have been nothing to it.

"How did you come to know Lord Frederick, and those other delightful creatures, child?" asked Mrs. Witterly still eyeing Kate through her glass.

"I met them at my uncle's," said Kate, vexed to feel that she was colouring deeply, but unable to keep down the blood which rushed to her face whenever she thought of that man.

"Have you known them long?"

"No," rejoined Kate. "Not long."

"I was very glad of the opportunity which that respectable person, your mother gave us of being known to them," said Mrs. Witterly, in a lofty manner. "Some friends of ours were on the very point of introducing us, which makes it quite remarkable."

This was said lest Miss Nickleby should grow conceited on the honour and dignity of having known four great people (for Pyke and Pluck were included among the delightful creatures,) whom Mrs. Witterly did not know. But as the circumstance had made no impression one way or other upon Kate's mind, the force of the observation was quite lost upon her.

"They asked permission to call," said Mrs. Witterly. "I gave it them of course."

"Do you expect them to-day?" Kate ventured to inquire.

Mrs. Witterly's answer was lost in the noise of a tremendous rapping at the street-door, and, before it had ceased to vibrate, there drove up a handsome cabriolet, out of which leaped Sir Mulberry Hawk and his friend Lord Verisoph.

"They are here now," said Kate, rising and hurrying away.

"Miss Nickleby!" cried Mrs. Witterly, perfectly aghast at a companion's attempting to quit the room, without her permission first had and obtained. "Pray don't think of going."

"You are very good!" replied Kate. "But—"

"For goodness' sake, don't agitate me by making me speak so much," said Mrs. Witterly, with great sharpness. "Dear me, Miss Nickleby I beg—"

It was in vain for Kate to protest that she was unwell, for the footsteps of the knockers, whoever they were, were already on the stairs. She resumed her seat, and had scarcely done so, when the doubtful page darted into the room and announced Mr. Pyke, and Mr. Pluck, and Lord Verisopht, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, all at one burst.

"The most extraordinary thing in the world, said Mr. Pluck saluting both ladies with the utmost cordiality; 'the most extraordinary thing. As Lord Frederick and Sir Mulberry drove up to the door, Pyke and I had that instant knocked.'"

"That instant knocked," said Pyke.

"No matter how you came, so that you are here," said Mrs. Witterly, who, by dint of lying on the same sofa for three years and a half, had got up quite a little pantomime of graceful attitudes, and now threw herself into the most striking of the whole series, to astonish the visitors. "I am delighted, I am sure."

"And how is Miss Nickleby?"—said Sir Mulberry Hawk, accosting Kate, in a low voice—not so low, however, but that it reached the ears of Mrs. Witterly.

"Why, she complains of suffering from the fright of last night," said the lady. "I am sure I don't wonder at it, for my nerves are quite torn to pieces."

"And yet you look," observed Sir Mulberry, turning round; "and yet you look—"

"Beyond every thing," said Mr. Pyke, coming to his patron's assistance. Of course Mr. Pluck said the same.

"I am afraid Sir Mulberry is a flatterer, my Lord," said Mrs. Witterly, turning to that young gentleman, who had been sucking the head of his cane in silence, and staring at Kate.

"Oh, deyvillish!" replied Verisopht. Having given utterance to which remarkable sentiment, he occupied himself as before.

"Neither does Miss Nickleby look the worse," said Sir Mulberry, bending his bold gaze upon her. "She was always handsome, but, upon my soul, ma'am, you seem to have imparted some of your own good looks to her besides."

To judge from the glow which suffused the poor girl's countenance after this speech, Mrs. Witterly might with some show of reason have been supposed to have imparted to it some of that artificial bloom which decorated her own. Mrs. Witterly admitted, though not with the best grace in the world, that Kate *did* look pretty. She began to think too, that Sir Mulberry was not quite so agreeable a creature as she had at first supposed him; for, although a skilful flatterer is a most delightful companion, if you can keep him all to yourself, his taste becomes very doubtful when he takes to complimenting other people.

"Pyke," said the watchful Mr. Pluck, observing the effect which the praise of Miss Nickleby had produced,

"Well, Pluck," said Pyke.

"Is there anybody," demanded Mr. Pluck, mysteriously "any body you know, that Mrs. Witterly's profile reminds you of?"

"Reminds me of!" answered Pyke. "Of course there is."

"What do you mean?" said Pluck, in the same mysterious manner. "The D. of B.?"

"The C. of B.," replied Pyke, with the faintest trace of a grin lingering in his countenance. "The beautiful sister is the countess; not the duchess."

"True," said Pluck, "the C. of B. The resemblance is wonderful?"

"Perfectly startling," said Pyke.

Here was a state of things! Mrs. Witterly was declared, upon the testimony of two voracious and competent witnesses, to be the very picture of a countess! This was one of the consequences of getting into good society. Why, she might have moved among grovelling people for twenty years and never heard of it. How could she, indeed? what did *they* know about countesses!

The two gentlemen having by the greediness with which this little bait was swallowed, tested the extent of Mrs. Witterly's appetite for adulation, proceeded to administer that commodity in very large doses, thus afforded to Sir Mulberry Hawk an opportunity of pestering Miss Nickleby with questions and remarks to which she was absolutely obliged to make some reply. Meanwhile, Lord Verisopht enjoyed unmolested the full flavour of the gold knob at the top of his cane, as he would have done to the end of the interview if Mr. Witterly had not come home, and caused the conversation to turn to his favorite topic.

"My Lord," said Mr. Witterly, "I am delighted—honoured—proud. Be seated again, my Lord, pray. I am proud, indeed—most proud."

It was the secret annoyance of his wife that Mr. Witterly said all this, for, although she was bursting with pride and arrogance, she would have had the illustrious guests believe that their visit was quite a common occurrence, and that they had lords and baronets to see them every day in the week. But Mr. Witterly's feelings were beyond the power of suppression.

"It is an honour, indeed!" said Mr. Witterly. "Julia, my soul, you will suffer for this to-morrow."

"Suffer!" cried Lord Verisopht.

"The reaction, my Lord, the reaction," said Mr. Witterly. "This violent strain upon the nervous system over, my Lord, what ensues? A sinking, a depression, a lowness, a lassitude, a debility. My Lord, if Sir Tumley Snuffum was to see that delicate creature at this moment, he would not give a—*this* for her life." In illustration of which remark, Mr. Witterly took a pinch of snuff from his box and jerked it lightly into the air as an emblem of instability.

"Not *that*," said Mr. Witterly, looking about him with a serious countenance. "Sir Tumley Snuffum would not give that for Mrs. Witterley's existence."

Mr. Witterly told this with a kind of sober exultation, as if it were no trifling distinction for a man to have a wife in such a desperate state, and Mrs. Witterly sighed and looked on, as if she felt the honour, but had determined to bear it as meekly as might be.

"Mrs. Witterly," said her husband, "is Sir Tumley Snuffum's favourite patient. I believe I may venture to say, that Mrs. Witterly is the first person who took the new medicine which is supposed to have destroyed a family at Kensington Gravel Pits. I believe she was. If I am wrong, Julia, my dear, you will correct me."

"I believe I was," said Mrs. Witterly, in a faint voice.

As there appeared to be some doubt in the mind of his patron how he could best join in this conversation, the indefatigable Mr. Pyke threw himself into the breach, and, by way of saying something to the point, inquired—with reference to the aforesaid medicine—whether it was nice.

"No, Sir, it was not. It had not even that recommendation," said Mr. W.

"Mrs. Witterly is quite a martyr," observed Pyke, with a complimentary bow.

"I think I am," said Mrs. Witterly, smiling.

"I think you are, my dear Julia," replied her husband, in a tone which seemed to say that he was not vain, but still must insist upon their privileges. "If anybody, my Lord," added Mr. Witterly, wheeling round to the nobleman, "will produce to me a greater martyr than Mrs. Witterly, all I can say is, that I shall be glad to see that martyr, whether male or female—that's all, my Lord."

Pyke and Pluck promptly remarked that certainly nothing could be fairer than that; and the call having been by this time protracted to a very great length, they observed Sir Mulberry's look, and rose to go. This brought Sir Mulberry himself and Lord Verisopht on their legs also. Many protestations of friendship, and expressions anticipative of the pleasure which must inevitably flow from so happy an acquaintance, were exchanged, and the visitors departed, with renewed assurances that at all times and seasons the mansion of the Witterlys would be honoured by receiving them beneath its roof.

That they came at all times and seasons—that they dined there one day, supped the next, dined again on the next, and were constantly to and fro on all—that they made parties to visit public places, and met by accident at lounges—that upon all these occasions Miss Nickleby was exposed to the constant and unremitting persecution of Sir Mulberry Hawk, who now began to feel his character, even in the estimation of his two dependants, involved in the successful reduction of her pride—that she had no intervals of peace or rest, except at those hours when she could sit in her solitary room and weep over the trials of the day—all these were consequences naturally flowing from the well-laid plans of Sir Mulberry, and their able execution by the auxiliaries, Pyke and Pluck.

And thus for a fortnight matters went on. That any but the weakest and silliest of people could have seen in one interview that Lord Verisopht, though he was a lord, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, though he was a baronet, were not persons accustomed to be the best possible companions, and were certainly not calculated by habits, manners, tastes, or conversation, to shine with any very great lustre in the society of ladies, need scarcely be remarked. But with Mrs. Witterly the two titles were all-sufficient; coarseness became humour, vulgarity softened itself down into the most charming eccentricity; insolence took the guise of an easy absence of reserve, attainable only by those who had had the good fortune to mix with high folks.

If the mistress put such a construction upon the behaviour of her new friends, what could the companion urge against them? If they accustomed themselves to very little restraint before the lady of the house, with how much more freedom could they address her paid dependent! Nor was even this the worst. As the odious Sir Mulberry Hawk attached himself to Kate with less and less of disguise, Mrs. Witterly began to grow jealous of the superior attractions of Miss Nickleby. If this feeling had led to her banishment from the drawing-room when such company was there, Kate would have been only too happy and willing that it should have existed, but unfortunately for her she possessed that native grace and true gentility of manner, and those thousand nameless accomplishments which give to female society its greatest charm; if these be valuable anywhere, they were especially so where the lady of the house was a mere animated doll. The consequence was, that Kate had the double mortification of being an indispensable part of the circle when Sir Mulberry and his friends were there, and of being exposed, on that very account, to all Mrs. Witterly's ill-humours and caprices when they were gone. She became utterly and completely miserable.

Mrs. Witterly had never thrown off the mask with re-

gard to Sir Mulberry, but when she was more than usually out of temper, attributed the circumstance, as ladies sometimes do, to nervous indisposition. However, as the dreadful idea that Lord Verisopht also was somewhat taken with Kate, and that she, Mrs. Witterly, was quite a secondary person, dawned upon that lady's mind and gradually developed itself, she became possessed with a large quantity of highly proper and most virtuous indignation, and felt it her duty, as a married lady and a moral member of society, to mention the circumstance to "the young person" without delay.

Accordingly, Mrs. Witterly broke ground next morning, during a pause in the novel-reading.

"Miss Nickleby," said Mrs. Witterly, "I wish to speak to you very gravely. I am sorry to have to do it, upon my word I am very sorry, but you leave me no alternative, Miss Nickleby." Here Mrs. Witterly tossed her head—not passionately, only virtuously—and remarked, with some appearance of excitement, that she feared that palpitation of the heart was coming on again.

"Your behaviour, Miss Nickleby," resumed the lady, "is very far from pleasing me—very far. I am very anxious indeed that you should do well, but you may depend upon it, Miss Nickleby, you will not, if you go on as you do."

"Ma'am!" exclaimed Kate, proudly.

"Don't agitate me by speaking in that way, Miss Nickleby, don't," said Mrs. Witterly, with some violence, "or you'll compel me to ring the bell."

Kate looked at her, but said nothing.

"You needn't suppose," resumed Mrs. Witterly, "that your looking at me in that way, Miss Nickleby, will prevent my saying what I am going to say, which I feel to be a religious duty. You needn't direct your glances towards me," said Mrs. Witterly, with a sudden burst of spite; "I am not Sir Mulberry, nor Lord Frederick Verisopht, Miss Nickleby; nor am I Mr. Pyke, nor Mr. Pluck either."

Kate looked at her again, but less steadily than before; and resting her elbow on the table, covered her eyes with her hand.

"If such things had been done when I was a young girl," said Mrs. Witterly (this, by the way, must have been some little time before), "I don't suppose anybody would have believed it."

"I don't think they would," murmured Kate. "I do not think anybody would believe, without actually knowing it, what I seemed doomed to undergo!"

"Don't talk to me of being doomed to undergo, Miss Nickleby, if you please," said Mrs. Witterly, with a shrillness of tone quite surprising in so great an invalid. "I will not be answered, Miss Nickleby. I am not accustomed to be answered; nor will I permit it for an instant. Do you hear?" she added, waiting with some apparent inconsistency for an answer.

"I do hear you, Ma'am," replied Kate, "with surprise—with greater surprise than I can express."

"I have always considered you a particularly well-behaved young person for your station in life," said Mrs. Witterly; "and as you are a person of healthy appearance, and neat in your dress and so forth, I have taken an interest in you, so I do still, considering that I owe a sort of duty to that respectable old female, your mother. For these reasons, Miss Nickleby, I must tell you once for all, and begging you to mind what I say, that I must insist upon your immediately altering your very forward behaviour to the gentleman who visit at this house. It really is not becoming," said Mrs. Witterly, closing her chaste eyes as she spoke; "it is improper—quite improper."

"Oh!" cried Kate, looking upwards and clasping her hands, "is not this, is not this too cruel, too hard to bear!"

Is it not enough that I should have suffered as I have, night and day; that I should almost have sunk in my own estimation from very shame of having been brought into contact with such people; but must I also be exposed to this unjust and most unfounded charge?"

"You will have the goodness to recollect, Miss Nickleby," said Mrs. Witterly, "that when you use such terms as 'unjust,' and 'unfounded,' you charge me, in effect, with stating that which is untrue."

"I do," said Kate, with honest indignation. "Whether you make this accusation of yourself, or at the prompting of others, is alike to me. I say it is vilely, grossly, wilfully untrue. Is it possible!" cried Kate, "that any one of my own sex can have sat by, and not have seen the misery these men have caused me! Is it possible that you, ma'am, can have been present, and failed to mark the insulting freedom that their every look bespoke? Is it possible that you can have avoided seeing, that these libertines, in their utter disrespect for you, and utter disregard of all gentlemanly behaviour and almost of decency, have had but one object in introducing themselves here, and that the furtherance of their designs upon a friendless, helpless girl, who, without this humiliating confession, might have hoped to receive from one so much her senior something like womanly aid and sympathy? I do not—I cannot believe it!"

If poor Kate had possessed the slightest knowledge of the world, she certainly would not have ventured, even in the excitement into which she had been lashed, upon such an injudicious speech as this. Its effect was precisely what a more experienced observer would have foreseen. Mrs. Witterly received the attack upon her veracity with exemplary calmness, and listened with the most heroic fortitude to Kate's account of her own sufferings. But allusion being made to her being held in disregard by the gentlemen, she evinced violent emotion, and this blow was no sooner followed up by the remark concerning her seniority, than she fell back upon the sofa, uttering dismal screams.

"What is the matter!" cried Mr. Witterly, bouncing into the room. "Heavens, what do I see! Julia! Julia! look up, my life, look up!"

But Julia looked down most perseveringly, and screamed still louder! so Mr. Witterly rang the bell, and danced in a frenzied manner round the sofa on which Mrs. Witterly lay; uttering perpetual cries for Sir Tumley Snuffin, and never once leaving off to ask for any explanation of the scene before him.

"Run for Sir Tumley," cried Mr. Witterly, menacing the page with both fists. "I knew it, Miss Nickleby," he said, looking round with an air of melancholy triumph, "that society has been too much for her. This is all soul, you know, every bit of it." With this assurance Mr. Witterly took up the prostrate form of Mrs. Witterly, and carried her bodily off to bed.

Kate waited until Sir Tumley Snuffin had paid his visit and looked in with a report, that, through the special interposition of a merciful Providence (thus spake Sir Tumley), Mrs. Witterly had gone to sleep. She then hastily attired herself for walking, and leaving word that she should return within a couple of hours, hurried away towards her uncle's house.

It has been a good day with Ralph Nickleby,—quite a lucky day; and as he walked to and fro in his little back room with his hands clasped behind him, adding up in his own mind all the sums that had been, or would be, netted from the business done since morning, his mouth was drawn into a hard, stern smile; while the firmness of the lines and curves that made it up, as well as the cunning glance of his cold, bright eye, seemed to tell, that if any resolution or

cunning would increase the profits, they would not fail to be excited for the purpose.

"Very good!" said Ralph, in allusion, no doubt, to some proceeding of the day. "He defies the usurer, does he? Well, we shall see. 'Honesty is the best policy,' is it? We'll try that, too."

He stopped, and then walked on again.

"He is content," said Ralph, relaxing into a smile, "to set his known character and conduct against the power of money—dross, as he calls it. Why, what a dull blockhead this fellow must be! Dross too—dross!—Who's that?"

"Me," said Newman Noggs, looking in. "Your niece."

"What of her?" asked Ralph sharply.

"She is here."

"Here!"

Newman jerked his head towards his little room, to signify that she was waiting there.

"What does she want?" asked Ralph.

"I don't know," rejoined Newman. "Shall I ask?" he added quickly.

"No," replied Ralph. "Show her in—"stay." He hastily put away a padlocked cash-box that was on the table, and substituted in its stead an empty purse. "There," said Ralph. "Now she may come in."

Newman, with a grim smile at this manoeuvre, beckoned the young lady to advance, and having placed a chair for her, retired; looking stealthily over his shoulder at Ralph as he limped slowly out.

"Well," said Ralph, roughly enough; but still with something more of kindness in his manner than he would have exhibited towards anybody else. "Well, my—dear. What now?"

Kate raised her eyes, which were filled with tears; and with an effort to master her motion strove to speak, but in vain. So drooping her head again, she remained silent. Her face was hidden from his view, but Ralph could see that she was weeping.

"I can guess the cause of this!" thought Ralph, after looking at her for some time in silence. "I can—I can guess the cause. Well! Well!"—thought Ralph—for the moment quite disconcerted, as he watched the anguish of his beautiful niece. "What is the harm? only a few tears; and it's an excellent lesson for her—an excellent lesson."

"What is the matter?" asked Ralph, drawing a chair opposite, and sitting down.

He was rather taken aback by the sudden firmness with which Kate looked up and answered him.

"The matter which brings me to you, sir," she said, "is one which should call up the blood into your cheeks, and make you burn to hear, as it does me to tell. I have been wronged; my feelings have been outraged, insulted, wounded past all healing, and by your friends."

"Friends!" cried Ralph, sternly. "I have no friends, girl."

"By the men I saw here, then," returned Kate, quickly. "If they were no friends of yours, and you knew what they were,—oh, the more shame on you, uncle, for bringing me among them. To have subjected me to what I was exposed to here, through any misplaced confidence or imperfect knowledge of your guests, would have required some strong excuse; but if you did it—as I now believe you did—knowing them well, it was most dastardly and cruel."

Ralph drew back in utter amazement at this plain speaking, and regarded Kate with his sternest look. But she met his gaze proudly and firmly, and although her face was very pale, it looked more noble and handsome, lighted up as it was, than it had ever appeared before.

"There is some of that boy's blood in you, I see," said

Ralph, speaking in his hardest tones, as something in the flashing eye reminded him of Nicholas at their last meeting.

"I hope there is!" replied Kate. "I should be proud to know it. I am young, uncle, and all the difficulties and miseries of my situation have kept it down, but I have been roused to-day beyond all endurance, and, come what may, I will not, as I am your brother's child, bear these insults longer."

"What insults, girl?" demanded Ralph sharply.

"Remember what took place here, and ask yourself," replied Kate, colouring deeply. "Uncle, you must—I am sure you will—release me from such vile and degrading companionship as I am exposed to now. I do not mean," said Kate, hurrying to the old man, and laying her arm upon his shoulder; "I do not mean to be angry and violent—I beg your pardon if I have seemed so, dear uncle,—but you do not know what I have suffered, you do not indeed. You cannot tell what the heart of a young girl is—I have no right to expect you should; but when I tell you I am wretched, and that my heart is breaking, I am sure you will help me. I am sure, I am sure you will!"

Ralph looked at her for an instant; then turned away his head, and beat his foot nervously upon the ground.

"I have gone on day after day," said Kate, bending over him, and timidly placing her little hand in his, "in the hope that this persecution would cease; I have gone on day after day, compelled to assume the appearance of cheerfulness, when I was most unhappy. I have had no counsellor, no adviser, no one to protect me. Mamma supposes that these are honourable men, rich and distinguished, and how *can* I—how can I deceive her—when she is so happy in these little delusions, which are the only happiness she has? The lady with whom you placed me, is not the person to whom I could confide matters of so much delicacy, and I have come at last to you, the only friend I have at hand—almost the only friend I have at all—to entreat and implore you to assist me."

"How can I assist you, child?" said Ralph, rising from his chair, and pacing up and down the room in his old attitude.

"You have influence with one of these men I *know*," rejoined Kate, emphatically. "Would not a word from you induce them to desist from this unmanly course?"

"No," said Ralph, suddenly turning; "at least—that—I can't say it, if it would."

"Can't say it?"

"No," said Ralph, coming to a dead stop, and clasping his hands more tightly behind him. "I can't say it."

Kate fell back a step or two, and looked at him, as if in doubt whether she had heard aright.

"We are connected in business," said Ralph, poisoning himself alternately on his toes and heels, and looking coolly in his niece's face, "in business, and I can't afford to offend them. What is it after all? We have all our trials, and this is one of yours. Some girls would be proud to have such gallants at their feet."

"Proud!" cried Kate.

"I don't say," rejoined Ralph, raising his fore-finger, "but that you do right to despise them; no, you should show your good sense in that, as indeed I knew from the first you would. Well. In all other respects you are comfortably bestowed. It's not much to bear. If this young lord does dog your footsteps, and whisper his drivelling inanities in your ears, what of it? It's a dishonourable passion. So be it; it won't last long. Some other novelty will spring up one day, and you will be released. In the mean time—"

"In the mean time," interrupted Kate, with becoming pride and indignation, "I am to be the scorn of my own sex,

and the toy of the other; justly condemned by all women of right feeling, and despised by all honest and honourable men; sunken in my own esteem, and degraded in every eye that looks upon me. No, not if I work my fingers to the bone, not if I am driven to the roughest and hardest labour. Do not mistake me. I will not disgrace your recommendation. I will remain in the house in which it placed me, until I am entitled to leave it by the terms of my engagement;—though, mind, I see these men no more. When I quit it, I will hide myself from them and you, and, striving to support my mother by hard service, I will live at least, in peace, and trust in God to help me."

With these words, she waved her hand, and quitted the room, leaving Ralph Nickleby motionless as a statue.

The surprise with which Kate, as she closed the room-door, beheld, close beside it, Newman Noggs standing bolt upright in a little niche in the wall like some scarecrow or Guy Faux laid up in winter quarters, almost occasioned her to call aloud. But, Newman laying his fingers upon his lips, she had the presence of mind to refrain.

"Don't!" said Newman, gliding out of his recess, and accompanying her across the hall. "Don't cry, don't cry." Two very large tears, by-the-by, were running down Newman's face as he spoke.

"I see how it is," said poor Noggs, drawing from his pocket what seemed to be a very old duster, and wiping Kate's eyes with it, as gently as if she were an infant. "You're giving way now. Yes, yes, very good; that's right, I like that. It was right not to give way before him. Yes, yes! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, yes. Poor thing!"

With these disjointed exclamations, Newman wiped his own eyes with the aforementioned duster, and, limping to the street-door, opened it to let her out.

"Don't cry any more," whispered Newman. "I shall see you soon. Ha! ha! ha! And so shall somebody else too. Yes, yes. Ho! ho!"

"God bless you," answered Kate, hurrying out, "God bless you."

"Same to you," rejoined Newman, opening the door again a little way, to say so. "Ha, ha, ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

And Newman Noggs opened the door once again to nod cheerfully, and laugh—and shut it, to shake his head mournfully, and cry.

Ralph remained in the same attitude till he heard the noise of the closing door, when he shrugged his shoulders, and after a few turns about the room—hasty at first, but gradually becoming slower, as he relapsed into himself—sat down before his desk.

It is one of those problems of human nature, which may be noted down, but not solved;—although Ralph felt no remorse at that moment for his conduct towards the innocent, true-hearted girl; although his libertine clients had done precisely what he had expected, precisely what he most wished, and precisely what would tend most to his advantage, still he hated them for doing it, from the very bottom of his soul.

"Ugh!" said Ralph, scowling round, and shaking his clenched hand as the faces of the two profligates rose up before his mind; "you shall pay for this. Oh! you shall pay for this!"

As the psurer turned for consolation to his books and papers, a performance was going on outside his office-door, which would have occasioned him no small surprise, if he could by any means have become acquainted with it.

Newman Noggs was the sole actor. He stood at a little distance from the door, with his face towards it; and with the sleeves of his coat turned back at the wrists, was occupied in bestowing the most vigorous, scientific, and straightforward blows upon the empty air.

At first sight, this would have appeared merely a wise precaution in a man of sedentary habits, with the view of opening the chest and strengthening the muscles of the arms. But the intense eagerness and joy depicted in the face of Newman Noggs, which was suffused with perspiration; the surprising energy with which he directed a constant succession of blows towards a particular panel about five feet eight from the ground, and still worked away in the most untiring and persevering manner, would have sufficiently explained to the attentive observer, that his imagination was threshing, to within an inch of his life, his body's most active employer, Mr. Ralph Nickleby.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Of the proceedings of Nicholas, and certain internal divisions in the company of Mr. Vincent Crummles.*

THE unexpected success and favour with which his experiment at Portsmouth had been received, induced Mr. Crummles to prolong his stay in that town for a fortnight beyond the period he had originally assigned for the duration of his visit, during which time Nicholas personated a vast variety of characters with undiminished success, and attracted so many people to the theatre who had never been seen there before, that a benefit was considered by the manager a very promising speculation. Nicholas assenting to the terms proposed, the benefit was had, and by it he realized no less a sum than twenty pounds.

Possessed of this unexpected wealth, his first act was to inclose to honest John Browdie the amount of his friendly loan, which he accompanied with many expressions of gratitude and esteem, and many cordial wishes for his matrimonial happiness. To Newman Noggs he forwarded one half of the sum he had realized, entreating him to take an opportunity of handing it to Kate in secret, and conveying to her the warmest assurances of his love and affection. He made no mention of the way in which he had employed himself; merely informing Newman that a letter addressed to him under his assumed name at the Post Office, Portsmouth, would readily find him, and entreating that worthy friend to write full particulars of the situation of his mother and sister, and an account of all the grand things that Ralph Nickleby had done for them since his departure from London.

"You are out of spirits," said Smike, on the night after the letter had been despatched.

"Not I!" rejoined Nicholas, with assumed gaiety, for the confession would have made the boy miserable all night; "I was thinking about my sister, Smike."

"Sister!"

"Aye."

"Is she like you?" inquired Smike.

"Why, so they say," replied Nicholas, laughing, "only a great deal handsomer."

"She must be very beautiful," said Smike, after thinking a little while with his hands folded together, and his eyes bent upon his friend.

"Any body who didn't know you as well as I do, my dear fellow, would say you were an accomplished courtier," said Nicholas.

"I don't even know what that is," replied Smike, shaking his head. "Shall I ever see your sister?"

"To be sure," cried Nicholas; "we shall all be together one of these days—when we are rich, Smike."

"How is it that you, who are so kind and good to me, have nobody to be kind to you?" asked Smike. "I cannot make that out."

"Why, it is a long story," replied Nicholas, "and one

you would have some difficulty in comprehending, I fear. I have an enemy—you understand what that is?"

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said Smike.

"Well, it is owing to him," returned Nicholas. "He is rich, and not so easily punished as your old enemy, Mr. Squeers. He is my uncle, but he is a villain, and has done me wrong."

"Has he though?" asked Smike, bending eagerly forward. "What is his name? Tell me his name."

"Ralph—Ralph Nickleby."

"Ralph Nickleby," repeated Smike. "Ralph. I'll get that name by heart."

He had muttered it over to himself some twenty times, when a loud knock at the door disturbed him from his occupation. Before he could open it, Mr. Folair, the pantomimist, thrust in his head.

Mr. Folair's head was usually decorated with a very round hat, unusually high in the crown, and curled up quite tight in the brims. On the present occasion he wore it very much on one side, with the back part forward in consequence of its being the least rusty; round his neck he wore a flaming red worsted comforter, whereof the straggling ends peeped out beneath his threadbare Newmarket coat, which was very tight and buttoned all the way up. He carried in his hand one very dirty glove, and a cheap dress cane with a glass handle; in short, his whole appearance was unusually dashing, and demonstrated a far more scrupulous attention to his toilet, than he was in the habit of bestowing upon it.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Folair, taking off the tall hat, and running his fingers through his hair. "I bring a communication. Hem!"

"From whom, and what about?" inquired Nicholas. "You are unusually mysterious to-night."

"Cold, perhaps," returned Mr. Folair; "cold, perhaps. That is the fault of my position—not of myself, Mr. Johnson. My position as a mutual friend requires it, sir." Mr. Folair paused with a most impressive look, and diving into the hat before noticed, drew from thence a small piece of white-brown paper curiously folded, whence he brought forth a note which it had served to keep clean, and handing it over to Nicholas, said—

"Have the goodness to read that, sir."

Nicholas, in a state of much amazement, took the note and broke the seal, glancing at Mr. Folair as he did so, who knitting his brow and pursing up his mouth with great dignity, was sitting with his eyes steadily fixed upon the ceiling.

It was directed to blank Johnson, Esq., by favour of Augustus Folair, Esq.; and the astonishment of Nicholas was in no degree lessened, when he found it to be couched in the following laconic terms:

"Mr. Lenville presents his kind regards to Mr. Johnson, and will feel obliged if he will inform him at what hour to-morrow morning it will be most convenient to him to meet Mr. L. at the Theatre, for the purpose of having his nose pulled in the presence of the company."

"Mr. Lenville requests Mr. Johnson not to neglect making an appointment, as he has invited two or three professional friends to witness the ceremony, and cannot disappoint them upon any account whatever."

"Portsmouth, Tuesday night."

Indignant as he was at this impertinence, there was something so exquisitely absurd in such a cartel of defiance, that Nicholas was obliged to bite his lip and read his note over two or three times before he could master sufficient gravity and sternness to address the hostile messenger, who had not taken his eyes from the ceiling, nor altered the expression of his face in the slightest degree.



"Do you know the contents of this note, sir?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Folair, looking round for an instant, and immediately carrying his eyes back again to the ceiling.

"And how dare you bring it here, sir?" asked Nicholas, tearing it into very little pieces, and jerking it in a shower towards the messenger. "Had you no fear of being kicked down stairs, sir?"

Mr. Folair turned his head—now ornamented with several fragments of the note—towards Nicholas, and with the same imperturbable dignity briefly replied "No."

"Then," said Nicholas, taking up the tall hat and tossing it towards the door, "you had better follow that article of your dress, sir, or you may find yourself very disagreeably deceived, and that within a dozen seconds."

"I say, Johnson," remonstrated Mr. Folair, suddenly losing all his dignity, "none of that, you know. No tricks with a gentleman's wardrobe."

"Leave the room," returned Nicholas. "How could you presume to come here on such an errand, you scoundrel?"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Folair, unwinding his comforter, and gradually getting himself out of it. "There—that's enough."

"Enough!" cried Nicholas, advancing towards him. "Take yourself off, sir."

"Pooh! pooh! I tell you," returned Mr. Folair, waving his hand in deprecation of any further wrath; "I wasn't in earnest. I only brought it in joke."

"You had better be careful how you indulge in such jokes again," said Nicholas, "or you may find an allusion to pulling noses rather a dangerous reminder for the subject of your facetiousness. Was it written in joke too, pray?"

"No no, that's the best of it," returned the actor; "right down earnest—honour bright."

Nicholas could not repress a smile at the odd figure before him, which, at all times more calculated to provoke mirth than anger, was especially so at that moment, when with one knee upon the ground Mr. Folair twirled his old hat round upon his hand, and affected the extremest agony lest any of the nap should have been knocked off—an ornament which, it is almost superfluous to say, it had not boasted for many months.

"Come, sir," said Nicholas, laughing in spite of himself. "Have the goodness to explain."

"Why, I'll tell you how it is," said Mr. Folair, sitting himself down in a chair with great coolness. "Since you came here, Lenville has done nothing but second business, and, instead of having a reception every night as he used to have, they have let him come on as if he was nobody."

"What do you mean by a reception?" asked Nicholas.

"Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Folair, "what an unsophisticated shepherd you are, Johnson! Why, applause from the house when you first come on. So he has gone on night after night, never getting a hand and you getting a couple of rounds at least, and sometimes three, till at length he got quite desperate, and had half a mind last night to play Tybalt with a real sword, and pink you—not dangerously, but just enough to lay you up for a month or two."

"Very considerate," remarked Nicholas.

"Yes, I think it was under the circumstances; his professional reputation being at stake," said Mr. Folair, quite seriously. "But his heart failed him, and he cast about for some other way of annoying you, and making himself popular at the same time—for that's the point. Notoriety, notoriety, is the thing. Bless you, if he had pinked you," said Mr. Folair, stopping to make a calculation in his mind, "it would have been worth—ah, it would have been worth eight or ten shillings a week to him. All the town would have

come to see the actor who nearly killed a man by mistake; I shouldn't wonder if it had got him an engagement in London. However, he was obliged to try some other mode of getting popular, and this one occurred to him. It's a clever 'dea, really. If you had shown the white feather, and let him pull your nose, he'd have got it into the paper; if you had sworn the peace against him, it would have been in the paper too, and he'd have been just as much talked about as you—don't you see?"

"Oh certainly," rejoined Nicholas; "but suppose I were to turn the tables, and pull his nose, what then? Would that make his fortune?"

"Why, I don't think it would," replied Mr. Folair, scratching his head, "because there wouldn't be any romance about it, and he wouldn't be favourably known. To tell you the truth though, he didn't calculate much upon that, for you're always so mild-spoken, and are so popular among the women, that we didn't suspect you of showing fight. If you did, however, he has a way of getting out of it easily, depend upon that."

"Has he?" rejoined Nicholas. "We will try, to-morrow morning. In the meantime, you can give whatever account of our interview you like best. Good night."

As Mr. Folair was pretty well known among his fellow-actors for a man who delighted in mischief, and was by no means scrupulous, Nicholas had not much doubt but that he had secretly prompted the tragedian in the course he had taken, and, moreover, that he would have carried his mission with a very high hand if he had not been disconcerted by the very unexpected demonstrations with which it had been received. It was not worth his while to be serious with him, however, so he dismissed the pantomimist, with a gentle hint that if he offended again it would be under the penalty of a broken head; and Mr. Folair, taking the caution in an exceedingly good part, walked away to confer with his principal, and give such an account of his proceedings as he might think best calculated to carry on the joke.

He had no doubt reported that Nicholas was in a state of extreme bodily fear; for when that young gentleman walked with much deliberation down to the theatre next morning at the usual hour, he found all the company assembled in evident expectation, and Mr. Lenville, with his severest stage face, sitting majestically on a table, whistling defiance.

Now the ladies were on the side of Nicholas, and the gentlemen (being jealous) were on the side of the disappointed tragedian; so that the latter formed a little group about the redoubtable Mr. Lenville, and the former looked on at a little distance in some trepidation and anxiety. On Nicholas stopping to salute them, Mr. Lenville laughed a scornful laugh, and made some general remark touching the natural history of puppies.

"Oh!" said Nicholas, looking quietly round, "are you there?"

"Slave!" returned Mr. Lenville, flourishing his right arm, and approaching Nicholas with a theatrical stride. But somehow he appeared just at that moment a little startled, as if Nicholas did not look quite so frightened as he had expected, and came all at once to an awkward halt, at which the assembled ladies burst into a shrill laugh.

"Object of my scorn and hatred!" said Mr. Lenville, "I hold ye in contempt."

Nicholas laughed in a very unexpected enjoyment of this performance; and the ladies, by way of encouragement, laughed louder than before; whereat Mr. Lenville assumed his bitterest smile, and expressed his opinion that they were "minions."

"But they shall not protect ye!" said the tragedian, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and end-

ing at the crown of his head, and then a downward one, beginning at the crown of his head, and ending at his boots—which two looks, as everybody knows, express defiance on the stage. "They shall not protect ye—boy!"

Thus speaking, Mr. Lenville folded his arms, and treated Nicholas to that expression of face with which, in melodramatic performances, he was in the habit of regarding the tyrannical kings when they said, 'Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat;' and which, accompanied with a little jingling of fetters, had been known to produce great effects in its time.

Whether it was the absence of the fetters or not, it made very deep impression on Mr. Lenville's adversary, however, but rather seemed to increase the good humour expressed in his countenance; in which stage of the contest, one or two gentlemen, who had come out expressly to witness the pulling of Nicholas's nose, grew impatient, murmuring that if it were to be done at all it had better be done at once, and that if Mr. Lenville didn't mean to do it he had better say so, and not keep them waiting there. Thus urged, the tragedian adjusted the cuff off his right coat sleeve for the performance of the operation, and walked in a very stately manner up to Nicholas, who suffered him to approach to within the requisite distance, and then, without the smallest discomposure, knocked him down.

Before the discomfited tragedian could raise his head from the boards, Mrs. Lenville (who, as has been before hinted, was in an interesting state) rushed from the rear rank of ladies, and uttering a piercing scream threw herself upon the body.

"Do you see this, monster? Do you see *this*?" cried Mr. Lenville, sitting up, and pointing to his prostrate lady, who was holding him very tight round the waist.

"Come," said Nicholas, nodding his head, "apologize for the insolent note you wrote to me last night, and waste no more time in talking."

"Never!" cried Mr. Lenville.

"Yes—yes—yes—" screamed his wife. "For my sake—for mine, Lenville—forgo all idle forns, unless you would see me a blighted corpse at your feet."

"This is affecting!" said Mr. Lenville, looking round him, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. "The ties of nature are strong. The weak husband and the father—the father that is yet to be—relents. I apologize."

"Humbly and submissively?" said Nicholas.

"Humbly and submissively," returned the tragedian, scowling upwards. "But only to save her,—for a time will come —"

"Very good," said Nicholas; "I hope Mrs. Lenville may have a good one; and when it does come, and you are a father, you shall retract it if you have the courage. There. Be careful, sir, to what lengths your jealousy carries you another time; and be careful, also, before you venture too far, to ascertain your rival's temper." With this parting advice Nicholas picked up Mr. Lenville's ash stick which had flown out of his hand, and breaking it in half, threw him the pieces and withdrew, bowing slightly to the spectators as he walked out.

The profoundest deference was paid to Nicholas that night, and the people who had been most anxious to have his nose pulled in the morning, embraced occasions of taking him aside, and telling him with great feeling, how very friendly they took it that he should have treated that Lenville so properly, who was a most unbearable fellow, and on whom they had all, by a remarkable coincidence, at one time or other contemplated the infliction of condign punishment, which they had only been restrained from administering by considerations of mercy; indeed, to judge from the invariable

termination of all these stories, there never was such a charitable and kind-hearted set of people as the male members of Mr. Crummles's company.

Nicholas bore his triumph, as he had his success in the little world of the theatre, with the utmost moderation and good humour. The crest-fallen Mr. Lenville made an expiring effort to obtain revenge by sending a boy into the gallery to hiss, but he fell a sacrifice to popular indignation, and was promptly turned out without having his money back.

"Well, Smike," said Nicholas when the first piece was over, and he had almost finished dressing to go home, "is there any letter yet?"

"Yes," replied Smike, "I got this one from the post-office."

"From Newman Noggs," said Nicholas, casting his eye upon the cramped direction; "it's no easy matter to make his writing out. Let me see—let me see."

By dint of poring over the letter for half an hour, he contrived to make himself master of the contents, which were certainly not of a nature to set his mind at ease. Newman took upon himself to send back the ten pounds, observing that he had ascertained that neither Mrs. Nickleby nor Kate was in actual want of money at the moment, and that a time might shortly come when Nicholas might want it more. He entreated him not to be alarmed at what he was about to say;—there was no bad news—they were in good health—but he thought circumstances might occur, or were occurring, which would render it absolutely necessary that Kate should have her brother's protection, and if so, Newman said, he would write to him to that effect, either by the next post or the next but one.

Nicholas read this passage very often, and the more he thought of it the more he began to fear some treachery upon the part of Ralph. Once or twice he felt tempted to repair to London at all hazards without an hour's delay, but a little reflection assured him that if such a step were necessary, Newman would have spoken out and told him so at once.

"At all events I should prepare them here for the possibility of my going away suddenly," said Nicholas; "I should lose no time in doing that." As the thought occurred to him, he took up his hat and hurried to the green-room.

"Well, Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Crummles, who was seated there in full regal costume, with the phenomenon as the maiden in her maternal arms, "next week for Ryde, then for Winchester, then for —"

"I have some reason to fear," interrupted Nicholas, "that before you leave here my career with you will have closed."

"Closed!" cried Mrs. Crummles, raising her hands in astonishment.

"Closed!" cried Miss Snevellicci, trembling so much in her tights that she actually laid her hand upon the shoulder of the manageress for support.

"Why, he don't mean to say he's going!" exclaimed Mrs. Grudden, making her way towards Mrs. Crummles. "Hoity toity! nonsense."

The phenomenon, being of an affectionate nature and moreover excitable, raised a loud cry, and Miss Belvawney and Miss Bravass actually shed tears. Even the male performers stopped in their conversation, and echoed the word "Going!" although some among them (and they had been the loudest in their congratulations that day) winked at each other as though they would not be sorry to lose such a favoured rival; an opinion, indeed, which the honest Mr. Folair, who was ready dressed for the savage, openly stated in so many words to a demon with whom he was sharing a pot of porter.

Nicholas briefly said that he feared it would be so, although he could not yet speak with any degree of certainty;

and getting away as soon as he could, went home to con Newman's letter once more, and speculate upon it afresh.

How trifling all that had been occupying his time and thoughts for many weeks seemed to him during that sleepless night, and how constantly and incessantly present to his imagination was the one idea that Kate in the midst of some great trouble and distress might even then be looking—and vainly too—for him!

(To be Continued.)

From the Athenæum.

*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.* By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

WHILE we were last week speculating on the estimation in which such men as Audubon and others of his habits would hold deer-stalking in the forests of Athol, with all princely aids and appliances, we were not aware that we had just received from Mr. Bentley a work from which at least an insight might be gained into the nature and character of Transatlantic sport itself—for though the volumes before us are substantially a collection of tales, yet the wild sports of "the Land of Lakes" is the connecting link which holds them together, and, to us, the more interesting part of the work.

Mr. Hoffman started on his adventures in search of the sources of the Hudson. It was not known until the year of grace 1837, and on the publication of the Ordnance Survey, that the mountains whence issues this noble river are among the loftiest in the United States—that the lakes which feed it are equally remarkable for their numbers, their picturesque variety, and wild beauty. Our author was among the first to explore these newly-discovered lands and waters. We cannot, of course, follow him day by day, though his narrative is always pleasant, and the description of his various resting places, log cabins, "dead clearings," and the customs and manners of these out-of-the-world places, is fresh and strange to us of the old civilized haunts of men,—but must hurry at once up to the mountains, the dwelling-places, even yet, of the deer and the moose, the bear, the wolf, the panther, the sable, the marten, and the ermine, all of which range undisturbed in these solitudes—although the lumber-men and the charcoal-burners have sounded their notes of preparation, and the old hunters are beginning to look out towards the wilds beyond the Wisconsin. We shall at once introduce our readers to one of these men, who serves as friend and guide to the strangers. He might have sat, as Mr. Hoffman observes, for "leather-stocking;"—there is the same silent, simple, deep love of the woods—the same gentleness and benevolence of feeling towards all who love his craft—the same shrewdness as a woodsman, and spirit as a hunter.

"I had heard," says Mr. Hoffman, "of some of John Cheney's feats before coming into this region, and expected, of course, to see one of those roystering, cavorting, rifle-shirted blades that I have seen upon our western frontier, and was at first not a little disappointed when a slight-looking man of about seven-and-thirty, dressed like a plain countryman, and of a peculiarly quiet, simple manner, was introduced to me as the doughty slayer of bears and panthers; a man who lived winter and summer three-fourths of the time in the woods, and a real *bona fide* hunter by profession. Nay, there struck me as being something of the ridiculous about his character when I saw that this formidable Nimrod carried with him, as his only weapon and insignia of his art, a pistol and jack-knife! But when, at my laughing at such toys, I was told by others of the savage encounters which

John, assisted by his dog, and aided by these alone, had undertaken successfully—not to mention the number of deer which he sent every winter to market—my respect for his hunting-tools was mightily increased, and a few days in the woods with him sufficed to extend that respect to himself."

We shall now invite the reader to a pic-nic in the mountains, and a feast off some lake-trout just caught:—

"Well!" said Cheney, after he had cooked the trout to a turn, and placed a plump, red, juicy fellow, upon a clean cedar chip before each of us, with an accompaniment of roast potatoes and capital wheaten bread; 'now isn't this better than taking your dinner shut up in a close room?'—'Certainly, John,' said I. 'A man ought never to go into a house except he is ill, and wishes to use it for a hospital.' 'Well, now, I don't know whether you are in earnest in saying that, but that's jist my way of thinking. Twice I have given up hunting, and taken to a farm; but I always get sick after living long in houses. I don't sleep well in them; and sometimes when I go to see my friends, not wishing to seem particular-like, I jist let them go quietly to bed, and then slip out of a window with my blanket, and get a good nap under a tree in the open air. A man wants nothing but a tree above him to keep off the dew, and make him feel kind of homelike, and then he can enjoy a real sleep.'—'But are you never disturbed by any wild animal when sleeping thus without fire or a camp?' one of us asked.—'Well, I remember once being awakened by a cretur. The dumb thing was standing right over me, looking into my face. It was so dark, that neither of us, I suppose, could see what the other was: but he was more frightened than I was, for when I raised myself a little he ran off so fast that I couldn't make out what he was; and seeing it was so dark, that to follow him would be of no account, I laid down again and slept till morning, without his disturbing me again.'—'Suppose it had been a bear?'—'Well, a bear isn't exactly the varmint to buckle with so off-hand; though lying on your back is about as good a way as any to receive him, if your knife be long and sharp; but afore now, I've treed a bear at nightfall, and sitting by the root of the tree until he should come down, have fallen asleep, from being too tired to keep good watch, and let the fellow escape before morning.'"

We would willingly have given our readers an account of a Sacondaga deer-hunt, as a companion picture to Mr. Scrope's at Blair Atholl, but it would occupy more space than we can fairly appropriate to the subject, although it is a scene of forest life well described. Mr. Hoffman incidentally observes:—

"There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting-station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such 'creeping murmurs' from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, making themselves heard above the rustling of his footsteps. But watching thus for young quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the 'piled leaves,' too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting."

Mr. Scrope hints occasionally at the hard service of deer-stalking, but we do not remember a chapter on 'Camping out':—

"It ain't so bad a place for camping out," said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill

which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned—it ain't so bad a place to camp, if it didn't rain so like all natur. I wouldn't mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee; but you see the birch bark won't run at this season, and it's pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs—hows'ever, gentlemen, I'll do the best by ye.' And so he did! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as staunch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft as ever roamed the broad forest; and beshrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean-time, unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate, than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and thrashing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our matches would not ignite, and when we had recourse to flint and steel, everything was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John began to look exceedingly anxious:—'Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.' Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and stooping under it he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the 'camp' was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This, the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city sawyer, who had all his timber carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire; while John busied himself in boiling some bacon which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun; and I must indulge in some details of a night in the woods, for the benefit of 'gentlemen who sit at home at ease.'

"Our camp, which was nothing more than a shed of boughs open on the side towards the fire, promised a sufficient protection against the rain so long as the wind should blow from the right quarter; and an outlying deer-stalker might have been content with our means and appliances for comfort during the night. Cheney, indeed, seemed perfectly satisfied as he watched the savoury slices which were to form our supper steaming up from the coals. 'Well,' said the woodman, 'you see there's no place but what if a man bestirs himself to do his best, he may find some comfort in it. Now, many's the time that I have been in the woods on

a worse night than this, and having no axe, nor nothing to make a fire with, have crept into a hollow log, and lay shivering till morning; but here, now, with such a fire as that—' As he spoke a sudden puff of wind drove the smoke from the green and wet timber full into our faces, and filled the shantee to a degree so stifling, that we all rushed out into the rain, that blew in blinding torrents against us. 'Tormented lightning!' cried John, aghast at this new annoyance, 'This is too pesky bad; but I can manage that smoke if the wind does'nt blow from more than three quarters at a time.' Seizing his axe upon the instant, he plunged into the darkness beyond the fire, and in a moment or two a large tree came crashing with all its leafy honours, bearing down with it two or three saplings to our feet. With the green boughs of these he made a wall around the fire to shut out the wind, leaving it open only on the side toward the shantee. The supper was now cooked without further interruption. My friend was too ill to eat; but, though under some anxiety on his account, I myself did full justice to the culinary skill of our guide, and began to find some enjoyment amid all the discomfort of our situation. The recollection of similar scenes in other days gave a relish to the wildness of the present, and inspired that complacent feeling which a man of less active pursuits sometimes realizes, when he finds that the sedentary habits of two or three years have not yet warped and destroyed the stirring tastes of his youth. We told stories and recounted adventures. I could speak of these northern hills, from having passed some time among them upon a western branch of the Hudson, when a lad of fourteen; while the mountain-hunter would listen with interest to the sporting scenes that I could describe to him upon the open plains of the far west; though I found it impossible to make him understand how men could find their way in a new country where there were so few trees! With regard to the incidents and legends that I gathered in turn from him, I may hereafter enlighten the reader. But our discourse was suddenly cut short by a catastrophe which had nearly proved a very serious one. This was nothing more or less than the piles of brush which encircled our fire, to keep the wind away, suddenly kindling into a blaze, and for a moment or two threatening to consume our wigwam. The wind, at the same time, poured down the gorge in shifting, angry blasts, which whirled the flames in reeling eddies high into the air, bringing the grey cliffs into momentary light—touching the dark evergreens with a ruddy glow—and lighting up the stems of the pale birches, that looked like sheeted ghosts amid the surrounding gloom. A finishing touch of the elements was yet wanting to complete the agreeableness of our situation, and finally, just as the curtain of brush on the windward side of the fire was consumed, the cold rain changed into a flurry of snow; and the quickly-melted flakes were driven with the smoke into the innermost parts of our wigwam. Conversation was now out of the question. John did, indeed, struggle on with a panther story for a moment or two, and one or two attempts were made to joke upon our miserable situation, but sleet and smoke alternately damped and stifled every effort, and then all was still except the roar of the elements. My sick friend must have passed a horrible night, as he woke me once or twice with his coughing; but I wrapped myself in my cloak, and placing my mouth upon the ground to avoid choking from the smoke, I was soon dreaming as quietly as if in a curtained chamber at home. The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—'Well, it's one comfort, since it's taken on to blow so, I've cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.'

We shall now offer a specimen or two of the tales told

over the shantee fires; here is one on the origin of the Whip-poor-will, from the Indian mythology:—

"The father of Rau-che-wai-me, the Flying Pigeon of the Wisconsin, would not hear of her wedding Wai-o-naisa, the young chief who had long sought her in marriage; yet, true to her plighted faith, she still continued to meet him every evening upon one of the tufted islets which stud the river in great profusion. Nightly through the long months of summer did the lovers keep their tryst, parting only after each meeting more and more endeared to each other. At length Wai-o-naisa was ordered off upon a secret expedition against the Sioux: he departed so suddenly that there was no opportunity of bidding farewell to his betrothed: and his tribesmen, the better to give effect to his errand, gave out that the youth was no more, having perished in a fray with the Menomones, at the Winnebago portage. Rau-che-wai-me was inconsolable, but she dared not show her grief before her family; and the only relief she knew for her sorrow, was to swim over to the island by starlight, and calling upon the name of her lover, bewail the features she could behold no more. One night the sound of her voice attracted some of her father's people to the spot; and, startled at their approach, she tried to climb a sapling in order to hide herself among its branches; but her frame was bowed with sorrow, and her weak limbs refused to aid her. 'Waw-o-naisa,' she cried, 'Waw-o-naisa!' and at each repetition of his name, her voice became shriller, while in the endeavour to screen herself in the underwood, a soft plumage began to clothe her delicate limbs which were wounded by the briers, and lifting pinions shot from under her arms which she tossed upward in distress; until her pursuers, when just about to seize the maid, saw nothing but the bird, which has ever since borne the name of her lover, flitting from bush to bush before them, and still repeating, 'Waw-o-naisa!—Waw-o-naisa!'"

Another tale, of a like character, tells of the origin of the Indian corn:—

"There is a place on the banks of the softly-flowing Unadilla, not far from its confluence with the Susquehannuh, which in former years was an extensive beaver-meadow. The short turf sloped down almost to the brink of the stream, whose banks in this place nourish not a single tree to shadow its waters. Here, where they flow over pebbles so smooth and shiny that the Indian maid who wandered along the margin, would pause to count over her strings of wampum, and think the beads had slipped away, there came one day some girls to bathe; and one, the most beautiful of all, lingered behind her companions to gather these bright pebbles from the bed of the river. A water-spirit who had assumed the form of a musquosh, sat long watching her from the shore. He looked at her shining shoulders—at her dripping locks, and the gently swelling bosom over which they fell; and when the maid lifted her rounded limbs from the water, and stepped lightly upon the green sod, he too raised himself from the mossy nook where he had been hidden, and recovering his own shape, ran to embrace her. The maiden shrieked and fled, but the enamoured spirit pressed closely in pursuit, and the meadow affording no shrub nor covert to screen her from her eager pursuer, she turned again towards the stream she had left, and made for a spot where the wild flowers grew tall and rankly by the moist margin. The spirit still followed her; and, frightened and fatigued, the girl would have sunk upon the ground as he approached, had she not been supported by a tuft of flags while hastily seizing and twining them around her person to hide her shame. In that moment her slender form grew thinner and more rounded; her delicate feet became indurated in the loose soil that opened to receive them; the blades of the flag broadened around her fingers, and enclosed her hand; while the pearly pebbles

that she held resolved themselves into milky grains, which were kept together by the plaited husk. The baffled water-spirit sprang to seize her by the long hair that yet floated in the breeze, but the silken tassels of the rustling maze was all that met his grasp."

The specimens we have given of this work are among the best we could select; the tales, generally, are but commonplace.

From the Spectator.

*Francia's Reign of Terror. Sequel to Letters on Paraguay.*  
By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. In 3 vols. Vol. III.  
Murray.

THE two volumes to which this publication is a sequel, narrated the various travels and adventures of the elder Mr. Robertson, closing with the arrival of a younger brother at the capital of Paraguay, to share his prosperous fortunes; the accession of Francia to solitary power by the votes of a House of Assembly swamped by intriguers and ignorant peasant planters; and the departure of Mr. Robertson for England, on his own business, and a mission from the new Dictator, which came to nothing in consequence of a detention at Buenos Ayres. The present volume takes up the tale where the other broke off; and consists of personal adventures, a description of Paraguay, and a narrative of Francia's proceedings during his government. The personal adventures comprise the elder Mr. Robertson's robbery, imprisonment, and imminent danger in ascending the La Plata; as well as his brother's residence at Assumption till they were both banished by the Dictator—ostensibly in consequence of this unlucky robbery, which deprived him of some expected munitions. The description of the valuable products of the country are distinct; that of the country itself glowing, and somewhat too much *couleur de rose*, we should opine, for a half-settled tropical land, with its heat and its insects. The narrative of Francia's "Reign of Terror" consists of a pretty full and clear account of the means by which he maintained himself in power, with many anecdotes of the man and of his oppressive government. As a history, this part is deficient, leaving domestic or foreign events almost untouched; and it seems by no means complete even as a portrait of the tyrant,—gaps being left in the narrative; the information being often derived from inferior observers, terrified by the man, and prejudiced against him; whilst the impartiality of the Messrs. Robertson is questionable—no evil traits of Francia losing any thing in their account, whilst we look in vain for any softening or relief to the picture. Still, incomplete as it is, the *Reign of Terror* furnishes a singular account of a strange tyranny and a strange tyrant, without parallel in history because there is no example in history of such a society, and, take him altogether, of such a man. We shall therefore, as a variety, confine ourselves to this point of the volume: but fully to comprehend the narrative, the reader must have the character of the country, of the people, and of the Dictator himself, present to his mind.

Paraguay is an inland district of South America, lying about midway between the Atlantic and the Andes, and bounded by the rivers Parana and Paraguay, which, meeting the yet young La Plata, form conjunctively the main feeders of that mighty stream. Its name has a European celebrity, from the efforts of the Jesuits to civilize the Indians, and the expulsion of the Fathers by the Court of Spain, when they were said to have established an Arcadian Utopia. Mr. Robertson, however, tells a different tale; representing the Indians as really bond-labourers to the order, for whose

wealth and aggrandizement they toiled. The country appears never to have been otherwise than very scantily peopled; from three to four hundred thousand souls being the utmost limit it has ever attained, and the mass of this population being slaves or natives. The Spanish and Creole society,\* like that in most of the settlements of Spain and Portugal, was of a very singular kind; possessing a more corrupt morality than that of Continental Europe, without the disguise that veils it from public view. Combined with this was much softness and agreeableness of manners; great kindness of heart, with little control of the fiercer passions; a strange simplicity of thought; and an unsophistication in speech, dress, and behaviour, upon matters of corporeal necessity, which brought astonishment to the mind and colour to the cheeks of new "arrivals" from England. The generality were ignorant of letters, and, in the inland places, of every knowledge beyond the daily life of their village or village-like towns; the acquirements of the educated few merely extended to the words of Latin, and to bad law, bad medicine, and worse divinity; whilst languor and helplessness, in any thing beyond their routine experience, characterized the inhabitants of Paraguay at least. The chief exceptions were the natives of old Spain; but these the Revolution had proscribed,—many having been slain or banished, and those who remained living suspected and on sufferance.

Such was the state of society on which Dr. Francia had to work, after his reputation and his intrigues had given him the chief power in a government patched up to meet the exigencies of society and Creole theories of the rights of man. But although far above his compatriots in comprehension and natural qualities, with a more disciplined mind and some knowledge, Francia was still a native of Paraguay. His education at the university had given him no more law, and no larger views of jurisprudence, than it gave to other South American doctors: his eminence as an advocate was due to his own keenness, industry, and incorruptibility exercised in the meshes of Spanish colonial law. His endeavours to supply the defects of his education by study were highly praiseworthy; but his books must of necessity have been few, and not of a kind to give a complete view of any thing. Moreover, he wanted the only safe comment—an extensive acquaintance with various societies, and an observation of living affairs; so that his piecemeal reading, whether of ancient times or of the modern history of Napoleon, (whom he affected to imitate,) gave him a false and exaggerated notion of government and policy, because the letter of his knowledge were inapplicable to existing things. His stern, close, and cynical nature—the unforgiving disposition which refused to see a dying father†—his great abilities and varied acquirements—even his very virtues isolated him from the light-hearted simpletons by whom he was surrounded, and raised him as much above them as a planter is raised above his slaves or a rustic above his cattle.

The origin of Francia's aims, and the causes of his cruelty, are not clearly made out. We heard, indeed, at the close of the second volume, that he was under the ban of the former Government; but whether he aimed at supreme power from an innate lust of rule—or, having engaged in the turmoil of politics, was partly stimulated by rivalry, partly driven by opposition and a want of security, to displace his opponents and accumulate all power in himself—does not appear. Nor is it perfectly plain, though Messrs. Robertson vouch the fact over and over, that Francia was like

Nero, a monster of wanton cruelty. On the contrary, we have no clear proofs that he used his power to sacrifice his personal enemies; and, taking every fact they tell of him *au pied de la lettre*, we can trace in most of his doings a purpose couching under a seemingly wild caprice; or he erred—a very common error—by imitating injudiciously.

The character of the man, and the mode in which he first attained power and then secured it, are more fully narrated. Having got himself elected Consul, and then Dictator, Francia seems to have determined to centre all powers in himself, and to make his will law. Following that instinct which instructs us intuitively in the necessities of our position, and which none obey more quickly than tyrants, he trusted to force alone to uphold him, and raised an army, small in number, but sufficient to overawe the simple inhabitants of Paraguay, especially backed by the superstitious dread with which Francia was regarded. Having established guards, and secured them to himself by the powerful motives of hope and fear, his first indication of approaching despotism was the encouragement of military insolence and then of military violence. His next step was to organize a system of espionage which at last so extensively ramified under the influence of corruption and fear, that social and even domestic confidence were at an end, and all the gayeties and charities of life destroyed. A conspiracy detected through the practice of confession—followed by another, which was fomented by a foreign enemy, a chief or rather bandit of the Pampas—gave the Dictator an opportunity of crushing the most influential people by death, imprisonment, or banishment; and henceforth his will was really law, and was exercised in a way that, but for the peculiar circumstances of country already alluded to, would occasionally look like insanity. He took a fancy to have part of Assumption paved, (probably having read that it was a mark of civilization;) and by forced requisition he procured the labour of every inhabitant in the district of the quarries, pressed every vessel that arrived at the city, and set all the prisoners to work as soon as the stone arrived. With the determination to have his capital regularly laid out, and theodolite in train, (he had got a smattering of mathematics,) the Dictator proceeded to plan his new streets; and coolly gave every resident notice to pull down his house if it interfered with the intended line. His real motives for isolating Paraguay from the rest of the world, are not very obvious. The frequent revolutions and insurrections in the other South American States, held out no temptation to a despot to allow his people a free communication with their inhabitants; and an ingress of such Europeans as find their way to South America, might have been pregnant with danger, as forming a nucleus for the disaffected to rally round. Francia, however, expressed himself anxious to open a political and commercial intercourse with Great Britain: it was only a series of unlucky *contre-temps* which caused the banishment of the Messrs. Robertson; and to the last he would have traded, could he have been supplied with arms,—which, from the distracted state of the intervening countries, was impracticable. His rage against the English was, that they would not coerce neutrals; he seemed to fancy we should treat all the world as he treated all the Paraguayans.

Francia seems to have been engaged but once in actual war; and then discovered no lack of military skill in planning a campaign, though his training had been that of a civilian, and he did not attain power till turned of fifty. His strategy was simple, but broad and effective: he defended the accessive points of his river, and then devastated the enemy's territory with fire and sword. His management of his own army, as described by our authors, was Machiavellian.

\* It may be necessary to remind some readers that a Creole is a born colonist of pure European descent. Confounding as many people do, a Creole with a mulatto, or some of the other five varieties of mixed blood, is a matter of mortal offence in many colonies.

† This anecdote was quoted in our former notice; *Spectator*, No. 329; 18th August 1836.

"His first care was to call in and to have repaired under his own immediate inspection every straggling musket and rusty blunderbuss which could be collected. The number of Guards or Quarterlers, so often mentioned heretofore, was augmented, and all higher rank than that of captain abolished. The Dictator himself became general, colonel, paymaster, quartermaster, and head tailor to the regiment. Not a musket was delivered out but by his own hands. Grenadier hats and coat trimmings were not only devised, but fitted, stored, and distributed by himself. He held personal communication with every man in his regiment of Guards; he pampered, flattered, paid, and carcased them. At the same time, he diffused among them a spirit of constant and ever-jealous rivalry, and of aspiration to his favour and countenance. He began his system of indulgence with the private, and diminished it as he went through the grades of corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, till it faded into nothing with the captain. The superior rank of this last was thus counterbalanced by the personal favour more openly shown by the Dictator to the captain's subordinates. But the feeling of importance thus created in them was again counteracted by Francia's exaction, from the soldiers and subalterns, of a passive obedience to the captain's orders.

"Without knowing how, the captain thus found himself in possession of actual command divested of moral power; and the soldier, as little knowing how, felt that, although he must obey his captain and other superior officers, the turn of a straw, the nod of the Dictator, might reduce the captain to the ranks, and raise the private to the command of a company. The jealousy thus excited in every superior officer towards the one next subordinate to him, and *vice versa*, created a prying and malicious vigilance of the conduct of each into that of the other, and produced, as a never failing result of misbehavior, a report of the ease to Francia. Again, the hope of advancement fostered by the Dictator in sergeants, corporals and privates, kept them within the sphere of duty on the one hand, and on the alert to report, at head-quarters, any dereliction of it on the part of their commissioned officers. At the same time, an *esprit de corps* was not only encouraged, but inculcated, in virtue of which every man in the regiment considered himself superior to any mere civilian."

Example of his mode of maintaining rigid subordination and discipline—

"A lieutenant of the name of Iturbide, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed, upon some trivial occasion, his captain; and assigned as a reason for doing so, that he was a greater favorite of the Dictator than the Captain himself. This boast came to Francia's ear. He said not a word to the lieutenant; but, ordering a muster of the Quartoloros, he went up personally to the officer, colared him, and pulling him out of the ranks, addressed him thus—'I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer. I now find you an ill-behaved officer, and I send you back to be a well behaved beggar. If you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks, or in a worse place.' So saying, Francia had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in the filthy habiliments of a mendicant, and drummed out of the regiment.

"In something of the same style were all the courts-martial of the Dictator conducted. Not even a drum-head was required around which to assemble them. Francia's dictum was omnipotent, and the execution of it imperative, irreversible, instantaneous. Never was a single instance known of commutation of sentence, or of mitigation of punishment."

The system of centralizing all power in himself, displayed in military affairs, he also adopted in civil. His officials

were mere tools; his secretary of state, a narrow-minded man of routine, who fancied all government consisted in an exact obedience of forms. Francia personally attended to every thing; and such were his suspicion and industry, that when a vessel came up with an English pass, he would not allow her to discharge till he had so far mastered the language as to be able to comprehend the document. See what strangely minute attention he gave to other matters!

"All the artisans whom Francia employed were badly, irregularly, and scantily paid; and yet the 'value received' was so narrowly looked into, measured with such a Shylock's eye, that on one occasion the potent Dictator seized hold of a grenadier's coat brought to him by a tailor, and taking up a pair of scissors, a piece of chalk, and a quantity of cloth charged by Mr. Cabbage as that which had been absorbed by the fit, showed him, and proved to him mechanically and mathematically, that he must have stolen a quarter of a yard. Snip was sent to the public prison; and the coat was hung up in the Dictator's audience-chamber, as scarecrow garments are in orchards, a terror to all purloiners.

"Not a piece of linen for soldier's shirts or trousers was purchased without previous inspection by his Excellency; and often, distrustful of Irish and Manchester manufacturers, did he unroll with his own hands the piece of goods submitted to inspection. By application to it of the vara, or yard, he ascertained that it was of the length, twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-eight yards, labelled on the ticket. So quick-sighted did he become in the quality of manufactured goods, that, finding a great many of them had wide interstices between the threads, filled up with starch, he had one end of the piece washed, and then viewing it through a microscope, ascertained the nature of its real texture. If he found, as it must be confessed he often did, the gaps between the threads to be rather yawning, he allowed the owner half of the prime cost for it, and told him to thank his stars, for that he ought to be imprisoned as a knave and imposter. 'This is the way,' said he on one occasion to an English merchant, 'that you hucksters of rags vend your unsound and deceitful manufactures over the world. The Jews are cheats, but the English are downright swindlers.'"

We remarked in our notice of the former volumes, that FRANCIA bore some resemblance to DIONYSIUS; and if he had not the logical wit of that tyrant of antiquity, he possessed a mixture of pith, causticity, levity, and coolness, almost unparalleled. He would not allow his state prisoners to be termed prisoners—he called them his *recluses*. His examination or torture room he styled the "chamber of truth." A man ordered to be flogged petitioned against the degradation, saying he would rather be shot: "Very well," said FRANCIA, "be it so;" and shot he was. His workmen, at first annoyed him with their laziness and incapacity: he erected a gibbet in *terrorem*; and a cobbler bringing him a belt he disapproved of, he had him marched under it as an "example," with the satisfactory information, that if the next was not made better in a given time, he should himself be hanged upon the gallows. And this is said to have stimulated tropical laziness amazingly. Amongst his great antipathies, were the native Spaniards and the clergy: and

"When Francia proceeded to annihilate or debase the monastic orders, he converted into barracks some of their monasteries. This so exasperated the poor Pelado, [an old Spaniard, a friend of Mr. Robertson's,] especially as his hopes at the time were raised to a pitch of excitement by a false report of a Russian squadron being on its way to Paraguay, that he gave loose to the following remark—"The Franciscans have gone to-day; but who can tell that Francia's turn to go may not be to-morrow?" By some busy and malicious tongue this short but fatal speech was conveyed to the ears



of the Dictator. He summoned the Pelado to his presence, and addressed him in these terribly emphatic words—"As to when it may be my turn to go, I am not aware; but this I know, *that you shall go before me.*" Next morning the Pelado was brought to the banquillo, (an execution seat,) placed not far from Francia's window; and the Dictator delivered with his own hand, to the soldiers, the three ball cartridges with which the unfortunate man was to be shot. The aim was not effectual, and the executioners were ordered to despatch him with their bayonets. Upon the whole of this scene of barbarity and blood, Francia looked from his window, being not more than thirty yards from the place of slaughter.

"You will ask me, how the Dictator came to limit the number of men who were to do the work of execution on the Pelado to three? and as little facts are often illustrative of great, sad, and horrible things, I will answer you. He was too economical of the powder and ball, upon which he mainly depended for protection, to give it out in the necessary quantity to render even execution a work of comparative humanity.

"In no subsequent case did he deviate from this practice; so that in the great number of executions which followed that of the Pelado, in all cases where the ball did not reach the heart or penetrate the head, the sufferer was reduced to a mangled corpse by the process of stabbing him with the bayonet."

Passing over many anecdotes of tyranny, which we trust are exaggerated, or misrepresented in travelling through several channels of narration, we will give Messrs. Robertson's picture of the results which Francia's government produced.

"From being the most open, frank, and kind-hearted people in the world, the Paraguayans became the most sordid, low, and hypocritical of the human race. The demons of discord, jealousy, and distrust, took possession of every habitation in the land. The overruling passion of self preservation cooled or deadened all the softer feelings and affections. The brother informed against the sister, the wife against the husband; the son betrayed the father, or the father the son; and the bosom friend of yesterday became the vile spy and informer of to-day. All the hinges of society were out of joint. No inhabitant of Paraguay could say that the man who had broken bread with him to-day, might not be the instrument of his destruction on the morrow."

"Thus it came to pass, that a people proverbially the most humane, untried, hospitable, and enduring in South America, were converted into a community of beings in whom fear and distrust obliterated all traits of their original character. Every man, and almost every woman too, became an isolated member of a silenced society. The guitar was laid aside—parties there were none. Each person saluted his neighbour as he passed him with chilling frigidity; and, in the anxious desire of every individual to preserve the unenviable life he was still permitted to hold, the concerns of all others—their fears, perils, sufferings, and even death—were viewed with cold indifference, or only thought of as lessons of salutary warning."

"This man is yet alive, though in his eightieth year; and to all appearances he will die a natural death. But did he lead a peaceful or even a tolerable life? No: he lived, as the contrivance of Dionysius intimated to his flatterer, with the feelings of a man over whom a sword was suspended by a single hair—the dread of assassination perpetually haunted him.

"Every cigar that he smoked, though made by his own sister, was carefully unrolled, to see that it contained no suspicious-looking drug. His provisions he examined with like scrupulosity; and no one was permitted to come into his

presence with even a cane in his hand. Every one who obtained an audience was obliged to stop short at a distance of six paces from the Dictator, and to allow his hands to hang down by his side.

"Mr. Rengger states, that having, in ignorance, omitted this ceremony, at his first interview with Francia, he was gruffly challenged with a design to assassinate him. Loaded pistols and unsheathed sabres were always within the Dictator's reach; people were driven by his dragoons from the deserted streets through which he rode; and he changed his place of rest (if rest, indeed, the jealous and alarmed soul can ever be said to enjoy) from one abode to another. Sometimes he slept in his own palace, sometimes in one of the Quartels in the town, and sometimes in the cavalry barracks in the country."

"The Dictator now rode about, conscious of the enmity and distrust of every good man, and with a breast boiling with hatred toward the few respectable ones he had left at large. A man's being seen in the streets within one hundred yards of him was an unpardonable offence: it was generally visited with imprisonment or exile. One day his horse shied at an old barrel in front of a house; instantly the owner of it was arrested.

"An informer told him there were still conspiracies hatching, and that there was an intention on the part of the conspirators to murder him as he rode through the streets. Instantly all houses in suspicious situations were levelled with the ground; lanes were pulled down, and orange-trees, shrubs, and other places of concealment, were indiscriminately uprooted. Yet would the gloomy tyrant, at night, sometimes prow about the streets in disguise, and alone. He was unable to confide, except to his own quick ears and sharp eyes, the work of tracking the machinations of his supposed enemies, of prying into dark and suspicious recesses, and of listening at the doors of those houses in town whose inhabitants he most suspected."

As a series of striking adventures, pictures of society, and sketches of scenery, these volumes are unquestionably both instructive and amusing reading. A biography of Francia, or a history of his government, they certainly do not contain; but, notwithstanding much vehemence, some exaggeration probably, and we have little doubt some (undesigned) distortion and suppression, we consider them a valuable though incomplete contribution of historical materials. It has indeed been objected that the authors were not eye-witnesses of much which they relate,—which, seeing that they were banished, could not well have been obviated; and that they only tell what they picked up in Buenos Ayres,—which, however, is not the case, as they have given their authorities, some of whom were sufferers under Francia, and all of whom had been in Paraguay. That history contains no exact counterpart of such a tyranny, is true; but former history had no such society and circumstances. Considering the nature of the people, and the superstitious fear which Francia's studious retirement and his mathematical and astronomical instruments inspired, his regular army from three to four thousand men seems enough to overawe a people apparently disarmed: it happens to be the exact proportion which Gibbon has assigned as sufficient for a despot, and which economists have calculated a country can permanently maintain. The fashionable idea of history has a tendency to degrade it to the rank of a gazette or a chronicle. The state of society, the dramatic march of events and purposes, the characters of men, the movements of the mind, and the passions of the heart, are nothing to persons with these notions: they have no other idea of history than as a series of dates and documents.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### THE FAIRY SHOE.

THE little town of Rock Abbey, county of Limerick, contains more curiosities, more *things to be seen*, than almost any place of its size in Ireland. There is the fine old abbey, from which it takes its name, a beautiful ruin situated in a green and quiet hollow, just beyond the straggling town; yet so sheltered and hidden by the green slopes, that when, half running, half sliding, you have descended the steep path which now forms the only practicable approach, you appear to have dropped suddenly from a region of smoke, dirt, curs, and children, into an enchanted ground, where the spirit of peace sitteth for ever. There is also the Round Tower, a fragment of a castle perched on the summit of a green acclivity, at the farther side of the babbling little stream which tumbles and brawls through groups of cabins, more picturesque as objects, than enviable as residences; and then, widening and growing smooth in its course, glides away through marsh and meadow, making, now and then, little bays, where "the speckled trout do haunt the shade." Then there is the mushroom-stone, a huge mass of rock, which, broad at the top and narrow at the base, bears some resemblance to a gigantic mushroom. It lies in the midst of a meadow; the soil around it is rich and fertile; and who may say *how* that vast fragment came there? Then there is the Fairy's Oak, and likewise the Goat's Leap. But my story is not of these; for though these and many other curious matters were examined by me during my three days' sojourn in that remote spot, not one appeared to me so great a curiosity as Jemmy Morrogh, the guide and attendant of my rambles. Many and strange were the tales Jemmy related to me: not a hill but had its history, not a stone but Jemmy had a legend connected with it. Some of these were scarcely worth remembering, though they amused me at the time; for Jemmy, with his rich brogue and inimitable manner, could give point and expression to relations otherwise somewhat tedious and insipid. He was, or affected to be, a devout believer in fairies, witchcraft, and, as he himself expressed it, "all kinds of conjuration." He was by trade a shoemaker, but being devotedly attached to the sport of angling, and somewhat addicted to other recreations, he did not give quite so much attention to his lawful calling as might have been desirable, for a man who had five children to support. His wife, a thrifty, industrious termagant, between the irritation she received from his indolence, and the whiskey she drank to allay it, had, as he expressed it, "tuk the faver and departed in pace," four or five years before. His two eldest daughters, tall, slatternly girls of twelve and fifteen, might be seen all day gossiping from cabin to cabin, or amusing themselves flinging stones at the ducks in the lake of green water before the door. His third daughter, a child of ten, and her twin brother, were usually either romping or quarrelling together; while his own peculiar pet, the youngest boy, a miniature of himself, and called after his name, tramped every where at his heels, with the same quick, slouching gait; sat by his side for hours during his angling expeditions; mimicked his anxious gaze at his float, his knowing glance at the clouds, his brogue, and his peculiar turn of expression; and who gave promise, as the neighbours used to say, "that while young Jemmy Morrogh lived, ould Jemmy would never die."

The said "ould Jemmy" was a man who might have passed his eight-and-thirtieth year. He was rather below the middle height, and his limbs, though muscular and active, were loosely hung, so that, with considerable strength, they

combined great flexibility. His face displayed that striking mixture of Italian contour and Hibernian shrewdness, which I never saw but in the peasants of the south of Ireland, and but seldom amongst them. The outline of his face was even handsome; the acquiline nose, fine dark eyes, well-shaped mouth and broad forehead, were almost dignified; and yet, the expression which played everlastingly over them, the expression of careless drollery, the *sagabond look*, if I may so call it, which pervaded the face, totally destroyed their effect. There was something laughable in the man's countenance, but it was not prepossessing; you might be amused with Jemmy Morrogh, but you could scarcely respect him.

"That is a beautiful little spot," said I, pointing to a tiny bay on the farther side of the river. The bank rose abruptly from the water, and was crowned with a rich clump of birch and hazels, while a large old willow, half fallen and partly uprooted by the wind, lay across the river-side path, stretching its rich green wreaths over the bank, so that the slender extremities of its branches touched the water. "A beautiful spot, Jemmy," said I, "and I warrant a good harbour for the trout?"

"You may say that, ma'am," replied my guide; "many a one of the spotted darlins myself has landed safe and sound on that strip of green turf; and, (lowering his voice) more than the trouts myself has seen there."

"Indeed," I replied, "I should much like to hear what you did see."

"A long story it is, ma'am, but if you like to hear it—Jemmy, avarneen, (to the child, who lingered a little behind us gathering some blossoms of the beautiful wild iris), Jemmy, run down to Mr. Glynn, and tell him, wid my compliments, the Wellington boots should have been soled these two days, only I've been hindered by reason of showing the beauties of the country to a lady all the way from England, and I'm sure he'll not grudge her the time—There's no use, ma'am, in telling it before him, seeing he had it often before, and is apt to be putting in his word, which spoils the story."

"You see, ma'am, 'tis about ten years since that I and Judy Doolan, the woman that owned me, lived bryant there, in as nate a little cabin as you'd see in a long summer's day. A tidy woman was Judy, and something short in the temper—the heavens be her bed, I pray! Well, I was brought up to the trade of shoemaking, but I did not like it over an' above; in fact, you see, I had not a janious for the same; and 'tis a folly to bind a man, hand an' foot, to a trade he has no taste in life to learn. However, a shoemaker was my father before me, and right or wrong, a shoemaker I must be too. There was no help for it, so I married Judy Doolan, and, as my father said, began the world on my own account. A fine spoken man he was, scarcely ever usin' words of less than four syllables; and being great nevey to Father Phil Cogan, of Cunnacrackery, who had a tongue that could wind round the long words, like an eel round a walkin' stick. I wonder he didn't make me a priest, or, at laste, a schoolmaster; but somehow he thought I had no more janious for that than I had for the shoemakin'. Well, time went on; and what with the sod Judy raised at the door, and what with the cobbling I had time to do, and what with the troutheen I killed in the river, we managed to pay the rint, and keep the clothes on the childre's backs. And when my father died, with the few bright golden guineas he left, a raal berrin we gave him, and contrived his wake should be decent as ever was seen in the town of Rock Abbey."

"And by the same token, that day of the berrin, Judy provoked me to speak more angry words to her than I ever

did before; for she said she thought the money might be better spent than in trating a parcel of crathurs we never saw before; (for 'twas wonderful what dozens of my father's friends come to his wake,) as if money *could* be better laid out than in respect to one's own born father!

'How-an'-ever, we got on pretty well for a few years, as I have said. I had all the custom of them that didn't like to mend their shoes as far as Ballycorrig, and could wait till I had time to mend them; and as I only worked when I liked, with thanks into the bargain, I did not altogether dislike the trade for a change. But then come my first misfortune, in the shape of the long-legged *spalpeen*, Tom Whittle, that come home from his apprenticeship in Limerick; and without 'with your lave,' takes the ould grocery store in the market-place, and, before you could turn yourself, had up a blue board as big as the end of my cabin, done over with goold letters. Them that understood it could me it read thus—'Ladies' and Gentlemen's boots and shoes made and mended in the natest manner, on the shortest notice, by Timothy Whittle.' I won't sware to the very words, but that was the substance of it, the boasting vagabond! The next thing he does, is to set a row of shoes of all manner of colours in the windy; and there you might see the impudent jacksnapes, day after day, sitting in the far part of his shop, with two little *spriusuneens*, he called his journeymen, stitching away, and cutting away, as if their lives depended on it; and sometimes you might see him in a clane apron behind the counter, with a long book and a pen,—no less!—settling his accounts, he said! Well, there was little pace for me after this. One consated puppy told me that if his brogues were not forthwith patched, he should give the job to my neighbour, Mr. Whittle; and when I told him he was welkim to please himself, he walked off with the brogues, and got Tim to mend them, in the natest manner, no doubt, just to spite me! But that was not all. Tim put up another board, under the wan with the goold letters, with a black boot and a red shoe illigantly painted out upon it, so that you might see it a quarter of a mile off; and all them that couldn't read, saw as plain what it meant as if they was scholars like the priest. And more than that, Judy went and laid out more than a month's egg money, in a pair of red morocky shoes, just to show she was independent of me and my work; and went to mass in them before my eyes. And to crown all, Nora Kelly, my own mother's brother's daughter, took and married the blackguard, and she my own flesh and blood, and he takin' the bread out of my childhres' mouths! It bates my patience to bear the thoughts of it even now! Once I thought to write to the blessed and holy man, Daniel O'Connell, the great redresser of his country's wrongs, and see if there was no redress in parliament, for the grievance of an honest man having his prospects ruined, by an upstart goslin of a chap like Tim Whittle. But on second thoughts I gave it up; not liking to trust any body now I scarcely knew my friends from my enemies; and having by some mistake in my edication, forgot to cultivate my janious in the wrting department. Well, one day, Judy, that's now at rest, the blessed crathur! was even sharper than usual with her tongue, and went as far as to call me a lazy hound, and the torment of her life; though I was not doing a ha'porth but sitting by the ashes with my pipe in my mouth, and consithering, as grave as a judge, how in the wide world we would pay the rint, which I began to fear would be wanted before it was ready.

"I bore with the woman as long as I could, seeing it was her misfortin' to be unreasonab, and not her fault, as they said that did not make allowance for her. But, at last, when she told me there was scarce a pratie in the house, and that I was an unfeelin' wretch to sit there, and the

childhre crying for hunger, flesh and blood could bare it no longer. Up I jumped, and flinging my pipe to the far end of the fluse, I swore a big oath, which I won't repeat, that the childhre should have a supper, if I got it from the ould boy himself. So I snatched up my fishing tackle, and away to the willow tree; but, surely, ould Nick's own fut had been on the rod an' line. The dickens a fish would so much as luk at the bait, though it was as fine a fly as you'd see in a summer's day.

"Well," says I, aloud at last, 'every man has his luk, and this is mine—and the deuce and all of luck it is, any way,' says I, for I was vexed entirely.

"What's that you say, Jemmy Morrogh?" says a squeaking little voice behind me.

"I looked round, for there was something unnatural in the voice, and I did not choose to answer it without knowing why.

"What's that you say, about luck and fortune? One would think, Jemmy Morrogh, you thought nobody in the world had ever a misfortin' but yourself?"

"Few has so many," says I, pluckin' up a spirit, 'and that you'd say if you knew all.'

"I do know all," says the voice again, 'I know you're an idle crathur, with a scolding wife—there's your two main misfortins. Bad enough they are, but others has worse.'

"And who are you," says I, 'that knows my concerns so well? I'd rather see your face before I converse farther with you, if you've no objection.'

"None in life," says the voice; and immediately there was a rustling in the laves of the willow tree, as if a breath of wind was going over them; and on that long branch of the tree that bends over the water, stood perched a little man, who, if he had not been so very small, would have been one of the handsomest little chaps I ever saw. But small as he was, he was a perfect *moral*, both for figure and dress—wearing a long green coat, and silk stockings, and having in his hand a little black cap, with a long white feather in it, which trailed to his feet. His face was as perfect as a wax doll's; and the hair on his head was all in little curls, and as bright as the sunbeam! A pretty little crathur he was, sure enough, but being unused to see the like, I was not over and above asy.

"Well, Jemmy Morrogh," says he, looking at me and laughing, when I had done taking the weight of him—and now you have seen me, how do you like me?"

"Oh, my lord," says I, 'very well, entirely; but who and what are you?'

"Don't you know me, Jemmy Morrogh?" says he, 'I'm a fairy, and the queen's chief page, so I am,' says he.

"And, indeed, your riverence, I'm glad to hear it," says I, 'and ever and always is your graces welsome,' butthering him up; though all the time I was shakin' like a dog in a wet sack.

"Very glad, no doubt, you are," says the little man, laughin', 'that I can see by the steadiness of your hand, that's making your float prop up and down, as if all the fish in the river was takin' a fancy to your bait.'

"Why then," says I, 'I'm not much used to discoursin' great people; and a qucen's page is altogether out of my line, so—'

"No apology, Jemmy," says the little man, 'indeed, I'm sorry enough for you, and would willingly help you with all my heart. I'm in trouble myself, and if I serve you, may be you could do me a good turn as well.'

"Can you tell me where to get a supper for the childhre?"

"I can," says he. 'An' how to pay the rint?' says I. 'No doubt of it,' says he. I knew it was not altogether right to

be talkin' that way to the like of him; but I was desperate, and so as I got what I wanted I did not care for the consequence. 'Come,' says he, 'lend me your tackle,' and with that, leaping down, he tuck the rod out of my hands, and twitchin' off the fly, put on something I could not see, and bade me try my luck. Well, in less than no time, pop goes the float—and, indeed, fit tried my strength to draw out the big baste of a salmon that was pullin' at the end of the line. All the time I was landin' him, the little chap stood by lookin' on; noways amazed, but mightily amused to see the way I tugged to get the fish ashore.

"More power to your elbow, Jemmy Morrogh! Now, then! That's it! There he is! See how elbow-grease smooths difficulties!"

"Indeed, my lord, then," says I, as soon as I had the crathur safe in my basket, and had taken my breath, 'tis little I should have caught to-night, if your honor had not lended me a helping hand; and I'd be proud to do as much for your honour any day."

"And much you can do for me, Jemmy Morrogh," says the fairy. "You can save me from disgrace, perhaps from banishment. See here," and with that he drew out of his pocket a little white thing, and laid it on the palm of my hand. The darlin' little shoe it was, of white satin, and the buckles pearls itself. "And a purty little foot she must have that would fit," says I, considerin' it—"sure it is not a mortal woman she'd be any way." "No, no, Jemmy," says the fairy, "that belongs to her majesty, our good queen, Blue Bell; and, surely, you wouldn't offer to compare her to a mortal?"

"And tidy fingers he must have, who made the purty thing," says I; faix, if I had a show of such as them, in a windy, I think I'd have more to look at them, than the big spalpeen, Tim Whittle."

"Well, Jemmy," says the little man, 'I'm in the world-and-all of trouble about that very shoe—I went farder than I can tell you, to get a pair of them shoes for her majesty; and coming home on a sunbame, a thief of a wind knocked me off my horse, and in falling I lost the fellow of that shoe, which tumbled me into a big bog hole, and was swallowed up in a minute. Now, show my face at court without the shoe I dare not: and find it I can't, seeing that it's over head in the bog; and without you'll help me, I'm a lost man, Jemmy Morrogh!" says he, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes, makin' believe he was crying.

"Help you, my lord, sir!" says I, 'wid all the veins in my heart, if you'll only show me how."

"Then," says he, 'you must just make another pair of shoes by this one, and then we'll be all right."

"'Tis just the pattrern of a purty shoe," says I, 'but where will I get the stuff to make them?"

"Come here to-night, at twelve o'clock," says the fairy, 'and I'll have all the materials ready, and tools into the bargain."

"Never fear me," says I again, 'I'll slip out easy, and come to you; and with that we parted, I carrying the big salmon home, and he scamperin' away on the back of a grasshopper, that he had caught, and held by the cuff of the neck, while he said the last words. Well, to make a long story short, may be Judy didn't open her eyes when I laid down the salmon on the stool; a fine spring fish it was, weighing ten or twelve pounds, no doubt. And she wanted me to take it up to the Hall, to Mithur O'Brien, and see what he would give me for it; but the children were so hungry, that I cut it up, and boiled it at wanst; and a fine faste they had, poor crathurs! When they were all asleep, I ran again like a *lephraas*, down to the place where I thought to find the fairy page. He had not come, however, but I waited awhile; and by and by, with a hop-skip-and-

jump, he sprang over the willow there, and lighted down just beside me.

"So, Jemmy Morrogh," says he, 'you're welcome; and now make haste, like a good gossoon, and begin at wanst.' With that he pulled out a little box, and showed me that it was full of satin, pearls, and the purtiest little tools I ever laid eyes on, all made of goold and silver! 'I'll never shure be able to work them tools,' says I. 'Not a fear of you,' says he, 'only sit down and try.' Well, my jewel, the minute I took the work in my hand, it seemed to go on of itself. How I did it I can't tell to this hour; but long before the morning light I had the shoes, nate and dacent, holding them up, one on each thumb, before the face of the little man, who was sitting perched on a bough, just at my shoulder. The pleasant and merry crathur he was, and told such quare stories, and sang such merry songs, that the hours went like no time; and the shoes was finished in a jiffy.

"And, now, Jemmy, *ma bouchal*," says the little fellow, (for by this time we were as thick as thieves!) 'I must pay you for the job—keep the odd shoe, and whenever you go a-fishing, look into it for the bait, and all sorts of luck will be yours."

"Now, though I'd rather have had the goold that I heard the good people gave sometimes, I could not look *crucked* at the shoe, and him so civil. So, with many thanks, I put up the little thing, and was wishing him a good night,—Stay, Jemmy," says he, 'you must remember, that you are not to let on, to man or mortal, one word of this matter; nor show the shoe to any living soul, or your luck will go from you like the whip of a whirlwind."

"And will you never come back and tell me how the shoes fit her majesty, the queen?" says I, for I didn't like to lose his acquaintance that way.

"To be sure, I will," says he, 'be here again to-morrow night, and if the shoes are liked, may be I might have another job for you."

"So we parted; I carried home the little shoe, and slept as if I never would have wakened, till Judy was screeching in my ear that it would be noon before I was up. I went to the river side next night, you may be sure, and findin' a purty green fly in the little shoe, I baited my little hook with it, and caught a salmon, even bigger and better than the last. And sure enough, the little man came, as he had promised; and this time he brought silk of all colours, and told me that the queen was delighted with her shoes, and all the ladies dying to get the like. And besides, there was to be a grand ball in a little time, and all the shoes were to be finished by then. 'So, work away, Jemmy, *avick*," says he, 'and keep never lettin' on to any body, and you're a made man for life, depend upon it.' So I worked all that night, with him sitting beside me as before. The next night I met him again, and—I think, Jemmy, *atourneen*," says he, 'may be you'd like some other diversion, than just listenin' to me—so I've brought some of my friends to amuse you.' With that there arose such a flood of music all round, as I never heard before; and when it died away, there burst out a song, as if a many was singing together. I remembered the words of it next day, and told it over to Phelim Long, the schoolmaster, who wrote it down for me; and here it is." And Jemmy put into my hands a tattered piece of paper, from which I found means to copy the following lines:—

"The men of earth, are born to toil,  
In the world of day, and its dull turmoil;  
Work, mortal! work, nor question ask,  
If there be hardship in thy task.  
Though light and careless we seem to be,  
We have our work as well as thee.

"Tis ours to watch where the moonbeams rest,  
That float down the silver rivulet's breast;  
And catch them and weave their radiance sheen,  
For the royal robes of the Fairy Queen;  
'Tis ours to tinge the clouds of even,  
And build up her palace bowers in Heaven!

"Work! we have tasks as trusty as thine;  
We breathe on the bud of the swelling vine;  
Our fingers mould the graceful shape,  
And sprinkle the bloom on the ripening grape.  
And we scatter each dew-drop, that, like an eye,  
Looks up to the stars in the deep blue sky.

"And more—the zephyr's breath we bind;  
We fly on the wings of the weaken'd wind,  
Over the autumn leaves we have past,  
And they redden and fall to the rustling blast.  
Work, mortal! work, with unwearied brow,  
We have our tasks as well as thou!"

"A purty song enough, my lady," continued Jemmy, "though I can't say I quite understand the meaning of it. However, what with singin' and talkin', time went on, and every night I worked; and ever an' always had the *hoith* of good luck in fishin', by reason of the baits I found in the shoe.

"But now comes the unlucky part of the story. Och, murther! that I couldn't hold my tongue! I might now have had a salmon fishery that would have been a fortune to me—but you shall hear.

"Corney Doolan, master at the St. Patrick—the big hotel you might see on your left hand, as you came down the street, happened to die one day; and a great wake they *gev* him and a power of whiskey they spent over him. Now as ill luck folleys some people, I'm sure it was over me that night; for what else could make me over with myself to where Tim Whittle and Nora Kelly was sitting, and spake to them as if they'd never wronged me, and tuck the bread out of my mouth. And besides that, I must be askin' Tim, how times went with him, and whether bisness was brisk, and so forth. And what does the boastin' vagabone do, but pull out a little red book from his pocket, and begin showing me his *ordhers*, as he called them, and how much he could make a week; and how industry and perseverance always *thrus*. Then, Nora chimed in—well become her, indeed!—and told me that Tim was reckoned the natest workman in the counthry round, and had made a pair of satin shoes last week for Miss Dora O'Brien, who had a fut like a fairy. 'Like a fairy, is it?' says I, 'och, botheration! don't be after tellin' us *that*, Nora Kelly!' And as the whiskey kept going round, I kept drinkin' down glass after glass, to settle the vexation that was risin' up within me, at the consate of the crathurs! However, from less to more, we got on talkin', till between Tim and the woman, and the whiskey, I got bothered, and forgot what the fairy had tould me. So, whipping out the little odd shoe, (which I never had parted since I got it, for fear any body would see it).—'Talk of Miss Dora O'Brien,' says I, 'there's a fairy's shoe—bate that, Tim Whittle, if you can!' Williloo whisk! a grate big blow knocked me down, and sent the life clane out ov me; and when I came to myself, I was lyin' in my own cabin, and Judy and the childhre fast asleep about me. I hoped it was all a drame,—but, no—the fairy shoe was gone; and though I went many a night after to the river-side, and prayed over an' over again, to the fairy to forgive me that once, I never seen him, or got a stroke of work to do for the good people again. And besides that, the fish tuck fright at my hook,

and would scarcely give me so much as a nibble for many a month after.

"Misfortuna never come single; mine come by dozens. The pig died; the cow was *drus* for the rent; Judy tuck the fever, and died likewise; and Tim Whittle set up a jaunting car, and drives Nora and the gossouns to mass every Sunday, like the first lord in the land; and all my troubles, no doubt, are along of not houlding my tongue about the Fairy Shoe."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

### THE GHOST-SEER OF PREVORST.

*Die Seherin von Prevorst. Eröffnungen über das innere Leben des Menschen, und über das Hereinragen einer Geisterwelt in die unsere. Mitgetheilt von Justinus Kerner. Zweite vermehrte und verbesserte Ausgabe.* (The Female Ghost-Seer of Prevorst. Discoveries concerning the Inner Life of Man, and the Invasion of our Sphere by a World of Spirits. Communicated by Justinus Kerner. Second improved and enlarged edition.) Stuttgart and Tubingen. 1832.

To such English students as with strong faith and ardent hope are just setting out on a journey of exploration into the wondrous fields of Magnetic Science, this work must be an inestimable treasure; a mine of glittering facts; a plentiful harvest of miraculous results, that cannot fail at once to enrich the faithful reader, and furnish him with the means of prosecuting still grander discoveries in the magic realms of which it treats.

In England, animal magnetism has, unhappily, never taken very deep root: as a science it has never been well planted, nor properly tended in this country; our soil is too hard and ungenial for its delicate nature; and our scientific husbandmen too harsh and impatient to follow lovingly (as Germans only are wont) the capricious phenomena of its growth. Ridicule has always blighted its earliest buds, and where ridicule has not sufficed to destroy it, committees of inquiry have sprung up to handle it so roughly, that an unnatural and untimely death has ever been the inevitable consequence. How can a sensitive plant in a rude and foreign climate be expected to survive such treatment. But let not its enemies suppose that its not having prospered on our inhospitable shore is any proof of its absolute want of a vigorous vitality. The German gardener cares little for the fate of the seed which has fallen on our stony ground: under his own fostering care the plant has waxed into a noble tree, and in its shade—solcmin as elephants under the far-spreading Banian—sit many philosophers, digesting its goodly fruits, and chewing the cud of their contemplations; amongst the most noted of these we descry Kerner, Mayer, Eschenmeyer and Görres. From the tree in question the work before us is, as it were, a leaf, which, having caught in its sybilline flight, we shall attempt to decypher, and, in simple and unstudied phrase, explain to the reader; that is, so far as we can understand it ourselves. But first, with respect to the formal authentication of the marvels which we are about to unfold, we would fain address a remark or two to the cautious public. Not having ourselves been their witnesses, we cannot vouch for the absolute truth of the following facts; but we are happy to bear testimony to the respectable character for veracity, which the above philosophers who *do* authenticate them have always borne. The author of the work is Justinus Kerner, a physician, a man of serious temperament, and of a religious character; fanatical it may be,

but sober and methodical in his manner of thinking, however wild and wonderful the nature of his belief. The persons above-named are his co-adjutors or rather co-*scaptrix*; they illustrate his facts; bear testimony to the rectitude of his intentions, and evidently give him their full countenance and support. Meyer is a private gentleman at Frankfort; the other two are professors. Görres is known to every student of German literature as a man of great talent and immense acquirements, which, however, he has so applied as well to deserve the appellation of the High Priest of German Mysticism. As men of learning, of a certain elevation in society, and having each of them a moral character and a scientific reputation to lose, they are as far as possible removed from the common adventurer or mere charlatan: however great may be the delusion they cherish and would propagate, they are certainly its honest martyrs. The English reader, then, must not lay wilful falsehood at their doors, however often his indignation at their outrageous demands on his belief may prompt him to the charge. There is one thing yet more wonderful than all the wonders of Magus and Magnetist, and that is, the faith which bids these welcome. Credulity is, in itself, a vast marvel, compared with which all the other nine or ninety-nine wonders of the world heaped together, would show but as a mole-hill by the side of an Egyptian pyramid. The best intentions, the soundest judgment, and the greatest acquirements seem, at times, utterly unable to prevent the understanding from falling victim to the most grotesque and absurd belief; even as the stoutest frame is often, at last, prostrated by what was, at first, the most insignificant and contemptible disease. Premising thus, we now proceed to a narrative as monstrous as any which in the darkest ages was ever credited by the vulgar, and yet which learned men of the nineteenth century regard as strictly and literally true.

At the village of Prevorst, a little distance from the town of Löwenstein, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, was born in 1801, Frederica Hauffe, who afterwards obtained the appellation of *Die Seherin* (the Prophetess or Female-Seer) of Prevorst. From her earliest infancy this personage was remarkably delicate and sensitive, and endowed with the faculty of seeing ghosts. She did not indulge in magnetic sleep, however, till the year 1822, from which time till her death, she was frequently affected with spasms; these could only be cured by magnetism, and as this was generally applied by one gentleman, great was the scandal in consequence: at one period, however, she was magnetized by an individual whom scandal could not, we hope, much object to, viz. the ghost of her grandmother; and this worthy old sprite officiated for her every evening at seven o'clock (vol. i. p. 39). "It is an inconceivable fact," says Kerner, "but authenticated by several respectable witnesses, that, at this time, things of which the continued contact was prejudicial to her, were removed as by an invisible hand: they glided through the air, not at all as if they were thrown: her silver spoon, for instance, was often seen to be taken from her hand, and laid softly down upon a dish at some little distance."—(vol. i. pp. 39, 40). "In a glass of water on the table, she saw the figures of persons who did not enter the room till half an hour afterwards, and carriages travelling on the public road, half an hour before they came up to the house where she was living." When Kerner was first summoned to attend her, he disbelieved all the reports respecting the extraordinary symptoms of her case: he and his friend, Dr. Off of Löwenstein, determined to discountenance altogether her magnetic performances, and they accordingly submitted her to the ordinary system of treatment indicated by her spasmodic and febrile symptoms; but under this she fast grew worse and weaker, and they were obliged to resort to a mild course of

magnetism. Ashamed of the utter futility of their own prescriptions, they now, most rationally, consulted her on her own case, and implicitly followed her directions: the result of which was, that she recovered from a horrible state of collapse bordering on dissolution, and was invigorated to the utmost extent compatible with the ravages her constitution had already suffered. The state of trance induced by magnetic manipulation, and into which the *Seherin* appears to have been at length in the habit of falling spontaneously, is described as a temporary cessation of the cerebral, and an anomalous development of the ganglionic, functions—of "the inner life." The *Seherin*, whilst still in the flesh, made rapid advances towards a spiritual mode of being: her nervous fluid pervaded her structure so loosely, as frequently to be able to escape altogether from the latter: on such occasions, she was not, as might irreverently be suspected, out of her mind, but out of her body, which she saw stretched before her, and would sometimes contemplate for a considerable period. She was so extremely light that, when ordered a bath, her nurses could not get her under water, and she would not have sunk, had she even been thrown into a river: a fact which we receive as a matter of faith, since unfortunately we do not any where learn that the experiment was tried.

Kerner, however, mentions other cases, in which the operation of the law of gravitation appears to have been suspended, and profoundly conceives that birds—"that dreamy prophetic race,"—may be partially exempt from it whilst flying.

Substances of all kinds produced remarkable effects upon the *Seherin*—such as either escape our cognizance, or do not occur under ordinary circumstances. The cause of this is luminously and satisfactorily explained for us by Eschenmayer. "Whilst," says he, "the soul continues to guide and govern the body, the motive powers of external nature are scarcely able to operate perceptibly upon the latter; but when the soul ceases to control the corporeal frame, because she expends all her forces in diving into a new and spiritual region, (as appears to have occurred in the case of the *Seherin von Prevorst*,) it (the frame) is then left totally exposed to the operation of the formative and impulsive powers of nature—to the powers which moulded the stone, and effect the growth of the animal and plant." A small diamond held loose in her hand caused (most mysteriously!) the eyes of the fair Seer to open widely; fixed their pupils; and strange to say, induced, at the same time, a stiffness of the left hand and of the right foot. The contact of two stems of asparagus acted very quickly on the kidneys; that of a grain of belladonna induced dizziness, dilation of the pupil, and a feeling of choking. Natural causes undoubtedly ought not to account for all this in a person so highly gifted, but the most singular result was that produced by the touch of an unripe walnut: it caused a flow of the most agreeable feelings, filling her with good-will and benevolence towards all mankind. After learning this fact, we cannot but expect to hear that a Society for the Diffusion of half-ripe Walnuts is fast changing the kingdom of Wurtemberg into an earthly paradise. During a storm the *Seherin* always felt the flashes of lightning, and most sensibly in her abdomen.

Having mentioned a few, but, owing to our limited space, not a tithe or even a hundredth of the singular phenomena displayed by the *Seherin* under different circumstances, we now come to some of the marvellous faculties with which she was endowed during her magnetic trances. On looking into the right eye of any individual, she could descry, behind the reflection of her own figure, a form, which neither resembled the latter, nor yet altogether that of the individual on whom she was gazing: she held this "making babies" as

be the image of the inner man. On looking into the left eye, she saw the outline of any viscus, as lungs, stomach, &c. which might be diseased, and by the side of it she saw imaged the appropriate remedy. In the right eye of dogs, or of other brute animals, she discerned a blue flame, which, says Kerner, was undoubtedly their immortal part—their soul. We, however, hope not, as the colour was, to say the least of it, an unfortunate omen. Farther to illustrate the subject Schubert is quoted, who observes, "that a secret world, hidden to the sight, often seems to gaze inquisitively and responsively on man from the eyes of an animal, as from open portals, leading from one world into the other." (!)

The Seherin, of course, was thoroughly mistress of such magnetic accomplishments as reading with the pit of her stomach; but she was sometimes contented with merely feeling the sense of a passage, without reading it. On one occasion, for instance, Kerner five times successively gave her two slips of paper, on one of which were written the words, "There is a God," and on the other the words, "There is no God;" after holding them for some time in her left hand she returned them to him, saying, that of the former she felt something, but that the latter only left a mere sense of vacancy. Two slips, on one of which was written "tuo fratello," and on the other, "dein Bruder" (thy brother), caused her precisely the same feeling, of her brother, although she did not understand a word of the Italian language. Kerner once laid a paper, upon which was written the word "Napoleon," on the pit of her stomach, and she instantly felt constrained to sing, and actually commenced singing, the tune of a march: he several times repeated the experiment, and always with the same result.—(vol. i. p. 710.)

There were, moreover, numerous examples of not only the faculty of sight, but the functions of all the other organs of sense also being developed in the region of the abdominal ganglia; though still, seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting, were less frequently found there than the faculties of perceiving and feeling.

Solon's maxim—"Know thyself"—which some Germans have affected to condemn, was never implicitly obeyed before the time of the Seherin: her spiritual eyes wandered throughout her body, and examined every part of it; and even her organs of sight themselves were not hidden from her all-penetrating gaze. In the region of the solar plexus, she perceived a slowly-moving sun, and her eyes appeared to her as two luminous centres, giving off rays in all directions: the latter, according to our author, were the *ganglion ciliare*, and the *nervi ciliares*. She saw all the nerves of her body, and described the course of several quite correctly. She was a first-rate physician, and, though Kerner's patient, must have run away with almost all his practice. Whenever a person affected with disease approached her, she felt all its symptoms even without the aid of any manipulation, and could detail them with great exactitude: she was a kind of mirror, in which every malady was reflected; and had she been held up in a hospital, and the patients made to pass before her, would have saved an infinity of time, trouble, and uncertainty, by furnishing an instant and unerring diagnosis of every case. Her most successful and famous cure (which appears to have created a great sensation at the time, and of which very minute details are given in the work before us) was of the Countess of Maldelgchem, in 1828. We cannot here dwell upon the very singular affection of the latter, resulting from her having, when only six years old, fallen into a deep sleep, which lasted half a day, in a field of poppies in full bloom,—but must proceed at once to the process of cure, indicated by the Seherin, "I feel in her," said she (of course the Seherin was now magnetically tranced)—"I feel in her the number, three, and by this her prescriptions must be re-

gulated. During nine days, she must thrice suspend three laurel leaves in an amulet; but it must not be communicated to her of what the amulet consists. For the same space of time must thou (the Count, the husband of her patient), three times a day, lay thy left hand for a quarter of an hour on the pit of her stomach. She must not be allowed any stimulants, but, thrice a day, three table-spoonfuls of daisy-tea must be given her. On no Wednesday must thou commence with the laying on of hands; and this must always be done in the morning at nine o'clock, at which time I shall fall asleep here: no person must then disturb me; I must remain in perfect silence. I shall be praying for my patient."

In her trances, the Seherin often gave utterance to a peculiar language, which appeared similar to an Oriental tongue. She said it was natural to her, and was like that spoken at the time of Jacob. Which we presume there is no denying. It was very sonorous, and did not vary on her lips, so that persons who were much in her company easily learnt it. She was accustomed to say that in this language she could express her innermost feelings, and that she translated from it when she spoke of them in German. Its qualities were such as to call forth the utmost curiosity of the philologist: its words gave the real value and property of the objects which they represented. Several of its sounds were found by the learned to resemble those of the Coptic, Arabic, and Hebrew languages; for instance, her word for hand was *Bjat*, which is very similar to the Hebrew *Jat*. *Elschaddai*, by which term she designated God, signifies in Hebrew the *Self-Sufficing*, or *Almighty*. A physician in her language was *handasadi*; a girl, *alentana*; glass, *chlunn*; the moon, *schmado*; a many-coloured flower, *bianna fina*; a nightingale, *nochiene*, &c. For "Wilt thou not give me thy hand, physician?" her phrase was, "*O pasqua non ti bjat handacadi*?" The sage Kerner seems of opinion that this is the primitive language of the soul, (not of any body we would observe,) and which the former cannot entirely lose, though the progress of degeneracy and the mould of time have obscured and overlaid it. Happy then are they who can descend in a spiritual diving-bell to the bottom of the ganglionic system, fish up the long-lost sounds that once rang in the ears of the antediluvian world, and adopt them in place of the "noisy but empty" jargons, which, for want of better, we are compelled to give utterance to at present!

The second volume of the work before us is principally filled with an account of the ghosts of various individuals, who favoured the Seherin by visiting her. This opens to us an entirely novel system of *ghostology*, for with respect to their general character, we are informed that they are not at all the extraordinary beings many people take them for: on the contrary, some of them are troubled, notwithstanding the wide range of their wanderings, with views so limited as even to astonish us short-sighted tenants of earth; and with a stupidity particularly dense considering their ethereal nature. The idea that ghosts are a remarkable and eccentric class of individuals appears so ridiculous to their familiar friends, Kerner and Eschenmayer, that they cannot help perpetrating on the subject the only witticisms to be found in these volumes, and doubtless the only ones they ever accomplished. Your German philosopher, though rather dull in the society of the living, pricks up, and becomes a very lively fellow amongst the dead. "Die sogenannten Geisterreichen," says Kerner, "erkennen nur ein Geisterreich das geistreich ist:" the point of this would be lost in English; but into French we may translate it thus: "Les beaux esprits ne reconnaissent pas des esprits qui ne sont pas spirituels." "It is certainly very clever," says Eschenmayer ironically, "to expect a person to be all soul when dead, who was all clod



when living." After this, of course we did not expect any thing very brilliant from the spirits, and we were not disappointed;—but the reader shall judge of their accomplishments for himself.

In the night of the 20th of July, 1827, about twelve o'clock, as Mrs. Hauſſe was lying awake in bed, and drinking a glass of water, a spirit suddenly entered the room, and stood before her, in the shape of a man about thirty years of age, in a long open coat, with large broad buttons, knee-breeches, shoes with buckles, and a neck-cloth fastened with a button. This gentleman walked up to her, and said very unceremoniously, "You must come down with me into my stable;" in answer to her question, he told her where his stable was situated, and immediately afterwards vanished. He came again in the course of a few days, accompanied by the ghost of a woman; and on the 12th of August following, whilst Mrs. Hauſſe was suffering under a terrible head-ache, the couple entered the room late in the night, and the woman brought with her in her arms a child covered with rags, of which the head only was visible. At a previous visit the woman had told her, when alive, she had taken poison in order to miscarry; that she had been confined in the stable of the man who was now with her; that in this same stable he had buried the child; and that she had shortly afterwards been found dead in a neighbouring barn: the man also added, that he wished Mrs. Hauſſe to visit the stable, dig up the bones of the child, which she would find near the trough, and have them removed to the church-yard. On the present occasion the man exclaimed, "I am Nicholas Pfeffer, the seducer of this woman, and the murderer of this child;—kneel down and pray with us!" All three subsequently prayed together for an hour. These spirits, who were very stupid and superstitious, came to Mrs. Hauſſe to receive religious instruction: she seems to have taught them that the disinterment and reburial of their child would not ensure their repose, but that they must have recourse to the practice of religious duties. They were tolerably apt scholars, and if we are to judge from the change in their dress, made some approaches to the angelic whilst under her care, for we learn that they at length laid aside the garments in which they had at first appeared, for bright robes with numerous folds.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 24th of October, both man and woman visited her, and said, as with one voice, "We come for the last time, to take leave of you." She asked them where they were going, and they answered, "to a better place." They then disappeared, and were seen no more. These ghosts, as well as others who visited her, were seen by several of her attendants, but not by all. A girl who waited on her saw perfectly well the above couple and the child, and heard the former talk. Some of the ghosts who visited Kerner's house (for it was there that Mrs. Hauſſe now resided) were very noisy fellows, and would certainly have been apprehended by the police, could the police have laid hold of them: they were wont to amuse themselves after the most approved fashion of the Cock-lane Ghost, but with variations, by making sounds in the air, which resembled hard blows, the rustling of paper, the falling of sand, &c.: whether, in return for her instruction, they taught Mrs. Hauſſe any of those accomplishments is not certain; but we surmise that they did, for Kerner one night heard all kinds of strange noises in his house, and was informed by his patient the next morning, that she had been the cause of them. On the 8th of December, 1828, as Kerner was sitting in the next room to that of the *seherin*, the door being open, he saw her talking to a tall cloudy figure; he instantly seized a candle and rushed into the apartment, but the strong light rendered the apparition invisible to his eyes. He often heard spirits, and was conscious of their presence, but this was the only one he ever

saw, it was a gentleman, a Mr. N., who had called as he went past to leave a message with the *Seherin* for his son, who resided in the place. Kerner was at first disposed to be very sceptical on the score of these apparitions, and accordingly Mrs. Hauſſe tried to prevail on some of the more rough and ready of her visitors to render themselves visible, or otherwise sensible to him; and actually sent a ghost up-stairs to his bed-room one morning at the very seasonable hour of two o'clock, who woke him out of his sleep, and caused him a succession of the most disagreeable feelings imaginable, but whom, after all, he had not the pleasure of seeing, much less remunerating for his exertions. It really was rather vexatious that Kerner could not see more ghosts, for his house swarmed with them to such an extent that he could hardly call it his own: indeed it is clear that, at one time he must have had many more disembodied than embodied guests; and that though his family may have been alarmed by the living, they could not possibly be frightened at the dead, whom they were constantly in the habit of mixing with. The ghosts seemed, some of them, to have great difficulty in forgetting their earthly failings: one, at any rate, appears to have fallen in love with a servant-maid in the house, for he followed her perpetually; we are happy to say however, that nothing improper occurred, owing partly, perhaps, to the vigilance of Mrs. Hauſſe, who kept a sharp look out upon the rake. A great number of spirits were always employed on the premises in one capacity or other; some made noises such as those described above; others threw sand out of the garden into the open windows; some ran about the house leaving the doors open, and pinching and pushing those to whom they were invisible; whilst others, who were of a more sentimental turn, made most melodious and melting music. One night, about eleven o'clock, as a lady, Mad. W. de H., was preparing to go to bed in Mrs. Hauſſe's room, a dark gentleman entered, who without taking any notice of the *Seherin*, made himself very disagreeable to her companion, by causing her to feel "the greatest anxiety and oppression:" not liking this, of course, she hastily disrobed herself, and, throwing her clothes on the ground, jumped into bed; her adventurous visiter however, evidently used to these affairs and not liking to see matters carried on in a disorderly or slovenly way carefully picked up her garments, placed them on a chair, and then immediately followed her into bed, where his first proceeding was to pull the pillow from under her head, and lay it on her face. What immediately followed this auspicious beginning, Mrs. W. de H., who is her own historian, does not inform us; Mrs. Hauſſe, it appears, lay quite still, and did not in the slightest degree interfere, for fear of increasing the fright of her companion; and Kerner merely gives the women's account of the matter, under the head of "Eighth fact"—(see vol. ii. p. 259), without adding a word of comment or supplementary information.

It is greatly to the credit of places never till now held fit for mention to ears polite, that all the ghosts who figure in these volumes (and they are some scores in the aggregate) seem to have learnt, either above or below, the art of making themselves agreeable to the ladies; indeed, with the exception of a woman who bore in her hand a human heart, and of two or three sombre-vested gentlemen who evidently came from unmentionable quarters, they all made an impression which was rather agreeable than otherwise upon those who enjoyed the happiness of their acquaintance. They were invested with very few of the terrors which accompany ordinary apparitions. They were rather troublesome and inconvenient sometimes; and might be, now and then, even mischievous; but no serious damage was apprehended from them; they were very tame, "fit for a lady, and such as a child could easily manage;" giving one somewhat the idea

From the Literary Examiner.

of a troop of domestic animals kept by a gentleman for amusement or curiosity. Kerner was, perhaps, never more contented, nor his home more cheerful, nor his affairs more prosperous, nor his family more happy, than when he was entertaining a levy of half a score apparitions. In the year 1838 particularly his house was quite a place of fashionable resort for ghosts and ghost-seers; he might with great propriety have called it an hotel—the Spertre's Castle would have been an excellent sign—and have promised, in gilt characters, “good entertainment for man and ghost.” Here, however, we must take leave of “our host” and his unique establishment; but, first let us assure the reader, that we have not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration in our sketch of the work before us; on the contrary, the work is an exaggeration of our sketch; in English we have not colours sufficiently deep to do justice to the original, and we have therefore thought proper to remove the details from out the sober shade which pervades and heightens the solemn and awful effect of the German picture, into a more brilliant light. The *philosophy* of the subject, which is treated at great length in the original, from regard to our readers we have scarcely touched upon. The *Seherin's* rationale of her magnetic condition; her account of her own mental and psychological operations; her definitions of soul, spirit, and nervous fluid, and description of their connection during life, and mutual relation after death; as well as the learned and lengthy comments thereupon of Kerner himself, Görres, Eichenmayer, and Meyer of Frankfort, form perhaps the most grotesque and astonishing part of the whole business, and this we have not even glanced at. For such manifold imperfections and deficiencies we expect the gratitude of our English readers, and the German philosophers must be good enough to pardon us; we pray them to look with pity, not contempt, on the colourless copy of their forcible painting, which is all we have to exhibit to our countrymen;—we have done our English best!

The second volume of the work contains long details of what the *Seherin* was pleased to call her solar and vital circles; and appended are diagrams of the same, decked out with all the paraphernalia of magic. This part of the subject is treated in such a sober, earnest, yet mysterious way, that the reader is, at length, completely bewildered; the ground shifts from beneath him; and above and around he is completely enwrapped in clouds of which the darkness is relieved only by incoherent phantasms; he feels constrained to deny the existence of all substance, and to doubt whether aught but shadow “lives and moves, and has a being;” to reject reality and its solid universe, and put his faith in “an array of spectral hosts.” Though we have not got quite so far as this in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it would really seem as if, in Trans-Rhenane regions, life were, indeed, become “such stuff as dreams are made of.”

Mrs. Hauffe is dead: at any rate, on the 8th of August, 1829, she was removed from her bed, placed in a coffin, carefully screwed down, carried to the church-yard at Löwenstein, and there committed to the ground; so whether dead or not, she will hardly magnetize or be magnetized any more. But though the glory of Würtemberg—the great magnetic martyr—has departed, the science to which she was devoted hides not its head, but lifts it boldly even in foreign and inhospitable climes. Even here, in this land of steam and scrutiny, it has ventured to take up a determined position, and we have accordingly heard of a “*Seherin von St. Pancras*,” and of a physician worthy of the priestess,—of a Conduit-street Kerner.

*Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.*—Edited by William Stanhope Taylor, Esq., and Captain John Henry Pringle, Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the original manuscripts in their possession. Vol. II. John Murray.

It was a saying of Junius that Lord Chatham's monument was a solid fabric, and would well support the laurels that adorned it. The monument he then referred to was the character bequeathed by the great statesman to his country. It has indeed supported those laurels well. The more that is laid upon it, the more it is proved able to bear—the more closely it is examined, the greater the respect and admiration we are disposed reverentially to pay to it.

The present volume of the *Correspondence* extends over a period of eight years—from 1758 to 1766—and embraces the accession of George the Third, the temporary expulsion of Pitt from office, the brief and most ignominious triumphs of Lord Bute, the vain attempts to detach Pitt from the Whigs, the formation of the Grenville Ministry, the famous and fatal project for the taxation of America, and the temporising patch-work of the Rockingham Cabinet. It closes on the eve of that unlucky day for the immortal statesman, which can never be better described than in the language of Lord Chesterfield, when, “in the fullness of his power and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, he withdrew from the House of Commons, and went into that hospital of incurables, the House of Lords!”

Yet is there nothing more observable in these and all other passages of Chatham's history than the utter absence of anything like *meanness* in his nature. Surrounded by the faithless he is always “faithful found.” Whatever the faults he committed, whether in thought or action, they were on the side of greatness. His very errors were of a character to dwarf the intellects of the men who feebly acted with him, or yet more feebly opposed him. We find scarcely a name in this *Correspondence* that is not sullied with the imputation of something paltry or unworthy, but upon that of the Earl of Chatham there rests no such stain. Of war he might possibly have been too fond in his sensitive care for the honour of his country, but his no less sensitive care of his own honour preserved him from any fondness for place or pelf. Austere he was, no doubt, and held his head now and then too high—but he never made the slightest progress in the arts of crawling or shuffling, surrounded as he was by a crowd of their most accomplished professors. Every syllable that he wrote, in public or in private, so far as they are given here, would bear the severest scrutiny. How could it be otherwise? He had nothing to temporise, nothing to conceal, no unworthy object to attain. It was not worth the while of such a man to be other than great, and great, therefore, he always was. He left it to Horace Walpole to fawn upon him while living, and when dead to slander him and make a jest of his bodily infirmities. He left it to Colonel Barré, whose many fine qualities only showed how difficult it was to withstand the vices of the time, to repay a debt of unbounded gratitude with a speech of unbounded abuse. He left it to my Lord Bute to undergo all the extremes of hot and cold in the short space of a few months, and to show how easy (in the comfort of a snug and as he thought an enduring place) was the transition from “my dearest friend” to “sir.” These and a hundred other examples of a similar sort, lie open in this volume before us.

We have mentioned Barré's name. It is Junius, we believe, who says that he would borrow a simile from Burke, or a sarcasm from Barré—and no one could deserve such a

compliment better, as even the most imperfect records of his gay, shrewd, pleasant speeches show. There is a letter of his at the opening of the present portion of this *Correspondence* which seems to us expressed with very happy and characteristic skill. The writer served under Wolfe, was by his side when he fell, and grounds his application to Pitt for promotion on the regard shown him by that great general. We extract a short sentence—

"From power I have not interest enough to ask favour; but, unless the discernment of my late general be much called in question, I may claim some title to justice. If my demands appear reasonable, an application to Mr. Pitt cannot be charged with great impropriety."

Barré's excuse for his after conduct may probably have been that though he received favours from Pitt, he did not receive what he first and most earnestly solicited—promotion to a colonel's rank over his seniors in the service. Nothing is more striking in this volume than its numerous instances of similar refusals on the part of the high-minded Minister. No matter what the rank, the station, the influence of the petitioner, an austere regard for justice takes precedence before all. To quote one of these examples. The Archbishop of Armagh (in 1760, when the celebrated Dr. George Stone held that office) in a long, and painfully earnest letter, solicits a colonel's commission for the young Earl of Drogheda—querulously adding that if it is refused he shall consider it as a warning for him to retire from a scene where he is desired no longer. To this Pitt at once replies in a letter which is characteristic of many of his finest qualities, and the greater portion of which we shall therefore quote.

"What shall I do or say to dispel the cloud, and set both yourself and your humble servant right again in your eyes? Will my dear Lord Primate give me leave to talk with him, as I could do to Lord Temple in a similar case? and I think my heart is so clear towards your Grace, that I might venture to expostulate even as to a brother.

"I will briefly and simply, then, expose my situation as to interfering in military promotions; more especially in that to the rank of colonel. I have declared, in the most explicit manner, on my legs in the House of Commons, my opinion concerning promotions of favour over the heads of ancient lieutenant-colonels, actually serving with the highest distinction in all parts of the world; and I have, as it were, publicly pledged myself to that most meritorious class of officers, that I would never contribute, from any considerations of family or parliamentary interest, to their depression. On these grounds, I excused myself to Lord Besborough and to the Duke of Devonshire last winter, when they much interested themselves for Lord Drogheda; the distinguished zeal as well as the general character of which noble lord, gave me the sincerest wish to have had it in my power to serve him, without too much mortifying and deeply wounding, in very senior officers, that gallant and respectable spirit which, thank Heaven! breathes through the British troops. I do not, however, mean by this, that a person of Lord Drogheda's quality and weight in his country is to keep the exact pace of every lieutenant-colonel in the service, and rise only inch by inch through such an immense list, according to the strict date of his commission; but all I mean to submit to your Grace's and to Lord Drogheda's candour is, that among the very many lieutenant-colonels above his lordship on that list, there are not a few who cannot be postponed without great hardship and loud complaints in the army. The regiments and aides-de-camp now vacant, and about to become so, would go a good way in clearing this crying debt to signal services; and a little time may open the way, without much discontent, to that mark of favour, to which Lord

Drogheda's great merit to government and ardour for the service so well entitle him.

"This is the plain and true state of the case. My cause is before the court, and I know your Grace can only pass an equitable sentence. Be assured, my lord, that nothing but an essential duty can weigh with me against a wish of your Grace.

'More lov'd than any, but less dear than all,'

is a beautiful line, which shall close my peroration; and I will rest satisfied, that my true respect and sincere friendship for your Grace will not, in your own eye, stand impeached, though for the present, my hand must not contribute to Lord Drogheda's promotion.

"Let me rejoice with your Grace on the glorious close of the scene in North America. May the same favourable Providence bless us with the proper and happy fruit of victory—peace, advantageous, solid, lasting peace!"

What a comment is this on that famous passage in the Peninsular historian about the "cold shade of the aristocracy!"

Among other interesting letters addressed by Frederick of Prussia to Pitt, is one in which that great and prudent sovereign clearly anticipates the danger he was exposed to from the growing influence of Lord Bute, though that influence had scarcely then appeared upon the surface of affairs. He anticipates, too, precisely that high-minded policy on the part of Pitt, which, in endeavouring to sustain faith with the more generous alliances of England, drove the great minister from the state-helm. An eloquent passage in this letter shows the strain in which the greatest minds thought it most fitting to address "Mr. Pitt:"—

"Je me conduis par deux principes; l'un est l'honneur, et l'autre l'intérêt de l'état que le ciel m'a donné à gouverner. Les loix que ces principes me prescrivent sont premièrement de ne jamais faire d'action dont j'eusse à rougir, si je devais en rendre compte à mon peuple; et le second, de sacrifier pour le bien et la gloire de ma patrie la dernière goutte de mon sang. Avec ces maximes, Monsieur, on ne cède jamais à ses ennemis; avec ces maximes Rome se soutint contre Hannibal, après la bataille de Cannes; avec ces maximes votre grande Reine Elisabeth se soutint contre Philippe II, et contre la flotte invincible; par ces mêmes principes Gustave Wasa, dont le nom mérite d'être cité à côté de celui de la Reine Elisabeth,—Gustave Wasa, dis-je, rétablit la Suède, et chassa le tyran Christian du royaume; et c'est par une même magnanimité des princes d'Orange, qu'à force de valeur et de persévérance ils fondèrent la république des Provinces Unies.

"Voilà, Monsieur, les modèles que je me suis proposé de suivre. Vous, qui avez de la grandeur et de l'élevation dans l'âme, désapprouvez mon choix si vous le pouvez."

We may append to this the interesting correspondence which passed between Pitt and Voltaire, at the time when the latter had projected an edition of Corneille, the profits of which were for the benefit of a grandniece of that illustrious writer, whom the philosopher of Ferney had taken into his house and treated like his child.

"Au Chateau de fernay, près de Genève, 19 Juillet, 1761.

"Monsieur,—While you weight the interests of england and france, yr great mind may at one time reconcile Corneille with Shakespear. Yr name at the head of Subscribers shall be the greatest honour the letters can receive, t's worthy of the greatest ministers to protect the greatest writers. j

dare not ask the name of the King; but I am assuming enough, to desire earnestly so great a favour.

"Je suis avec un respect infini pour votre personne et pour vos grandes actions, Monsieur,

"Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

"VOLTAIRE,

"gentilhomme ord. de la chambre du roy."

"St. James's square, September 4, 1761.

"The pressure of business is but a feeble reason for having deferred answering the honour of a letter from M. de Voltaire, and on so interesting a subject. For who so insensible to the true spirit of poetry, as not to admire the works and respect the posterity of the great Corneille? or what more flattering than to second, in any manner, those pious cares, offered to the manes of the founder of French tragedy by the genius who was reserved to perfect it?

"I feel the high value of the favourable sentiments you are so good as to express on my subject, and am happy in this occasion of assuring you of the distinguished consideration with which

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"W. PITT."

The editors of the volume subjoin two other letters on the same subject, between Voltaire and Mr. Stanley, which are too happily expressed to be omitted here—

"M. DE VOLTAIRE TO MR. STANLEY.

"Sir,—I hear that when you take our settlements, you take subscriptions too. Corneille belongs to every nation, and especially to those *who greatly think, and bravely die*: had Shakespeare left a grand-daughter, I would subscribe for her. Give me leave to thank you for what you do in favour of Corneille's blood.

"I am, with respect, Sir,

"Your most humble obedient servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

"MR. STANLEY TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

"Monsieur,—C'est au père de la tragédie Française que j'ai voulu rendre mes foibles hommages; je suis charmé de les voir approuvés par le plus digne de sa postérité poétique. Je suis bien intéressé à croire avec vous que les génies supérieurs appartiennent à toutes les nations. J'adopte avec empressement cette idée, puisqu'elle m'autorise à réclamer Voltaire pour compatriote.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

"H. STANLEY."

No Minister that ever swayed the political destinies of a country had such a world-wide reputation as the Earl of Chatham. In 1761 the celebrated and most unfortunate Count de Lally, the father of Lally Tolendal, thus addressed him—

"Since my departure, now almost five years, from Europe for the Asiatic climates, I am historically acquainted but with two men in this world, the King of Prussia and Mr. Pitt; the one by a series of distress, the other of success; the former snatching at fortune, the latter directing her.

"But when I shall have seen and heard here of Mr. Pitt all I have already read of him, I shall always remember I am his prisoner, and liberty to me, though a Frenchman, is of an inestimable value; therefore I earnestly beg your interest with his Majesty to grant me leave to repair to my native soil, either upon my parole, or upon the terms of the cartel in accepting of my ransom."

Pitt granted the request, and the horrible fate that awaited the liberated prisoner of war is matter of most painful history.

Not the least interesting or happily expressed parts of the *Correspondence* consist of several of Bishop Warburton's letters. A short extract from one of Pitt's answers will

illustrate the invariable style of address and compliment employed with all apparent sincerity by that hard-headed Bishop:

"The Scipios, my dear Lord, are, alas! no more. Such effusions of virtue upon feeble man ceased with that apostolic age of patriotism, as miraculous powers determined with the first age of the church. The puny moderns rise not to the faintest resemblance of Roman energy; at best, 'tis but the smoke of that noble fire. In one single point, indeed, your Lordship gives this age the advantage; by affording us grounds to carry our admiration of the extensive powers of universal learning higher than ancient Rome could have a right to do."

This is in Warburton's own vein. We cannot help adding two short extracts from many that tempt us in his letters. Describing his accident of a broken arm which resulted from a fall in his garden, he writes—

"They tell me the case goes on very prosperously; which, next to the mercy of Providence, we ascribe to a long habit of temperance; a temperance, indeed, which has little other merit in it, for I think I stumbled upon it in the pursuit of pleasure."

In another letter he observes, excusing himself in a matter of political difference with his great correspondent—

"The best intentioned man, whether to religion or the state, may sometimes mistake their interests. He who with good intentions best understands them, commits the fewest errors; and it is for the honour of humanity, that such a man is most disposed to excuse the well-meant mistakes of others."

We now proceed to quote some of the most charming letters in the present volume, as they also proved the chief attraction of the last, from the minister to his wife. In the domestic circle the lofty and austere Earl of Chatham was the gentlest, the tenderest, the most affectionate of men. It was indeed from the strength of those softer affections he derived his highest and most enduring lesson of duty to his country. Mankind will never be so well served as by the man who begins the service at home. His character in this respect was well known in his time, and he lost nothing of his public dignity or consideration in consequence! Sir Richard Littleton wrote to him thus from Lyons at the close of 1762.

"This will probably find you in your sweet retreat, surrounded by your pretty prattlers. I should be happy to hear that, like another Socrates, you were playing at shuttle-cock with them."

It is curious that at the very instant this was written Pitt was probably inditing the following passage of a note to his wife:—

"The principal event of Hayes is Hetty's chase of a butterfly, which she pursued over the daisy lawn, with the ardour of a little nymph of Dian's train; the spot was growing too hot, and we wisely agreed to whip off, and renew the hunt another day."

And in acknowledging Sir Richard's letter a few days afterwards, Pitt candidly tells him he was right in his conjecture—

"How shall I find words to thank you for all the affectionate sentiments which you are so good as to express, relating to domestic events, which arrive to your village-friend and humble servant? How kind are your thoughts, in following him into the small but endearing occupations of such a retirement as that to which he has been driven; where I fairly own that Lady Chatham and I find much delight in the little sage discourses of the diminutive philosophers who surround us."

Why indeed should he not "fairly own" such things?

They were his brightest prospects and reliefs in the midst of heaviest toil.

"My dearest Life,—I have gone through the labour of the *corpe diplomatique* from ten this morning till past two, and am not at all the worse for the sweat of my brow. I have just received an epistle from Pam, with a continuation of good accounts from the nursery. All are in perfect health. I propose to see them to-morrow evening, and to devote Saturday to children and to hay-making; and I hope Sunday will prove a day of rest from business—a day of impatience, but of a sweeter kind, it is sure to prove, big with the dear expectation of receiving again my delight and comfort on Monday. Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

While on a visit to Bath for the hope of some rest from his painful illness, we find him writing thus:—

"Bath, Monday night, November 18, 1765.

"Thank Heaven that I am able to hold a pen, and tell my love the feats I have this day performed. I have visited the fair down of Claverton, with all its piny forests, and have drunk one glass of water as I returned, sitting in my coach of state, in Stall street. Hitherto all goes prosperously with my bodily concerns; so that I have no pain worth mentioning, but that of being separated from my kind love, and not seeing five little faces, which form round her a group, which sums all delight—all which my heart can taste.

"It is indeed a pleasure to think that I am writing what will give my dearest life pleasure, and help to make the hours of separation more easy and comfortable. It rains civilities upon me here, from various quarters; and, to my own sense of things, only renders my situation more unaccountable, not to say ridiculous. But no more of this,—

"Who sees not Providence all kind and wise,  
Alike in what it grants, and what denies!"

"The Hoods are pretty well. The Captain and Mr. James Grenville, as also Mr. Mayor, are all that I have opened my doors to. Many I find are enough disposed to take a view of me; whether from mere curiosity to see a strange new creature, viz: a leader whom nobody follows, or any other reason why, I do not conjecture. I must now, my life, draw to a conclusion; for my hand admonishes me not to be too bold. Kisses upon kisses to the little children.

"Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

And again:—

"Bath, Thursday night,

["November 26, 1765.]

"To convey by a sure hand to my dearest life a full and true account of the state of our person, I despatch the slow but safe William: who will, I trust, bring me back on Saturday night as good a report at least of Burton Pynsent as he carries of the health of Bath. I have been airing in the coach to-day, for the second time, nearly three hours, and came home untired; wanting nothing but dinner, and the sight of my love and of my children. I can stand with the help of crutches, and hope soon to discard one of them. Who knows, in time, what may become of his companion? My left hand holds a fork at dinner with some *gentillesse*, and my right holds, as you see, a pen,—inferior to that of few writing-masters, excepting always those two famous scribes, Hester and John.

"Thus stands the gout, in the present moment: it is indeed a changeable world, and the morrow oft disappoints the prospect of the eve; but as Milton says, who says divinely in all.

"Where equal scales do arbitrate the event,  
My mind inclines to hope rather than fear."

"I am full of the beauties of our scenes around here.

"Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

Equally delightful are the answers of the wife. Here, for instance, is a picture from one of them—

"Nine o'clock come, the duties of our Sunday evening done, and the little ones retired to bed, I musing by the fire, comes in my dearest love's letter. What a charm did it immediately spread over my whole mind, and with what delight and gratitude to the Almighty did I read that my prayers had been answered! The honours paid to the dear hermit are natural. Superstition leads a few, and true devotion the other part."

The last of these letters we shall quote possesses a deeper interest. It was written immediately after the first great debate on the American question—

"Bond street, 12 o'clock,

["January 15, 1766.]

"I am just out of bed, my dearest life, and, considering the great fatigue, not getting to bed till past four, I am tolerably well—*my hand not worse, my country not better*. We (number three) debated strenuously the rights of America. The resolution passed, for England's right to do what she treasury pleases with three millions of free men. Lord Camden, in the Lords, divine—but one voice about him. They divided; we did not. Five Lords—the division, Camden, Shelburne, Paulet, Cornwallis, Terrington.

"I am not able to attend again to-day; when more resolutions are to be moved. It is probable the main question of repeal will not come on till Friday or Monday. Send the coach, my love, to-morrow morning, and I shall then have it in my power to do as events allow. At present, Adieu. Kiss our dear babes for me.

"Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

The notes to the volume are carefully compiled and will be found a great assistance to the reader. Now and then, however, we notice a slight inaccuracy arising from confusion of dates, and, more rarely, a good story is ill told. Of the famous American orator, for instance, who was "raised" by the Grenville politicians, it is related—

"Patrick Henry, after declaiming against the measures of the present reign, exclaimed, 'Cesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Oliver Cromwell, and George the Third his ———.' Upon which there was a cry of "treason!" and the speaker called him to order."

—The truth we believe to have been that so far from submitting to the Speaker's call, Henry "improved" the occasion by a very brilliant oratorical expedient. He had just uttered the words "and George the Third" when the cry of treason arose, and, turning full round to the quarter whence it proceeded, he slowly and deliberately repeating the words "and George the Third—*may profit by their example*"—sat down in the midst of the most enthusiastic cheering.

From the Athenæum.

## FROZEN SOIL OF AMERICA.

'Notice of a few simple Observations which it is desirable to make on the Frozen soil of British North America,' communicated by Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., Physician to Haslar Hospital.

Travellers into the arctic regions of Asia and America have mentioned that the sub-soil of certain districts is permanently frozen, and Gmelin long ago declared that, in Siberia, the thickness of the frozen earth was upwards of 100

feet; but these statements were either overlooked or disbelieved until very recently, when Professor Baer, of St. Petersburg, and Mr. Erman, of Berlin, transmitted to the Geographical Society of London some account of the sinking of a well at Yakutsk to the depth of 382 feet in the frozen ground. The inquiry is to be prosecuted still further in Siberia, and Professor Baer suggests that it would be desirable to collect information from the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company as to the extent of the layer of frozen ground in North America, the thickness it attains in different parallels of latitude, and how much of it disappears towards the latter end of summer; and the council of the Geographical Society, desirous of promoting so important an inquiry in the department of Physical Geography, have caused the following instructions to be drawn up and printed for the guidance of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who may be desirous of contributing to the advancement of science by their observations.—As it is not likely that occasions for sinking deep pits or wells in the Hudson's Bay countries will speedily occur, the thickness of the frozen crust cannot be ascertained in the same direct manner as at Yakutsk, but the depth to which the summer thaw penetrates may be noted without much trouble. Sir John Franklin mentions that, at York Factory, in lat. 57°, this did not exceed three feet; and on the shores of Great Bear Lake it was only 22 inches. The best time for observing to what depth the soil has been thawed by the summer heat is in "the fall," or the commencement of winter, when the surface begins to freeze again and the snow to lie, that is, early in October, about the 56th parallel, and in the month of September farther north. Every locality where frozen sub-soil is discovered by digging in the summer, should be mentioned, so that when observations are sufficiently multiplied, the southern boundary of the frozen stratum may be traced on the map; and if spots be found in the higher latitudes without any such frozen bed, the peculiarities of its situation should be recorded, particularly those which render its drainage more perfect, or contribute to elevate its summer temperature, such as the presence of decomposing beds of bituminous shale, producing pseudo-volcanoes, the vicinity of thermal springs, or the reflection of the sun's rays from lofty walls of rock. There are several reasons for supposing that, in the interior of the Hudson's Bay territories the climate is nearly the same as that of Siberia, and we know that on the northern shores of Great Slave Lake, in lat. 62°, which is the parallel upon which Yakutsk stands, the mean annual heat is very nearly the same as at the latter place. In that neighborhood, therefore, we may expect to find the frozen soil as thick as at Yakutsk; at Fort Chipewyan, where the mean temperature is supposed to be between 29° and 30°, the depth of frozen soil, by the same rule, will not exceed 60 feet; and, towards Cumberland-house, where the average heat of the year is rather above the freezing point, the frozen sub-stratum will probably be found to feather off to nothing. Facts, in proof or contradiction of these suppositions, are required, and between Athabasca and the Saskatchewan, the frozen stratum being very thin, may be entirely penetrated with little labour, particularly at the posts of Isle à la Crosse or Lac la Ronge, or, perhaps still better, on the Peace River and its southern branches. Even in the higher latitudes, as on the Mackenzie, much information may be gained by visiting some of the recent land-slips which occur annually on the banks of the larger rivers. In such a case the height of the top of the bank from the water, the width of the slip, and the age of the crevice, whether newly formed, or the work of a preceding season, should be recorded. Cliffs, several hundred feet high, composed of crumbling rocks, washed at the base by the Mackenzie and Bear Lake rivers, are noticed in Sir John Franklin's journal. Should

one of these happen to give way to the thickness of 400 feet, both vertically and horizontally, an inspection of the walls of the crevice would reveal the depth of the frozen earth as the well does at Yakutsk. Land-slips of less magnitude are more likely to take place, and are not to be neglected. Streams, fed only by superficial springs, and, consequently ceasing to flow in winter, must be known to the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company; there are many large and rapid rivers also known to them, which continue during the whole winter to pour large volumes of water into the Arctic sea. The Mackenzie itself, is mostly supplied from districts having a mean heat inferior to the freezing point; its more southerly branches being comparatively small. Now, the waters which sustain the perennial course of many of the tributaries of the Mackenzie, the Great Bear Lake River, for instance, must rise from beneath the frozen stratum. Dease's River, and all the other tributaries of Great Bear Lake, taken in the aggregate, yield, even in the summer, a much smaller quantity of water than that which is discharged by Bear Lake River; and there is no remarkable lowering of the surface of the lake in winter, though the stream that issues from it is too rapid to freeze, is 300 yards wide, and several fathoms deep; hence the great supply must come from the bottom of the lake itself. The depth of one of the arms of the lake has been ascertained to be about 240 feet; but, as the average heat of the year there does not exceed 14° or 17° of Fahrenheit, the source of the perennial springs cannot be estimated at less than 400 feet. The ascertaining of the greatest depth of this lake may therefore be useful in guiding us to a right conclusion, and this may be still more readily accomplished by sounding smaller lakes, which give origin to streams that flow all the winter. This paper has been drawn up with a knowledge of the limited means possessed by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company for making researches of this kind, and of the important and laborious avocations which employ their time; but much is hoped for from their zeal and intelligence. The only instruments required for ascertaining the depth of the summer thaw, are a spade and a foot rule; and letters, detailing the facts ascertained, may be addressed to the Secretary of the Geographical Society.

From the Spectator.

#### THE REPEAL OF THE CORN-LAWS.

To maintain the existing Corn-laws, will be found "too painful an endeavour" by the landed interest, predominant only when other classes, forming the great bulk of the community, are apathetic or deluded on subjects affecting their own welfare. Those classes are now thoroughly roused; and already the main question seems to be, not whether the present system shall be preserved, but what shall be substituted in its place,—entire freedom of trade in corn; a reduced duty, gradually diminishing; or a "moderate fixed duty." Not baseless, it seems, was the rumour to which we alluded last week, that Lord John Russell would "talk about a duty of ten shilling the quarter." In a letter to his constituents, assembled in an Anti-Corn-law meeting at Stroud, the Home Secretary announces his dissatisfaction with things as they are, and his inclination to support a "moderate fixed duty" in the House of Commons. Presuming that the Ministerial leader speaks the sentiments of the Cabinet of which he is a principal member, some will infer that the Government is in unison with the great body of Liberals, to the extent of opposition to the existing scheme of protection. But the Corn-law question has been called "open" since the Whigs came into place; and, following the Tory precedent on Catholic

Emancipation, it would not be surprising if Lord Melbourne supported in the Lords what Lord John Russell attacked in the Commons. If any such policy is contemplated, in order to keep the Ministerial forces together, and to deceive honest men with false hopes, we venture to predict its failure. There is urgent necessity for settling this question. It cannot be made the subject of sham debates. In comparison with its importance and reality, insignificance and simulation are stamped on every other; and it will not be borne, that for mere party objects it should be bandied about in Parliament. Deep, solemn, all-absorbing is the interest which it excites. Every body is thinking, talking, or writing about it. This question must not be "open;" a divided Cabinet will not be endured either by the landed interest or the middle classes.

And if Lord John Russell's letter is to be received as a declaration of the Government policy, and Ministers have resolved to propose a fixed duty to Parliament, they will discover that the time has passed when such terms would have been accepted. At the great "gathering" at Manchester on Wednesday, Mr. Greg declared, with the entire concurrence of the assembly, that a "ten shilling duty was not to be named." "Repeal, total Repeal, and nothing but Repeal," is the rally-cry gone forth from Manchester. It was adopted by a meeting more influential in point of intelligence and wealth, and more formidable in numbers, energy, and enthusiasm, than has been held in this country for many years. From almost every quarter of Great Britain were assembled Members of Parliament, speaking the opinions of their constituents, or delegates from important manufacturing and trading districts, to concert measures for obtaining a speedy subversion of the Corn-laws especially, but also of the entire system of commercial restriction. To a compromise there must be two parties; and at least one of those now in the field scouts the Russell *pie aller*. The Home Secretary will not be allowed to play fast and loose. If he adhere, with his colleagues, to the "moderate fixed duty," he and they will "take nothing" by the overture in the letter to Stroud. They will lose another opportunity, which their luck, not wisdom or desert, presents, of recovering a portion of the popularity they seemed to have irrecoverably lost.

But it may be said, that the total abolition is contemplated by those who recommend a gradual reduction of duty till it disappear, or be lowered to a nominal amount; and that the difference between such and the advocates of immediate and entire repeal, is to be found in the desire of the former to effect the change without sudden and insupportable injury to embarrassed landowners. Let us look a little closer at this. Were the Corn-laws abolished in the first week of the next session, the operation on the prices of English agricultural produce would really be *gradual*. The stocks of wheat are now small in proportion to the demand existing; and this state of things must continue for at least one year more. A very abundant harvest—which is not impossible—would reduce the price far more rapidly, under the ordinary relations of supply and demand, than the abolition of the protecting-duties in this year of grace 1839. When wheat was under forty shillings the quarter, men of ordinary foresight said—"Now is the time to abolish the Corn-laws; for the consequence will not be felt, till an unproductive period return, and then there will be a foreign importation, to the advantage of all." So it may be at present; for the state of the supply, taken against an inevitably increasing demand, precludes the possibility of sudden depreciation of agricultural property, and provides an opportunity for adjusting the claims of landlords and tenants, and of lenders and borrowers, before the foreign grower can operate upon the home market to any considerable extent.

That there might be cases of hardship—that the compensation for reduction in the rent of arable land, would not be received by many, or at least not received in time convenient for them, in the shape of augmented demand for their property, to be applied to grazing, building, and other purposes, is more than probable. But it is preposterous to imagine that the injury to those persons should prevent a great national benefit, and stop a measure necessary to the preservation of English trade and manufactures, to which land owes so much of its value. Improvements on a large scale are always injurious to those who rely for support, or gain, upon exploded practices. The invention of the power-loom has reduced hand-loom weavers to beggary. Railroads have made turnpike bonds of comparatively little value. But who would venture to maintain that miserable weavers, or victimized bondholders, ought to be considered before a public, requiring cheaper and better apparel, and more rapid and easy locomotion?

Perhaps, however, it might be politic, with a view to smooth the progress and ensure the success of a measure whose advantages are incalculable—greater beyond conception than those received in return for Negro emancipation—to vote a sum for the relief of those who make out a case of irreparable and severe distress arising from reduction of rents in certain districts. It certainly would not be a bad bargain to vote twenty millions for the repeal of the Corn-law. The country could well afford the act of generosity—not justice, for there is no righteous claim for compensation on the part of the landed interest: on the contrary, an equitable adjustment would require that the millions of plunder, sacked by landlords, should be restored to the public.

But this point is secondary, and must be left for future consideration. Immediate and total repeal should be demanded. Doubtful it is whether much of the foreign trade that has left the country is not irrecoverable; but it is reasonable to suppose that the progress of foreign competition may be checked, and that projectors of rival establishments on the Continent and in America would be paralyzed by a measure that opened the British market to their customers. In the meanwhile, although no increase in the sales of British manufactures might take place instantaneously, a stimulus would at once be given to capitalists eager to take advantage of enlarged markets. The field of employment would thus be immediately extended; and, in the present condition and prospects of the masses, this consideration is most weighty.

A certain town in Ohio stands on a fixed and moderately elevated tract directly on the dividing line between the waters which run into Lake Erie and the Mississippi. The old court-house is so situated that the rain which falls on the north side of the roof passes into the Cuyahoga, and is discharged into the St. Lawrence; while that which falls on the south side passes into the Gulf of Mexico, so that this house, in a rainy day, is a fountain of waters for two opposite hemispheres of the globe.

In Russia, a man goes to his minister to inform him of the death of his wife. "What will you give me for burying her?" asks the priest. "I am poor," he replies. "Well, give me your cow." "No, a cow is too valuable; I have a goose; you shall have that." "That is too little; I will not bury your wife for a goose; pay me thirty rubles." "I will give twenty." "No, that will not do; I will take twenty and a shirt." And so the bargain is concluded; but cordially is at an end.—*Elliot's Travels in Austria, Russia, and Turkey.*



# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

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MARCH, 1839.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

### FOREIGN RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

*Some remarks on the Foreign Relations of England at the Present Crisis.* By Montague Gore, Esq. 8vo. London: 1838.

It is now some time since we have touched at all upon the vast subject of Foreign Affairs; and many years since we entered at length into the consideration of the important questions connected with it. We have thus abstained, not certainly from any disposition to underrate the importance of these matters, for they are among the most grave and the most interesting that can occupy the thoughts of statesmen; and they are inseparably connected with the peace and improvement, as well as with the liberties of the world. But after the lengthened and dreadful contest in which all Europe had been engaged, and after the almost exclusive interest possessed by such speculations during the progress and at the close of that warfare, the too long neglected things of peace naturally called for an extraordinary share of attention, both from statesmen and from publicists; so that questions of domestic policy unavoidably came to engross for many years the same undivided regard which the external relations of the country had enjoyed during the continuance of hostilities; and while those mighty revolutions were in progress which had convulsed society and altered the whole face of affairs in both hemispheres. It has thus happened that many important questions, deeply affecting the welfare of this and other nations, have passed before our eyes with less attention than they merited; and that it becomes necessary to undertake at once a review of the whole subject. This has its advantages as well as its inconveniences; for we are enabled to see the actual workings of the new arrangements of dominion made at the peace, in 1814 and 1815; and we can determine with more accuracy, by having the light of experience to guide us, how far many departures from second principle, made upon the

specious but hollow and dangerous pretext of securing order and peace, have been in the event subservient to this end.

The fault, no doubt, of the people of this country has always been that they care little for such matters. When any continental changes lead immediately to a war with ourselves, or when a great popular movement is observed among our near neighbours, in the one case, a regard for our own immediate interest, in the other a sympathy with conduct which may be imitated at home, creates a general anxiety among us; and for the moment we are disposed to look abroad upon the affairs of surrounding nations. But changes may take place, the tendency of which is most fatal to our national interests; events may happen which in their consequences are decisive of the maintenance of peace; things may be done which, if suffered, will seriously injure our prosperity, endanger our independence, or involve us in war, although the immediate effects of such transactions may not appear to be of any near or deep concernment to ourselves; and it is such transactions, accordingly, that the people are little apt to regard with any more concern than if they took place in another planet. One inevitable result of this inattention is that the foreign affairs of the country are left entirely in the hands of the Government; that Parliament, imitating and sharing the apathy of the nation, suffers all manner of errors to be committed without any kind of interposition; and that when a course of impolicy, encouraged by being tacitly permitted without warning or even remark, has brought our commercial relations with foreign states into inextricable confusion, or carried us to the very brink of a war, the country awakens from its trance, but finds that it has been aroused too late.

It becomes very important, then, if possible, to impress other and sounder views upon the minds of the considerate and reflecting portion of our countrymen—to show them how unwise, how extremely shortsighted such indifference to their most important interests is

—and to produce that wholesome attention to the foreign concerns of the country,—the constant watchfulness over the conduct of its rulers in this essential department,—from whence so many substantial benefits have flowed to the administration of public affairs in all the other branches of the national polity. The subject then of the present discussion is the existing state of our Foreign Relations; and the course which it becomes England to pursue in the actual position of the European powers.

There cannot be a greater delusion than those labour under who entertain a jealousy of this country meddling with the affairs of the Continent. Many very worthy and enlightened men,—men whose views are sound upon most other subjects, are persuaded that such connections lead to war. They probably might, if formed on bad principles; and they certainly would, if conducted in a meddling or encroaching spirit. But even then it would be difficult to conceive a state of things, involving us in hostilities, which would not also have existed and brought on the last of national calamities, just as much as if we had kept aloof from all concern in European affairs. War became inevitable to this country when the Continent is involved in hostile operations; and one state, by threatening the independence of all the rest, menaces us with the fate to which all the others will have yielded when universal empire shall be established. Our previous interposition might very possibly have rallied and combined other states in a timely opposition to the encroachment of their too powerful neighbour; or in imposing upon that neighbour the restraint of wholesome awe; but nothing which we could either do or leave undone would have the effect of exciting his ambition or of calming it, of disarming him or of making him too powerful in his own resources—these are things wholly beyond our influence in any way. Again—a quarrel may at any time break out, and accidentally lead to war. England can never properly—that is, without the grossest blunders or the most infatuated ambition—be the principal in any such rupture; but she may often, by her timely interference, have the power of preventing it, or of making up the difference. Her position gives her, and gives her alone, this salutary influence; for she has no direct and immediate interest in these matters, no end of her own to serve,—and consequently will always be regarded with less jealousy and suspicion than any of the continental states themselves; and will thus have almost always the opportunity of assuming the mediatorial office. But it is her interest that peace should prevail; and any quarrel, how trifling soever at first,—any hostilities, how limited the sphere of their operation,—are sure to spread, and must endanger the general peace. Furthermore—by allying herself with some of the more powerful states, whose interests are like her own, or without any such similarity, whose wish is for peace, she

may compel the others to preserve the tranquillity which is the highest interest of all; and which can only be broken by the criminal ambition of individuals, or by some momentary and passing delirium coming over a nation. Lastly—the diversity of institutions in different countries, the similarity which prevails among some in religion, and in the frame of their state policy, and the opposition in which these stand to others, draws a natural line, and separates the different powers into different classes, in one or other of which England may be found. This will obviously make her views approach to those of the powers whom she resembles; and may give her an influence in preserving the general tranquillity, without exposing her to the least risk of hazarding her own insular independence, or being drawn into any mere continental quarrels.

The present state of Europe differs from any recorded in history. It is not that there has of late years been a great convulsion in the political system, and a new distribution of power among those potentates who bear sway; for that has happened in former times; and the extraordinary events which attended the latter years of Napoleon's reign restored things to a much nearer conformity with their position before the French Revolution than could ever have been supposed possible, after the prodigious changes effected by the conquests of the Republic and the Empire. But the diffusion of free principles, which the Revolution and the War had occasioned, has placed the whole frame of society every where upon a new footing; and these principles have begun to exert an active influence upon the conduct of governments,—an influence not unconnected with the relation in which the different powers stand to each other.

The American Revolution, first in the history of our species, brought into contact and mutual action the principles of liberty and the structure of government. Nothing, or next to nothing, of the kind had been experienced in the English Revolution of 1688; for although the religious feelings of the people then operated upon their conduct, and, combined with a resolution to resist arbitrary power in civil matters also, obtained, through the help of the Prince of Orange and a small body of regular foreign troops, a victory over the tyrannical and bigotted dynasty of the Stuarts, still nothing was claimed beyond the former constitution, and some few securities for its protection; the whole change was effected upon the most moderate, and indeed narrowest principles; precedent was constantly regarded, and even form cautiously adhered to: the problem which all the statesmen of the day set themselves to solve was how the existing evil might be got rid of with smallest possible alteration, either in the frame of the government or even in the persons who were to exercise its powers; the wishes of the country were only consulted through the appointed organs of corporations and other public bodies, heads

of great families and representatives of the landed aristocracy, the magistrates in towns, and the borough proprietors; and as for the interference of the popular voice, there was in those days little necessity to exclude it, and as little reason for listening to it, because the people had not yet learnt to take any direct part in the management of their own affairs.

The Grand Rebellion, indeed, came a good deal nearer to a collision between public opinion and the Government of the country; for a strong religious feeling, widely spread and deeply rooted, was the main-spring of all the movements in the middle of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, the Parliamentary contests which marked the reign of James I., and continued during the earlier years of his son's government, were carried on by learned lawyers, and with all the pedantry of the age. In these controversies, though important principles were involved, the people bore no share at all; and they led to the events which brought about a temporary change of dynasty, placing a military chief on the throne. For some years before this event, and during the whole of the brilliant administration of Cromwell, the power was entirely in the army's hands; and though the soldiery were actuated by the spiritual propensities of the age, and fought against Agag, under the conduct of Gideon, and in the belief that the sword of the Lord, too, was joined with his; the influence of popular opinion only bore upon the Government through the military oligarchy, and because the soldiers felt the same enthusiasm which inspired the nation at large.

The American Revolution was conducted in a very different way, as it had its origin in different principles, and was pointed towards a different end. Its purpose and objects, however, were materially changed by the course of events during its progress. For men who have, by ill-treatment, been driven to resistance, are generally, and very naturally, ready to take the easiest and speediest road to a redress of their grievances, on the restoration of tranquillity, and the termination of general danger and suffering; the Americans, who most certainly never contemplated separation and a republic at the beginning of the contest, would willingly have remained under the monarchical government, and in its vice-regal or provincial administration, had not the infatuated obstinacy of George III., and the tame acquiescence of his Ministers and Parliament, closed the door to reconciliation, —made submission hardly possible, and by degrees produced the resolution to form a popular constitution upon the ruins of the colonial empire. We must be aware, however, that all the materials for this ultimate explosion had long been collected and prepared, although those under whose control they were, so slowly and so reluctantly were induced to form a train, and then to fire it. A spirit of enquiry and indepen-

dence in religious matters had caused the original emigration which founded the Northern colonies. The same free spirit had advanced and extended itself to all other matters in State as well as in Church, with the advancing improvement of the age. More newspapers were printed, and at a far lower price, in America than in any part of Europe. Political matters were more canvassed, and by a larger proportion of the community, because the society was smaller; and because, in a country where land was exceedingly cheap, and labour very dear, there were neither paupers nor rabble, and every man was an important member of the state. Hence there was in America, especially the New England States where the Revolution began, a vast mass of free and enlightened opinions, professed by men who had early been accustomed to enquire, and to think for themselves,—to form their own judgments, and be guided by their own principles. No great abuses could long keep their place in such a community; no great time could elapse before popular feelings had free scope; no oppression could be patiently borne during any considerable period. Government more nearly resembling that of a commonwealth was the appointed lot of such a country, and the relation of provincial subjection was only its temporary condition, or transition state. Something more popular than a limited monarchy was substantially in the hearts of the people; though they might never have communed one with another saying, 'Go to—this thing we will do.' The days of the mother country's power, as well as of individual sovereignty, were numbered; and although the precise moment when Independence and a Republic should be proclaimed might depend upon accident, and be accelerated or retarded by the conduct of European rulers, the ultimate possession of both those treasures was decreed by the circumstances, the habits, the taste, and the character of the American nation. Thus the world saw, for the first time, a great people proclaiming their principles, acting upon them, choosing a Government for themselves, and accomplishing the first and most natural desire of all enlightened and free spirited men, to keep the control of their own affairs in their own hands, and never to obey the commands of a master.\* But the world also saw, for the first time, a republic formed at the fit period of the people's history, and the process begun at the right end. Ancient times had witnessed commonwealths, indeed; but these were founded in rude ages, when the people uninstructed, unimproved, had not learnt the art of self-government; or became attached to the duties which it imposes, and the forbearance which it requires. A republic is the last stage of political pro-

\* *Μη τινος καταναγκαστη*—as the Greeks were wont to say when they would express their rejection of what they deemed to be the most intolerable of all things.

gress—the consummation and not the commencement of national polity—demanding far more refinement than ever the people had attained in those early ages when the accidental revolt against a tyrant called the republican principle into a forced action, and gave premature existence to the form, rather than the substance, of a commonwealth; at a period when the community only knew that kings had maltreated them, and had no knowledge whatever of the republican form, nor any reason for preferring it, except that it was different from the regal. But very different was the condition of the Americans when they chose their own constitution. They were in an advanced period of society; they were fully educated; they had applied themselves to political affairs habitually for a century; they had been practised in administrative pursuits; they knew from long experience the nature and intricacy of popular institutions; above all, they lived at a period of the world when Representative government, the greatest political improvement in modern times, had been long fully understood,—had, to a great extent, been carried into practice, and had mingled its principles and its habits with all the arrangements of the state, and all the proceedings of the people. This mighty discovery alone enables any extensive country to adopt the republican structure of government; or, indeed, to establish any form of polity in which public liberty could be maintained, without partitioning the state according to the cumbrous and inefficient scheme of Federal Union,—the ancient substitute for representation.

The effects in Europe of this great triumph, gained by free opinions in America, were speedily apparent. During the struggle, the debates in the British Senate partook of the new principles upon which political contests must now be maintained between conflicting parties; and public men, the whole race of politicians, in all their arguments, their disputes, their intrigues, their strifes, were compelled to recognise the change; for principle now became the great element in all their movements, and party could no longer bind men together without the mask at least of principle, or create dissensions upon mere personal grounds. Before the year 1775, the political history of the eighteenth century in England had presented a spectacle of unvaried meanness, selfishness, and corruption, at once humiliating and disgusting. No more important question ever marshalled the heads of parties, than what share of the great offices of state should be apportioned to this powerful family or to that; how many members of a cabinet should belong to one connexion or to another. The debates in Parliament, except that now and then a Chatham rose to illuminate the dark horizon, generally partook of the same corrupt nature, and were, for the most part, lowered to the same mean level. Mere wranglings of faction, personal attacks, recriminations among factions, bandying to and fro of the same

charges, with about as much reference to principle as might be conveyed by appeals to a few known topics in set phrases, the watchwords of party—as Protestant establishments—Church in danger—power of France—Popish influence—colonial supremacy—balance of trade—these formed the staple of debate, for which rising senators were trained by early study of ancient history, the classical orators and poets, the political discourses of Machiavel, the writings of Bolingbroke, and French Memoirs or Secret history; with the knowledge of mankind to be derived from a visit to different courts of Europe under some bear-leader of the fashionable world. But no sooner had the principles of political science been brought to tell by the Americans upon the existing frame of Government, than a different struggle was maintained in our Parliament, and with other weapons. The whole foundations of Government, nay, the very basis of the social system, were freely scrutinized; the great enquiry was carried into all the arcana of political affairs; public men became known by the liberal or the servile opinions which they professed on the great interests of the nation; and parties were now marshalled according to the diversities of public principle which distinguished their deeds. Above all, the people, as well as the statesmen in the Senate, took a part in political controversy; and the opinions which statesmen might only affect, were really entertained by the people; the example was set before their eyes of some millions of their fellow-countrymen become a nation of politicians; they saw men of all ranks in America consulted upon the course which their Government should pursue, and the form which it should take; and they saw this new people successfully resisting all the force which their common rulers could bring to bear upon their efforts to govern themselves. No man who either reads the Parliamentary debates since 1775, or reflects upon the history of our country between that period and the year 1789, could easily believe that he was perusing the annals of the same senate and the same country; the senate in which the Walpoles, the Dodingtons, the Pelhams, the Foxes, squabbled for victory—the people which took an interest, a feeble interest certainly, but as strong as in those times they ever took, in the scrambles maintained for the profits and the patronage of the Treasury, or the Horse-Guards.

The progress of political improvement thus begun, or, if it ever before existed, revived from the period which preceded the Great Rebellion in the seventeenth century, was now constant and accelerated. But the prodigious change which soon after took place in France, not unconnected in its proximate causes with the American war, though prepared by more remote events, completed the ascendancy of popular principles, and established for ever the influence of public opinion upon the Government of all states whose con-

stitution is not purely despotic. The French Revolution, the greatest event recorded in history, whether regarded in itself or in its consequences, was the result of the gradual advances which the people had been for some ages making in knowledge and refinement; and of the influence which speculative men had acquired over public opinion in consequence of this progressive improvement; and the change, instead of being worked gradually, temperately, and peaceably, was rendered sudden, universal, and violent, by the resistance offered to the further progress of improvement, and the attempts made, both at home and abroad, to retain the people in a state of pupillage which they had outgrown. This great event, therefore, not only was calculated to produce great changes elsewhere, but to afford a salutary lesson to rulers upon the evils of such a short-sighted policy as had overthrown the dynasty of the Bourbons; and to teach the people every where the miseries which impatience and violence bring along with them, and their tendency to bring odium and disgrace upon the cause of Reformation.

But the French Revolution has, in every material respect, altered the whole face of political affairs in almost all parts of the world. The entire destruction of every vestige of the feudal system in France; the consequent cessation of that hereditary submission to the claims of rank, which had till then been universally yielded; the refusal any longer to esteem men on account of their descent; the low value henceforward set upon birth and station independent of personal merit, or power, or property;—these radical changes in men's opinions and feelings were not confined to the French people, among whom they began, but spread rapidly over Europe; and as there could be nothing less founded in natural reason than the arrangements of the feudal ages, and the sentiments to which they gave rise, the 'new philosophy,' which set all such prejudices at defiance, and ran into an opposite extreme, found every where a ready acceptance with the bulk of the people; to whose understandings its appeal was made, and whose self-love it largely flattered. Even in countries where the Government is unlimited,—in the old monarchies of Germany, Italy, and the Peninsula, an instantaneous effect was produced upon the minds of men. The whole privileged orders were every where alarmed; the sovereigns tacitly or openly leagued themselves against the irruption of liberty which threatened their power; and the people every where awoke to a sense of their own importance, and of the ideal nature of those fetters by which they had principally been controlled. But this immediate consequence of the French Revolution, important though it was, did not by any means comprise its whole operation upon the institutions of society, and the fortunes of mankind. A yet more powerful effect was produced in the other lesson which it universally taught, and of

which the former was but an example,—that no existing institution was sacred from enquiry; that mere establishment, or even antiquity, afforded no protection to any thing which reason condemns; and that all laws, all customs, all establishments must henceforward rest, not upon prescriptive titles, but upon their merits, when tried at the bar of public opinion, and judged by the canon of reason. The spirit of unsparing scrutiny into all institutions in Church and in State was universally diffused; and each one of these time-honoured relics of a former world had now to show its title, or suffer judgment of prostration\* by default. Add to all this, the scene actually displayed in France before the eyes of the world, and which every where gave life and courage to popular resistance—the spectacle of twenty-four millions shaking off the trammels of their old Government,—gaining a complete victory over arbitrary power,—dislodging all tyranny, temporal and spiritual, from its strongholds in the prejudices and the fears of ignorant and submissive men, and assuming the entire control of their own destinies and management of their own affairs. The public mind being applied to the exposure and extirpation of abuses, would have given the people a formidable power to accomplish these salutary changes. The French example before the public eye, teaching the people their own power, would have turned their mind to exercising that power, and undertaking the work of change. But now both these things were combined; and the French Revolution every where begot both the spirit of untrammelled political enquiry and the force of popular opinion; and even awakened in every quarter the physical strength which always slumbers under regular Governments in ordinary times, and in the absence of local or occasional excitement.

The errors and the deplorable excesses committed after a short time, by the French leaders and their followers in Paris, and one or two other great towns, had a direct tendency of an opposite description. The reflecting part of mankind were alarmed; a dread of similar scenes being enacted elsewhere became general; and there was a reaction pretty generally produced; the people, especially men of property and personal weight in society, rallying round the existing Governments, and postponing all attempts at reform until a safer time should arrive, and the multitude being disarmed, the extent of meditated changes should be more under the control of their authors. The most imprudent and unjustifiable act of the Convention in November 1793, holding out the hand of fellowship to whatever people should rebel against their rulers, further increased the odium into which France, and with France, revolutionary principles, had fallen, ever since the massacres of September and the execution of the King. A general spirit of resistance to the new doctrines and to the

\* The judgment by the law of England for a nuisance.

arms of the republicans was every where excited, and became the guide of all independent states. But the whole resources of France had been drawn forth by these mighty changes which had overthrown the old Government and established a Commonwealth upon its ruins. The Allied Princes, too, by their incredible folly, contrived to put the republicans in the right, and themselves wholly in the wrong. A nation was now in arms, first to repel unprovoked aggression; then to carry the war abroad for the purposes of conquest and revolution. The old and effete dynasties of Europe, supported by the cold zeal of mercenary troops, and defended according to obsolete rules which hampered and embarrassed every exertion, had to encounter the indomitable energy of a whole people intoxicated with new-born freedom;—exulting in newly-found strength, and fired with the lust of military glory, as well as the desire of universal change. The march of victory was scarcely ever retarded; the genius of the Napoleons succeeding to that of the Carnots, new means were found of continuing the exertions of the nation after the fervour of revolutionary zeal had cooled; the Conscription worked almost as great miracles as the Republic; and after subverting half the thrones of the Continent, a monarchy was established, which the existence of England and Russia alone prevented from being universal. All the relations of the European states with each other now became changed, and the whole system simplified. They were marshalled by one rule,—according as they sided with Napoleon, held aloof from him, or opposed him. To the first class belonged those whom he had subdued, and whom he governed as he chose; to the second, the few whom he had yet to conquer; to the third, England and Russia, and perhaps their dependencies, Portugal and Turkey. America, of course, entered not into the list at all. The United States were entirely beyond the control of France, and equally free from the influence of England; and the colonial power of Spain being broken up, new and independent states were forming, which as yet had not time for settling into any fixed or definite shape. All these had to struggle with the expiring power of the mother country, and were placed in relation rather to the naval power of England than to France, which had no means whatever of reaching them in any way.

The vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last overshot itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian empire was in his hands; yet from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the conquest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army that ever the world saw; from all parts of the Continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and

tongue, and garb, and weapon, shone along his line;—*‘exercitus mixtus ex colluvione omnium gentium, quibus non lex, non mos, non lingua communis; alius habitus, alia vestis, alia arma, alii ritus, alia sacra’*\*—the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood had flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men’s bones; but this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the conqueror in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed! Upon the pomp and circumstances of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night; *‘tantaque vis frigoris insecuta est, ut ex illâ miserabili hominum jumentorumque strage quum se quisque attollere ac levare vellet, diu nequiret, quia torpentibus rigore nervis, vix flectere artus poterant.’*† The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly than if the victor of a hundred fields had been overthrown in battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burnt, if possible, brighter than ever; in two campaigns his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valour more worthy of the prize he played for—but all was vain; his weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone; and his adversaries, no more quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible like themselves, and grew bold in their turn, as the Mexicans gathered courage, three centuries ago, from finding that the Spaniards were subject to the accidents of mortality. But a change had been impressed both upon the French and the Germans in the course of the long and eventful wars since his accession to supreme power; and to that change the nature of the present enquiry necessarily directs our attention.

The misconduct of the French troops, in Prussia especially, had exasperated the high-spirited people, and made them anxious for revenge as soon as an opportunity should be presented. The inhabitants of the other German states,—indeed those of almost all the smaller and middling ones,—exposed peculiarly to French aggression, and feeling for the humiliation of their chiefs, partook of the same enthusiasm. The diffusion of knowledge had become general in a coun-

\* Liv. xxviii. 12.

† Liv. xxi. 58.

try which reckoned its colleges and schools by the hundred; its writers by the thousand; and where so cheap is literature, that the gains of the author are lower than the wages of many common handicrafts. The people had every where sympathized with these myriads of learned men in complaining of abuses and oppression at home; and had joined heartily with the republicans of France in desiring to see an end of their own exclusion from all share in the administration of affairs. But this and every other feeling was now superseded by the desire of national independence; and the disposition to resist domestic tyranny was for the moment lost in the desire of throwing off a foreign yoke, and resisting the oppression of its insolent satellites. While a powerful national feeling was thus almost universal in Germany, a corresponding depression of popular spirit in France had been caused by the discouragement of all free institutions, and the length of an exhausting warfare; nor could the gratification of national vanity, that love of glory so peculiarly the characteristic of the nation, maintain its ground against the sufferings with which the merciless conscription scourged all ranks of the people. Hence there was no renewal in Napoleon's favour of the national exertions which, in former times, had risen in proportion to the perils that menaced the country; had first repelled the invading powers in an unequal conflict; and then borne the tri-coloured banner of the republic across the Rhine till it floated over the citadels of the allied monarchs. The military tyrant had only the resources of his own genius, and of a defeated and diminished army upon which to rely; with the public feeling of Germany against him, and no help from the enthusiasm of the French people. He was defeated—deserted—dethroned—exiled—confined. The Bourbon dynasty was restored. Their folly in conciliating no Royalists, and exasperating all Republicans, gave the Imperialists an occasion of once more setting up Napoleon. Again he appealed to the nation, when the Allies flew to arms; and again the spirit of Frenchmen was found to be dead. He professed the principles of freedom and peace in vain; he was once more overthrown in the field; and his restored sceptre having its root no deeper than in the troops that surrounded his person, the hearts of the people remained unmoved. He was expelled, banished, imprisoned; and his dynasty for ever destroyed.\* The former arrangements of territory were re-established, and with a few trifling exceptions Europe was again parcelled out as of old.

\* An Epigram (Epitaph) written on Napoleon by Mr. Justice Williams is worthy of the classical scholar's attention—it is now first made public.

Τὸ μνημὲν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ἀγνὴν Καίσαρος ἔργον  
Μακροχρόνως, νῦν αὖτ' ἀπὸ τῆς φαντασίας  
Τὸν Νεαπολέοντα ἀφ' οὗ τ' ἀπαφύσκει ἐπὶ πύργῳ  
Κύβητος ἀμειβόμενος ἀντιπρὸς ἑαυτὸν

The Germanic people had been induced to take an important part in the contests of 1812, 1813, and 1814, and were prepared to pursue the same course in 1815, if a reverse at Waterloo should render further struggles necessary; not more by their indignation against the conduct of the French troops, and the love of national independence, always characteristic of the Teutonic nations, than by the appeals which their rulers made to them, and their lavish promise of constitutional government, should the conflict prove successful to which they were thus invited, and the French yoke and influence be shaken off. Success *did* attend the conflict; there *was* an end of the French yoke and influence; but the Germans soon discovered the shortness of royal memories, and looked in vain for reforms and constitutions. Popular enthusiasm, and patriotic feeling had served the turn of the Court, and restored to each prince his lost dominions. That these should be better governed than before was no part of the regal plan; and that they might be subject to the same arbitrary power as before, the public spirit which had been awakened and had brought about the restoration must be laid asleep as speedily as possible!

But all this was not found to be so easy as it was desirable. The fear of a foreign yoke being at an end,

Σημεῖον μὴ οὐκ, διαμαρτυρεῖται γὰρ, ὑβρίζοντι τυραννίᾳ  
Νῆπιος ἡμῶντος δόλιος ἀδελφός  
Οὐδὲ μοι τυμβὸς οὐκ ἔσθ' ἐν αὐτῇ τάφῳ  
Ἡσυχία, λίσσον, Πυγμαλίων, Σκιδαν.

The learned reader will recognise here some faint resemblance (in the concluding lines) to the exquisite inscription on Themistocles in the Greek Anthology—

Ἀνὴρ τὰφῳ λυγρῷ, οὐκ ἠλλοδαῖος, &c.

The genius of Napoleon was allowed by all military observers to have shone brighter in the campaign in France in the winter of 1813-14, with one army opposed to two, than at any other part of his wondrous career. His political courage was as felicitously shown by the march from Elba to Paris. His military talents and political combined, were never more conspicuous than in the boldly devised movement by which he reduced the many chances against him to an even one at Waterloo. But little do the world at large know the extent of the dread with which Napoleon, even when vanquished, awed his combined antagonists. After his Russian disasters, when Murat had joined the Allies as well as Bernadotte, he was offered and he refused peace at Prague, the only concession required being the independence of the Rhenish confederacy. After the battle of Leipsic he refused peace at Frankfurt. After the restoration of Holland, and with the Allied armies in the middle of France on the one hand, and the English advancing from the Pyrenees on the other, still the terror of his name prevailed; the dread of advancing among the French people smote the hearts of their conquerors; even the heart of Bernadotte, who best knew him and them, sunk within him; all seemed unmanned, and at Chatillon all were desirous of again making a peace which should fix Napoleon upon his throne. Of this the reader may be sure; and if much is due of Europe's escape in those times, to the vigour and energy of some few able counsellors, perhaps more is owing to the inextinguishable ambition of Napoleon himself, his sanguine temper, and his untameable pride.



the cumbrousness of a domestic one was felt the more vexatious. Threats and prosecutions could no longer bridle the spirit which had been slowly gathering, and had burst forth in such force during the late struggle with France; nor could the national voice be stifled when it vented complaints and remonstrances which the people had a right to urge; and which nothing but the ingratitude and broken faith of their rulers could disregard for an hour. Hence some few immunities were partially obtained; some good measures, connected with education, adopted; some restraints even upon the prerogative imposed; and in some of the middling states, as Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, constitutions were established upon a form approaching nearly to popular government. If something was obtained, far more was desired; and the free spirit which had become generally prevalent during the war, instead of languishing, gained new strength during the peace; when no alarm from without could be used by the courtly authorities to repress it, and when each step made towards liberty both increased the wish for it, and augmented the means of obtaining it.

Such was the state of Germany prior to the important events of 1830. In Italy the struggle had been carried on between liberty and power, more openly, on less equal terms, and with far worse success. The Neapolitans, by a sudden, unprepared, and ill-concerted movement, had overthrown this arbitrary government; but without displacing the branch of the Bourbon dynasty which filled the throne of the Two Sicilies. A representative government was established; and by the testimony of no less experienced and Conservative an authority than the late Lord Colchester, then residing at Naples, it appears that nothing could be more regular and satisfactory than the manner in which the Parliamentary business under the new constitution was carried on. Austria, however, immediately took the alarm,—apprehensive of the contagion spreading towards the north, and reaching her dominions in Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venice. The other members of that Holy Alliance to which she belonged, made common cause with her; and under the pretence that change of internal constitutions would lead to change of dominion; in other words, that the Italians after they had gained domestic liberty would next throw off the hated foreign yoke, and expel the Austrian power from their noble country—proclaimed the territorial arrangements of 1815 in danger, and the Neapolitan constitution an usurpation—upon the false and empty ground that it had been established by a military force; although they had never objected to Ferdinand VII. overturning the popular Government of Spain by the self-same means. Wherefore, to undo what the soldiery had done, Austrian troops, under the authority of the Holy Allies, were marched into Naples, and the old abominable constitution re-established. The

spirit of freedom, however, which this invasion had stifled was not extinguished; nor did the cruel punishments inflicted by Austria upon the illustrious patriots of the Milanese, either reconcile the Italians, or foreign nations, to that odious dominion which, in defiance of the people's unanimous desire, and in galling opposition to all their most rooted prepossessions and tastes, she exercised over the finest portion of the Italian Peninsula. The desire of liberty at home is in all parts of that country intimately blended with the love of national independence; and the small extent of the states into which it is divided, has hitherto alone prevented a successful resistance, and maintained the Austrian and the Bourbon power.

In Spain, events of a similar description had taken place. The Spaniards had, by a sudden movement, restored the representative Government of the Cortes, when the Holy Allies once more took umbrage, though with even less pretext for interference than ever; and France in concert with them marching a large force across the Pyrenees, speedily overthrew the new constitution, and restored Ferdinand to absolute power. In Portugal things had suffered no violent change; the dominion of the Braganzas was preserved entire; but Don Pedro who had been established as Emperor of Brazil, voluntarily gave a free constitution to his European dominions, and resigned their sceptre to his daughter, the present Queen.

In the meantime, the infatuation of the restored family in France was preparing an event, only second in importance to the mighty Revolution of which, forty years before, that great country had been the scene. Untaught by experience; insensible to the warnings every where held out; impenetrable to any suggestions of prudence or of caution, or of natural fear—callous, as it were, even to the impressions made upon all animal nature by the instinct which tends to self-preservation—the family of Charles X. gave itself up to the counsels of weak men; in whose congenial bigotry they found a place, and from whose constitutional feebleness, whether of understanding or of will, the wayward caprices of their pampered nature met with no manly resistance. Blind to all that was going on around them, deaf to all the lessons of wisdom, and oblivious of all their own past history, they deemed the time now come for absolute government; when the universal determination of the country was to obtain an enlargement of popular rights, and to impose new and effectual restraints upon the royal power. Partaking in the judicial blindness of the Court, the clergy impatient of a titheless and stipendiary lot, and looking back to the former history of their order, indulged the hope of once more seeing their hierarchy resume its pristine and palmy state. The ousted and impoverished owners of ancient domains, who had abode in the feudal faith through the changeable times of the

Revolution, saw pleasing visions of havoc made among all new titles; and a restoration of their castles, and their forests, and their seignories, as if the Assembly and the Convention had never been. The aristocratic circles of Paris, the coteries and the salons, the haunts of the effeminate of either sex,—that *gynocracy* which exercises so large an influence over society and over politics among our neighbours,—saw, or thought they saw the dawn of a better day; or rather the restoration of that old and elegant ease in which the time of polished minds was wont to glide away, with no patriotic storms to ruffle the serenity of their atmosphere,—no rude moralist's hand to tear aside the curtain that veils all the endearing and elegant immoralities of patrician life,—no prying, impudent, vulgar press to disturb the noiseless tenor of their way. An appeal had also been made to the nation at large; and a successful expedition was thrown out as an alluring object to a people rapacious of military glory: but all would not do. No boon could be received from the hands of Charles, and his Polignacs, and his Jesuits; nor was the insult to their common sense, and indeed to that of every rational community, overlooked, when that wretched bigot made some of his veteran marshals carry tapers at the processions in which he and his children officiated like princes of the twelfth century, to the scorn of all ranks in his polluted capital. Thus, with the whole country against him, the priests and heads of a poor and despised nobility alone his friends, a few unprincipled military chiefs his tools, the army generally with the people, this infatuated bigot tried to crush the liberties of the state, and was crushed, with his family, in the very outset of the mad conflict. The people resisted his guards with unparalleled gallantry; the rest of his troops left him to his fate; and a new dynasty was raised to the throne of a new and a free constitution. The Revolution in France, where the people acted on the defensive only, and resisted an attempt at changing their form of Government, was soon followed by one of another description in Belgium; where the people rose against the Dutch family, expelled them, gave the crown to another, and established a free constitution upon the plan of the English and the French Governments.

But the important scenes which had been enacted in France, extended their influence far more widely than to Belgium,—a neighbouring state, in close intercourse with the French provinces, and connected with its Government by so many years of incorporation during the war. A free constitution had been erected, upon principles even more liberal towards the people than that of England itself. The citizens had been formally embodied, and not only armed by public authority, but invested with the power of choosing their officers; hereditary peerages had been abolished; and the Government in its forms, and titles, and dates,

as well as in substance and effect, was the child and creature of a Revolution. By no possibility could this great change have taken place, and this revolutionary constitution been established, without creating at once much alarm to the 'legitimate dynasties,' as they were termed, in the other countries of Europe—exciting sanguine hopes of improvement among the people every where—and forwarding by many years the progress of free institutions. The great cause of representative government had in three days made a more rapid progress than it had done in the century which preceded 1789; and the strength and stability of arbitrary constitutions had in the same proportion declined. That such was the universal feeling upon the subject, soon became apparent, from the movements every where made among the popular bodies in all countries where the Government is not despotic; from the storms which seemed gathering even in those countries themselves; and from the line of conduct pursued by the courts of arbitrary princes. In England, a general election was near its close when the intelligence arrived of the French Revolution. It immediately formed the topic most interesting to all public meetings; and had it been known a few weeks earlier, the result of the election would have proved still more propitious than it did to public liberty. In Spain and Portugal movements were presently attempted, which, in the course of a year or two, led to the establishment of popular government upon the most ample and liberal scale. The great measure of Parliamentary Reform itself, in England, was not uninfluenced by an event which seemed calculated to accelerate every improvement in the condition of the people, and augment every accession of their strength. The people were animated with the hopes of obtaining further changes in their Government, and being allowed a greater share in its powers, by the spectacle almost before their eyes, of the ample privileges now acquired by their enlightened neighbours across the Channel. The English people, indeed, were naturally more influenced by these feelings than any other; because they had fewer restraints upon their free discussion of abuses, and their exertions to reform them. But every where an effect was produced. From France a sound had gone forth, which was like the trumpet to rouse the misgoverned many, and like the knell of death to the hopes of the misruling few. Thus, while joy and hope spread through the people in all lands; anxiety, jealousy, alarm smote the heads of the ancient dynasties, and set them upon schemes of preparation against the coming storm. Some, as Russia, even refused for a while to acknowledge the new dynasty of France; because its title was derived from the people's choice, against an exploded hereditary right. Others coldly maintained the relations of peace and amity with the King of the French. The

exiled family—exiled for crimes, and against whom the blood of their subjects massacred in the attempt to grasp despotic power, cried aloud for vengeance,—found not only an asylum but comfort and respect, first in England,\* and then in Austria. The Ambassadors of the European powers might be in Paris, but their hearts were in Salzburg or at Prague.

Meanwhile, the arrangement made for the affairs of Belgium, after a year spent in negotiation, and conferences innumerable, and protocols by the cart-load, was peremptorily rejected by the Dutch Government; in the hope that something might happen to bring on a general war, through which, aided by Russia, it expected to regain the possession of the Flemish provinces erected into a new monarchy. This resistance went to the length of hostilities; France had to assist the Belgians, with whose sovereign she had formed a family alliance; it required first an army in the field, then a regular siege of the principal seaport and citadel, to drive the troops of Holland from the Belgian territory; and even while we write, the dispute between the parties is still unsettled;—the new Government never having yet been acknowledged by the singularly obstinate Dutch King;—a prince served by men as pertinacious as himself; for his commanders in the campaign of 1831 actually fired their guns against a defenceless town, after they had been formally acquainted with the fact of an armistice being concluded by their government!

These events, from their dawn in the American war, to their consummation in the two revolutions of France, have at length distributed the powers of Europe into two great classes; divided from each other by principles far more deeply-rooted, by a line of demarcation far more broad and profound, than any of those accidental circumstances which of old used to separate or combine them. It is no longer a family alliance founded in marriage, or a connexion cemented by such personal ties, that knits different powers together; it is no longer the intrigue of one court overreaching another, and gaining it over to partake in some project of ambition, that lays the foundation of a politic union; it is no longer the accidental qualities of some individual like Peter III. or his son Paul, or the whimsies of a Joseph II. or an Alexander, or the bad repute in which a Constantine may be holden, that can regulate the movements of European policy, and divide some powers from the rest; consolidating the friendship of the one class, and exciting the jealousy or enmity of another. Even that ancient ground of amity or hostility, the proximity of one powerful state, and the remoteness of another, which makes it

safely trusted, although it will always have some weight in the nature of things, and may occasionally suggest measures of paramount importance, has lost by far the greater part of its influence in governing the course of international policy. The friendship and co-operation of states may now be said to rest upon a broader basis; and to be guided by views more enlightened and more favourable to peace, as well foreign as domestic; the great end and aim of our political being. In the centre of Western Europe there now exists a vast empire of freemen, governed by popular institutions, and whose affairs are intrusted, in a great measure, to the hands of the people themselves. We are well aware that this is rather what will soon be the condition of France than what already has been established; the elective franchise requiring much further extension. Nevertheless, the people are armed, they are to a certain degree represented; aristocracy is weakened; oligarchy destroyed; and no sovereign can, either govern arbitrarily, or set himself above the law, or rule against the public opinion, or long refuse the further improvements which are still required. This empire of freemen, to the number of thirty millions, cherishes a constant sympathy with liberty, wherever suffering, and enmity towards oppression, wherever practised. England is in the same circumstances; and these two great powers are naturally friends and allies from similarity of constitution, unity of interests, and a position which enables them to maintain the peace of the world, as it enables them to defy the world in arms. Both, then, naturally are prone to favour and to co-operate with all other countries living under a free government. To this happy description belong both Holland and Belgium; the latter now and without dispute; the former as soon as the national jealousy fomented by the Court shall have been laid to rest, by forgetting the separation of Belgium and the war of 1831 and 1832. Belgium, indeed, has an evident interest in leaning towards France and England, independent of her similarity of constitution; for she is too weak to withstand the powerful neighbours which surround her on the east; and these are always sure to regard with an evil eye a popular form of Government, which as yet they have not given to their subjects. From Holland she has nothing to fear, now that her forces are placed upon so respectable a footing; but as Prussia must desire her downfall, as Austria cannot be averse to it, and as Russia would encourage any such attempts if she dared, the only security of Belgium is in the preservation of the continental peace; the virtual protection of France and England; the continuance of their good understanding, and their resolution, no less politic than just, to resist all attempts of arbitrary monarchs against the independence of their neighbours and the liberties of mankind.

\* Charles X. was received in England, and allowed to pass without payment of customs; but, unable or unwilling to pay a debt demanded, he took sanctuary in Holyrood House.

Bavaria and Württemberg are both placed under constitutional Governments; although far from being as freely constituted as those of the states of which we have been speaking. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt that their interests and their feelings must all point towards a good understanding with France and England; and must lead them to resist, not only all encroachments from the north, but all attempts to interfere with the internal policy of any nation whatever. Suppose, for example, that any such outrage were once more attempted upon the feelings and the liberties of mankind, as the Holy Alliance offered to both in 1801 and 1803, it would be a most short-sighted policy in the Court of Munich to take no umbrage at this, or to conceive no apprehension for its own independence, however distant from Bavaria the scene of the operation might be laid; because its own turn would be sure to come before a long time elapsed after the success of such an enterprise. If, indeed, from private motives, the Court should fail to take the alarm, the suspicions of the country could not fail to be aroused by this *laches*, indicating, as it would, a hostile disposition towards the liberties of the people, and a lurking design to retract the meagre portion of constitutional rights already bestowed upon them, instead of extending its amount according to the people's ardent wishes. But the position of this third-rate power, exposed to the body of both the Austrian and Prussian monarchies, will never allow a prominent part to be borne in any struggle by the Bavarian Government. The importance of its good dispositions towards the constitutional cause, is derived from the part which it might be enabled to play in the case of any reverse;—such as happened to France under Napoleon; or in any other circumstances of an equally turned balance between the free Governments of the West, and the arbitrary powers of the North and the East of Europe. In such a critical juncture, it may safely be affirmed, that in proportion as the public voice is heard in countries circumstanced as Bavaria and Württemberg are, will the conduct of these states be regulated by a disposition hostile to the arbitrary, and friendly to the constitutional monarchs engaged in the conflict; while their influence in peace, whatever it may be, will always incline to the same side.

The two nations of the Spanish Peninsula are clearly ranged on the side of the constitutional powers. They have both obtained free and popular governments, and the resistance both of the servile party at home, and of its allies, the arbitrary sovereigns of the north, to the liberties thus acquired, secures the adhesion both of Portugal and Spain to the liberal cause; that is, to the side of England and France. It must, however, be observed, that when we thus speak of those two monarchies, and especially of Spain, we are assuming that the party at present dominant in each

shall ultimately prevail; and in both there is a great division of opinion. To the crown of both there is a pretender, patronising the worst principles of despotism; affecting absolute power in his own person; and backed by the priests, the rabble, and the effete aristocracy of the country. Even in Portugal, where the great capacity, the strong perseverance, and the extraordinary gallantry of Don Pedro,—after maintaining a protracted contest, with various success, often in all but hopeless fortune, against the usurper Miguel, a tyrant, a coward, a murderer,—finally reconquered his crown for his daughter, there still exists a considerable party of absolutists; and among the liberals a division of sentiment that may at any moment shake the Government to its centre. Nor can a firm reliance be placed at any time on constitutions the beddiework of an armed force,—the unripe fruit of revolutions which the soldiery have suddenly brought about, and may as swiftly counteract. This observation, the result of all experience, and the just deduction from all sound political principle, applies with still greater force to the actual condition of the Spanish Government. The aspect of its affairs is, indeed, truly lamentable. A civil war of seemingly endless endurance harasses the Government, wastes the northern provinces, and distracts the people. An exhausted treasury, even if the Government were endued with any natural strength, must keep it utterly feeble and inefficient. Partly from want of money, partly from the divisions in the nation, partly from the listless languor naturally consequent upon a long-protracted struggle, in which the people have done nothing but patiently endure conquest and misery in all their forms, no power exists of making the very slender efforts which, to all appearance, would be capable of driving the pretender from the country and terminating the war. Then nothing can be more revolting to the feelings of all mankind than the barbarities which mark the conduct of both parties in this civil strife. Every resource of savage warfare is remorselessly contrived, and every form of inhuman cruelty displayed, to rouse the hatred and disgust of mankind, and make all bystanders nearly indifferent which shall conquer. So that it requires an effort of our principles to control our feelings, and make us wish well even to that side whose success will further the cause of constitutional liberty; when we find that sacred name made the cover for crimes as black as those which pollute more congenially the track of the tyrant usurper. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that any such reverse as should overthrow the Spanish Queen's Government, and place the servile party in power, would be most inauspicious to the security of the constitutional cause in Europe. A body of intriguing, reckless, bigoted Carlists upon the northern frontier of France, would at all times be a rallying point for the disaffected in that country;

and a kind of encouragement would be afforded to the absolute party among the Cabinets of the North, extremely unfavourable to the progress of free institutions; possibly tending even to foster those longings after foreign interference, for some time nearly dead, and to rekindle the expiring embers of that Holy Alliance, which the Revolution of 1830 had seemed almost to have extinguished for ever. The policy of France is, in these circumstances, more than questionable. Of the deliberate opinions formed and steadily held by a prince so eminently able and politic as the King of the French,—whose views are so enlarged, whose experience of men has been so ample, whose knowledge of the Spanish people is only surpassed by his intimate and intuitive acquaintance with the nation over which he rules,—it certainly becomes us to speak with profound respect. Nor should we hazard any dissent from such high authority, were we quite satisfied that his Majesty's views are wholly uninfluenced by some lurking unwillingness to offend the Powers whom he has sometimes been disposed to court, at least by acquiescence and neutrality if not with occasional compliances. The King is persuaded that were he to interfere in the Spanish contest, no sooner would a French force march across the Pyrenees than the ancient national antipathy would revive; and all parties unite in resisting the side taken by the intervening army. In this belief he is supported by the great captains who have served in Spain, and particularly by Marshal Soult. But we are convinced that these opinions all belong to a former period of the contest; the period from which the experience of those high military authorities has been derived; and that the view taken by M. Thiers and his supporters is the more just one, and the more adapted to the existing circumstances of the country. The Spaniards, as a nation, according to these politicians, will neither unite to help, nor to oppose an intervening force. They are quite exhausted; they are weary of the contest; they will prove altogether sluggish and indifferent; and the conflict may be ended by a moderate exertion applied to back one of two very feeble antagonists. It appears to us that the whole events of the last three years strongly confirm this view of the subject; but it seems to be demonstratively proved by the extraordinary and romantic march of the chief who last winter traversed Spain in every direction, met with no resistance any where—while the regular troops of the Government were always following him a day's march in the rear—collected as much booty in each place as he chose to take, or had the means of carrying away; and returned in perfect safety to the country north of the Ebro, as little harassed in his dangerous retreat as he had been in his seemingly desperate advance. This small band moved through the 'invincible Spanish nation'—the 'heroes of Castile'—the 'tribes never to

be subdued on their own ground'—as through an unresisting medium. But it is equally certain that the people, wholly inert to resist their progress, were as inert to be moved by it in any way, and resumed their former attitude after the handful of marauders had passed; as an unresisting medium closes after the transit of the missile that cuts a path through it. Can there be any reasonable doubt that such a people would endure the interference of even a French army, as patiently, as passively as they bore the impression of the Carlist forces, moving through the provinces most attached to the constitution; nay, as they bore the movements of the Bourbon army on the servile side in 1823,—the story of which seems to be wholly forgotten, by those who regard with such apprehension the effects of French intervention, on the liberal side, at the present day? The policy in which the French Court perseveres appears, for these reasons, to be justified by no sound view of the facts; and its consequences to the liberal cause in Europe, as well as in Spain, are undeniably most injurious.

The same arguments do not at all apply to the policy of England. We should not be justified in taking a direct share of the war. Some doubt may even be entertained whether we are justified in going so far as we have done, by furnishing arms and ammunition, by lending naval assistance, and by encouraging our people to serve in the Spanish Queen's ranks. Our concern in the Spanish civil war is remote and indirect. It is only in proportion to the bearing of that contest upon the affairs of Portugal, long a kind of dependance upon this country; and, accordingly the treaty of Quadruple Alliance expressly specifies the danger of the Portuguese Government from the disputed succession in Spain as the ground of interference; and states the object of that interposition to be the removal of the Portuguese Pretender from Spain, and preventing the Spanish Pretender from aiding the Portuguese. All that we agreed to do by the treaty was to furnish naval assistance, if needful; and a late attempt made to countenance this as an obligation to blockade the Spanish coast, and forbid the access of neutrals to Don Carlos, was at once disclaimed by the Government. The dangers to which France is exposed, under her constitutional Government, from a Carlist usurper triumphing in Spain over the constitutional party,—nay, the risks her domestic tranquillity runs from the existence of a protracted civil war, on political grounds, upon that frontier where she is most defenceless against foreign attack, and in the vicinity of the provinces most distracted by a party hostile to the existing dynasty and established constitution,—afford a ground for interfering to terminate a state of anarchy perilous to her if it continues, and fraught with yet greater danger to her security if it ends in the establishment of the usurper.\*

\* The act of individuals taking part on either side of

The States of America, in some sort, enter into the European system. Their origin is European. They all have been portions of the dominion of European powers till very lately. Our intercourse with them by commerce, by residence, by interchange of lights, is constant; and by the discoveries of science and the consequent improvements in art, our communication becoming daily more easy and more swift, their distance is really less than that of many European countries from each other. We have seen how large a share the United States had in producing those changes in the Old Hemisphere which have so altered its political aspect, and created a new principle to regulate the mutual relations of its parts. Through the storms which shook the continent of Europe during the French Revolution, the firmness and the virtue of Washington kept his country safe in an honourable and respected neutrality. If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness,—may, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself,—joined with, or rather leading to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle,—if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar, then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue. Nor could the human fancy create a combination of qualities, even to the very wants and defects of the subject, more perfectly fitted for the scenes in which it was his lot to bear the chief part; whether we regard the war which he conducted, the political constitution over which he afterwards presided, or the tempestuous times through which he had finally to guide the bark himself had launched. Averse as his pure mind and temperate disposition naturally was from the atrocities of the French Revolution, he yet never leant against the cause of liberty, but clung to it even when deformed by the excesses of its savage votaries. Towards France, while he reprobated her aggressions upon other states, and bravely resisted her pretensions to control his own, he yet never ceased to feel the gratitude which her aid to the American cause had planted eternally in every American bosom; and for the freedom of a nation which had followed the noble example of his countrymen in breaking the chains of a thousand

this conflict, we have often had occasion to reprobate. Indeed, in *any foreign war*, the lawfulness of this interference seems abundantly questionable. What say the Articles of the Church of England? They pronounce taking arms lawful to Christian men, "by command of the civil magistrate."

years, he united with these countrymen in cherishing a natural sympathy and regard. To England, whom he had only known as a tyrant, he never, even in the worst times of French turbulence at home, and injury to foreign states, could unbend from the attitude of distrust and defiance into which the conduct of her sovereign and his Parliament, not unsupported by her people, had forced him, and in which the war had left him. Nor was there ever among all the complacent self-delusions with which the fond conceits of national vanity are apt to intoxicate us, one more utterly fantastical than the notion wherewith the politicians of the Pitt school were wont to flatter themselves, and beguile their followers,—that simply because the Great American would not yield either to the bravadoes of the republican envoy, or to the fierce democracy of Jefferson, he therefore had become weary of republics, and a friend to monarchy and to England. In truth, his devotion to liberty, and his intimate persuasion that it can only be enjoyed under the republican form, constantly gained strength to the end of his truly glorious life; and his steady resolution to hold the balance even between contending extremes at home, as well as to repel any advance from abroad incompatible with perfect independence, was not more dictated by the natural justice of his disposition, and the habitual sobriety of his views, than it sprang from a profound conviction, that a commonwealth is most effectually served by the commanding prudence which checks all excesses, and guarantees it against the peril that chiefly besets popular governments.

So great a sway had the integrity of his noble character over all his feelings, that, had he been spared for a few years longer, the tyranny and the wars of Napoleon would have inclined him towards England as the refuge of freedom and the stay of national independence; nor can there be any doubt at all, that in the present day his policy would have ranged him on the side of the French and English alliance against despotic Government, and for the support of liberty and peace. On that side will his country ever be found; and though they will always pursue the wise course which he chalked out, of never interfering in the quarrels of Europe, yet, as far as countenance and national sympathies go, those who in the Old World are maintaining the battle 'which often lost is ever won,' in the sacred cause of human rights, will still find in the freemen of the New their most hearty allies.

Some apprehensions have been entertained by the friends of liberty, and of democratic government, lest the American Union should fall to pieces. The two risks to which it is exposed are its size becoming unwieldy, from vast extent and thick population, and the diversities between the southern and the other states, more especially in regard to the admixture of the

coloured race. It would, however, be extremely rash to think of setting bounds to the powers of the representative principle; especially when united with the federal; if no very manifest opposition of interests were interposed. The statesmen of ancient Greece could no more have believed in the possibility of a republic extending over sixteen degrees of latitude, and numbering twelve millions of subjects—they who with extreme difficulty could govern a commonwealth of one city and twenty thousand free inhabitants—than they could have believed in the voyage of Columbus, or the steam-navigation and steam-travelling of the present day—no more than we now can believe in a republican or any other empire holding together when its people shall amount to fourscore millions—no more than those who went before us could, and did believe, that the American Government could subsist when its subjects should increase to their present number. Yet it seems just as easy to conduct the federal representative government now, as when it had only two or three millions of subjects; therefore, the mere increase of numbers and extension of territory are not of themselves sufficient to make the split necessary; although these circumstances may very possibly give rise to important modifications in its political structure. But the great question of negro slavery presents a more formidable risk to the eye of the attentive observer. There certainly exists a material difference, not only of opinion, but of feeling, and feeling of a very strong kind, in one of the parties, upon this important subject. The northern and middle States, which have scarcely any slaves, are friendly to emancipation. The principle of the Federal constitution requires a certain majority in the Congress\* before the state of slavery can be affected by any legislative provision. Should that majority be obtained, the southern States threaten, it is said, to fall off from the Union. Now, assuredly, the inhabitants of the South do feel, and must naturally feel, in a very different way, upon the question, from those of the other States, who only hear of slaves and slavery at a distance, and do not live surrounded by thousands of another colour, blood, and character, in whose power they unavoidably would be, were there any possibility of combination among them against their masters; and we have, therefore, no doubt that much violence will be shown in discussing a subject which must naturally excite so deep and universal an interest. But, in the first place, we place our unabated confidence in the powers of discussion and the energy of truth, to force its way through all obstructions, and overpower all resistance. The Americans must perceive, that the great experiment of complete and instantaneous emancipation made in Antigua, where the disproportion of the colours was far greater, and the territory much

more confined, has been attended with no risk whatever; nay, that the negroes have acted more prudently and peaceably since they obtained their freedom than they ever had done while in bondage. They must also perceive, that the refusal to follow, not our example, but that of our planters, whose circumstances are the same with their own, will not at all lessen the danger of their position; nay, that unless all the discourses of England, and all the events of the West Indies, could be kept from the knowledge of the Virginian slave, he is a far safer inmate of society in freedom than in chains. Finally, they must be aware that the delay of the measure is only an aggravation of the mischief; and that as the disproportion of the coloured race increases, so must the danger of the white inhabitants. That all these reasons will find acceptance sooner or later with our American kinsmen, and the sooner, if unaccompanied with the unthinking and the unseemly abuse lavished upon the Southern men by those whom it costs nothing to profess free opinions,—who are fond of exercising a cheap virtue and displaying a vicarious contempt of the dangers they would have other men encounter—we firmly and confidently believe; however insuspicious the aspect may be which the controversy at present wears.

But, secondly, we believe, that should emancipation be even forced upon the Southern States, there is not any very great hazard to the continuance of the Union; and that, as happened with the ominous threats made on the Embargo and Importation questions, when the menace is disregarded, having spent its force and served, or rather failed to serve its turn, it will be forgotten. For suppose those States should separate because of the vote hostile to slavery; and separate with the purpose of maintaining this abominable status, what hope can they have of accomplishing this end? Surely it will be far more difficult to refuse the negro his liberty, after not only England has declared him free in the Islands, but North and Central America shall also have joined in the same righteous and politic measures. Nor can it be doubted, that whatever risks the Southern men may run from either granting or withholding emancipation, these risks will be prodigiously increased by the separation; which leaves them to themselves, and withdraws the countenance, the comfort, and the actual help, of so many states where there are none but whites, their natural allies, against any insurrection of the coloured race. We should really as soon expect the Protestants of Ireland to repeal the Union, and then complete their folly by throwing off all connection with Great Britain, in revenge for the emancipation of the Catholics—as entertain any very serious fears of the Virginians and Carolinians separating from the men of New York and New England, with a view of better enabling themselves to make head against their sable fellow-citizens. If men

[\* An alteration of the Constitution itself, is what the writer probably meant.—Ed. Museum.]



acted as suddenly as they speak, adopted plans as swiftly as they uttered threats, and carried into instantaneous execution all the resolutions of the moment, there would be no small risk of such a calamity. The course of human action is, happily, far otherwise arranged; and our fears of the catastrophe happening are, consequently, very inconsiderable.

We have in these remarks spoken with unfeigned repugnance of the bare chance of such an event as a separation in the American Union; we have treated this, were it to happen, as a great calamity; and we mean a calamity to the world no less than to America herself. The interests of freedom must suffer incalculably from such a disaster; but the interests of peace itself will also be endangered. There can be no better security for its preservation than a federal union of all the provinces among which territories of the North American continent are distributed; and the erection of separate independent states, even under the republican form of government, would certainly be attended with risk of hostilities.

On the northern frontier, however, of the United States, we can easily foresee some prospect of change. That Canada should sooner or later become an independent state, and in all probability unite with the great American confederacy, seems probable. The late events in that province have no doubt augmented the likelihood of such an end to our remaining colonial empire. Into this question we are extremely unwilling to enter, on account of the angry and, we trust, the ephemeral disputes to which it has given rise, dividing for a time the friends of liberty in this country. But one error we must mark, because it pervaded the reasoning of those who affected to treat the argument upon more enlarged views, and is one of the most delusions imaginable. They spoke of forming a great North American empire, or kind of Colonial Federacy, of which the end and object should be to act as a balance to what they justly called the colossal and rapidly increasing power of the United States. Now, of what use is it to us, or to any one, that the Colossal States should be balanced, unless because we have some fears of their extensive power? And what dread can we have of this power unless we have colonies to be attacked? There, therefore, cannot be any use whatever in balancing the United States, if we have no 'Northern Colonial Federacy,' so that the only conceivable use of this balancing federacy is to protect itself; unless, indeed, we listen to the fears of those who dread an American naval ascendancy. In colonial possessions, there may be some advantages; much benefit there certainly is from such settlements at an early stage of the industry, and especially of the trade of any country; and these advantages do not cease with colonial dependence, but are often even more valuable after the political connexion has been severed. But for

the purposes of political power; as an element in our foreign policy—nothing can be more obvious than the indifference of those North American colonies either way; because from the United States we never can have any apprehension whatever, even if their natural policy were not to side with France and with us; and the only point of our system in which we can be exposed to their force or their influence, is the very spot in question. So that the error alluded to is just an instance of reasoning in a circle.

The vast and fertile regions of South America remain to be mentioned. Since the breaking up of the splendid colonial empire of Spain, the state of the independent commonwealths which arose out of it has been uncertain, and their fortunes various. With the exception of Bolivar, no eminent men have been produced to enlighten this empire by their wisdom, or to sway it with their firm hands. A deplorable want of public virtue has been displayed among the leading characters who have assumed the direction of public affairs. Bad faith has but too frequently marked the conduct of the republics; nor have appearances of pecuniary corruption been wanting. The successive Governments formed have been possessed of but feeble resources; and the confidence of the people has not enabled them to draw forth the national resources, unless when connected with the spirit of resistance to the parent state; if so stepmother a Government as that of Spain can deserve the name. Hence the want of all stability in any one of those commonwealths; hence the sudden and violent revolutions to which they have been subject—the ceaseless anarchy in which they have had their political being—and their dangerous conflicts with their neighbours. That the spirit of independence will keep them free from all foreign yokes there can be no doubt; but for domestic liberty they are plainly little prepared. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived than their history has presented to that of the United States; and the difference is entirely owing to their struggle against the monarchy of Spain having led them, as it did the republicans of ancient times, to found popular governments, before the people had learnt the difficult and late-acquired lesson of self-government. These remarks, of course, extend not to Brazil. The emigration of the Portuguese Royal family has retained that noble country in subjection to a kingly Government; and the constitution on a representative principle, which it has obtained, as well as its connexion with old Portugal, at once has consulted the best interests of the people, and allied it with the constitutional party of England and of France.

In the East, that is in the Levant, comprising Turkey and its great and rich province Egypt, the enmity of Russia, and her constant system of encroachment, pursued without a year's interval or a month's, for much above a century, the constitutional cause has

natural allies. The spirit of improvement, even of Reform, has penetrated into the Divans of Constantinople and Alexandria; nor is there a doubt that liberal policy has made more progress among the Turks of the south, than among the Calmucks of the north. Any approach, indeed, to representative Government, or to a direct interference of the people, with the administration of affairs, neither has made; nor, in the present debased state of the ignorant community, is any such share practicable. But important amendments are daily introduced into their institutions, which must speedily change the face of affairs, and above all, education is, in Egypt, so much cared for, that schools have been established, with great profusion, all over the country, and infuse principles at once liberal and practical. Removing popular ignorance, and raising the long-neglected inhabitants to a higher scale in society, will unquestionably lead to the development of the talents which they possess; and which all who have had any personal knowledge of them agree in representing to be combined with a spirit of rectitude, a feeling of honour, that forms, we fear, a sad contrast to the low cunning implanted by long servitude in the character of the Greeks.

Whether the encroaching policy of Russia shall be suffered to extend on the side of Turkey, is undoubtedly a question for the serious consideration of the other European powers. She is at the head of the Absolute Party; her influence affects habitually, if it does not rule, the courts of Austria and Prussia. Her gigantic power, her resources of men, at least, if not backed by a plentiful treasury, and, above all, her position, which exempts her from all the dangers of attack that tend to keep other nations in awe, and bind them over, as it were, to peace and good behaviour, have given her a weight of late years in European affairs, very different from any she possessed, even under the reign of the ambitious Catherine. The only thing that has made this colossal empire at all a safe member of the European community, has hitherto been that remote position which, in another view, makes her almost irresponsible by making her secure. But it will be far otherwise if she moves to the southward, and adds Constantinople to her vast dominions. She will then have the footing on the Mediterranean which which has always been her most favourite object; she will become in reality what as yet she has only affected to be, a naval power; and, with the resources of the Levant, added to those of the north, no one can doubt that she will be a naval power of the first order. The independence of Egypt, on any account a matter of the greatest importance to all the commercial states of Europe and America, will, of course, be a mere impossibility; and all the improvements now beginning in the East will be at an end. The view taken by some that there will be an advantage gained over Russia, inas-

much as she will be brought into the circle of the other European powers, and exposed to be attacked in her new dominions, appears a refinement too absurd to require a serious refutation. She still has her vast and inaccessible empire behind, on which to retreat; and, admitting the utmost weight that can be assigned to the argument just stated, it would only follow, that she might always run the risk of losing her new acquisitions, in an attempt still further to extend her encroachments; thus playing the safe game of either winning universal monarchy or remaining where she was before she seized on the Dardanelles. Other powers would still be in the very difficult position, that they could only play for that forbidden prize by staking their existence, by 'setting their lives upon the hazard of the die;' while she might play for it at the risk of only losing the last of her unfair gains.

To these considerations regarding the dangers apprehended from Russia, many reasoners add another, derived from observing her progress in the East. No doubt in that quarter she has been constantly advancing; and Persia may be said to exist at her good pleasure. But of such a mighty operation as a march to the northern provinces of India, where, independent of the distance, and the barren and difficult country through which the route must lie, there would be found a powerful army, inured to the climate, admirably commanded, strictly disciplined, and amply appointed in all respects,—we really cannot entertain any very serious apprehension; as long, at least, as the justice and lenity of our Indian administration shall avoid all collision with the natives; and our grasping spirit after territory and revenue shall not throw the country powers into the arms of the first adventurer among themselves, or the first European rival, by whom our immense dominions may be assailed. Besides, long before England could have to contend for her Eastern dominions at Delhi, Cabul, or Lahore, Russia would have to encounter our fleets at Cronstadt, and to defend Petersburg itself. Miserably ill-informed must our Government be of her movements on the East of the Caspian, if she could make any advance towards India before an overpowering armament laid Petersburg in ashes.\*

The name of Russia can hardly be pronounced without the figure of Poland, the victim of her crimes, possibly the instrument of her punishment, rising before our eyes. Nor is the position of that ill-fated and gallant nation immaterial to the view we are now taking of the European system. The Poles exist in the centre of Europe, nominally subjects of three powers, among whom they are distributed by acts of mere brute force;—beginning in foul treachery, consummated with

\* This article was written in June last, which will account for its making no reference to the more recent events in the East, where the Russian policy has been found marked with its usual grasping and restless character.

wanton cruelty, universally execrated by all beholders, never to be forgiven or forgotten by those upon whom they were perpetrated. Though enslaved for the moment, their spirit is unsubdued,—their hatred is the more rancorous for being suppressed—their animosity the more fierce for being bridled—their purpose of vengeance the more fixed for having its execution delayed. Though divided at present by political boundaries, these are to them arbitrary and imaginary; they still regard themselves as one nation, and this determination makes them one. Though presenting a blank to mark where Poland once had been, they exist in reality, and the meanness and the cruelties of their oppressors betoken that they know it. At any favourable opportunity presented by the conflicts of other states, the Poles may rise and take a part. They are a mine ready at any moment to explode; and they must always of necessity be found upon the side of the liberal or constitutional party,—the party ranged against those powers who form the Holy Alliance, identical with the partitioning confederacy,—their tyrant, their oppressor, their scourge. The peculiar circumstances of the Poles, however, make them an exception to the rule which ranks all the powers of the liberal side among the friends of peace. While the existing tranquillity continues, the unfortunate Poles know that there is no prospect of their country being restored; and hence they are anxious for any event which may disturb it.

We have now gone through the whole system of European policy, and contemplated the distribution of the powers which compose it, according to the new principles which govern their alliances and their oppositions. On the one hand, we have the Liberal or Constitutional Party, headed by England and France; on the other, the Absolute Party, headed by the Holy Alliance, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The principle of the classification is not accidental or arbitrary; it is founded in the nature of things and of man; it is the similarity of political circumstances; the community of political feelings; and the identity of political interests. Those states which enjoy the benefits of a free Government, those nations which are ruled and administered by the body of the people, differ essentially in all important respects from those which are subject to the will of a single individual;—where the voice of the people is hardly ever to be heard, where they exercise no direct control over the Government, and where they are wholly excluded from all share whatever in the management of their own concerns. The conduct which the two classes of states are prone to pursue in these instances with their neighbours) the only proper subject of our present consideration,) is as essentially different as their situation in point of internal constitution; and the one diversity is the result of the other. This leads us to the very important subject of the ef-

fects which are produced by Arbitrary and by Popular governments ‘severally’ upon the Foreign Policy of nations.

1. The natural and indeed altogether unavoidable tendency of an Absolute Government must be to desire the establishment every where of the same constitution and to dread as an evil pregnant with danger to its own existence, the progress of liberty in other countries. It has this desire much more at heart, and feels this apprehension far more than a free Government can be supposed to wish for universal liberty, or to dread the progress of despotism. Little danger comparatively can arise to a Popular Government in one country from the existence of despotism in the neighbouring states; because there is little risk of the example proving so attractive as to obtain advocates and imitators. But the case is very different with Popular Governments surrounding a Despotism. The example of freedom is contagious; and the people suffering under the oppression of an arbitrary sovereign, or injured in their most important concerns by his maladministration of their affairs, are very likely to demand a change of Government; aiming at the enjoyment of those rights which they see their neighbours possessing, and using to their great advantage. The facts of the case in general, but particularly the history of the last half century, and more especially of the latter portion of it, abundantly prove that this position is strictly true. The league of the allied princes on behalf of the French Royal Family in 1792, was a league of the Absolute against the Constitutional principle; originating in the fears of despotic governments, that liberty once established in France might soon cross the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. All the earlier policy of the European courts was governed by the same principle, and it was not even wholly forgotten, when a far more immediate risk was to be encountered, first, from the mighty successes of the republic, and then from the conquests of the empire. The downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, for a while quieted the alarms of those absolute princes; but they were soon revived by the events which happened in Spain and Italy; nor did even the remote triumphs of liberty in South America pass without affecting the sensitive nature of arbitrary rulers. Indeed, so provident were they, by a kind of instinctive dread of a long peace bringing about various domestic changes, that, long before any movements had been made by the people in any part of Europe, the Holy Alliance was formed, almost as soon as the peace was concluded in 1815; and though its avowed object was the maintenance of peace, the real end and aim of its being was the prevention of revolution, and the resistance to popular principles, all the world over. The great events of 1830, both in France and Belgium, gave rise to much intrigue and many secret attempts, though the princes

durst not openly avow their designs; because, whilst France and England are united, all resistance must be vain. But it is as certain that, underhand, the former have assisted both Carlos and Miguel, as that the latter have more openly aided the constitutional cause in both portions of the Peninsula.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there is no more right, in the liberal party among the European states, to interfere with the affairs of a neighbour, for the purpose of producing a revolution favourable to liberty, than in the absolute princes to interfere between the people of any state and the freedom which they have acquired, or are seeking. The proceedings at Laybach and Pilnitz were not greater outrages on all the principles of national independence, than the decree of the French Convention in November 1793. Indeed, it always appeared to us that Mr. Canning's celebrated declaration in November 1826 was unstatesmanlike, and reprehensible on the same ground. If it was more than a rhetorical flourish, it conveyed an unworthy threat, and it implied the assertion of a claim founded on an unsound title. It was an intimation, that if the absolute powers interfered in Portugal, England might raise their own subjects, and excite them to seek liberty through revolution—a menace only to be used defensively, because a proceeding only to be embraced in the very last extremity. But it also was grounded on a false assumption, that we have a right to revolutionize one country, or in any way, to interfere in its domestic affairs, for the benefit, not of the country itself, but of some other country attacked by its rulers. These remarks apply to the part of this speech which regarded European insurrections, and was garnished with the fine quotation about *Æolus* and his winds. As for the other part, relating to the South American states, the recognition, the very tardy recognition, of whose independence he termed 'calling the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old,' there was neither fact, nor sense, nor even good trope to recommend it. The result of the whole is, that unless, where the state of affairs, in any one country, is such as immediately to endanger the tranquillity, and even threaten the existence of its neighbours, the latter have no right whatever to interfere, either to overturn or to restore its Government. But if another power or combination of powers, shall, in breach of this cardinal rule, interpose; undeniably the right to take part against them, and obstruct their operations, immediately attaches; and so the liberal powers, France and England, would have both a right to exercise, and a duty to perform, of assisting any free state against tyrants, if the Holy Allies should think proper to act. The perfect knowledge that this right exists, and that this duty would be discharged, is the best security against all such aggressions upon the

constituted principle by these absolute princes, and is the most valuable service which the liberal alliance can render to freedom.\*

2. The next diversity of Popular and Absolute governments, to which we shall advert, is the different degree in which they are fitted for the operations of diplomacy. The unity and the vigour of Absolute Monarchy, as giving it great advantages in negotiation, have been much relied on; and, undoubtedly, it has some advantages, in performing this function, over a Popular form of Government. It is more secret; it can more easily lay its plans; it has more ample discretion in accepting or refusing terms. There is always some risk of the ambassador of a republic being disavowed by its senate; or even of the senate being thwarted by the people at large. There is always a chance of matters being made public, which are unfit to be disclosed. Hence there may often be a reluctance to treat with, or to trust the republican negotiators. Now, without denying this statement, or under-rating the imperfection in Popular Governments to which it relates, we conceive that against it must be set off a far more important advantage, which those Governments enjoy for maintaining the relations established by treaty. The insolent caprice, or the sinister views, the personal feelings, or the private interests, of an individual are far more likely to make the Absolute Government swerve from its engagements, than any reverse of popular opinion or sentiment is to create a similar departure. An act of bad faith, which may be committed in the closet, and cannot be either submitted for previous approval to the public, or prevented or resisted by any other power in state save the wrongdoer, is far more likely to be committed; and, if committed far less likely to be retracted, than if it must undergo, in the first instance, a free discussion among the people to whose judgment it appeals; and may immediately, after being perpetrated, be reviewed and reversed before the same popular tribunal. Outrages upon all principles of honour and honesty have often been committed by absolute princes, which never could have even been propounded to the representatives of their people, and which, if propounded, must have been instantly repudiated. Therefore, if certainty, security, the improbability of faith being broken, the likelihood of what is for the honour and interest of the country being consulted, and therefore sudden, capricious changes of policy being averted—

\* It exceedingly behoves the Liberal party never, by putting themselves in the wrong, to arm its adversaries with arguments of serious weight against them. For this reason, the issuing illegal orders to the cruisers on the Spanish coast was deeply to be lamented. Those orders were an infraction of neutral rights, and they were grounded on a construction of the Quadruple Treaty of 1833, which its authors at once disclaimed.

if these make a nation safe to treat with and to trust, a Popular Government is far better fitted for negotiation, and for maintaining the relations of alliance, than an Absolute Prince.

3. The superiority of a Monarchy for military operations, that is, for the policy of war, and among other branches of it, for maintaining the relations of belligerent alliance, has been also much vaunted; and here, as under the last head, there is undeniably some advantage on its side; while there is an advantage of much greater magnitude possessed by a Popular constitution. The promptitude with which a single mind can plan, and the vigour with which a single hand can act, is undoubtedly a material advantage; although by judicious arrangements, even a commonwealth, and much more a limited monarchy, may be enabled so to employ individuals as to gain the greater part of this benefit. But the power of drawing forth the whole resources of the country belongs to a free and limited Government alone. The exertions in raising men made by France, the incalculable sums of money drawn from the people of England, are incontestable proofs of this position. No absolute prince could have raised a tenth part of the money; and although Napoleon, availing himself of the relics of revolutionary spirit and republican habits, and working on the epidemic love of military glory and national fame which marks that martial people, succeeded in raising enormous masses of troops, he fell because the spirit was gone which made all France rise as one man against invasion under the Convention, and Paris saw the Allies enter it unresisted, except with groans and curses by the people. It is, indeed, frequently said that the turns of popular opinion are often fatal to military policy, by their sometimes urging hostilities—sometimes prematurely opposing them, and requesting peace. But this point will be considered under the next head.

4. The great question of Peace is the last and the most important point in which we have to survey the difference between Popular and Absolute Governments. It seems quite evident that the chances of war are far greater, at all times, under the latter. Kings are, by their nature, that is, their education and their position, lovers of war. Its pomp, its gratification to vanity and ambition, its direct gains when successful, in which they chiefly share, while its losses, if disastrous, fall on their subjects—all conspire to make this their favourite pursuit. The very necessity of maintaining a standing army for their own security at home, leads to war; for it provides the great instrument of war, the possession of which always furnishes a temptation to use it. Even when poor and exhausted by former conflicts, sovereigns will, like the father

of Frederic II., pass their lives in collecting treasures and troops, in order that their sons, like him, whom thoughtless men have, for his crimes, called 'Great,' may squander the one and use the other in ravaging peaceful, unsuspecting provinces, to increase the number of his vassals. So, too, the league of Absolute Princes for the spoliation of their weaker neighbours is an easy operation. How little difficulty did the Governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia find in secretly plotting the division of Poland, and concealing that deed of darkness until it was too late to prevent its perpetration! How few words did it cost Lewis XIV. to perpetrate the inhuman devastation with which despotism, more unsparing than the tempest, ravaged the Palatinate! But, unless in the most barbarous times, no such atrocious outrages could be suffered in any state where the public voice is heard, and the measures of Government are subjected to free and popular discussion. Indeed, we may lay it down as a certain truth, that, in proportion as the people in any country become enlightened and well informed of their interests and their duties, the love of peace will prevail among them; and the chances of their regarding war with any feelings but those of abhorrence will diminish. But no hope whatever can be entertained of any education eradicating from the minds of Absolute Princes the love of military glory, the thirst for extended dominion, the disposition to embark in the horrid pursuits of war; and all princes would be absolute if they could. Besides, the risks of war being undertaken are further multiplied, in an Absolute Monarchy, by the ease with which it can at once be declared, when a single voice alone decides for it. *L'état! c'est Moi!*—were Louis XIV.'s memorable words. A match broken off, or refused—a family quarrel to be espoused—the desire to extend some cousin's territory—an offence to the individual prince, or his dependents, or his relations—nay, an insult, wholly unintentional, and which he had brought upon himself; as when Charles XII. took umbrage that he was not treated like a king when he was travelling in disguise, and went to war for it;—such are the causes of war, where princes can determine with a word upon the misery of mankind; and the people, who can by no possibility have the least interest in such matters, or in the contests they create, are punished, according to the Roman poet's saying, for the frenzy of their rulers.

It is an undeniable fact, that, in a popular Government, much less is always left to chance and uncertainty, than in a Government where the will of one man forms the rule; and where caprice, and personal influences, and ascendancy must generally prevail; and this maxim applies to the foreign as much as to the domestic concerns of the state. The greater the number of persons who must be consulted before any measure, whether of treaty or of war, is resolved upon,

the less will the deliberation that leads to the decision, and the motives that regulate the execution of the plan, be subject to accident or to error. Great bodies of men discuss the whole of each matter propounded; nothing escapes them from neglect or oversight; no access is afforded to haste or caprice;—above all, there is but one object in view—the general interest, the common good; and this controls all private feelings, neutralizes all sudden impulses, and counteracts all individual peculiarities. So, too, a course once adopted for the public benefit is not hastily departed from; it is persevered in until experience shows it to be erroneous, or a change of circumstances requires a change of policy. Nothing is taken up on the whim of the moment, or the fashion of a day; nor is any thing, once taken in hand, upon mature reflection, and after full discussion, laid down without just and solid cause. What misleads men in arguing on this subject, is the confounding of the proceedings of a mob with those of popular bodies regularly constituted, and acting by fixed rules. The former may easily go astray of itself, or be misled by demagogues to form hasty conclusions, and enter into precipitate courses of action,—but the latter never can, if it be not most viciously constructed. If its constitution be not such as gives the reins to mob influence, or enables leading men to carry away the ruling assembly by sudden impulses, the fault is not in popular Governments generally, but in the defective structure of the one in question. Now, it is manifest, that where the constitution is such as to afford time for reflection and deliberation before any measure can be finally resolved upon, the good sense of the community is sure to prevail over the folly of the mob; and the interests of the many over those of the few. The rational portion of the people will be convinced by argument, and drawn to the side of reason, and their weight will, in the end, regulate the voice of the whole.

Hence, generally speaking, war will be much less likely to find favour with a Popular Government than with an Absolute Court. We speak with reference to the general case; without denying that republican Governments have sometimes proved warlike, as the barbarous Romans, from their want of knowledge, their savage thirst for plunder, and the accidental circumstances of their situation—a band of outlaws forming their institutions, while they lived by rapine; and adhering to them through superstition. So wars will, now and then, be popular from the national feeling of the moment; as that with Spain in 1739, when public clamour drove the wise and politic Walpole from the helm he had so long and so usefully held in times of imminent domestic peril, and complicated difficulty; and, indeed, the American and the French wars were, at first, popular in this country. But then it must be recollected, that the personal influence of a narrow-

minded and bigoted King, and a nobility wielding such overgrown power in Parliament as to make our Government rather an aristocracy than a popular constitution, both urged on the people to join in the cry, and prevented the return of reason and sober sense, and with them peace. It was to the vices of our constitution that we owed the continuance at least, if not the popularity of those fatal contests, the effects of which we have not yet outlived; for had a popularly formed legislature then existed, it is very probable neither wars would ever have been made; and perfectly certain that both would have been over in a few months.

It thus appears incontestable, that the course of Popular Governments is always likely to be more steady—less under the guidance of caprice, or at the mercy of accidental circumstances,—than that of Absolute Monarchies; that they are more to be relied upon in maintaining all the relations of intercourse with other powers; that they are sure to be better neighbours, and less prone to acts of injustice or violence; above all, that their policy is more certain to be moderate and pacific.

The happy footing upon which England and France have been together, ever since the Revolution of 1630, is, no doubt, the result of that popular influence, whose beneficial effects we have been tracing upon the whole frame of international policy. The ancient maxim, that the two countries were natural enemies, is now exploded; and has been succeeded by a conviction that the near neighbourhood which makes each the best customer of the other ought, in a merely commercial view, to make them natural allies. But, indeed, the very circumstance of their proximity and their strength, which exposes each in war to the greatest hazards from the other, offers an irrefragable reason for their living upon friendly terms, and never suffering any trifles to interrupt their amicable intercourse. These things were always sufficiently evident; yet the Government of the two nations being in the hands of courtiers and princes, while the people had little or no weight in the administration of affairs, the course taken by the two states was directed not by the enlightened reason and the common sense of mankind, so much as by the refinements and caprices and prejudices of the governing few; the interests and the feelings of the many being alike disregarded. Hence a spirit of rivalry and mutual enmity grew up on both sides of the Channel; and the two nations, formed by nature to be friends, were filled with a spirit of hatred and apprehension. This is now happily past; and for this we have to thank the French Revolution, and the English Reform. He would be a bold as well as a wicked Minister, in either country, who should attempt to revive the old hostility between the two; but he would speedily be a defeated and disgraced and

punished Minister; and his fate would serve as an example to deter others from endeavouring to thwart the well-grounded desires, the deliberate, and rational, and virtuous principles of a mighty people.

The salutary influence of this amity and union between those great powers is felt to the very ends of the earth: it tends to the security, to the improvement, to the pacification of the world. England now resumes her station as the head of the Liberal Interest in Europe. What noble part she bore in the contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for Religious Freedom and the Reformation, that same part she now maintains for Civil Liberty and National Independence. But now her course is more clear, her success more secure, because now she has France for her mighty coadjutor; and with France her co-operation is cordial, as her amity is assured.

The peace, not of these two states alone, but of all Europe, and of the world, is in the keeping of France and England. While they continue friends, not a gun can be fired in any part of the globe without their consent. No aggression upon national independence can be attempted; no war against public liberty waged; no invasion of the rights of man and the law of nations undertaken. The occupation of the Holy Alliance is gone; it has ceased to reign; it can no more trouble and vex mankind. The police of Europe, which the conspiracy of the Calmuck, the Goth, and the Hun had affected to administer, is no longer in their hands; it is entrusted to less suspicious parties; the thief and the receiver, the murderer and the robber are no longer suffered to play the part of watchmen; or, under the disguise of patrols, to spring upon the wayfaring man. The high police of Europe, by land and by sea, is in purer hands, ay, and in stronger hands too! The great Continental power of France—the mighty Naval force of England—the sword and the trident—the eagle that has perched upon every capital of Europe, save one—the flag that a thousand years ‘has braved the battle and the breeze’—are united under the banner of liberty; and, marshalling those two free nations, appealing, if need be, to all other people, calling to their aid the *posse comitatus* of Europe, they will have no nation molested because of its liberties—nor any tyrant protected against his subjects—nor any opinion proscribed because of its truth and worth—nor any wrong done to the weak by the strong—nor any rebellion of might against right.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

#### SCHILLER'S FLIGHT.

*Schiller's Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785.* (Schiller's Flight from Stuttgart and Residence at Mannheim from 1782 to 1785.) Stuttgart and Augsburg. J. G. Cotta. 12mo. 1836.

Until lately the biography of Schiller has been

written with a disregard to facts, remarkable even in Germany, where this department of literature is singularly barren. The learned of that country, who have searched with great success into the records of the earliest and remotest nations, and who also with equal diligence and acuteness develope in their works on abstract subjects the hidden springs of human actions, yet strangely disregard the lives and characters of illustrious men of all classes, although the career of these rarely fails to furnish philosophical history with some of its best analogies and surest lights. The memoirs of the French have no parallel among their neighbours beyond the Rhine; and the biographies published in the United States of North America, which are already numerous, and highly interesting, suggest, perhaps, the true reason of the deficiency we are remarking. It probably springs from the political inactivity of the Germans. The spirit of conquest in France and the spirit of freedom in America, have called into action a vast variety of individuals; and the public of both countries find in their history materials of the greatest interest. In Germany, with the stimulus of active life absolutely wanting, it is not surprising then the same interest should not be felt, and consequently that the materials of their history should be less regarded.

In the case of Schiller, the paucity of true details published concerning his life has led to capital errors upon its most remarkable periods; and although the noble character and fine genius of this eminent man have long been well appreciated by both his own countrymen and foreigners, it is only now that many particulars regarding him are beginning to be correctly known, and they are such as must necessarily elevate him still higher in public estimation.

A few extracts, to be taken presently, from Mr. Carlyle's able memoir of Schiller, will show the extraordinary inaccuracy of all the former narratives which that zealous and enlightened biographer consulted.

Although the first years of Schiller's childhood were passed without much instruction, for he was delicate, and his mother devoted herself exclusively to the care of his health, he soon made up for this small portion of lost time. In his sixth year he began to learn reading, writing, Latin and Greek; and at this period he is known to have exhibited poetical and oratorical talents, even in his amusements. In his ninth year (1768), Hebrew was added to his studies, to qualify him for the Church, which he had chosen as a profession: and in the period from 1769 to 1772 he passed three examinations in theology exceedingly well. His studies were somewhat interrupted by the effects of a too rapid growth upon a feeble constitution; but as his health improved he applied again so earnestly to his books, that his masters were obliged to admonish him to moderate his labour, lest body and mind should alike



suffer from the exertion. At this time he was a distinguished boy, remarkable for his indifference to boyish sports, but joining in them cheerfully and vigorously to please his schoolfellows.

The proof of his early proficiency is complete. The Grand Duke of Wurtemberg had founded a military school, and its success was so great that the courses of study, limited at first to the fine arts with a few pupils only, was extended to all the sciences, and with numerous classes. In order to fill this school respectably, special inquiries used to be made of the masters through the whole country, to ascertain what boys possessed the best abilities; and upon one of these occasions Schiller was reported as the most remarkable of them for talents of every kind.

The youth's family and himself had strong objections to his entering the duke's military academy, inasmuch as it completely deranged his destination for the Church: but, as his father was in the public service, his highness's offer of a free choice of studies, without expense, and accompanied by a promise of a better provision than the ecclesiastical profession would afford, was, after some resistance, finally accepted, from apprehension that a refusal might expose the family to the prince's resentment.

The details, which follow in the memoir, are very remarkable; and disprove completely the imputation of idleness often cast upon him.

"It was with a heavy heart," says the writer, "that Schiller, now only fourteen years of age, quitted the parental roof, to be received into the military academy; and he chose the law for his profession, because this alone afforded a prospect of providing suitably for the wants of his parents. But the dry details of this study so little harmonized with his enthusiastic nature, that in the annual *confession* required from the pupils as to their character, inclinations, and bad or good qualities, he could not refrain from annexing the following passage to his first declaration: '*I should think myself happier if I could serve my country as a spiritual teacher.*'" No attention was paid to this wish, decidedly as it was expressed, and much as it redounded to his honour; he had therefore no choice but to pursue the law; and he did so with exemplary diligence. But a new trial awaited him. At the end of a year the duke, informed his father that, as there were too many law-students in the academy, his son could not, on quitting it, have so good a post in that branch of avocation as he could wish: if, however, the young man would turn to medicine, he would in the course of time provide for him advantageously. A new struggle for Schiller! and new troubles for his parents! The conciliating temper, however, which never left the former in any of the changing scenes of his life, bore him through this trial also, and he submitted to the proposal.

"When Schiller began this medical course he was in his sixteenth year. His application was as usual, vigorous and discriminating; and hopelessly repulsive as he had anticipated the new study to be, a short trial disclosed many attractions. Its several parts were at first uninteresting, but he soon perceived they had a

close connection with the great circle of Nature's works, and that they promised one day to unfold to him in man the mutual influences of matter and mind. From his earliest youth, his reflective and deeply inquiring habits had been stimulated by the hope of making great discoveries in science, and working out some few grand results from the multitudinous details of nature presented to observing eyes.

"Attracted by such brilliant anticipations, and defying the prescribed rules, which however could not be entirely evaded, Schiller took advantage of every leisure hour to indulge his taste for history and poetry. Klopstock was one of his favourite writers, and the most congenial to his feelings, which ever fervently clung to the sublime objects of religious faith. Unconscious, however, in the simplicity of his youth, of the high position awaiting him, and equally unconscious then of the divine gifts so abundantly lavished upon him, he would often call his decided taste for poetry an idle indulgence of imagination, and in this temper of mind would reproach himself for taking many an hour unprofitably from his profession. In fact, his poetical distractions were for a time indulged to the disadvantage of his medical studies, and brought upon him some reproofs from his professors. Still, in order to gratify his parents, whom he so dearly loved, and actuated also by a just pride, he was in reality more diligent and zealous than any of his class-fellows.

"Sometimes, indeed, poetic images would present themselves to his not unwilling mind, without being in the smallest degree connected with his graver studies: but was it a fault in him to be unable even to behold anatomical drawings and subjects on a limited scale, without being at once led by his active fancy to call up before him the whole vast round of Nature? or, when listening to his professors, even with close attention, how could he prevent his devoted muse pouring seductive whispers into his apt ear, and, despite his sincere resolves, leading his mind astray in the fields of poetry? Both were impossible: the involuntary workings of his genius were too strong for control; as if introduced by some magic power, images and thoughts fermented in his inward soul, multiplying more and more with the growth of his reason, and acquiring overwhelming influence with the enlargement of his ideas."—p. 16—23.

Schiller, nevertheless, had strength of mind to govern these inclinations of his taste—

"He was not slow," adds the memoir, "to perceive that with his attention thus diverted from professional studies, *professional success*, his great object, would never be obtained. Although his masters were struck by his originality, and by his marked superiority over his fellow-students, he exacted far too much from himself to be satisfied with what he had hitherto accomplished. When in his eighteenth year, therefore, he resolved to *read nothing, write nothing, and even to think of nothing*, but that which related to medicine, until he should have completely mastered the science. In spite of the great sacrifice this resolution imposed on Schiller, he followed it up with extraordinary perseverance for two years. It was then that he studied thoroughly the medical works of Haller; and during this period he prepared himself, in the short space of three months, for an examination which gained him high testimonials. The effort seriously affected his health; for during it he denied himself even the relief of conversation; but he thereby became sufficiently familiar with all the branches

of the medical profession to enter upon practice with competent skill."—p. 23.

Of such a career, it is truly surprising to find by any possibility errors, like the following, recorded in the pages of Mr. Carlyle; a writer distinguished by great knowledge of German literature, and so earnestly desirous of extending rather than parrowing the fair fame of his subject, that his biography wears more the air of an eulogy, than of a Life of Schiller.

"His progress," says Mr. Carlyle, "though respectable or more, was little commensurate with what he afterwards became. . . . Thoughtless and gay, he would dissipate his time in childish sports, forgetful that the stolen charms of ball and leapfrog must be dearly bought by reproaches. . . . He passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy."—*The Life of Frederick Schiller*, pp. 7 & 20.

It is no disrespect to the acute critic to suggest that he ought to have taken a more cautious view of this interesting part of Schiller's history, the published details of which he states to have been "*meagre and insufficient*," when he himself wrote.—p. 3.

The promised appointment, a surgeoncy to a Wurtemberg regiment, was a poor reward for laborious perseverance;—mean in dignity, and in pay inadequate even to Schiller's moderate wants.

But the play of "The Robbers," begun in his 17th year, and finished at the few intervals such a course of study afforded, had now been published; and it gave its young author a wide and general celebrity: Wieland and other master-spirits of the time did not disdain to express their respect for the genius which the admitted extravagances of the piece could not conceal.

This substantial earnest of fame aggravated the vexatious restraints of a soldier's life to such a man as Schiller; but his abandonment of a profession so incompatible with his tastes was unworthily and prematurely hastened by severities which, with their singular results, are now to be narrated.

In the Robbers was a remark that bore hard on the Grisons, and so roused the wrath of an inhabitant of the country, that he wrote a vindication in the Hamburg Correspondent. This appeal would probably have produced no unpleasant consequences if a direct complaint had not been made to the Duke against Schiller on the subject. He was called upon for a defence, and strictly prohibited from printing any more works except on medicine, and from communicating with other parts of Germany. He replied to the charge, that "he had not used the unlucky words to express an opinion of his own, but as the careless language of a robber, who in reality was the greatest rogue of all the characters in the play; he had besides only introduced a common saying which he had heard in his very boyhood."

The reproof he received on this occasion gave

Schiller pain; but the peremptory order to confine himself to professional studies, and to the walls of a garrison town, distressed him still more. Obedience was impossible. He could not annihilate his poetical tastes; and by the prohibition of all engagements out of Wurtemberg, he lost the means of improving his income;—an indispensable point, inasmuch as with the strictest economy he could not live on his pay. He had already contributed to various literary miscellanies, and was busy with his second play of Fiesco.

Pending this most unmerited disgrace he committed a military offence of a real, though not of an heinous character. He went twice to Manheim without leave, to see his own play, "The Robbers," which was acting there with extraordinary applause. This irregularity drew upon him further displeasure, and an imprisonment of fourteen days.

Upon the visit to Manheim, Schiller formed a plan for obtaining his release from the Duke of Wurtemberg's service without giving offence, and by the interposition of a new friend he had made there. Unfortunately the exertions of this friend were slow; and the condemnation, added to the delay of relief and the continued pressure of the restraints on his studies, threw Schiller into a state of most alarming depression. Political incarcerations were far from rare in Germany, and his visits of commiseration to the unfortunate Schubart, who had long been confined in the fortress of Asperg, had given him a glimpse of what he brooded over as his own probable destiny. He soon therefore resolved to withdraw secretly to Manheim, and from that spot of comparative security make the best possible terms with his persecutors. Mr. Streicher, the author of the memoirs before us, was the companion of his flight; and with his account of it, as well as with a very striking narrative of Mr. Streicher's first acquaintance with him, we close this article.

"The execution of the plan required the assistance of a friend; and there was one individual to whom he could unbosom himself. That person was Schiller's junior by two years, but an intimacy of eighteen months had afforded some proofs of his fidelity. His disinterested attachment bordered on the enthusiasm ever excited by those rare and noble beings whose fine intellect and finer feelings gain the affectionate regard as well as the respect of all men.

"It was in the year 1780 that the youth saw him for the first time, at the annual public examination of the academy in the Duke's presence. On this occasion Schiller held a medical disputation with a professor; and although Streicher was a stranger to his reputation, and did not even know his name, his appearance at once excited attention. His flowing auburn hair; his person, slender almost to feebleness; his frequent smile whilst speaking; his finely formed nose; his eyes winking quick when the discussion became animated; and the keen, bold, eagle-glances which sparkled from beneath a large well-developed forehead, were calculated

to make an indelible impression. Streicher gazed long upon this youth, entirely absorbed in his air and manner; in short, the whole scene was so deeply engraven on his memory, that, were he a painter, he could at this day (1828), eight and forty years after the event, represent the picture living as it there stood before him.

"When after the examination, Streicher followed the students into the eating room to see the evening meal, the same youth again attracted his particular notice. The Duke was talking to him in the most friendly manner, leaning on his chair; and their conversation was earnest and long. Schiller's manner was equally unrestrained before his prince as an hour previously when disputing with the professor; his smiles were as ready; and his very winking the same.

"When in the following spring, of 1781, *The Robbers*, was published, and had produced an extraordinary sensation, Streicher, through a common friend, sought the acquaintance of the author. On seeing him he discovered, to his great surprise, as the writer of that play, the same youth with whose appearance he had already been so much struck. Every reader of a book pictures to himself the person of the author, his manner, voice, and language; and it was impossible not to suppose the writer of *The Robbers* to be an impetuous young man, whose poetic fire, energetic discourse, and desire to analyze the human heart, were every moment running into extremes. How agreeably was the preconception disappointed in the present instance! A smile on Schiller's animated and unassuming countenance, beamed upon all who approached him. He would waive or answer compliments with most engaging modesty; and never fell there a word from him to wound the most sensitive feelings. His opinions on every subject were original, particularly on poetry and the fine arts; but they were always true to nature, and rarely failed to convince. His criticisms on the works of others were remarkable for liberality and correctness. Although in years a mere youth, he had the ripe judgment of a man. His habitually elevated language was very superior to common discourse; and such was its charm that the hours stole away unperceived in his society. With a disposition thus attractive, and with manners never austere, it is not surprising that he should have won the whole heart of a young artist, himself endowed with considerable sensibility; and that thus to admiration for the poet should now be joined, on the part of Streicher, a warm attachment to the man. An unreserved intimacy grew out of this acquaintance; and Schiller's peculiar unhappy situation was a natural and inexhaustible subject of conversation between the friends.

"Schiller's eldest sister had been made acquainted with the project of withdrawing to Mannheim; but instead of dissuading him from it, as was feared, she warmly maintained that every safe step to relieve himself would be justifiable on the ground of the Duke's not having fulfilled his engagements.

"The resolution once formed, he was obliged to devote himself with new ardour to complete his *Fiesco*, as the meditated journey could not be undertaken until the play was written; and he had been too much distressed in mind to be able to pursue the work. Besides the plan, he had finished little more than two acts. But with the settlement of the project for escaping from the labyrinth, the full vigour of his mind was restored; and with returning serenity he banished every thought that might divert him from the labours of his pen. He lived only for the future; reflecting upon the present

solely with a view to escape from it. With what pleasure upon each rising morn did he read over to his young friend the passages written the preceding night, and discuss suggested changes or the further development of the plot! How would his weary eyes brighten when he spoke of his progress, and his unexpected approach towards the end!

"For the last time Schiller went out to the residence of his parents, with his friend Streicher and Madame Meier, the lady of the Mannheim Theatre, in order to tranquillize his mother, who was now apprized of all. As they walked cheerfully along the footpath he had an opportunity of asking Madame Meier what advantages that theatre offered to a poet. Since, however, the conversation was general, and pointed questions were avoided lest they should excite suspicion in the mind of Madame Meier, no explanation was given; and nothing was left but to cast himself upon fortune.

"The party found only his mother and eldest sister at home; and much as the mistress of the house constrained herself to receive her son's friends cordially, she could not conceal her extreme anxiety at his position. Streicher was deeply affected by the touching expression of her countenance when she looked at Schiller, and she often failed to reply to remarks made to her. But his father coming in shortly after gave an opportunity of withdrawing with his mother unobserved.

"Schiller returned in about an hour—but without his mother! To appear again was too much for her. Even if she could have been made sensible how necessary the meditated step was to her son's happiness, and that it alone would save him from unmerited imprisonment, it must have wrung her very soul to lose him, her only son, for ever. The ground of his distresses too were really unimportant in the judgment of ordinary people, and in no other country could they have produced so unfortunate a result. That son was almost her very self; for she seemed to have transferred to him her own good principles and gentle disposition. He had been to her a source of unalloyed delight, and she saw him endowed with all the qualities which she had so often and so fervently besought for him in her prayers; and now—how bitter to both their farewell must have been, was visible in the melancholy countenance and moistened eyes of the son when he came in. He ascribed his altered looks to an old malady; but he was only to be diverted from his grief by the somewhat interesting conversation of the party on the way back, which restored him to spirits."—pp. 65—75.

At length, after several characteristic incidents, Schiller and his friend left Stuttgart, giving their names at the gates of the town, as Dr. Ritter, and Dr. Wolff. The stock of money belonging to both did not exceed four pounds sterling.

"Schiller's expectation," continues the Memoir, "that he should be able soon to replenish his scanty purse, was no suggestion of vanity. How could it be thought, that the managers of a theatre who the year before had reaped so rich a harvest from his *Robbers*, would hesitate to accept a second play from its author: that second piece being well calculated to please the more enlightened few, as well as the mass of the public, with whom chiefly his first production had been a favourite? Whether the Duke's decision should be favourable or not, he persuaded himself that *Fiesco* would come out this

year, and then the author would either obtain a good annual allowance, or else a considerable sum of money down for the copyright; so as to be at ease until he should have secured new resources."—p. 85.

Resting upon these convictions he reached Manheim in good spirits. He was soon, however, doubly disappointed. The Grand Duke of Wurtemberg was inexorable to his distressing prayers, and blind to the surpassing merits of his character. The manager of the theatre was equally blind to the great excellences of his new play, and incapable of feeling for his melancholy situation.

His *flight* was therefore continued forthwith to Frankfort, and he struggled manfully to attain the elevation to which his genius plainly destined him. Fortune at length was benign. In a very few years his fame was firmly established, and his confidence in the powers which nature had so bountifully given him, and which he had so laboriously cultivated from early youth, was justified by complete success.

It is gratifying to find that the Germans are at length sensible of the importance of preserving the fullest details of the career of such a man. A voluminous life of Schiller is now in the course of publication, and a specimen of this, which we have seen, is highly satisfactory.

"The world," said Mr. Carlyle many years ago with great truth, "seems, no less than Germany, already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic; to have enrolled him among that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men."—*Schiller's Life*, 1825, p. 42.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c.* By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, President of the Theological School of Geneva. 8vo. Vol. I. London: 1838.

English literature is singularly defective in what ever relates to the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, and to the lives of the great men by whom it was accomplished. A native of this island who would know any thing to the purpose, of Reuchlin or Hutten, of Luther or Melancthon, of Zuingle Bucer or Oecolampadius, of Calvin or Farel, must betake himself to other languages than his own. To fill this void in our libraries, is an enterprise which might stimulate the zeal, and establish the reputation, of the ripest student of Ecclesiastical History amongst us. In no other field could he discover more ample resources for

narratives of dramatic interest; for the delineation of characters contrasted in every thing except their common design; for exploring the influence of philosophy, arts and manners, on the fortunes of mankind; and for reverently tracing the footsteps of Divine Providence, moving among the ways and works of men, imparting dignity to events otherwise unimportant, and a deep significance to occurrences in any other view as trivial as a border raid, or the palaver of an African village.

Take, for example, the life of Ulric de Hutten, a noble, a warrior and a rake; a theologian withal, and a reformer; and at the same time the author, or one of the authors, of a satire to be classed amongst the most effective which the world has ever seen. Had the recreative powers of Walter Scott been exercised on Hutten's story, how familiar would all Christendom have been with the stern Baron of Franconia, and Ulric, his petulant boy; with the fat Abbot of Foulde driving the fiery youth by penances and homilies to range a literary vagabond on the face of the earth; with the burgomaster of Frankfort, avenging by a still more formidable punishment the pasquinade which had insulted his civic dignity. How vivid would be the image of Hutten at the siege of Pavia, soothing despair itself by writing his own epitaph; giving combat to five Frenchmen for the glory of Maximilian; and receiving from the delighted Emperor the frugal reward of a poetic crown. Then would have succeeded the court and princely patronage of 'the Pope of Mentz,' and the camp and castle of the Lord of Sickengen, until the chequered scene closed with Ulric's death-bed employment of producing a satire on his stupid physician. All things were welcome to Hutten; arms and love, theology and debauchery, a disputation with the Thomists, a controversy with Erasmus, or a war to the knife with the dunces of his age. His claim to have written the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, has, indeed, been disputed, though with little apparent reason. It is at least clear that he asserted his own title, and that no other candidate for that equivocal honour united in himself the wit and learning, the audacity and licentiousness, which successively adorn and disfigure that extraordinary collection. Neither is it quite just to exclude the satirist from the list of those who lent a material aid to the Reformation. It is not, certainly, by the heartiest or the most contemptuous laugh that dynasties, whether civil or religious, are subverted; but it would be unfair to deny altogether to Hutten the praise of having contributed by his merciless banter to the successes of wiser and better men than himself. To set on edge the teeth of the Ciceronians by the Latinity of the correspondents of the profound Ortwinus, was but a pleasant jest; but it was something more to confer an immortality of ridicule on the erudite doctors who seriously apprehended, from the study of Greek and Hebrew, the revival at once of the worship of

Minerva, and of the rite of circumcision. It was in strict satirical justice, that characters were assigned to these sages in a farce as broad as was ever drawn by Aristophanes or Molière; and which was destitute neither of their riotous mirth, nor even of some of that deep wisdom which it was their pleasure to exhibit beneath that mask.

Much as Luther, himself *asper, incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit*, he received with little relish these sallies of his facetious ally; whom he not only censured for employing the language of reproach and insult, but, harder still, described as a buffoon. It is, perhaps, well for the dignity of the stern Reformer that the taunt was unknown to the object of it; for, great as he was, Hutten would not have spared him; and as the quiver of few satirists has been stored with keener or more envenomed shafts, so, few illustrious men have exposed to such an assailant a greater number of vulnerable points. But of these, or of his other private habits, little is generally recorded. History having claimed Luther for her own, Biography has yielded to the pretensions of her more stately sister; and the domestic and interior life of the antagonist of Leo and of Charles yet remains to be written. The materials are abundant, and of the highest interest;—a collection of letters scarcely less voluminous than those of Voltaire; the *Colloquia Mensalia*, in some parts of more doubtful authenticity, yet, on the whole, a genuine record of his conversation; his theological writings, a mine of egotisms of the richest ore; and the works of Melancthon, Seckendorf, Cochläus, Erasmus, and many others, who flourished in an age when, amongst learned men, to write and to live were almost convertible terms. The volume whose title-page we have transcribed, is, in fact, an unfinished life of Luther, closing with his appeal from the Pope to a general Council. We have selected it as the most elaborate, from a long catalogue of works on the Reformation, recently published on the Continent, by the present inheritors of the principles and passions which first agitated Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century. By far the most amusing of the series is the collection of *Lutheriana* by M. Michelet, which we are bound to notice with especial gratitude, as affording a greater number of valuable references than all other books of the same kind put together. It was drawn up as a relaxation from those severer studies on which M. Michelet's historical fame depends. But the pastime of some men is worth far more than the labours of the rest; and this compilation has every merit but that of an appropriate title; for an autobiography it assuredly is not, in any of the senses, accurate or popular, of that much abused word. Insulated in our habits and pursuits, not less than in our geographical position, it is but tardily that, within the intrenchment of our four seas, we sympathize with the intellectual movements of the nations which dwell be-

yond them. Many, however, are the motives, of at least equal force in these islands as in the old and new continents of the Christian world, for diverting the eye from the present to the past, from those who would now reform, to those who first reformed, the churches of Europe. Or, if graver reasons could not be found, it is beyond all dispute that the professors of Wittenburg, three hundred years ago, formed a group as much more entertaining than those of Oxford at present, as the contest with Dr. Eck exceeded in interest the squabble with Dr. Hampden.

The old Adam in Martin Luther (a favourite subject of his discourse), was a very formidable personage; lodged in a bodily frame of surpassing vigour, solicited by vehement appetites, and alive to all the passions by which man is armed for offensive or defensive warfare with his fellows. In accordance with a general law, that temperament was sustained by nerves which shrunk neither from the endurance nor the infliction of necessary pain; and by a courage which rose at the approach of difficulty, and exulted in the presence of danger. A rarer prodigality of nature combined with these endowments an inflexible reliance on the conclusions of his own understanding, and on the energy of his own will. He came forth on the theatre of life another Sampson Agonistes, 'with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and celestial vigour armed;' ready to wage an unequal combat with the haughtiest of the giants of Gath; or to shake down, though it were on his own head, the columns of the proudest of her temples. Viewed in his belligerent aspect, he might have seemed a being cut off from the common brotherhood of mankind, and bearing from on high a commission to bring to pass the remote ends of the Divine benevolence, by means appalling to human guilt and to human weakness. But he was reclaimed into the bosom of the great family of man, by bonds fashioned in strength and number proportioned to the vigour of the propensities they were intended to control. There brooded over him a constitutional melancholy, sometimes engendering sadness, but more often giving birth to dreams so wild, that, if vivified by the imagination of Dante, they might have passed into visions as awful and majestic as those of the *Inferno*. As these mists rolled away bright gleams of sunshine took their place; and that robust mind yielded itself to social enjoyments, with the hearty relish, the broad humour, and the glorious profusion of sense and nonsense, which betoken the relaxations of those who are for the moment abdicating the mastery, to become the companions of ordinary men. Luther had other and yet more potent spells with which to exercise the demons who haunted him. He had ascertained and taught that the spirit of darkness abhors sweet sounds not less than light itself; for music, while it chases away the evil suggestions, effectually baffles the wiles of the tempter. His lute,

and hand, and voice, accompanying his own solemn melodies, were therefore raised to repel the more vehement aggressions of the enemy of mankind; whose feebleness he encountered by studying the politics of a rookery, by assigning to each beautiful creation of his flower-beds an appropriate sylph or genius, by the company of his Catherine de Bora, and the sports of their saucy John and playful Magdalene.

The name of Catherine has long enjoyed a wide but doubtful celebrity. She was a lady of noble birth, and was still young when she renounced the ancient faith, her convent, and her vows, to become the wife of Martin Luther. From this portentous union of a monk and nun, the 'obscure men' confidently predicted the birth of Antichrist; while the wits and scholars greeted their nuptials with a thick hail-storm of epigrams, hymns, and dithyrambs, the learned Eocius himself chiming into the loud chorus with an elaborate epithalamium. The bridegroom met the tempest, with the spirit of another Benedict, by a counter-blast of invective and sarcasms, which, afterwards collected under the title of 'the Lion and the Ass,' perpetuated the memory of this redoubtable controversy. 'My enemies,' he exclaimed, 'triumphed. They shouted, *Io, Io!* I was resolved to shew that, old and feeble as I am, I am not going to sound a retreat. I trust I shall do still more to spoil their merriment.'

This indiscreet, if not criminal marriage, scarcely admitted a more serious defence. Yet Luther was not a man to do anything which he was not prepared to justify. He had inculcated on others the advantages of the conjugal state, and was bound to enforce his precepts by his example. The war of the peasants had brought reproach on the principles of the Reformation; and it was incumbent on him to sustain the minds of his followers, and to bear his testimony to evangelical truth by deeds as well as words. Therefore, it was fit that he should marry a nun. Such is the logic of inclination, and such the presumption of uninterrupted success. 'Dr. Ortuinus' himself never lent his venerable sanction to a stranger sophistry, than that which could thus discover in one great scandal an apology for another far more justly offensive.

Catherine was a very pretty woman, if Holbein's portrait may be believed; although even her personal charms have been rudely impugned by her husband's enemies, in grave disquisitions devoted to that momentous question. Better still, she was a faithful and affectionate wife. But there is a no less famous Catherine to whom she bore a strong family resemblance. She brought from her nunnery an anxious mind, a shrewish temper, and great volubility of speech. Luther's arts were not those of Petruchio. With him reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct and a point of doctrine. He observed, that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her

name, he called her not wife but mother—'Eve, the mother of all living'—a word, he says, 'more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes.' So, like a wise and kind-hearted man, when his Catherine prattled he smiled; when she frowned, he playfully stole away her anger, and chided her anxieties with the gentlest soothing. A happier or a more peaceful home was not to be found in that land of domestic tenderness. Yet, the confession must be made, that, from first to last, this love tale is nothing less than a case of *lesser majestas* against the sovereignty of romance. Luther and his bride did not meet on either side with the raptures of a first affection. He had long before sighed for the fair Ave Schonfelden, and she had not concealed her attachment for a certain Jerome Baungartner. Ave had bestowed herself in marriage on a physician of Prussia; and before Luther's irrevocable vows were pledged, Jerome received from his great rival an intimation that he still possessed the heart, and, with common activity, might even yet secure the hand of Catherine. But honest Jerome was not a man to be hurried. He silently resigned his pretensions to his illustrious competitor, who, even in the moment of success, had the discernment to perceive, and the frankness to avow, that his love was not of a flaming or ungovernable nature.

'Nothing on this earth,' said the good Dame Ursula Schweickard, with whom Luther boarded when at school at Eisenach, 'is of such inestimable value as a woman's love.' This maxim, recommended more, perhaps, by truth than originality, dwelt long on the mind and on the tongue of the Reformer. To have dismissed this or any other text without a commentary would have been abhorrent from his temper; and in one of his letters to Catherine he thus insists on a kindred doctrine, the converse of the first. 'The greatest favour of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can entrust your all, your person, and even your life; whose children and yours are the same. Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress; thank God for it.' His conjugal meditations were often in a gayer mood; as, for example,—'If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way.'—'During the first year of our marriage she would sit by my side while I was at my books, and, not having any thing else to say, would ask me whether in Prussia the Margrave and the house steward were not always brothers.—Did you say your Pater, Catherine, before you began that sermon? If you had, I think you would have been forbidden to preach.' He addresses her sometimes as my Lord Catherine, or Catherine the Queen, the Empress, the Doctress; or as Catherine the rich and noble Lady of Zeilsdorf, where they had a cottage and a few rods of ground. But as age advanced, these playful sallies

were abandoned for the following graver and more affectionate style. 'To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself overmuch, grace and peace in the Lord! Dear Catherine, you should read St. John, and what is said in the Catechism of the confidence to be reposed in God. Indeed you torment yourself as though he were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old doctor should drown himself in the Saal.'—'There is one who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore be calm.'

There were six children of this marriage; and it is at once touching and amusing to see with what adroitness Luther contrived to gratify at once his tenderness as a father, and his taste as a theologian. When the brightening eye of one of the urchins round his table confessed the allurements of a downy peach, it was 'the image of a soul rejoicing in hope.' Over an infant pressed to his mother's bosom, thus moralized the severe but affectionate reformer: 'That babe and every thing else which belongs to us is hated by the Pope, by Duke George, by their adherents, and by all the devils. Yet, dear little fellow, he troubles himself not a whit for all these powerful enemies, he gaily sucks the breast, looks round him with a loud laugh, and lets them storm as they like.' There were darker seasons, when even theology and polemics gave way to the more powerful voice of nature; nor, indeed, has the deepest wisdom any thing to add to his lamentations over the bier of his daughter Magdalene. 'Such is the power of natural affection, that I cannot endure this without tears and groans, or rather an utter deadness of heart. At the bottom of my soul are engraven her looks, her words, her gestures, as I gazed at her in her lifetime and on her deathbed. My dutiful, my gentle daughter! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths compared to his!) cannot tear me from this thought as it should. She was playful, lovely, and full of love!'

Whatever others may think of these nursery tales, we have certain reasons of our own for suspecting that there is not, on either side of the Tweed, a *Papa* who will not read the following letter, sent by Luther to his eldest boy during the Diet of Augsburg, with more interest than any or all of the five 'Confessions' presented to the Emperor on that memorable occasion.

'Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this

garden I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, Dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he too come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children? And the man said, If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows. Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much,—may he bring her with him? The man said, Yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your Papa who loves you,—Martin Luther.'

If it be not a sufficient apology for the quotation of this fatherly epistle to say, that it is the talk of Martin Luther, a weightier defence may be drawn from the remark that it illustrates one of his most serious opinions. The views commonly received amongst Christians, of the nature of the happiness reserved in another state of being, for the obedient and faithful in this life, he regarded, if not as erroneous, yet as resting on no sufficient foundation, and as ill adapted to 'allure to brighter worlds.' He thought that the enjoyments of Heaven had been refined away to such a point of evanescent spirituality as to deprive them of their necessary attraction; and the allegory invented for the delight of little John, was but the adaptation to the thoughts of a child of a doctrine which he was accustomed to inculcate on others, under imagery more elevated than that of drums, crossbows, and golden bridles.

There is but one step from the nursery to the servants' hall; and they who have borne with the parental counsels to little John, may endure the following letter respecting an aged namesake of his, who was about to quit Luther's family:—

'We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. What have we not given to vagabonds and thankless students who have made a bad use of our money? So we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant, on whom our money will be bestowed in a manner pleasing to God. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way you can. Think how



a whole herd of swine. 'Ah! ha! master devil,' said the priest, 'you have your deserts. There was a time when you were a beautiful angel, and there you are turned into a rascally hog.' The priest's devotions proceeded without further disturbance; 'for,' observed Luther, 'there is nothing the devil can bear so little as contempt.' He once saw and even touched a Killkropff or supposititious child. This was at Dessau. The deviling,—for it had no other parent than Satan himself,—was about twelve years old, and looked exactly like any other boy. But the unlucky brat could do nothing but eat. He consumed as much food as four ploughmen. When things went ill in the house, his laugh was to be heard all over it. If matters went smoothly, there was no peace for his screaming. Luther sportively asserts that he recommended the elector to have this scape-grace thrown into the Moldau, as it was a mere lump of flesh without a soul. His visions sometimes assumed a deeper significance, if not a loftier aspect. In the year 1496, a frightful monster was discovered in the Tiber. It had the head of an ass, an emblem of the Pope; for the Church being a spiritual body incapable of a head, the Pope, who had audaciously assumed that character, was fitly represented under this asinine figure. The right hand resembled an elephant's foot, typifying the Papal tyranny over the weak and timid. The right foot was like an ox's hoof, shadowing forth the spiritual oppression exercised by doctors, confessors, nuns, monks, and scholastic theologians; while the left foot, armed with griffin's claws, could mean nothing else than the various ministers of the Pope's civil authority. How far Luther believed in the existence of the monster whose mysterious signification he thus interprets, it would not be easy to decide. Yet it is difficult to read his exposition, and to suppose it a mere pleasantry. So constantly was he haunted with this midnight crew of devils, as to have raised a serious doubt of his sanity, which even Mr. Hallam does not entirely discountenance. Yet the hypothesis is surely gratuitous. Intense study deranging the digestive organs of a man, whose bodily constitution required vigorous exercise, and whose mind had been early stored with such dreams as we have mentioned, sufficiently explain the restless importunity of the goblins amongst whom he lived. It is easier for a man to be in advance of his age on any other subject than this. It may be doubted whether the nerves of Seneca or Pliny would have been equal to a solitary evening walk by the lake Avernus. What wonder, then, if Martin Luther was convinced that suicides fall not by their own hands, but by those of diabolical emissaries, who really adjust the cord or point the knife—that particular spots, as, for example, the pool near the summit of the Mons Pilatus, were desecrated to Satan—that the wailings of his victims are to be heard in the howlings of the

night wind—or that the throwing a stone into a pond in his own neighbourhood, immediately provoked such struggles of the evil spirit imprisoned below the water, as shook the neighbouring country like an earthquake?

The mental *phantasmagoria* of so illustrious a man are an exhibition to which no one who reveres his name would needlessly direct an unfriendly, or an idle gaze. But the infirmities of our nature often afford the best measure of its strength. To estimate the strength by which temptation is overcome, you must ascertain the force of the propensities to which it is addressed. Amongst the elements of Luther's character was an awe verging towards idolatry, for all things, whether in the works of God or in the institutions of man, which can be regarded as depositaries of the Divine power, or as delegates of the Divine authority. From pantheism, the disease of imaginations at once devout and unhallowed, he was preserved in youth by his respect for the doctrines of the Church; and, in later life, by his absolute surrender of his own judgment to the text of the sacred canon. But as far as a pantheistic habit of thought and feeling can consist with the most unqualified belief in the uncommunicable Unity of the Divine nature, such thoughts and feelings were habitual to him. The same spirit which solemnly acknowledged the existence, whilst it abhorred the use, of the high faculties which, according to the popular faith, the foul fiends of earth, and air, and water, at once enjoy and pervert, contemplated with almost prostrate reverence the majesty and the hereditary glories of Rome; and the apostolical succession of her pontiff, with kings and emperors for his tributaries, the Catholic hierarchy as his vicegerents, and the human mind his universal empire. To brave the vengeance of such a dynasty, wielding the mysterious keys which close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven, long appeared to Luther an impious audacity, of which nothing less than woe, eternal and unutterable, would be the sure and appropriate penalty. For a man of his temperament to hush these superstitious terrors, and abjure the golden idol to which the adoring eyes of all nations, kindred, and languages were directed, was a self-conquest, such as none but the most heroic minds can achieve; and to which even they are unequal, unless sustained by an invisible but omnipotent arm. For no error can be more extravagant than that which would reduce Martin Luther to the rank of a coarse spiritual demagogue. The deep self-distrust which, for ten successive years, postponed his irreconcilable war with Rome, clung to him to the last; nor was he ever unconscious of the dazzling splendour of the pagantry which his own hand had contributed so largely to overthrow. There is no alloy of affectation in the following avowal, taken from one of his letters to Erasmus:—

'You must, indeed, feel yourself in some measure

awed in the presence of a succession of learned men, and by the consent of so many ages, during which flourished scholars so conversant in sacred literature, and martyrs illustrious by so many miracles. To all this must be added the more modern theologians, universities, bishops, and popes. On their side are arrayed learning, genius, numbers, dignity, station, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not. On mine Wycliff and Laurentius Valla, and, though you forget to mention him, Augustine also. Then comes Luther, a mean man, born but yesterday, supported only by a few friends, who have neither learning, nor genius, nor greatness, nor sanctity, nor miracles. Put them altogether and they have not wit enough to cure a spavined horse. What are they? What the wolf said of the nightingale—a voice, and nothing else. I confess it is with reason you pause in such a presence as this. For ten years together I hesitated myself. Could I believe that this Troy, which had triumphed over so many assaults, would fall at last? I call God to witness, that I should have persisted in my fears, and should have hesitated until now, if truth had not compelled me to speak. You may well believe that my heart is not rock; and if it were, yet so many are the waves and storms which have beaten upon it, that it must have yielded when the whole weight of this authority came thundering on my head, like a deluge ready to overwhelm me.'

The same feelings were expressed at a later time in the following words:—

'I daily perceive how difficult it is to overcome long-cherished scruples. Oh, what pain has it cost me, though the Scripture is on my side, to defend myself to my own heart for having dared singly to resist the Pope, and to denounce him as Antichrist! What have been the afflictions of my bosom! How often, in the bitterness of my soul, have I pressed myself with the Papist's argument,—Art thou alone wise? are all others in error? have they been mistaken for so long a time? What if you are yourself mistaken, and are dragging with you so many souls into eternal condemnation? Thus did I reason with myself, till Jesus Christ, by his own infallible word, tranquillized my heart, and sustained it against this argument, as a reef of rocks thrown up against the waves laughs at all their fury.'

He who thus acknowledged the influence, while he defied the despotism, of human authority, was self-annihilated in the presence of his Maker. 'I have learned,' he says, 'from the Holy Scriptures that it is a perilous and a fearful thing to speak in the House of God; to address those who will appear in judgment against us, when at the last day we shall be found in his presence; when the gaze of the angels shall be directed to us, when every creature shall behold the Divine Word, and shall listen till He speaks. Truly, when I think of this, I have no wish but to be silent; and to cancel all that I have written. It is a fearful thing to be called to render to God an account of every idle word.' Philip Melancthon occasionally endeavoured, by affectionate applause, to sustain and encourage the mind which was thus bowed down under the sense of unworthiness. But the praise, even of the

chosen friend of his bosom, found no echo there. He rejected it, kindly indeed, but with a rebuke so earnest and passionate, as to show that the commendations of him whom he loved and valued most, were unwelcome. They served but to deepen the depressing consciousness of ill desert, inseparable from his lofty conceptions of the duties which had been assigned to him. In Luther, as in other men, the stern and heroic virtues demanded for their support that profound lowliness which might at first appear the most opposed to their developement. The eye which often turns inward with self-complacency, or habitually looks round for admiration, is never long or steadfastly fixed on any more elevated object. It is permitted to no man at once to court the applauses of the world, and to challenge a place amongst the generous and devoted benefactors of his species. The enervating spell of vanity, so fatal to many a noble intellect, exercised no perceptible control over Martin Luther. Though conscious of the rare endowments he had received from Providence (of which that very consciousness was not the least important), the secret of his strength lay in the heartfelt persuasion, that his superiority to other men gave him no title to their commendations, and in his abiding sense of the little value of such praises. The growth of his social affections was unimpeded by self-regarding thoughts; and he could endure the frowns and even the coldness of those whose approving smiles he judged himself unworthy to receive, and did not much care to win. His was not that feeble benevolence which leans for support, or depends for existence, on the sympathy of those for whom it labours. Reproofs, sharp, unsparing, and pitiless, were familiar to his tongue and to his pen. Such a censure he had directed to the Archbishop of Mentz, which Spalatin, in the name of their common friend and sovereign, the Elector Frederic, implored him to suppress. 'No,' replied Luther, 'in defence of the fold of Christ, I will oppose to the utmost of my power this ravaging wolf, as I have resisted others. I send you my book, which was ready before your letter reached me. It has not induced me to alter a word. The question is decided, I cannot heed your objections.' They were such, however, as most men would have thought reasonable enough. Here are some of the words of which neither friend nor sovereign could dissuade the publication. 'Did you imagine that Luther was dead? Believe it not. He lives under the protection of that God who has already humbled the Pope, and is ready to begin with the Archbishop of Mentz a game for which few are prepared.' To the severe admonition which followed, the princely prelate answered in his own person, in terms of the most humble deference, leaving to Capito, his minister, the ticklish office of remonstrating against the rigour with which the lash had been applied. But neither soothing nor menaces could abate

Luther's confidence in his cause, and in himself. 'Christianity,' he replies, 'is open and honest. It sees things as they are, and proclaims them as they are. I am for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing, that truth may be transparent and unadulterated, and may have a free course. Think you that Luther is a man who is content to shut his eyes if you can but lull him by a few cajoleries?' 'Expect everything from my affection; but reverence, nay tremble for the faith.' George, Duke of Saxony, the near kinsman of Frederic, and one of the most determined enemies of the Reformation, not seldom provoked and encountered the same resolute defiance. 'Should God call me to Wittenburg, I would go there, though it should rain Duke Georges for nine days together; and each new Duke should be nine times more furious than this.' 'Though exposed daily to death in the midst of my enemies, and without any human resource, I never in my life despised any thing so heartily as these stupid threats of Duke George, and his associates in folly. I write in the morning fasting, with my heart filled with holy confidence. Christ lives and reigns, and I too shall live and reign.'

Here is a more comprehensive denunciation of the futility of the attempts made to arrest his course.

'To the language of the Fathers, of men, of angels, and of devils, I oppose neither antiquity nor numbers, but the single word of the Eternal Majesty, even that gospel which they are themselves compelled to acknowledge. Here is my hold, my stand, my resting-place, my glory, and my triumph. Hence I assault Popes, Thomists, Henricists, Sophists, and all the gates of hell. I little heed the words of men, whatever may have been their sanctity, nor am I anxious about tradition or doubtful customs. The Word of God is above all. If the Divine Majesty be on my side, what care I for the rest, though a thousand Augustines, and a thousand Cyprians, and a thousand such churches as those of Henry, should rise against me? God can neither err nor deceive. Augustine, Cyprian, and all the saints, can err, and have erred.'

'At Leipzig, at Augsburg, and at Worms, my spirit was as free as a flower of the field.' 'He whom God moves to speak, expresses himself openly and freely, careless whether he is alone or has others on his side. So spake Jeremiah, and I may boast of having done the same. God has not for the last thousand years bestowed on any bishop such great gifts as on me, and it is right that I should extol his gifts. Truly, I am indignant with myself that I do not heartily rejoice and give thanks. Now and then I raise a faint hymn of thanksgiving, and feebly praise Him. Well! live or die, *Domini sumus*. You may take the word either in the genitive or the nominative case. Therefore, Sir Doctor, be firm.'

This buoyant spirit sometimes expressed itself in more pithy phrase. When he first wrote against Indulgences, Dr. Jerome Schurf said to him, 'What are

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you about?—they won't allow it.' 'What if they *must* allow it?' was the peremptory answer.

The preceding passages, while they illustrate his indestructible confidence in himself as the minister, and in his cause as the behest of Heaven, are redolent of that unseemly violence and asperity which are attested at once by the regrets of his friends, the reproaches of his enemies, and his own acknowledgements. So fierce, indeed, and contumelious, and withering is his invective, as to suggest the theory, that, in her successive transmigrations, the same fiery soul which in one age breathed 'the Divine Philippics,' and in another, the 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' was lodged in the sixteenth century under the cowl of an Augustinian monk; retaining her indomitable energy of abuse, though condemned to a temporary divorce from her inspiring genius. Yet what she lost in eloquence in her transit from the Roman to the Irishman, this upbraiding spirit more than retrieved in generous and philanthropic ardour, while she dwelt in the bosom of the Saxon. Luther's rage, for it is nothing less—his scurrilities, for they are no better—are at least the genuine language of passion, excited by a deep abhorrence of imposture, tyranny, and wrong. Through the ebullitions of his wrath may be discovered his lofty self-esteem, but not a single movement of puerile vanity; his cordial scorn for fools and their folly, but not one heartless sarcasm; his burning indignation against oppressors, whether spiritual or secular, unclouded by so much as a passing shade of malignity. The torrent of emotion is headlong, but never turbulent. When we are least able to sympathize with his irascible feelings, it is also least in our power to refuse our admiration to a mind which, when thus torn up to its lowest depths, discloses no trace of envy, selfishness, or revenge, or of any still baser inmate. His mission from on high may be disputed, but hardly his own belief in it. In that persuasion, his thoughts often reverted to the Prophet of Israel mocking the idolatrous priests of Baal, and menacing their still more guilty King; and if the mantle of Elijah might have been borne with a more imposing majesty, it could not have fallen on one better prepared to pour contempt on the proudest enemies of truth, or to brave their utmost resentment.

It is paradoxical to ascribe Luther's boisterous invective to his inherent reverence for all those persons and institutions, in favour of which wisdom, power, and rightful dominion, are involuntarily presumed? He lived under the control of an imagination susceptible, though not creative—of that passive mental sense to which it belongs to embrace; rather than to originate—to fix and deepen our more serious impressions, rather than to minister to the understanding in the search or the embellishment of truth. This propensity, the basis of religion itself in some, of loyalty

in others, and of superstition perhaps in all, prepares the feeble for a willing servitude; and furnishes despotism with zealous instruments in men of stronger nerves and stouter hearts. It steeled Dominic and Loyola for their relentless tasks, and might have raised St. Martin of Wittemburg to the honours of canonization; if, in designating him for his arduous office, Providence had not controlled the undue sensibility of Luther's mind, by imparting to him a brother's love for all the humbler members of the family of man, and a filial fear of God, stronger even than his reverence for the powers and principalities of this sublunary world. Between his religious affections and his homage for the idols of his imagination, he was agitated by a ceaseless conflict. The nice adjustment of such a balance ill suited his impatient and irritable temper; and he assaulted the objects of his early respect with an impetuosity which betrays his secret dread of those formidable antagonists (so he esteemed them) of God and of mankind. He could not trust himself to be moderate. The restraints of education, habit, and natural disposition, could be overcome only by the excitement which he courted and indulged. His long-cherished veneration for those who tread upon the high places of the earth, lent to his warfare with them all the energy of self-denial, quickened by the anxiety of self-distrust. He scourged his lordly adversaries, in the spirit of a flagellant taming his own rebellious flesh. His youthful devotion for 'the solemn plausibilities of life,' like all other affections obstinately repelled and mortified, reversed its original tendency, and gave redoubled fervour to the zeal with which he denounced their vanity and resisted their usurpation. If these indignant contumelies offended the gentle, the learned, and the wise, they sustained the courage and won the confidence of the multitude. The voice which commands in a tempest must battle with the roar of the elements. In his own apprehension at least, Luther's soul was among lions—the Princes of Germany and their ministers; Henry the Eighth, and Edward Lee, his chaplain; the Sacramentarians and Anabaptists; the Universities of Cologne and Louvain; Charles and Leo; Adrian and Clement; Papists, Jurists, and Aristotelians; and, above all, the Devils whom his creed assigned to each of these formidable opponents as so many inspiring or ministering spirits. However fierce and indefensible may be his occasional style, history presents no more sublime picture than that of the humble monk triumphing over such adversaries, in the invincible power of a faith before which the present and the visible disappeared, to make way for things unseen, eternal, and remote. One brave spirit encountered and subdued a hostile world. An intellect of no gigantic proportions, seconded by learning of no marvellous compass, and gifted with no rare or exquisite abilities; but invincible in decision and con-

stancy of purpose, advanced to the accomplishment of one great design, with a continually increasing *momentum*, before which all feebler minds retired, and all opposition was dissipated. The majesty of the contest, and the splendour of the results, may, perhaps, even in our fastidious and delicate age, be received as an apology for such reproofs as the following to the Royal 'Defender of the Faith.'

'There is much royal ignorance in this volume, but there is also much virulence and falsehood, which belongs to Lee the editor. In the cause of Christ I have trampled under foot the idol of the Roman abomination which had usurped the place of God and the dominion of sovereigns and of the world. Who, then, is this Henry, this new Thomist, this disciple of the monster, that I should dread his blasphemies and his fury? Truly he is the Defender of the Church! Yes, of that Church of his which he thus extols—of that prostitute who is clothed in purple, drunk with her debaucheries—of that mother of fornications. Christ is my leader. I will strike with the same blow that Church and the defender with whom she has formed this strict union. They have challenged me to war. Well, they shall have war. They have scorned the peace I offered them. Well, they shall have no more peace. It shall be seen which will first be weary—the Pope or Luther.'—'The world is gone mad. There are the Hungarians, assuming the character of defenders of God himself. They pray in their litanies, *et nos defensores tuos exaudire digneris*—why do not some of our princes take on them the protection of Jesus Christ, others that of the Holy Spirit? Then, indeed, the Divine Trinity would be well guarded.'

The Briefs of Pope Adrian are thus disposed of:—'It is mortifying to be obliged to give such good German in answer to this wretched kitchen Latin. But it is the pleasure of God to confound Antichrist in everything—to leave him neither literature nor language. They say that he has gone mad and fallen into dotage. It is a shame to address us Germans in such Latin as this, and to send to sensible people such a clumsy and absurd interpretation of Scripture.'

The Bulls of Pope Clement fare no better. 'The Pope tells us in his answer that he is willing to throw open the golden doors. It is long since we opened all our doors in Germany. But these Italian Scaramouches have never restored a farthing of the gain they have made by their indulgences, dispensations, and other diabolical inventions. Good Pope Clement, all your clemency and gentleness won't pass here. We'll buy no more indulgences. Golden doors and bulls, get ye home again. Look to the Italians for payment. They who know ye will buy ye no more. Thanks be to God, we know that they who possess and believe the gospel, enjoy an uninterrupted jubilee. Excellent Pope, what care we for your bulls? You may save your seals and your parchment. They are in bad odour now-a-days.'—Let them accuse me of too much violence. I care not. Hereafter be it my glory that men shall tell how I enveighed and raged

against the Papists. For the last ten years have I been humbling myself, and addressing them in none but respectful language. What has been the consequence of all this submission? To make bad worse. These people are but the more furious. Well, since they are incorrigible, as it is vain to hope to shake their infernal purposes by kindness, I will break with them, I will pursue them,' &c. 'Such is my contempt for these Satans, that were I not confined here, I would go straight to Rome, in spite of the devil and all these furies. But,' he continues, in a more playful mood, 'I must have patience with the Pope, with my boarders, my servants, with Catharine de Bora, and with every body else. In short, I live a life of patience.'

At the risk of unduly multiplying these quotations, we must add another which has been quoted triumphantly by his enemies. It is his answer to the charge of mis-translating the bible. 'The ears of the Papists are too long with their hi! ha!—they are unable to criticise a translation from Latin into German. Tell them that Dr. Martin Luther chooses that it shall be so; and that a Papist and a jackass are the same.'

We should reprint no small portion of Luther's works before we exhausted the examples which might be drawn from them, of the uproar with which he assailed his antagonists. To the reproaches which this violence drew on him, he rarely condescended to reply. But to his best and most powerful friend, the Elector Frederic, he makes a defence, in which there is some truth and more eloquence. They say that these books of mine are too keen and cutting. They are right: I never meant them to be soft and gentle. My only regret is that they cut no deeper. Think of the violence of my enemies, and you must confess that I have been too forbearing. '—All the world exclaims against me, veciferating the most hateful calumnies; and if, in my turn, I poor man, raise my voice, then nobody has been vehement but Luther. In fine, whatever I do or say must be wrong, even should I raise the dead. Whatever they do must be right, even should they deluge Germany with tears and blood.' In his more familiar discourse, he gave another and perhaps a more accurate account of the real motives of his impetuosity. He purposely fanned the flame of an indignation which he thought virtuous, because the origin of it was so. 'I never,' he said, write or speak so well as when I am in a passion.' He found anger an effectual, and at last a necessary stimulant, and indulged in a liberal or rather in an intemperate use of it.

The tempestuous phase of Luther's mind was not, however, permanent. The wane of it may be traced in his latter writings; and the cause may be readily assigned. The liberator of the human mind was soon to discover that the powers he had set free were not

subject to his control. The Iconoclasts, Anabaptists, and other innovators, however welcome at first as useful, though irregular partizans, brought an early discredit on the victory to which they had contributed. The Reformer's suspicion of these doubtful allies was first awakened by the facility by which they urged their conquests over the established opinions of the Christian world beyond the limits at which he had himself paused. He distrusted their exemption from the pangs and throes with which the birth of his own doctrines had been accompanied. He perceived in them none of the caution, self-distrust, and humility, which he wisely judged inseparable from the honest pursuit of truth. Their claims to an immediate intercourse with heaven appeared to him an impious pretension; for he judged that it is only as attempted through many a gross intervening medium, that Divine light can be received into the human understanding. Carlostadt, one of the professors at Wittemberg, was the leader of the Illuminati at that university. The influence of Luther procured his expulsion to Jena, where he established a printing press. But the maxims of toleration are not taught in the school of successful polemics; and the secular arm was invoked to silence an appeal to the world at large against a new papal authority. The debate from which Luther thus excluded others he could not deny to himself; for he shrunk from no enquiry and dreaded no man's prowess. A controversial passage at arms accordingly took place between the Reformer and his refractory pupil. It is needless to add that they separated, each more firmly convinced of the errors of his opponent. The taunt of fearing an open encounter with truth, Luther repelled with indignation and spirit. He invited Carlostadt to publish freely whatever he thought fit, and the challenge being accepted, placed in his hands a florin, as a kind of wager of battle. It was received with equal frankness. The combatants grasped each other's hands, drank mutual pledges in a solemn cup, and parted to engage in hostilities more serious than such greetings might have seemed to augur. Luther had the spirit of a martyr, and was not quite exempt from that of a persecutor. Driven from one city to another, Carlostadt at last found refuge at Basle; and thence assailed his adversary with a rapid succession of pamphlets, and with such pleasing appellatives as 'twofold papist,' 'ally of antichrist,' and so forth. They were answered with equal fertility, and with no greater moderation. 'The devil,' says Luther, 'held his tongue till I won him over with a florin. It was money well laid out. I do not regret it.' He now advocated the cause of social order, and exposed the danger of ignorant innovators, assailing these new enemies with his old weapons. 'It will never do to jest with Mr. All-the-World (*Herr omnes*). To keep that formidable person quiet, God has established law-

ful authority. It is his pleasure that there should be order amongst us here.' 'They cry out, the Bible! the Bible!—Bibel! Babel! Babel!' From that sacred source many arguments had been drawn to prove that all good Christians were bound, in imitation of the great Jewish lawgiver, to overthrow and deface the statues with which the Papists had embellished the sacred edifices. Luther strenuously resisted both the opinion and the practice; maintaining that the Scriptures nowhere prohibit the use of images, except such as were designed as a representation or symbol of Deity. But to the war with objects designed (however injudiciously) to aid the imagination, and to enliven the affections, Carlostadt and his partizans united that mysticism which teaches that the mind, thus deprived of all external and sensible supports, should raise itself to a height of spiritual contemplation and repose, where, all other objects being banished, and all other sounds unheard, and all other thoughts expelled, the Divine Being will directly manifest himself, and disclose his will by a voice silent and inarticulate, and yet distinctly intelligible. Luther handles this sublime nonsense as it well deserved. 'The devil,' he says (for this is his universal solvent), opens his large mouth, and roars out, Spirit! spirit! spirit! destroying the while all roads, bridges, scaling-ladders, and paths, by which spirit can enter; namely, the visible order established by God in Holy baptism, in outward forms, and in his own word. They would have you mount the clouds and ride the winds, telling you neither how, nor when, nor where, nor which. All this they leave you to discover for yourself.'

Carlostadt was an image-breaker and a mystic, but he was something more. He had adopted the opinion of Zuingle and Oecolampadius on the Holy Communion,—receiving as an emblem, and as nothing else, the sacred elements in which the Roman Catholic Church, after the words of consecration, recognises the very body and blood of the Divine Redeemer. He was, therefore, supported by the whole body of Swiss reformers. Luther, 'chained down,' as he expresses it, 'by the sacred text,' to the doctrine of the real presence, had ardently desired to be enfranchised from this opinion. 'As often as he felt within himself the strivings of the old Adam, he was but too violently drawn to adopt the Swiss interpretation.' 'But if we take counsel with reason we shall no longer believe any mystery.' He had, however, consulted this dangerous guide too long, thus easily to shake off her company. The text taught him one real presence, his reason assured him of another; and so he required his disciples to admit and believe both. They obeyed, though at the expense of a schism among the reformers, of which it is difficult to say whether it occasioned more distress to themselves, or more exultation to their common enemies.

This is the first and greatest of those 'Variations' of which the history has been written with such inimitable eloquence. Nothing short of the most obtuse prejudice could deny to Bossuet the praise of having brought to religious controversy every quality which can render it either formidable or attractive;—a style of such transparent perspicuity as would impart delight to the study of the year-books, if they could be re-written in it; a sagacity which nothing escapes; and a fervour of thought and feeling so intense, as to breathe and burn not only without the use of vehement or opprobrious words, but through a diction invariably calm and simple; and a mass of learning so vast and so perfectly digested as to be visible every where without producing the slightest encumbrance or embarrassment. To quote from Mr. Hallam's History of the Middle Ages:—'Nothing, perhaps, in polemical eloquence is so splendid as the chapter on Luther's theological tenets. The Eagle of Meaux is there truly seen, lordly of form, fierce of eyes, terrible in his beak and claws'—a graphic and not unmerited tribute to the prowess of this formidable adversary. But the triumph which it appears to concede to him may not be so readily acknowledged.

The argument of the 'Variations' rests on the postulate, that a religion of divine origin must have provided some resource for excluding uncertainty on every debatable point of belief or practice. But it must be vain to search for this steadfast light amongst those who were at variance on so many vital questions. The required *Ductor Dubitantium* could, therefore, be found only in the venerable form of the Catholic Church, whose oracles, every where accessible and never silent, had, from age to age, delivered to the faithful the same invariable truths in one continuous strain of perfect and unbroken harmony.

Much as the real contrast has been exaggerated by the most subtle disputant of modern times, it would be futile to deny, or to extenuate the glaring inconsistencies of the reformers with each other, and with themselves. Protestantism may well endure an avowal which leaves her foundations unimpaired. Bossuet has disproved the existence of a miracle which no one alleges. He has incontrovertibly established that the laws of nature were not suspended in favour of Luther and his associates. He has shown, with inimitable address and eloquence, that, within the precincts of moral science, human reason must toil in vain for demonstrative certainties; and that, in such studies, they who would adopt the same general results, and co-operate for one common end, must be content to rest very far short of an absolute identity of opinion. But there is a deep and impassable gulf between these premises and the inference deduced from them. The stupendous miracle of a traditional unanimity for fifteen hundred years amongst the members of the Christian Church,

at once unattested by any authentic evidence, and refuted by irresistible proofs, is opposed as much to the whole economy of the moral government of the world, as it is to human experience. It was, indeed, easy to silence dissent by terror; to disguise real differences beneath conventional symbols; to divert the attention of the incurious by a gorgeous pageantry; and to disarm the inquisitive at one time by golden preferments, and at another by specious compromises: and it was easy to allege this timid, or blind, or selfish acquiescence in spiritual despotism, as a general consent to the authority, and as a spontaneous adoption of the tenets, of the dominant priesthood. But so soon as men really began to think, it was impossible that they should think alike. When suffrages were demanded, and not accumulations, there was at once an end of unanimity. With mental freedom came doubt, and debate, and sharp dissensions. The indispensable conditions of human improvement were now to be fulfilled. It was discovered that religious knowledge, like all other knowledge, and religious agreement, like all other agreement, were blessings which, like all other blessings, must be purchased at a price. Luther dispelled the illusion that man's noblest science may be attained, his first interests secured, and his most sacred duties discharged, except in the strenuous exercise of the best faculties of his nature. He was early taught that they who submit themselves to this divine ordinance are cut off from the intellectual repose which rewards a prostrate submission to human authority; that they must conduct the search of truth through many a bitter disappointment, and many a humiliating retraction, and many a weary strife; and that they must brace their nerves and strain their mental powers to the task, with sleepless diligence—attended and sustained the while by singleness of purpose, by candour, by hope, by humility, and by devotion. When this severe lesson had been learned, the reformers boldly, nay, passionately, avowed their mutual differences. The imperfect vision, and unsteady gait, of eyes long excluded from the light, and limbs debarred from exercise, drew on them the taunts and contumelies of those whose bondage they had dared to reject. But the sarcasms even of Erasmus, the eloquence even of Bossuet, were hurled at them in vain. Centuries rolled on their appointed course of controversy, of prejudice, of persecution, and of long suffering. Nor was that sharp conflict endured to no good end. Gradually the religion of the gospel resumed much of the benignant and catholic spirit of the primitive ages. The rights of conscience, and the principles of toleration, were acknowledged. Some vehement disputes were consigned to well-merited neglect. The Church of Rome herself silently adopted much of the spirit, whilst anathematizing the tenets, of the reformers; and if the dominion of peace and charity be still imperfect and

precarious, yet there is a brighter prospect of their universal empire than has ever before dawned on the nations of Christendom. The Eagle of Meaux, had he been reserved for the nineteenth century, would have laid aside 'the terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye,' and would have winged his lordly flight to regions elevated far above those over which it is his glory to have spread war and consternation.

These, however, are conclusions which, in Luther's age, were beyond the reach of human foresight. It was at that time supposed that all men might at once freely discuss, and unanimously interpret, the meaning of the inspired volume. The trial of the experiment brought to light many essential variations, but still more in which the verbal, exceeded the real difference; and such was, perhaps, the case with the Sacramentarian controversy. The objection to Luther's doctrine of Consubstantiation, was not that it was opposed to the reason of man, nor even that it was contradicted by the evidence of his senses; but that no intelligible meaning could be assigned to any of the combinations of words in which it was expressed. It might be no difficult task to be persuaded that whatever so great a doctor taught, on so high a point of theology, must be a truth;—just as the believers in George Psalmanazer may have been firmly assured of the verity of the statements he addressed to them in the language of Formosa. But the Lutheran doctrine could hardly have been more obscure, if delivered in the Formosan, instead of the Latin or the German tongue. To all common apprehension, it appeared nothing less than the simultaneous affirmation and denial of the very same thing. In this respect, it closely resembled the kindred doctrine of the Church of Rome. Yet who would dare to avow such presumptuous bigotry as to impute to the long unbroken succession of powerful and astute minds which have adorned the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches, the extravagance of having substituted unmeaning sounds for a definite sense, on so momentous an article of their respective creeds? The consequence may be avoided by a much more rational supposition. It is, that the learned of both communions used the words in which that article is enounced, in a sense widely remote from that which they usually bear. The proof of this hypothesis would be more easy than attractive; nor would it be a difficult, though an equally uninviting office, to show that Zuingle and his followers indulged themselves in a corresponding freedom with human language. The dispute, however, proceeded too rapidly to be overtaken or arrested by definitions; which, had they preceded, instead of following the controversy, might have stifled in its birth many a goodly folio.

The minds of men were rudely called away from these subtleties. Throughout the west of Germany, the peasants rose in a sudden and desperate revolt



against their lords, under the guidance of Goetz of the 'Iron Hand.' If neither animated by the principles, nor guided by the precepts, of the gospel, the insurgents at least avowed their adherence to the party then called Evangelical, and justified their conduct by an appeal to the doctrines of the reformers. Yet this fearful disruption of the bands of society was provoked neither by speculative opinions, nor by imaginary wrongs. The grievances of the people were galling, palpable, and severe. They belonged to that class of social evils over which the advancing light of truth and knowledge must always triumph; either by prompting timely concessions, or by provoking the rebound of the overstrained patience of mankind. Domestic slavery, feudal tenures, oppressive taxation, and a systematic denial of justice to the poor, occupied the first place in their catalogue of injuries: the forest laws and the exaction of small tithes the second. The demand of the right to choose their own religious teachers, may not improbably have been added, to give to their cause the semblance of a less sublimary character; and rather in compliment to the spirit of the times, than from any very lively desire for instructors, who, they well knew, would discourage and rebuke their lawless violence. Such a monitor was Luther. He was at once too conspicuous and too ardent to remain a passive spectator of these tumults. The nobles arraigned him as the author of their calamities. The people invoked him as an arbiter in the dispute. He answered their appeal with more than papal dignity. A poor untitled priest asserted over the national mind of Germany a command more absolute than that of her thousand Princes and their Imperial head. He had little of the science of government, nor, in truth, of any other science. But his mind had been expanded by studies which give wisdom even to the simple. His understanding was invigorated by habitual converse with the inspired writings, and his soul had drunk deeply of their spirit. And therefore it was, that from him Europe first heard those great social maxims which, though they now pass for elementary truths, were then as strange in theory as they were unknown in practice. He fearlessly maintained that the demands of the insurgents were just. He asserted the all-important though obvious truth, that power is confided to the rulers of mankind not to gratify their caprice or selfishness, but as a sacred trust to be employed for the common good of society at large; and he denounced their injustice and rapacity with the same stern vehemence which he had formerly directed against the spiritual tyrants of the world. For, in common with all who have caught the genius as well as the creed of Christianity, his readiest sympathies were with the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed; and, in contemplating the unequal distribution of the good things of life, he was not slowly roused to a generous indignation against

those to whom the advantages of fortune had taught neither pity nor forbearance. But it was an emotion restrained and directed by far deeper thoughts than visit the minds of sentimental patriots, or selfish demagogues. He depicted, in his own ardent and homely phrase, the guilt, the folly, and the miseries of civil war. He reminded the people of their ignorance and their faults. He bade them not to divert their attention from these, to scan the errors of their superiors. He drew from the evangelical precepts of patience, meekness, and long suffering, every motive which could calm their agitated passions. He implored them not to dishonour the religion they professed; and showed that subordination in human society was a divine ordinance, designated to promote, in different ways, the moral improvement of every rank, and the general happiness of all.

The authority, the courage, and the pathetic earnestness of the great Reformer were exerted in vain. Oppression, which drives wise men mad, had closed the ears of the German peasantry to the advice even of Martin Luther; and they plunged into a contest more desperate in its character, and more fatal in its results, than any which stains the annals of the empire. He felt, with the utmost keenness, the reproach thus brought on the Reformation; nor may it be concealed, that at last his voice was raised in terrible indignation against the insurgents by whom his pacific efforts had been defeated and his remonstrances despised. His old antagonist, Carlstadt, was charged with a guilty participation in the revolt; and in his distress appealed to the much-reviled Consubstantialist for protection. It was hardly in human nature, certainly not in Luther's, to reject such a suppliant. The *odium theologicum* is, after all, rather a vituperative than a malignant affection, even its worst type; and Luther possessed, more than most polemicists, the faculty of exorcising the Demon of Wrath, through the channel of the pen. He placed Carlstadt in safety, defended him from the charge of fostering rebellion, and demanded for him a fair trial and a patient hearing. His preternatural fate has been already noticed.

But a more formidable enemy was at hand. The supremacy of Erasmus in the world of letters was such as no other writer ever lived to enjoy. Literature had then an universal language, and the learned of all nations acknowledged him as their guide and model. In an age of intense mental activity, no other mind was so impatient of repose; at a period when freedom of thought was asserted with all the enthusiasm of new-born hope, he emulated the most sanguine of the insurgents against the ancient dynasties. The restorer, almost the inventor, of the popular interpretation of the Scriptures, he was excelled by few, if any, in the more ambitious sciences of biblical criticism. His philosophy (if in deference to custom it must so

be called) was but the application to those enquiries in which the present and future welfare of mankind is chiefly involved, of an admirable good sense—penetrating sophisms under the most specious disguise, and repelling mere verbal subtleties, however imposing their pretensions, or however illustrious their patrons. Alternately a man of the world, and a recluse scholar, he was ever wide awake to the real business of life; even in those studies which usually conduct the mere prisoners of the cloister into dreamy and transcendental speculations. In his hands, the Latin language was bent to uses of which Cicero himself might have thought it incapable; and without any barbarous innovations, became, almost for the first time, the vehicle of playful banter, and of high and mysterious doctrines, treated in a familiar and easy tone. Of the two imperial virtues, industry and self-denial, the literary character of Erasmus was adorned by the first, much more than by the second. Grasping at universal excellence and immediate renown, he poured out orations, verses, essays, dialogues, aphorisms, biographies, translations, and new editions of the classical writers, with a rapidity which at once dazzled the world, and exhausted himself. Deeply as the impress of his mind was fastened on his own generation, those only of his countless works retain their charm in later times which he regarded but as the pastime of a few leisure hours. Every one has read the ‘Colloquies,’ and admired their gay and graceful exposure of the frauds and credulity of his age. The ‘Praise of Folly,’ should never be separated from Holbein’s etchings, without which the reader may now and then smile, but hardly laugh. The ‘Ciceronianus’ is one of those elaborate pleasures which give pleasure only to the laborious. For neither as a wit nor as a theologian, nor perhaps even as a critic, does Erasmus rank among master intellects; and in the other departments of literature no one has ventured to claim for him a very elevated station. His real glory is to have opened at once new channels of popular and of abstruse knowledge—to have guided the few, while he instructed the many—to have lived and written for noble ends—to have been surpassed by none in the compass of his learning, or the collective value of his works—and to have prepared the way for a mighty revolution, which it required moral qualities far loftier than his to accomplish. For the soul of this great man did not partake of the energy of his intellectual faculties. He repeatedly confesses that he had none of the spirit of a martyr; and the acknowledgment is made in the tone of sarcasm, rather than in that of regret. He belonged to that class of actors on the scene of life, who have always appeared as the harbingers of great social changes;—men gifted with the power to discern, and the hardihood to proclaim, truths of which they want the courage to encounter the infallible results; who outrun their generation in

thought, but lag behind it in action; players at the sport of reform so long as reform itself appears at an indefinite distance; more ostentatious of their mental superiority, than anxious for the well-being of mankind; dreaming that the dark page of history may hereafter become a fairy tale, in which enchantment will bring to pass a glorious catastrophe, unbought by intervening strife, and agony, and suffering; and therefore overwhelmed with alarm when the edifice begins to totter, of which their own hands have sapped the foundation. He was a reformer until the Reformation became a fearful reality;—a jester at the bulwarks of the papacy until they began to give way;—a propagator of the Scriptures, until men betook themselves to the study and the application of them;—depreciating the mere outward forms of religion, until they had come to be estimated at their real value;—in short, a learned, ingenious, benevolent, amiable, timid, irresolute man, who, bearing the responsibility, resigned to others the glory of rescuing the human mind from the bondage of a thousand years. The distance between his career and that of Luther was, therefore, continually enlarging, until they at length moved in opposite directions, and met each other with mutual animosity. The Reformer foresaw and deprecated this collision; and Bossuet has condemned as servile the celebrated letter in which Luther endeavoured to avert the impending contest. In common with many of his censures of the great father of the Protestant churches, this is evidently the result of prejudice. It was conceived with tenderness, and expressed with becoming dignity.

‘I do not,’ he says, ‘reproach you in your estrangements from us, fearing lest I should hinder the cause which you maintain against our common enemies the Papists. For the same reason, it gives me no displeasure that, in many of your works, you have sought to obtain their favour, or to appease their hostility, by assailing us with undeserved reproaches and sarcasms. It is obvious that God has not given you the energy or the courage requisite for an open and fearless attack on these monsters, nor am I of a temper to exact from you what is beyond your strength.’—‘I have respected your infirmity, and that measure of the gifts of God which is in you. None can deny that you have promoted the cause of literature, thus opening the way to the right understanding of the Scriptures; or that the endowment which you have thus received from God is magnificent and worthy of all admiration. Here is a just cause for gratitude. I have never desired that you should quit your cautious and measured course to enter our camp. Great are the services you render by your genius and eloquence; and as your heart fails you, it is best that you should serve God with such powers as He has given you. My only apprehension is, lest you should permit yourself to be dragged by our enemies to publish an attack upon our doctrines, for then I should be compelled to resist you to the face.’—‘Things have now reached a point at which we should feel no anxiety for our cause, even though Erasmus himself should direct all his abilities against us. It is no wonder that our party should be impatient of your attacks. Human

weakness is alarmed and oppressed by the weight of the name of Erasmus. Once to be lashed by Erasmus is a far different thing from being exposed to the assaults of all the Papists put together.'—'I have written all this in proof of my candour, and because I desire that God may impart to you a spirit worthy of your name. If that spirit be withheld, at least let me implore you to remain a mere spectator of our tragedy. Do not join your forces to our enemies. Abstain from writing against me, and I will write nothing against you.'

This lofty tone grated on the fatidious ear of the monarch of literature. He watched his opportunity, and inflicted a terrible revenge. To have attacked the doctrines of the Reformation would have been to hazard an unanswerable charge of inconsistency. But Luther, in exploring his path, had lost his way in the labyrinth of the question of free-will; and had published opinions which were nothing short of the avowal of absolute fatalism. In a treatise, *De Libero Arbitrio*, Erasmus made a brilliant charge on this exposed part of his adversary's position; exhausting all the resources of his sagacity, wit, and learning, to lower the theological character of the founder of the Lutheran Church. The Reformer staggered beneath this blow. For metaphysical debate he was ill prepared—to the learning of his antagonist he had no pretension—and to his wit could oppose nothing but indignant vehemence. His answer, *De Servo Arbitrio*, has been confessed by his most ardent admirers, to have been but a feeble defence to his formidable enemy. The temper in which he conducted the dispute may be judged from the following example:—'Erasmus, that king of amphibology, reposes calmly on his amphibological throne, cheats us with his ambiguous language, and claps his hands when he finds us entangled amongst his insidious tropes, like beasts of chase fallen into the toils. Then seizing the occasion for his rhetoric, he springs on his captive with loud cries, tearing, scourging, tormenting, and devoting you to the infernals, because, as it pleases him to say, his words have been understood in a calumnious, scandalous, and Satanic sense, though it was his own design that they should be so taken. See him come on creeping like a viper,' &c. &c.

To the last, the sense of this defeat would appear to have clung to Luther. Accustomed to triumph in theological debate, he had been overthrown in the presence of abashed friends and exulting enemies; and the record of his familiar conversation bears deep traces of his keen remembrance of this humiliation. Many of the consummation words ascribed to him on this subject, if they really fell from his lips, were probably some of those careless expressions in which most men indulge in the confidence of private life; and which, when quoted with the utmost literal exactness, assume, in books published for the perusal of the world at large, a new meaning, and an undesigned emphasis. But there is little difficulty in receiving as authentic

the words he is said to have pronounced when gazing on the picture of Erasmus—that it was, like himself, full of craft and malice; a comment on the countenance of that illustrious scholar, as depicted by Holbein, from which it is impossible altogether to dissent.

The contests with Erasmus and the Sacramentarians had taken place in that debateable land which religion and philosophy each claim for her own. But Luther was now to oppose a revolt not merely against philosophy and religion, but against decency and common sense. Equally astounding and scandalous were the antics which the minds of men performed when, exempt from the control of their ancient prepossessions, they had not as yet been brought into subjection to any other. Throughout the north of Germany and the Netherlands, there were found many converts to the belief, that a divorce might be effected between the virtues which the Gospel exacts, and those new relations between man and the Author of his being, which it at once creates and reveals; that, in short, it was possible to be at the same time a Christian and a knave. The connexion between this sottish delirium, and the rejection of infant baptism, was an accident, or at most a caprice; and the name of Anabaptists, afterwards borne by so many wise and good men, is unfortunately, though indelibly, associated with the crazy rabble who first assumed or received it at Munster. Herman Shaproe, and after him Rothmann, were the first who instructed the inhabitants of that city in these ill-omened novelties; and they quickly gained the authority which any bold and unscrupulous guide may command in times when hereditary creeds have been abandoned by those who want the capacity or the knowledge to shape out new opinions for themselves. He who has not received adult baptism is not a Christian; he who is not a Christian is a Pagan; and it is the duty of the faithful to oppose the enemies of truth by all arms, spiritual or secular, within their reach. Strong in this reasoning, and stronger still in numbers and in zeal, the Anabaptists declared open war, expelled the Catholics and Lutherans from the city, pillaged the churches and convents, and adopted as their watchword the exhortation to repent, with which the Baptist of old had addressed the multitudes who surrounded him in the wilderness of Judæa. If the insurgents did no works meet for repentance, they did many to be bitterly repented of. Their success was accompanied by cruelty, and followed by still fouler crimes. John de Mattheison, their chief prophet, established a community of goods, and committed to the flames every book except the Bible. John of Leyden, his successor, was a journeyman tailor, and, though at once a rogue and a fanatic, was not without some qualities which might have adorned a better cause. He conducted the defence of the city against the Bishop with as much skill and gallantry as if his accustomed seat had been, not

the shopboard, but the saddle of a belted knight. In the Scriptures, which his predecessor had exempted from the general conflagration, he found a sanction for the plurality of wives, and proofs that the sceptre of David had passed into his own hands. Twelve princes, representing the heads of the tribes of Israel, received from him authority to ascend the thrones of Europe; and apostles were sent to the great cities of Germany to propagate the new faith, and to attest the miracles of which they had been the witnesses. The doctrine they taught was less abstruse than might have been anticipated. It consisted in these propositions:—There have been four prophets: the true are King David and King John of Leyden; the false are the Pope and Martin Luther: but Luther is worse than the Pope. While this pithy creed was inculcated without the walls, the most frightful debaucheries, and a strange burlesque on royalty, went on within. The king paraded the city, attended by his queen, and followed by a long train of led horses caparisoned in gold brocade, a drawn sword being borne at his left hand, and a crown and Bible at his right. Seated on a throne in the public square, he received petitions from supplicants prostrate on the earth before him. Then followed impious parodies on the most sacred offices of the Christian worship, and scenes of profligacy which may not be described. To these, ere long, succeeded horrors which rendered the New Jerusalem no inapt antitype of the old. The conquered king expiated his crimes on the scaffold,—enduring protracted and inhuman torments with a firmness which redeems his character from the abhorrence to which it had so many indisputable titles. Yet the story is not without interest. The rapidity with which the contagion of such stupid extravagances was propagated, and the apparent genuineness of the belief which a man of much fortitude and some acuteness at length yielded to the coinage of his own brain, however frequent, are still curious phenomena in the science of mental nosology. From his answers to the interrogatories which attended his trial, it may be inferred that he was perfectly sane. His mind had been bewildered, partly by a depraved imagination and ungoverned appetites, and partly by his encounter with questions too large for his capacity, and with detached sentences from Holy Writ, of which he perceived neither the obvious sense nor the more sublime intimations. The memory of this guilty, presumptuous, and unhappy man, is rescued from oblivion by the audacity of his enterprise, and still more by the influence it exerted in arresting the progress of the Reformation.

The reproach, however unmerited, fell heavily on Luther. It is the common fate of all who dare to become leaders in the war against abuses, whether in religious or in political society, to be confounded with the baser sort of innovators, who at once hate their persons, and exaggerate and caricature the principles

on which they have acted. For this penalty of rendering eminent services to the world every wise man is prepared, and every brave man endures it firmly, in the belief that a day is coming when his fame will be no longer oppressed by this unworthy association. Luther's faith in the ultimate deliverance of his good name from the obloquy cast on it by the madness of the Anabaptists, has but imperfectly been justified by the event. Long after his name belonged to the brightest page of human history, it found in Bossuet an antagonist as inveterate as Tetzels, more learned than Cajetan, and surpassing Erasmus himself in eloquence and ingenuity. Later still has arisen, in the person of Mr. Hallam, a censor, whose religious opinions, unquestionable integrity, boundless knowledge, and admirable genius, give a fearful weight to his unfavourable judgment of the Father of the Reformation. Neither of these great writers, indeed, countenance the vulgar calumny which would identify the principles of Martin Luther with those of John of Leyden, although both of them arraign him in nearly the same terms, as having adopted and taught the antinomian doctrines of which the Anabaptists exhibited the practical results.

The course we are shaping having brought us within reach of the whirlpools of this interminable controversy, roaring in endless circles over a dark and bottomless abyss, we cannot altogether yield to that natural impulse which would pass them by in cautious silence and with averted eyes. The *Labarum* of Luther was a banner inscribed with the legend 'Justification by Faith'—the compendium, the essence, the *Alpha* and the *Omega* of his distinctive creed. Of the many received or possible interpretations of this enigmatical symbol, that which Bossuet and Mr. Hallam regard as most accordant with the views of the great standard-bearer himself, may be stated in the following terms:—If a man be firmly assured that his sins have been remitted by God, in the exercise of a mercy gratuitous and unmerited as it respects the offender himself, but accorded as the merited reward of the great propitiation, that man stands within the line which, even in this life, separates the objects of the Divine favour from the objects of the Divine displeasure. We believe this epitome of the Lutherian doctrine to be inaccurate, and, but for the greatness of the names by which it is sanctioned, we should have ventured to add, superficial. In hazarding a different translation of Luther's meaning into the language of the world we live in, we do but oppose one assertion to another, leaving the whole weight of authority on the unfavourable side. The appeal ultimately lies to those whose studies have rendered them familiar with the Reformer's writings, and especially with his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians,' which he was wont affectionately to call his *Catherine de Bora*. It must be

conceded that they abound in expressions which, detached from the mass, would more than justify the censure of the historian of the 'Literature of the Middle Ages.' But no writer would be less fairly judged than Luther by isolated passages. Too impetuous to pause for exact discrimination, too long entangled in scholastic learning to have ever entirely recovered the natural relish for plain common sense, and compelled habitually to move in that turbid polemical region which pure and unrefracted light never visits, Luther, it must be confessed, is intelligible only to the impartial and laborious, and might almost be supposed to have courted the reproaches which he least deserves. Stripped of the technicalities of divinity and of the schools, his *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*, may, perhaps, with no material error be thus explained.

Define the word 'conviction' as a deliberate assent to the truth of any statement, and the word 'persuasion' as the habitual reference to any such truth (real or supposed) as a rule of conduct; and it follows, that we are persuaded of many things of which we are not convinced: which is credulity or superstition. Thus, Cicero was persuaded of the sanctity of the mysteries which he celebrated as one of the College of Augurs. But the author of the *Treatise De Naturâ Deorum* had certainly no corresponding convictions. We are convinced of much of which we are not persuaded, which, in theological language, is a 'dead faith.' The Marquis of Worcester deliberately assented to the truth, that the expansive force of steam could be applied to propel a vessel through the water; but wanting the necessary 'persuasion,' he left to others the praise of the discovery. Again, there are many propositions of which we are at once convinced and persuaded, and this in the Lutheran style is a 'living or saving faith.' In this sense Columbus believed the true configuration of the earth, and launched his caravels to make known the two hemispheres to each other. It is by the aid of successful experiment engendering confidence; of habit producing facility; and of earnest thoughts quickening the imagination and kindling desire, that our opinions thus ripen into motives, and our theoretical convictions into active persuasions. It is, therefore, nothing else than a contradiction in terms to speak of Christian faith as separable from moral virtue. The practical result of that as of any other motive, will vary directly as the intensity of the impulse, and inversely as the number and force of the impediments; but a motive which produces no motion, is the same thing as an attraction which does not draw, or as a propensity which does not incline. Far different as was the style in which Luther enounced his doctrine, the careful study of his writings will, we think, convince any dispassionate man that such was his real meaning. The faith of which he wrote was not a mere opinion, or a mere emotion. It was a mental energy, of slow but stately

growth, of which an intellectual assent was the basis; high and holy tendencies the lofty superstructure; and a virtuous life the inevitable use and destination. In his own emphatic words:—'We do not say the sun *ought* to shine, a good tree *ought* to produce good fruit, seven and three *ought* to make ten. The sun shines by its own proper nature, without being bidden to do so; in the same manner the good tree yields its good fruit; seven and three have made ten from everlasting—it is needless to require them to do so hereafter.'

If any credit be due to his great antagonist, Luther's doctrine of 'Justification' is not entitled to the praise or censure of novelty. Bossuet resents this claim as injurious to the Church of Rome, and as founded on an extravagant misrepresentation of her real doctrine. To ascribe to the great and wise men of whom she justly boasts, or indeed to attribute to any one of sound mind, the dogma or the dream which would deliberately transfer the ideas of the market to the relations between man and his Creator, is nothing better than an ignorant and uncharitable bigotry. To maintain that, till Luther dispelled the illusion, the Christian world regarded the good actions of this life as investing even him who performs them best, with a *right* to demand from his Maker an eternity of uninterrupted and perfect bliss, is just as rational as to claim for him the detection of the universal error which had assigned to the animal man a place among the quadrupeds. There is in every human mind a certain portion of indestructible common sense. Small as this may be in most of us, it is yet enough to rescue us all, at least when sane and sober, from the stupidity of thinking not only that the relations of creditor and debtor can really subsist between ourselves and him who made us, but that a return of such inestimable value can be due from Him for such ephemeral and imperfect services as ours. People may talk foolishly on these matters; but no one seriously believes this. Luther slew no such monster, for there was none such to be slain. The error which he refuted was far more subtle and refined than this, and is copiously explained by Hooker, to whose splendid sermon on the subject it is a 'good work' to refer any to whom it is unknown.

The celebrated thesis of 'Justification by Faith,' if really an Antinomian doctrine, was peculiar to Luther and to his followers only in so far as he extricated it from a mass of superstitions by which it had been obscured, and assigned to it the prominence in his system to which it was justly entitled. But if his indignation had been roused against those who had darkened this great truth, they by whom it was made an apology for lewdness and rapine were the objects of his scorn and abhorrence. His attack on the Anabaptists is conceived in terms so vigorous and so whimsical, that it is difficult to resist the temptation to exhibit some extracts. But who would needlessly disturb the moor-

beneath which lies interred and forgotten a mass of disgusting folly, which in a remote age exhaled a moral pestilence? Resolving all the sinister phenomena of life by assuming the direct interference of the devil and his angels in the affairs of men, Luther thought that this influence had been most unskillfully employed at Munster. It was a *coup manqué* on the part of the great enemy of mankind. It shewed that Satan was but a bungler at his art. The evil one had been betrayed into this gross mistake that the world might be on their guard against the more astute artifices to whom he was about to resort:—

‘These new theologians did not,’ he said, ‘explain themselves very clearly.’ ‘Having hot soup in his mouth, the devil was obliged to content himself with mumbling out *mum mum*, wishing doubtless to say something worse.’ ‘The spirit which would deceive the world must not begin by yielding to the fascinations of women, by grasping the emblems and honours of royalty, still less by cutting people’s throats. This is too broad; rapacity and oppression can deceive no one. The real deceit will be practised by him who shall dress himself in mean apparel, assume a lamentable countenance, hang down his head, refuse money, abstain from meat, fly from woman as so much poison, disclaim all temporal authority, and reject all honours as damnable; and who then, creeping softly towards the throne, the sceptre, and the keys, shall pick them up and possess himself of them by stealth. ‘Such is the man who would succeed, who would deceive the angels, and the very elect. This would indeed be a splendid devil, with a plumage more gorgeous than the peacock or the pheasant. But thus impudently to seize the crown, to take not merely one wife, but as many as caprice or appetite suggests—oh! it is the conduct of a mere schoolboy devil, of a devil at his A B C; or rather it is the true Satan—Satan, the learned and the crafty, but fettered by the hands of God, with chains so heavy that he cannot move. It is to warn us, it is to teach us to fear his chastisements, before the field is thrown open to a more subtle devil, who will assail us no longer with the A B C, but with the real, the difficult text. If this mere *deviling* at his letters can do such things, what will he not do when he comes to act as a reasonable, knowing, skilful, lawyer-like, theological devil!’

These various contests produced in the mind of Luther the effects which painful experience invariably yields, when the search for truth, prompted by the love of truth, has been long and earnestly maintained. Advancing years brought with them an increase of candour, moderation, and charity. He had lived to see his principles strike their roots deeply through a large part of the Christian world, and he anticipated, with perhaps too sanguine hopes, their universal triumph. His unshaken reliance in them was attested by his dying breath. But he had also lived to witness the defection of some of his allies, and the guilt and folly of others. Prolonged enquiry had disclosed to him many difficulties which had been overlooked in the first ardour of the dispute, and he had become pain-

fully convinced that the establishment of truth is an enterprise incomparably more arduous than the overthrow of error. His constitutional melancholy deepened into a more habitual sadness—his impetuosity gave way to a more serene and pensive temper—and as the tide of life ebbed with still increasing swiftness, he was chiefly engaged in meditating on those cardinal and undisputed truths on which the weary mind may securely repose, and the troubled heart be still. The maturer thoughts of age could not, however, quell the rude vigour and fearless confidence which had borne him through his early contests. With little remaining fondness or patience for abstruse speculations, he was challenged to debate one of the more subtle points of theology. His answer cannot be too deeply pondered by polemics at large. ‘Should we not,’ he said, ‘get on better in this discussion with the assistance of a jug or two of beer?’ The offended disputant retired,—‘the devil,’ observed Luther, ‘being a haughty spirit, who can bear any thing better than being laughed at.’ This growing contempt for unprofitable questions was indicated by a corresponding decline in Luther’s original estimate of the importance of some of the minor topics in debate with the Church of Rome. He was willing to consign to silence the question of the veneration due to the Saints. He suspended his judgment respecting prayers for the dead. He was ready to acquiesce in the practice of auricular confession, for the solace of those who regarded it as an essential religious observance. He advised Spalatina to do whatever he thought best respecting the elevation of the Host, deprecating only any positive rule on the subject. He held the established ceremonies to be useful, from the impression they left on gross and uncultivated minds. He was tolerant of images in the churches, and censured the whole race of image-breakers with his accustomed vehemence. Even the use of the vernacular tongue in public worship, he considered as a convenient custom, not an indispensable rule. Carlostadt had insisted upon it as essential. ‘Oh, this is an incorrigible spirit,’ replied the more tolerant Reformer; ‘for ever and for ever positive obligations and sins!’

But while his catholic spirit thus raised him above the exaggerated estimate of those external things which chiefly attracted the hostility of narrower minds, his sense of the value of those great truths in which he judged the essence of religion to consist, was acquiring increased intensity and depth. In common with Montaigne and Richard Baxter (names hardly to be associated on any other ground), he considered the Lord’s Prayer as surpassing every other devotional exercise. ‘It is my prayer,’ said Luther; ‘there is nothing like it.’ In the same spirit, he preferred the Gospel of St. John to all the other sacred books, as containing more of the language of Christ himself. As he felt, so he taught. He practised the most simple

and elementary style of preaching. 'If,' he said, 'in my sermons I thought of Melancthon and other doctors, I should do no good; but I speak with perfect plainness for the ignorant, and that satisfies every body. Such Greek, Latin, and Hebrew as I have, I reserve for the learned.' 'Nothing is more agreeable or useful for a common audience than to preach on the duties and examples of Scripture. Sermons on grace and justification fall coldly on their ears.' He taught that good and true theology consisted in the practice, the habit, and the life of the Christian graces—Christ being the foundation. 'Such, however,' he says, 'is not our theology now-a-days. We have substituted for it a rational and speculative theology. This was not the case with David. He acknowledged his sins, and said, *Miserere, mei Domine!*'

Luther's power of composition is, indeed, held very cheap by a judge so competent as Mr. Hallam; nor is it easy to commend his more elaborate style. It was compared by himself to the earthquake and the wind which preceded the still small voice addressed to the prophet in the wilderness; and is so turbulent, copious, and dogmatical, as to suggest the supposition that it was dictated to a class of submissive pupils, under the influence of extreme excitement. Obscure, redundant, and tautologous as these writings appear, they are still redeemed from neglect, not only by the mighty name of their author, but by that all-pervading vitality and downright earnestness which atone for the neglect of all the mere artifices of style; and by that profound familiarity with the sacred oracles, which far more than compensates for the absence of the speculative wisdom which is drawn from lower sources. But the Reformer's lighter and more occasional works not unfrequently breathe the very soul of eloquence. His language in these, ranges between colloquial homeliness and the highest dignity,—now condensed into vivid figures, and then diffused into copious amplification,—exhibiting the successive phases of his ardent, melancholy, playful, and heroic character in such rapid succession, and with such perfect harmony, as to resemble the harp of Dryden's *Timotheus*, alternately touched and swept by the hand of the master—a performance so bold and so varied, as to scare the critic from the discharge of his office. The address, for example, to the Swabian insurgents and nobles, if not executed with the skill, is at least conceived in the spirit of a great orator. The universal testimony of all the most competent judges, attests the excellence of his translation of the Bible, and assigns to him, in the literature of his country, a station corresponding to that of the great men to whom James committed the corresponding office in our own.

Bayle has left to the friends of Luther no duty to perform in the defence of his moral character, but that of appealing to the unanswerable reply which his Dic-

tionary contains to the charges preferred against the Reformer by his enemies. One unhappy exception is to be made. It is impossible to read without pain the names of Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer, amongst the subscribers to the address to the Landgrave of Hesse, on the subject of his intended polygamy. Those great but fallible men remind his Highness of the distinction between universal laws, and such as admit of dispensation in particular cases. They cannot publicly sanction polygamy. But his Highness is of a peculiar constitution, and is exhorted seriously to examine all the considerations laid before him; yet, if he is absolutely resolved to marry a second time, it is their opinion that he should do so as secretly as possible! Fearful is the energy with which the 'Eagle of Meaux' pounces on this fatal error,—tearing to pieces the flimsy pretexts alleged in defence of such an evasion of the Christian code. The charge admits of no defence. To the inference drawn from it against the Reformer's doctrine, every Protestant has a conclusive answer. Whether in faith or in practice, he acknowledges no infallible Head but one.

But we have wandered far and wide from our proper subject. Where, all this while, is the story of Luther's education, of his visit to Rome, of the sale of Indulgences, of the denunciations of Tetzels, of the controversy with Eccius, the Diets of Worms and Augsburg, the citations before Cajetan and Charles, the papal excommunication, and the appeal to a general council? These, and many other of the most momentous incidents of the Reformer's life, are recorded in M. D'Aubigné's work, from which our attention has been diverted by matters of less account, but perhaps a little less familiar. It would be unpardonable to dismiss such a work, with a merely ceremonious notice. The absolute merit of this *Life of Martin Luther* is great, but the comparative value far greater. In the English language, it has no competitor; and though Melancthon himself was the biographer of his friend, we believe that no foreign tongue contains so complete and impressive a narrative of these events. It is true that M. D'Aubigné neither deserves nor claims a place amongst those historians, usually distinguished as philosophical. He does not aspire to illustrate the principles which determine or pervade the character, the policy, or the institutions of mankind. He arms himself with no dispassionate scepticism, and scarcely affects to be impartial. To tell his tale copiously and clearly, is the one object of his literary ambition. To exhibit the actors on the scene of life, as the free but unconscious agents of the Divine Will, is the higher design with which he writes; to trace the mysterious intervention of Providence in reforming the errors and abuses of the Christian Church is his immediate end; and to exalt the name of Luther, his labour of love. These purposes, as far as they are attainable, are effec-



ually attained. M. D'Aubigné is a Protestant of the original stamp, and a Biographer of the old fashion;—not a calm, candid, discriminating weigher and measurer of a great man's parts, but a warm-hearted champion of his glory, and a resolute apologist even for his errors;—ready to do battle in his cause with all who shall impugn or derogate from his fame. His book is conceived in the spirit, and executed with all the vigour, of Dr. Mc'Crie's 'Life of Knox.' He has all our lamented countryman's sincerity, all his deep research, more skill in composition, and a greater mastery of subordinate details; along with the same inestimable faculty of carrying on his story from one stage to another, with an interest which never subsides, and a vivacity which knows no intermission. If he displays no familiarity with the moral sciences, he is no mean proficient in that art which reaches to perfection only in the Drama or the Romance. This is not the talent of inventing, but the gift of discerning, incidents which impart life and animation to narrative. For M. D'Aubigné is a writer of scrupulous veracity. He is at least an honest guide, though his prepossessions may be too strong to render him worthy of implicit confidence. They are such, however, as to make him the uncompromising and devoted advocate of those cardinal tenets on which Luther erected the edifice of the Reformation. To the one great article on which the Reformer assailed the Papacy, the eye of the biographer is directed with scarcely less intentness. To this every other truth is viewed as subordinate and secondary; and although, on this favourite point of doctrine, M. D'Aubigné's meaning is too often obscured by declamation, yet must he be hailed by every genuine friend of the Reformation, as having raised a powerful voice in favour of one of those fundamental truths which, so long as they are faithfully taught and diligently observed, will continue to form the great bulwarks of Christendom against the overbearing estimate, and the despotic use, of human authority, in opposition to the authority of the Revealed Will of God.

From the Spectator.

#### SELF-OPERATING PROCESSES OF FINE ART.

##### *The Daguerotype.*

An invention has recently been made public in Paris that seems more like some marvel of a fairy tale or delusion of necromancy than a practical reality: it amounts to nothing less than making light produce permanent pictures, and engrave them at the same time, in the course of a few minutes. The thing seems incredible, and, but for indisputable evidence, we should not at first hearing believe it; it is, however, a fact: the process and its results have been witnessed

by M. Arago, who reported upon its merits to the Académie des Sciences. To think of Nature herself reflecting her own face, though but as "in a glass, darkly," and engraving it too, that we may have copies of it! This looks like superseding Art altogether; for what painter can hope to contend with Nature in accuracy or rapidity of production? But Nature is only become the handmaid to Art, not her mistress. Painters need not despair; their labours will be as much in request as ever, but in a higher field: the finer qualities of taste and invention will be called into action more powerfully; and the mechanical process will be only abridged and rendered more perfect. What chemistry is to manufactures and the useful arts, this discovery will be to the fine arts; improving and facilitating the production, and lessening the labour of the producer; not superseding his skill, but assisting and stimulating it. The following particulars of this beautiful and extraordinary invention are gleaned principally from fragments of the report of M. Arago, quoted in the communications of the foreign correspondents of the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*, and partly from private information.

The apparatus consists of a camera obscura with the superaddition of an engraving power: in lieu of the white disc on which the moving picture of external objects is reflected by the rays of light, a metal plate is substituted, covered with a particular coating, on which the light forms the image by its action thereon. M. Daguerre, the inventor, "has found a substance," says M. Arago, "more sensible to light than the oblo- rure of silver, which is altered in an inverse manner—that is to say, it leaves on the several parts of the plate, corresponding to the several parts of the object, dark tints for the shadowy, half-tints for the lighter parts, and no tint whatever for the tints that are luminous." When this action of the light on the different parts of the plate has produced the desired effect, it is arrested at once by a particular process, and the plate may be exposed to the full light of day without undergoing any change. The appearance of the monochrome picture has been compared to mezzotint engravings, deep-toned aquatint, or the etchings of Rembrandt. The length of time required for the process varies with the state of the atmosphere and the quality of the light; moonlight is slower in its operation than sunlight; and on a dark day the engraving—or, to speak more correctly, the etching—requires a longer time; but twenty minutes seems to be the maximum under unfavourable circumstances: in ordinary weather eight or ten minutes is the average, "but under a pure sky like that of Egypt," says M. Arago, "perhaps *one minute* might suffice to execute the most complex design."

As it is the continued stream of light that acts upon the metal, fixed objects only can be delineated: "the foliage of trees," again to quote M. Arago, "from its

always being more or less agitated by the air, is often but imperfectly represented. In one of the views, a horse is faithfully portrayed, except the head, which the animal had never ceased moving: in another, a *decrotteur* (shoe-black), all but the arms which were never still." The slight or occasional motion of objects does not, however, invalidate the process; for, says the *Athenæum* correspondent, "in one view of the Boulevard du Temple, taken from M. Daguerre's own residence, a coach and horses are introduced with the most literal and lineal exactness." But it is obvious that the views produced by these means will only be pictures of still-life, inanimate objects, buildings, mountains, rocks, and tracts of country, under settled aspects of the atmosphere, whether it be the bright glare of noon, the even-down pour of rain, or the cold moonlight, will be pictured with an accuracy of form and perspective, a minuteness of detail, and a force and breadth of light and shade, that artists may imitate but cannot equal. The precision and exactness of the effect of the pictures may be judged of from these facts: the same bas-relief in plaster and in marble are differently represented, so that you can perceive which is the image of the plaster and which of the marble; you may almost tell the time of the day in the out-door scenes. Three views of the Luxor Obelisk were taken, one in the morning, one at noon, and the other in the evening, and the effect of the morning light is distinctly discernible from that of the evening, though the sun's altitude, and consequently the length of the shadows, are the same in both. But what the lifeless, monotonous, and cold reflections of the camera, when applied to motionless objects are to the living reality, with all its magic harmonies of colour, will be the monochromes produced by the graphic camera to the glowing pictures which by the combined operation of skill and genius, arrest and fix on the canvas the evanescent beauties and ever-varying forms of animated nature as seen through the medium of the painter's imagination. We have not seen one impression of these light-created monochromes, but we venture to predict that they will present an appearance of shadowy insubstantiality combined with the rigidity and fixedness of a model, which will, after the first blush of novelty, fall upon the eye, and render them only valuable as models for the painter's use: as it is, they require his touch to vivify, and, in some instances, to complete them. The reflection of a head in the camera lucida looks like an exquisite miniature in wax-work; and sketches taken with the camera have a fixedness peculiarly unpleasant; because they are deprived of the ethereal medium of the atmosphere, the want of which is so sensibly felt in the pictures of some clever but mechanical-minded painters. We make these remarks not to disparage the value of a discovery the most remarkable in the history of art, nor, assuredly, to depreciate the ingenuity

and perseverance of the inventor; but for the twofold purpose of calming the apprehensions of the more humble class of artists, who may fancy that their occupation's gone, and of preparing our readers not to expect the beauties of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro in the engravings produced by the Daguerotype. The process is simple, and readily available to all persons; and the machine is so compact, that M. Daguerre has stood upon the bridges of Paris using it without attracting much notice from the passengers. Its utility to travellers, in delineating any curious objects of architecture, machinery, costume, and furniture, is at once apparent.

The influence of this invention on painting will be very great, and (we think) beneficial also: the increased exactitude of delineation superinduced by its use will make people more critical in their appreciation of the verisimilitude of pictures, and painters will find a much higher degree of correctness required of them in the delineation of living forms and moving objects: pictures will become more true and more animated, for every artist will be eager to escape the reproach of a mere copyist of the Daguerotype. We hail this important discovery, therefore, as one equally valuable to art as the power-loom and steam-engine to manufactures, and the drill and steam-plough to agriculture.

M. Daguerre is well known as the collaborateur of M. Bouton in the production of the beautiful illusory pictures of the Diorama; and it was in the course of his experiments in producing their effects of light and shade, that he made the wonderful discovery he has matured with such complete success. It has occupied his attention during fifteen years, and its progress to perfection has been very gradual; owing principally, we understand, to the difficulty of procuring such an amalgam of metal as would be operated on by the rays of light permanently, at first he could only get the rays to remain for a few seconds, then he was enabled to retain them for half a minute, next for a minute, and so on until a few years ago he fixed them for ten minutes. "The earlier sketches, or reflections rather," says the *Athenæum*, "which he made some four years since, have a slight degree of haziness: this defect he has now entirely overcome."

M. Daguerre's pursuit of this discovery has been the talk of the ateliers in Paris for several years; but no artist having seen any results, it was regarded as a delusion, like the search for the philosopher's stone, or perpetual motion; and the indefatigable inventor, who neglected his painting and looked more like a blacksmith than an artist, was compared to the alchemists of old: he may now turn the laugh against the incredulous. It is said that he has offered his invention to the French Government for 300,000 francs; and, pending the result of the negotiation, he does not of course make his secret known. He has, however,

an agent in London who is receiving subscriptions for the machine.

Contemporaneous with this chemical process of picturing and engraving, other self-acting machines of mechanical operation have been invented, and by Frenchmen also, that may be opportunely mentioned here. The process of M. Collas for medallic engraving, by which the relief of coins, medals, chasing, and basso-relievo of sculpture, is imitated to illusion by a machine, has already been described, and its productions frequently spoken of in our columns; and the Pentagraph, an instrument in common use for reducing the points of linear forms on a flat surface—such as outlines of drawings, plans, maps, &c. is well known; but we have heard of the invention of a machinery for reproducing on a diminished scale highly-finished line engravings; and of another, in which the reductive power is applied to the curved surfaces of solid forms, and being armed with a sharp tool, cuts out a miniature model in soap or wax of a bust or statue: the machine does not require the guidance of an artist, and it is capable of adjustment to any given scale. The little plaster models of the statue of Joan of Arc, in the shop-windows, are reduced by this machine (we are told) from the life-sized marble in the Gallery at Versailles, that was sculptured by the fair hands of the late Dutchess of Wurtemberg. The premature death of this amiable and accomplished princess gives a melancholy interest to the most beautiful work of art; of which we will only say, that it struck us more than any other statue in the gallery, though at the time we were not aware of its being the work of a daughter of Louis Philippe. A miniature bust of Rossini, that has been sent to us by the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, may probably be reduced by the same machine from a life-sized original.

Another invention, more simple and beautiful and striking in its effects, has been produced by the same ingenious person: it is a mechanical contrivance for taking casts of the human form, the face, body, or limbs; with the minutest delicacy. By the common mode of taking a cast, the weight and constriction of the wet plaster not only renders the process disagreeable, but imperfect, especially in representing the features; for the muscles of the face become rigid and the physiognomical expression of a plaster mask is sullen and painful in consequence. These defects are entirely obviated by the new machine; which consists of a vertical disc whose surface is composed of an almost innumerable quantity of very fine steel wires or needles, as close together as the hairs of a brush, moving in two plates perforated with a corresponding number of holes, with so much ease that the points yield to the slightest pressure: into this surface the face is gently pushed, and by a most simple and ingenious contrivance the whole of the needles are in an

instant fixed securely, their surface presenting a concave mould of the face; plaster is then poured in—the wires being so close that the liquid cannot escape between them; and when set and hard, a working mould is taken from it, in which other casts are made. So instantaneous is the operation, and so delicate the construction of the mechanism, that the face of a crying child is taken with all its muscular contortions; and were any person to keep open his eyes, the eyeball would not be injured, and a stiff beard of two days' growth would be marked in the cast.

The ingenious inventor, we have heard, is at present in this country, and in the want of the means to enable him to bring forward his invention: we shall be glad if this notice have the effect of calling the attention of some enterprising person disposed to embark a few hundreds in the speculation. We have not seen either of the machines; but our information is derived from a trustworthy source.

*From the Spectator.*

#### PETER PILGRIM.

IF the merit of writing consisted in diffusing the smallest stock of facts and ideas over the greatest possible space, these volumes would deserve the highest praise; for the most expert operative of authorcraft, who lives by weaving the web of verbiage for magazines and newspapers, cannot surpass the skill of the American littérateur, Dr. Bird, in making much out of nothing. 'Peter Pilgrim' is the cognomen assumed by an author who frankly tells his readers he has never strayed from home, and amuses them with amplifications of adventures, that, however, amusing or exciting they might be if simply told, loose their point by the process of expansion. His descriptions are spread out like the kaleidoscopic confusion of colours in the pattern of a carpet, or like the dissolvent pictures that are expanded till the hues fade and the outline melts into air.

For example, "The Legend of Merry the Miner" tells of one who, after long hunting for gold, discovers a cavern filled with petrified human beings, the treasures of which he plunders, but is himself petrified before he can escape: this allegory of the fruitlessness of amassing wealth loses all its force by the tedious length to which it is spun out, the one idea being repeated in every possible variety of sameness in the most mechanical manner. Again, a description of a "Mammoth Cave" fills half a volume, though its conclusion in the tenth chapter—"the beginning of the end"—tells us there is nothing extraordinary in it but its extent. The satire on American foibles, conveyed in the similitude of a visit to a madhouse, is not forcible.

ble in proportion to its justness; the machinery of fiction is too apparent, and the sarcasm is deficient in humour and delicacy. The most interesting paper is on "the Fascinating Power of Reptiles" over the human species as well as animals. We quote two curious instances: premising that they are extracted from a work by Dr. Samuel Williams, of the state of Vermont. The heroes of both adventures are boys: but other cases are recorded where men were equally affected; one in particular, given by Le Vaillant, of a British officer who was "suddenly seized with a convulsive and involuntary trembling, followed by a cold sweat," and discovered, *but not till then*, that an enormous serpent had fixed its gaze on him.

#### FASCINATING POWER OF THE BLACK SNAKE.

The first is a story, authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake; upon which one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake, so celebrated for its powers, could charm or fascinate him; he requested his companion to take up a stick, and keep a good eye upon the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made trial of its powers. "This," says Mr. Beach, "the other agreed to do; when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake, and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion; and the lad says that at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror when turned in the sunshine: he said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colours appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles, or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says, he thought he would go from the snake; and as it was dark everywhere but in the circles, he was fearful of treading anywhere else; and as they still grew in less circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak, it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre. His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, he said he could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. The lad that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat; he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared to be in a melancholy stupid situation for some days.

#### FASCINATION OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

"When I was a boy about thirteen years old," says Mr. Willard, "my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not been long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked round for some-

thing to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colours that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger: but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away."

#### From the Monthly Review.

*Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires.* By J. L. Stephens, Esq., Author of "Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land." 2 vols. 12mo. London: Bentley, 1839.

Not very long ago we had before us "Incidents of Travel" by the same author, through Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land; a work which not only pleased us, but which has been favourably received in America, the father-land of the author, and in this country. Mr. Stephens, it now appears, has been bred to the profession of the law; but with the true spirit of his nation was restless and enterprising enough to undertake a journey through various regions of Asia, Africa, and Europe, before, we presume, anything like weighty business bound him, and without any other apparent purpose than the satisfaction of a rational curiosity.

The travels which formed the subject of the former work were but part of the result of one and the same long journey, and, indeed, the latter part,—Mr. Stephens most probably presuming that his first venture in the way of publishing his *Incidents* would be most wisely confined to the fruits of his most mature experience. In the hands, however, of a person so active and lively, capable of throwing off graphic and characteristic sketches at a glance of his subjects, and, at

the same time, inclined and able to deal in shrewd inferences where the premises are exceedingly slender and the facts meagre,—inferences, which, strongly cast in the mind of sound sense, have a sufficiency of *Yankee* feeling and manner about them to render the whole work fragrant as well as instructive to Europeans,—it is now perfectly manifest that it would have been of very little importance as concerns the popularity of the several volumes which of them were first or last in the market.

After having indicated what are some of the leading features in both publications, it is proper to remark, as, we believe, was done in our review of our author's Egypt, Edom, and Holy Land, that there appear, in as far as scholarship goes, no traces in his manner or matter to prove him possessed of more than the education generally bestowed upon persons in a genteel sphere of life confers. His knowledge again in the fine arts, of antiquities, or of any particular science, seems to be but of a general kind, such as popularly exists. Nor is his enthusiasm so lofty and sentimental as to make poetic visions and aspirations supply the place of real information of an entirely new or abundant order. But what is better to the majority of readers, his remarks are his own; they are always fresh and natural; while his sentiments are never mawkish and false, nor his enthusiasm blown.

We have intimated that it would have signified little which of the two separate publications made from the one and the same journey first appeared as regards their popularity or the agreeable characteristics of the author. Such must have been the case, particularly in America, where the works were first published, and for which sphere they were, no doubt, mainly intended. In this country, however, in as far as matter is concerned, something like an exception must be taken to the first of the volumes now before us, in which Greece and Turkey are the scenes of travel and description. In regard to these fields the English have bared the soil. But if we refer to the manner of our author, no where does he appear to better or more peculiar advantage—the very random and hasty journeyings, apparently, having excited at first the writer's best spirit, temper and talents, as well as tried his physical qualities. We never met with a traveller whose self-possession, amounting in not a few instances to American impertinence, and to the full indulgence of *Yankee* inquisitiveness, is so freely avowed. Mr. S., it appears, had few or no introductions but what his own confidence produced. He very seldom understood the language of those who chiefly interested him, and never did we suppose of the countries he traversed. We are led to suspect that his pockets were not always well furnished with the magic key to all favour and universal acceptance. He, times without number, threw himself *slap-dash* amongst other strangers, and though

sometimes indiscreetly and perilously, yet he always went or got "ahead" with marvellous success. Near the beginning of his travels, and when along with two companions, he is driven into Missilonghi, a scene so closely identified with Byron's latter days, we find him stating that all of what he was then worth was on his back, having lost at one of the Ionian Islands his carpet-bag. Immediately follows in a passage we shall quote entire some particulars and reflections that are quite characteristic of the author. He says, "Every condition, however, has its advantages: mine put me above porters and custom-house officers; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shore of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps, if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missilonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place into which we were thrown by accident: and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones: we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering?" This is a fair sample of the writer's downright and plain, but agreeable and forcible style; nor need we now do more than follow him, taking wide strides to the end of his journey as recorded in these volumes.

Before leaving Missilonghi, however, let us inform our readers that, according to Mr. S., the manner in which the Greeks at that place spoke of Lord Byron was most disrespectful. He had attached himself to one of the great parties that then distracted the patriots, and therefore political opponents, though he had given the country all that man could give,—in his dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly his life," and the people, where he breathed his last, treated his memory with malignity and affirmed that he was no friend to Greece.

But Marco Bozzaris is a theme, which, as suggested by a visit to Missilonghi, obtains far more gratifying notice by our author,—this patriot as a hero appearing in his estimation equal to Miltiades or Leonidas. A highly interesting account is also given of the widow and daughters of the Suliot chief, with whom Mr. S. had an interview; but the passage is too long to be inserted in our pages at such an early part. We must mention that the burial-place of the chief is not otherwise externally distinguished than by a "few round stones piled over his head."

In the course of his rapid race over Greece, Mr. S., of course, visited Athens, but lets the reader easily off,

as regards antiquities and the trite themes of classic or pseudo-classic tourists. On one theme connected with the celebrated city, we like his tone just as we rejoice in his information. American missionaries have established themselves at Athens, by whom their countryman was naturally most warmly received. We here must quote some particulars:—

"The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find anything that would particularly touch my national feelings, but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle thought, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster.—In 1830, the Rev. Messrs. Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from this city (New York) as the agents of the Episcopal missionary society, to found schools in Greece."

Mrs. Hill had set up a school for the instruction of girls, which, in two months after its opening, attracted one hundred and sixty-seven scholars. "Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter." By the time of our author's visit the school numbered nearly five hundred. It must, as he declares, have been a gratifying scene for him when he and his companions entered the seminary as acknowledged Americans, to behold all the scholars rise to greet them. A few more notices and reflections will be relished by our readers while on this subject:—

"At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all the European diplomacy has ever done for her. \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and, being Americans, we were everywhere looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I waived in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalissas, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English.—Before we went away the

whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilized domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith."

We have an anecdote of a Greek who accosted Mr. Hill one day, and in language declared by that gentleman to be poetry itself, styling himself a "Stagyrite," saying he was from the land of Aristotle, &c. His business was to ask for one of the books which Mr. Hill was in the habit of distributing, to take home with him. The instance is stated to have been of common occurrence; and while it evinces the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern, cannot but suggest affecting comparisons with the condition of the ancient Greeks, when America was undreamed of among civilized men. Before leaving Athens we must have a glance of King Otho:—

"Returning, we met the king taking his daily walk, attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frock-coat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats to him, and he returned the civility; and what could he do more without inviting us to dinner? In old times there was a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three millions loan are gone, and there is no colonization, no agricultural prosperity, no opening of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With ten thousand pounds in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelican marble, to cost three hundred thousand pounds."

Otho was not at the time mentioned either married or crowned. We further learn,—

"The pride of the Greeks was considerably humbled by a report that their king's proposals to several daughters of German princes had been rejected; but the king had great reason to congratulate himself upon the spirit which induced the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburgh to accept his hand. From her childhood she had taken an enthusiastic interest in Greek history, and it had been her constant wish to visit Greece; and when she heard that Otho had been called to the throne, she naively expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterward, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with his mother, the Queen of Bavaria, as the Count de Missilonghi; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to share the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish. \* \* I might have been presented to the

king, but my carpet-bag—Dr. W. borrowed a hat and was presented by Dr. —, a German, the king's physician, with whom he had discoursed much of the different medical systems in Germany and America. Dr. W. was much pleased with the king. Did ever a man talk with a king who was not pleased with him? But the doctor was particularly pleased with King Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr. Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece. Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest."

The travelling companions already alluded to soon parted from our author, their objects being different. This took place on the plain of Argos, they to Europe, and Mr. S., he hardly knew where. We may mention that as a sort of balance against the loss of familiar friends, his carpet-bag was in the course of his travels in Greece recovered.

On leaving Greece Mr. Stephens made for Smyrna, having an eye to various scenes in Asia Minor. The voyage was a long and tiresome one, in the course of which the vessel was obliged to take shelter, besides other places, in the harbour of Scio. His picture of the desolate condition of this once flourishing, fertile, and populous island is distressing; for, in an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, the inhabitants were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon, fifty thousand of their once hard taskmasters but now sanguinary enemies being let loose at the command of the Sultan upon them. The invaders acted fully the part of bloodhounds,—for out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, sixty thousand are said to have been butchered, while thirty thousand were sold into slavery, twenty thousand escaping. One of the latter fortunate few was a fellow-passenger of our author; and in company they traversed parts of the island and visited some of the once busy towns. Take a notice or two:—

"After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would anywhere have fixed the attention, as having been once a favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together, strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to anything I had seen in Greece. These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio."

Some minuter and more touching particulars are now given:—

"The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them, where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger? An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody; and our own voices, and the tramping of our

horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. \* \* My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born; there he had spent his youth; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him!"

Even after the wearisome voyage Mr. S. did not arrive directly at Smyrna, but had to travel thither under Tartar aid and guidance a considerable way by land. The ride, however, afforded various opportunities for witnessing, at least, the outside of life and places, of all which he has given a pleasing and an amusing account. He finds frequent occasion to congratulate the Turks on the use of their chibouks, coffee, &c., though he experienced some important drawbacks in the manner of their lives. One of his pleasant interviews in the course of his journey towards Smyrna, was when he and his guide had alighted upon a piece of fine pasture to refresh themselves, and when a travelling party consisting of five Turks and three women also stopped at the same place. Our author did not understand a word they spoke, and they eyed him as "some wild thing" that the Tartar had just caught and was forwarding to Constantinople. The American, however, looked at the females sentimentally, who had been obliged to uncover their faces for accommodation-sake during the process of eating; but this they did not seem to understand at all. He smiled; this seemed

"To please them better; and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, said I, the Turks are not so bad, after all; they have handsome wives, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee."

Some time after this the ladies of a harem, in travelling guise, were encountered, who were all, according to a truly oriental fashion, dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapt around their faces, so that the artillery of the eyes alone were to be seen,—leaving abundant scope for a romantic and lively imagination, and our author making a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, "not riding sideways, but otherwise." But further—

"They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in a Frank dress, who, as I afterwards understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and



had sent them on before to have the household matters arranged upon his arrival. And no doubt, also, they were to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel when I heard their merry voices; verily, thought I, stopping to catch the last musical notes, there are exceedingly good points about the Turks: chibouks, coffee, and as many wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it."

Our free and easy traveller is to be beheld in a different situation when arrived in the vicinity of Smyrna, and being, in consequence of a storm, obliged to seek succour and shelter in a wretched-enough hut:—

"Three Turks were sitting round a brazier of charcoal frying doughballs. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there? The Turks at first took no notice of me, and I resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next to me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy ways; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsia before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last doughball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed toward me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe. After coffee and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I slapped him on the back and cried out 'Bono,' having heard him use that word apparently with a knowledge of its meaning. I was surprised in the course of the evening to see one of them begin to address, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaister, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took off a plaister from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me: I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I had heard that it was on this road; I involuntarily recurred to the Italian prayer, 'Save me from the three miseries of the

Levant: plague, fire, and the dragoman.' I shut my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden twelve hours that day on horseback; I drew my cloak around me; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turks playing cards on the bottom of a pewter plate."

As soon as actually installed at Smyrna, Mr. S. betook himself to a Turkish bath, in remembrance of which and other delights he exclaims, "Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs. Chibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as you please!"

Before getting with our traveller to Constantinople, we will present to our readers two very different pictures, and yet both remind one of ancient renown and modern desolation! The former regards a specimen of the Jews of Smyrna, to some of the wealthier of whom Mr. S. contrived to get himself introduced. The quarter in which the members of the most peculiar race on earth dwell in that city, is described as being externally most wretched and mean; but internally there is often much comfort and many signs of wealth. Here is an instance, with some curious addenda:—

"At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was taking his afternoon siesta, and while we were waiting for him I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long silk gown tied with a sash around the waist, a strongly-marked Jewish face and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk; and seating himself, our host clasped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation he clasped his hands again; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped up the platform, and with quite a womanly air, took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert, forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question; and, upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and had been then two years a wife. Our host told us that she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expense consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expense of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not like her much at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal for ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted it, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I

was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking that, on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own; and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of confidence of which no idea can be given in words, 'oh yes;' and when I intimated a doubt, he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore."

The other subject alluded to is Ephesus, the ruins and desolation of which are effectually represented. Our traveller's first visit to the scene was after the shades of evening had begun to gather around and over it:—

"We moved along in perfect silence, for besides that my Turk neither spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our lonely way. But silence best suited the scene; the sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of fallen greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewn on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humour; now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hillside is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a confused and shapeless mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain; that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide extended scene of desolation and ruin around me were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do I say? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, 'lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed;' and how the people, having caught 'Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel,' rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians?' I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen save my two companions and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even one like me, in nowise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world; when a large and

busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; that he should, in imagination, see before him St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians;' and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and eternal ruin to his own far-distant land; a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone and its very site unknown.—But where is the temple of the great Diana, the temple two hundred and twenty years in building; the temple of one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each column the gift of a king? Can it be that the temple of the 'Great goddess Diana,' that the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind: As a traveller, I would fain be able to say that I have seen the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately, I am obliged to limit myself by facts."

As on many other occasions our author shortly but forcibly points out the fulfilment of scripture prophecy in reference to Ephesus; for verily, the "candlestick is removed from its place," not a human being dwelling amongst its ruins, beasts and birds of prey being its seldom-disturbed tenants.

We have been tempted by our buoyant author to linger too long on the way, and, before reaching novel scenes, to allow more time to Constantinople than to obtain a glimpse of the Sultan, who when taking part personally in a grand fête on occasion of an extraordinary launch was minutely observed by Mr. Stephens; and this immediately after nothing but visions of oriental gorgeousness, splendour, power, and despotism, had been occupying the fancy of the novice:—

"I was rolling these things through my mind, when a murmur, 'the sultan is coming,' turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state; a citizen king, a republican president or a democratic governor could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this 'shadow of God upon earth.' He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military frock-coat and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations: and when he landed at the little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the janissaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impale-

ments, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would say, fate, has ever been driving him on. I look upon him as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position."

From the capital of the Turks Mr. S. steamed it to Odessa, having Russia and Poland next in his eye. But we shall not remain longer at this city of mushroom growth, than to mark that our author happily and in strict accordance with what might be expected from a citizen of the United States of America, contrasts the circumstance of rapidity and greatness in regard to the miracle on the borders of the Black Sea with the wonders which such places as Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. present; in the former case a gigantic government saying, "Let there be a city," and immediately the thing is created; where, as in the latter, a few individuals cut down some of the trees of a forest or locate themselves on the banks of a stream and build houses suitable to their means; the accumulation, however, to the number of settlers, the enterprise of a community of freemen, in a marvellously short time producing all the real elements and all the real results which art, commerce, and education, united, so completely have at their command. But we shall immediately see how much more unfavourably illustrative of despotism and serfdom, and next of freedom though young, does a comparison of Russia with America become when following our traveller across the Steppes, and other regions remote from the seats of government.

Before setting out on the long and rarely described route, in the course of which we must make a few halts, seldom doing more than performing the office of selectors, we may mention that the principal points in it, after leaving Odessa, were the venerable and holy city of Chioff in Southern Russia, Moscow, St. Petersburg, thence through Lithuania to Warsaw, and terminating at Cracow. We begin with the Steppes of Russia as the subject of one picture:—

"At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates as the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet everywhere capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of wagons: there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be

covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the postillions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired."

The travellers met with on the Steppes were sometimes varied in the following manner,—

"Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle: but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of wagons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise toward Moscow or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The wagoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammer and tools, and everything necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the wagons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

"Late in the afternoon, we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbersome vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur's lady and a little girl: then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on everywhere about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and everything necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the posthouse."

Here is a sketch of a village:—

"The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder, and whenever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of quass, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good."

"My man Henri," together with the Russian fashion of posting and the obdurate extortioners the Postmasters, as is always their treatment of mere gentlemen or persons who have no government or military authority, was the source of a sufficiency of annoyances. At length Mr. Stephens and his fellow travellers arrived at Chioff; one of the churches of which, with the devotees who resort to it, must for an instant detain us:—

"The Church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting them. The dome of the belfry, which rises above the hill to the height of about three hundred feet, and above the Dnieper to that of five hundred and eighty-six, is considered by the Russians a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether very far superior to any Greek church I had then seen. In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints, and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hands, descended a long wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, on niches in the walls, and open coffins, enveloped in wrappers of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names,

and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed. We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial place, everywhere strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia: perhaps at that time more than three thousand were wandering in these sepulchral chambers."

The appearance of the diligence between Chioff and Moscow, by which Mr. S. travelled, was a wonderful rarity to the people; nor, during the seven days they took, did they receive one accession to the original number of passengers,—a strange contrast for a man who was from a land everywhere intersected with lines of canals and railroads, and where steam-boats and other means of transit are constantly crowded. In the course of one of the days, on entering a village, the whole population was observed in the streets in a state of "absolute starvation." Mr. Stephens explains the matter thus,—*"The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food; and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread,"*—the provision furnished by their owner, or the dominant seigneur. It is refreshing to find an American in connection with this melancholy sight expressing the following sentiments, and fearlessly attesting the following facts. He says,—

"I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free

republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the North of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the Negro on our best-ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical or personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the White race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's."

Neither Moscow nor St. Petersburg shall detain us, although it would amuse our readers had we space to show or explain how the American picked up acquaintances, and what sort of acquaintances he did pick up in these cities as well as elsewhere. We are on towards Warsaw, and take one or two sketches by the way. Of Lithuania we are told,—

"When Napoleon entered the province of Lithuania, his first bulletins proclaimed, 'Here, then, is that Russia so formidable at a distance! It is a desert for which its scattered population is wholly insufficient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory which ought to defend them;' and, before I had travelled in it a day, I could appreciate the feeling of the soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, 'Et ces gueux-là appellent cette pays une patrie!' The villages are a miserable collection of straggling huts, without plan or arrangement, and separated from each other by large spaces of ground. They are about ten or twelve feet square, made of the misshapen trunks of trees heaped on each other, with the ends projecting over; the roof of large shapeless boards, and the window a small hole in the wall, answering the double purpose of admitting light and letting out smoke. The tenants of these wretched hovels exhibit the same miserable appearance both in person and manners. They are hard-boned, and sallow-complexioned; the men wear coarse white woollen frocks, and a round felt cap lined with wool, and shoes made of the bark of trees, and their uncombed hair hangs low over their heads, generally of a flaxen colour. Their agricultural implements are of the rudest kind. The plough and harrow are made from the branches of the fir-tree, without either iron or ropes; their carts are put together without iron, consisting of four small wheels, each of a single piece of wood; the sides are made of the bark of a tree bent round, and the shafts are a couple of fir branches; their bridles and traces platted from the bark of trees, or composed merely of twisted branches. Their only instrument to construct their huts and make their carts is a hatchet. They were servile and cringing in their expressions of respect, bowing down to the ground and stopping their carts as soon as we came near them, and stood with their caps in their hands till we were out of sight. The whole country, except in some open places around villages, is one immense forest of fir, perhaps sixty feet in height, compact and thick, but very slender."

Take a notice of a sight in Poland Proper:—

"We had scarcely left the postmaster's daughter, on

the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before I saw the most degrading spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the most common labouring man would revolt at the idea of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this; and I could have borne it almost anywhere better than in chivalric Poland."

A general sketch of Warsaw does not enhance our notions of the Polish nation neither as to the intelligence, the civilization, nor the moral character of the people as a whole:—

"Immediately on entering it I was struck with the European aspect of things! It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of Western Europe, which may, perhaps, be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciuszko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to seventy-five thousand. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be one hundred and forty thousand, thirty thousand of whom are Jews. Calamity after calamity has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungeur in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them 'dumb' in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the 'proud Poles.' They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next playing on his violin, said to me, 'Canta il, signore!' 'Do you sing?' I answered 'No;' and he continued, 'Suonate!' 'Do you play?' I again answered 'No;' and he asked me, with great simplicity, 'Cosa fatte! Niente!' 'What do you do! Nothing!'

and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw. The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan."

Cracow at last draws out the accustomed good and fresh feeling as well as the graphic powers of our author. But we must stop, although many stretches of his journeyings be barren of new information, owing in a great measure to the speed at which he travelled, and, as respects the latter part, owing frequently no doubt to the fact of his going over a great deal of ground during night, yet that throughout the volumes the manner in which little incidents pertaining to himself are described, and personal occurrences are connected with localities, individuals, and national characteristics, the whole becomes picturesque, entertaining, and not seldom instructive. The work will unquestionably be popular, as were the former volumes in this country, as they deserve to be.

*From the Monthly Review.*

#### DEER-STALKING, &c.

- 1.—*The Art of Deer-Stalking.* By Wm. Scrope, Esq. London: Murray. 1839.
- 2.—*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.* By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1839.

It requires routine-citizens like ourselves to read such works as are now before us, to teach how different may be the manner of life, how diversified the occupations and pastimes of civilized people, even of those whose feelings are alive to all that is beautiful, and whose hearts respond to every ennobling appeal. While some regard with the utmost admiration all that is excellent in the imitative arts, and with perfect complacency all that is comely in the conventional forms of society, others resort to the cultured and adorned landscape, either in person or imagination; while a third class love to have their spirits stirred and strung by sports among the magnificent wildernesses of nature, and by whatever seems to remove them from artificial or gentle forms. A high degree of moral sensibility may, and presumptively does, characterize each and all of these parties; nor is there anything more likely than that they may often unite their purposes and efforts in behalf of many of the same great and practical enterprises which distinguish the most enlightened nations of Christendom.

We know that many good and worthy people regard a passion for the sports of the field, as a sure index  
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not only of an unamiable but of a gross, cruel, immoral nature. It would be easy to show that there is nothing necessarily immoral in man taking the life of a wild animal for his use, or necessarily unfeeling either, seeing that in all likelihood he saves it from a much more lingering and painful death. But we go further, and maintain that field sports, the hunt and the chase, are capable and calculated to serve propitiously the moral nature of man. Not to dwell upon the good purposes which are realized in the very process of training the canine race, for example, is there no high and legitimate end attained by those exercises that above all others invigorate the body and exhilarate the spirit?—by those wayward and random excursions that, when in the happiest and most susceptible mood of mind, make man acquainted with the varieties, beauties, and most majestic scenes of the external world? Who but the sportsman, the Deer-stalker pre-eminently, has ever tasted the true inspiration which the wildest Alpine scenery of old Scotland begets?—who but he can force the unadventurous citizen to love the untamed tenants of the heath, the mountains, the rocks, and the headlong streams, to sympathize with them, to weep over them though far away? In short, let priest or cynic preach or sneer as each may, we assert it as a fact, that the most gentle and sensitive natives, and pure-minded of all we have ever known or studied among mankind, have been those who, the moment they were initiated in the sports of flood and field, have become the most enthusiastic votaries, not to the derangement or searing of their moral susceptibilities, but to the chasing away all morbidity, and producing in its stead a braced and active humanity.

Our readers, however, will hardly forgive us for this dull, introductory sort of essay, when we come, which we no longer refrain to do, to the healthful, spirit-stirring, and rewarding narratives and sketches before us. Our extracts will be far better than a thousand arguments in support of the views we entertain on the subject; nor is it possible that any one can peruse them, whose mind is whole and feelings undiseased, without welcoming the literary taste that is everywhere married to these vivid pictures and enlivening stories.

It is corroborative of our views, in regard to field sports, even the wildest of them, that though Mr. Scrope describes scenes and occurrences belonging to years, not recent, as we understand him, yet his impressions are as fresh, and his enthusiasm as ardent, as if he were setting down the experience of yesterday. We have often had an opportunity in our younger days of noticing this vividness of recollection and accuracy of description on the part of old or keen sportsmen. Ride through a country, traverse a field with any such worthy, provided that part has been the theatre at any time of his favourite pastime; and if he do not wax earnest in his details, even to the anxious precision of

telling you of the date, the state of the weather, the number and names of his dogs, the make and character of his fowling-piece, the spot, the form of the hedge or thicket, the motion, the action of all concerned in the exploit, which is the text, the whole falling most naturally and effectively into a dramatic form, then, mark him as not belonging to the craft, and having no right to desecrate its beauties and mysteries by the stupid use of its technicalities. For certain Mr. Scrope is no such dull chronicler of his Deer-Stalking triumphs.

But we forget our promise; which was, that we should no longer tarry on the threshold, keeping the anxious reader from the treat that awaits him.

Our Deer-Stalker unnecessarily bespeaks the indulgence of his literary readers. He says,—

“‘Shall a poaching, hunting, hawking ‘squire, presume to trespass on the fields of literature!’ These words, or others of similar import, I remember to have encountered in one of our most distinguished reviews. They ring still in my ears, and fill me with apprehension as it is; but they would alarm me much more if I had attempted to put my foot within the sacred enclosures alluded to. These are too full of spring-traps for my ambition, and I see ‘this is to give notice’ written in very legible characters, and take warning accordingly. Literature!—Heaven help us!—far from it; I have no such presumption; I have merely attempted to describe a very interesting pursuit as nearly as possible in the style and spirit in which I have always seen it carried on. Ten years successful practice in the forest of Atholl, (that is, we must observe, generally at best, a forest of *heather*;) have enabled me to enter into all the details that are connected with deer-stalking. That it is a chase which throws all our other field-sports far into the back-ground, and, indeed, makes them appear wholly insignificant, no one, who has been initiated in it, will attempt to deny. The beautiful motions of the deer, his sagacity, and the skilful generalship which can alone ensure success in the pursuit of him, keep the mind in a constant state of pleasurable excitement.”

Upon this prefatory passage we have merely to remark, that Mr. Scrope’s literature is sometimes fine to a fault, his scholarship uncalled for, and the writing too elaborate. We regret also that he, or any other, should think that the vividness and force of any sporting details or pictures can be increased by such exclamations as “Heaven help us!”—“For Heaven’s sake,” when the narrative may only regard the loss of a stag, or the jeopardy of a dog. Such expressions may in the heat of the chase escape lips that are habitually guarded; but truth requires it from us to say that it is too bad to interlard a closet-composition and a printed book with such irreverent phrases. Due reverence and taste can never be disinterested.

There is a good deal of useful information in Mr. Scrope’s volume, such as many curious points in the natural history of the deer, which few naturalists can have had an opportunity to observe. We shall, before

proceeding to quote some passages containing accounts of the requisites of deer-stalking, and some illustrative anecdotes and sketches, direct attention to a few of these points, in order to enable our readers to enter with better understanding and fervour into the subsequent scenes.

The shedding of horns is one of the remarkable annual events in the history of the deer. The new horns, says our author, are very sensitive, and the harts avoid bringing them into collision with any substance. Therefore, at this time—

“When they fight, they rear themselves upon their hind legs, and spar with their fore feet, keeping back their heads. They carry their horns just as long as the hind carries her fawn, which is eight months. They are not always shed at the same time, but one of them occasionally drops a day or two after the other. I myself have seldom found any other than single horns in the mosses of the forest. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the number which are picked up in any forest bears no proportion to those which are shed; and this cannot arise from their being overlooked, for they are a valuable perquisite to the keepers, and there is no part of the forest that is not traversed by them in the course of the season. What, then, becomes of them? Hinds have been seen to eat them; one will consume a part, and, when she drops it, it will be taken up and gnawed by the others. The late Duke of Atholl, indeed, once found a dead hind which had been choked by a part of the horn, that remained sticking in its throat. It is not, however, credible that all those which are missing are disposed of in this way; they rather seem to be thus eaten from wantonness and caprice, and I am not able to account satisfactorily for their disappearance. The new horns which deer acquire annually are covered with a thick sort of leaden-coloured skin, which remains on them till the deer are in good condition; it then begins to fall off, and, for a short space, hangs in shreds, ragged and broken; but they remove it as quickly as they can, by raking their antlers in the roots of the heather, or in such branches of shrubs as they can find to the purpose. When they have shaken off this skin, which is called the velvet, and which disappears in the months of August and September, they are said to have clean horns; and, as these deer are in the best condition, they are the particular object of the sportsman.”

There is much that is wild and picturesque in the courting season of the deer. Severely contested battles take place at this period between the gallants, often in presence of the dames, like others who, of old, in jousting and chivalric encounters, were wont to bestow their favours on the most valiant. Death frequently ensues. But the severest combats occur when there are no hinds present, the harts being so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. “A conflict of this savage nature,” says our stalker, “which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon’s forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so



firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain in Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner."

The sagacity of the deer is great; but in no particular is this displayed in a more interesting manner than in the care and the stratagies which the young call forth. After repeating that the period of gestation in a hind is eight months, Mr. Scrope continues:—

"She drops her fawn in high heather, where she leaves it concealed the whole of the day, and returns to it late in the evening, when she apprehends no disturbance. She makes it lie down by a pressure of her nose; and it will never stir or lift up its head the whole of the day, unless you come right upon it, as I have often done. It lies like a dog, with its nose to its tail. The hind, however, although she separates herself from the young fawn, does not lose sight of its welfare, but remains at a distance to the windward, and goes to its succour in case of an attack of the wild cat, or fox, or any other powerful vermin. I have heard Mr. John Crerer say, and it is doubtless true, that if you find a young fawn that has never followed its dam, and take it up and rub its back, and put your fingers in its mouth, it will follow you home for several miles; but if it has once followed its dam for ever so small a space before you find it, it will never follow human being. When once caught, these fawns or calves are easily made tame; and there were generally a few brought up every year by the dairy-maid at Blair. I speak of hinds only; stags soon turn vicious and unmanageable. When the calf is old enough to keep up with a herd of deer, and to take pretty good care of itself, its mother takes it off and leads it into ground that can be travelled without difficulty, avoiding precipitous and rocky places."

A few more particulars, as given by Mr. Scrope, will show how familiar he is with the habits of the animal that interests him so deeply, and with what life-like reality he can picture these wild Alpine and forest-roaming creatures to others:—

"Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of wind come occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind (those men being concealed from their view), they may be driven down it; and in certain cases they may be easily sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed these fine

fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men sling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired."

But we must come to the business of deer-stalking, and to some of the sketches and reflections to which that manly pastime and occupation have given rise, the author's professed purpose being to illustrate all the essential points that occur in the business, "both in slow and quick time," and to describe the various turns and accidents of the chase drawn from actual experience, and a passionate love of it. As for the sport itself, says he, no one can have a proper perception till he is chief in command, and able to stalk for himself; which requires long practice, close observation, and a thorough knowledge of the ground hunted and the habits of the animal. All these advantages have clearly been possessed and realized by Mr. Scrope; and by the recital of their application and use, in what he calls some instances of "moderate sport," he fulfils his professed purpose.

The Forest of Atholl was one of the principal fields and regions of our author's ardent stalking pursuits. But to those whose excursions and travels have been limited to Margate or Ramsgate, it is not easy to convey one correct notion of such expansive, strongly marked, and wild scenery. The following, however, may be relied on as a graphic notice of some of the grandest Highland compartments:—

"Here, every thing bears the original impress of nature, untouched by the hand of man since its creation.

That vast moor spread out below you: this mass of huge mountains heaving up their crests around you; and those peaks in the distance, faint almost as the sky itself,—gave the appearance of an extent boundless and sublime as the ocean. In such a place as this, the wild Indian might fancy himself on his own hunting grounds. Traverse all this desolate tract, and you shall find no dwelling, nor sheep, nor cow, nor horse, nor anything that can remind you of domestic life: you shall hear no sound but the rushing of the torrent, or the notes of the wild animals, the natural inhabitants; you shall see only the moor-fowl and the plover flying before you from hillock to hillock, or the eagle soaring aloft with his eye to the sun, or his wings wet with mist."

What nerve, what vigour, and activity of limb must be in constant requisition on the part of the man who undertakes to chase the deer in these awful solitudes, and among these magnificent traces of power and majesty! Listen, ye level-earth and tame-world sportsmen! Your consummate deer-stalker, says our author, should be able to run like an antelope and breathe like the trade winds. But this is not all:—

"He should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *ventre à terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel,—accomplished he should be in skillfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle, he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unadvisedly get into awkward cavities and curious positions:—thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better,—he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in a speat, during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die. As for sleep, he should be almost a stranger to it, activity being the great requisite; and if a man gets into the slothful habit of lying a-bed for five or six hours at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for in any other situation? Lest, however, we should be thought too niggardly in this matter, we will allow him to doze occasionally from about midnight till half-past three in the morning. Our man is thus properly refreshed, and we retain our character for liberality. Steady, very steady, should his hand be, and at times wholly without a pulse. Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, and, accordingly, they have been poet-

ically treated of; but we value not grace in our shooting-jacket, and infinitely prefer seeing our man, like Dante's Frati, '*che non hanno copercchio piloso al capo*;' because the greater the distance from the eye to the extreme point of the head, so much the quicker will the deer discover their enemy, than he will discover them. His pinnacle or predominant, therefore, should not be ornamented with a high finial or tuft. Indeed, the less hair he has upon it the better. It is lamentable to think that there are so few people who will take disinterested advice upon this or any other subject; but, without pressing the affair disagreeably, I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense to consider whether it would not be infinitely better for him to shave the crown of his head at once, than to run the risk of losing a single shot during the entire season. A man so shorn, with the addition of a little bog earth rubbed scientifically over the crown of his head, would be an absolute Ulysses on the moor, and (*cæteris paribus*) perfectly invincible."

It would appear, that to be all this and equal to all this, a man should be trained in the way he should go as soon as he is out of petticoats; otherwise the symmetry of the Antinous will avail him nought. Neither will the skill of the most dexterous rifleman be of much service, unless he has patience, hardihood, and be a perfect tactician. For instance, there happened to be appointed to the responsible and honourable office of forester, some years ago, in the forest of Ben-Ormin, one of the best shots in a rifle regiment. But he was, as respected every other most essential requisite, quite a novice; he was only able to kill one hart, during two years of apprenticeship, and at length resigned in despair. The fact is, unless a man is skilled in all particulars, possessed of unflinching confidence and resolution, and master of the stalking troop as well as of his own actions, he must obey and follow another, who, while he may be whispering, "This way, this way, Sir," may be leaving at a killing pace the pupil, or, for the time, *subordinate*, wedged among stones, sunk to the thighs among miry moss, or standing aghast at a yawning chasm, which requires a gigantic leap. Or if the *led* should be so lucky as to keep up with the forester, and game come suddenly in view, and though the sportsman be instantaneously apprised of the chance, ten to one but he is so out of breath and in such a staggering condition, that he is useless; or, which is not less provoking, the killed leader most probably will be in a precisely mathematical straight line between the rifle and the hart which he expects the sportsman to kill, leaving it to the prompt judgment of the latter whether to fire through the daylight that may appear between Donald's legs, who is several yards in advance, or give up the probable reward of a night and day's incessant toil and anxiety.

There are many things not yet alluded to by us that require to be known by the real, legitimate, and tasteful deer-stalker. He must, for instance, at a glimpse be able to distinguish between the ages, and the difference of sex of the game that comes in sight. To

kill a hind or fawn is a disgrace; and also a real injury and loss to the proprietor. The reader may guess then, how the Duke of Gordon felt, when a stranger, not aware of these circumstances, wrote to thank his Grace for a day's deer-shooting, intimating, at the same time, that he "had wounded a hind, and killed an exceedingly promising young fawn."

Mr. Scrope amusingly but effectively illustrates the rules and practices of his favourite sport by a number of well-told examples and anecdotes. One of the best of these regards a French nobleman, who had obtained considerable notoriety in the Highlands for his skill with the rifle; not, it is hinted, from any feats that had been witnessed, but simply from his excellent *soi-disant* qualities. He really had attracted the admiration even of such foresters as John Crerar and Peter Fraser; but chiefly it would seem on account of properties which were quite adequate to destroy the sport of a whole season. Nothing could have prevented his voluble tongue from going, and his singing French airs, but landanum, so long as he remained in the glen. In this dilemma it was resolved to send him up with the drivers, to get quit of him:—

"He started joyfully, for he was a famous walker—out of all sight the best in France; indeed no one of any nation was equal to him. But the hillmen asserted that this was not his particular walking day; so that, I am told, he soon became most deplorably exhausted, and, according to all accounts, delayed the drive at least an hour or so. Fortune bounteously gave him many fair shots; but, alas, what she distributed with one hand, she took away with the other; for he missed them clean every one.—'*Mais c'est étonnant cela.*' I who never make the miss." "Perhaps your honour forgot to put in the baal."—*Ah! voilà ce que c'est, vous l'avez trouvé, mon ami. Le moyen de tuer sans balle!* Now, then, I put in the powder of cannon, and there goes de balle upon the top of it—*mort de ma vie!* I now kill all the stag in Scotland, expect a leetle, and you shall surprouse much." He was a bad prophet, for he still went on, missing as before, amongst winking hillmen and grinning gillies. At length, however, the sun of his glory (which had been so long eclipsed) shone forth in amazing splendour. "Fortune," says Fluellen, "is painted upon a wheel, to signify to you (which is the moral of it) that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations;" and the turn was now in the Count's favour, for she directed his unwilling rifle towards the middle of a herd of deer, which stood "Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." Every thing was propitious; circumstance, situation, and effect; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag, in the midst of the herd, fell to the crack of his rifle. "Hah, hah!" forward ran the Count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. "*Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort donc! Moi je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah! pauvre enfant!*" He then patted the sides of the animal in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy; finally he extracted a Mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and, with an air that nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch

to the deer's nose: *Prends, mon ami, prends donc.* This operation had scarcely been performed, when the hart, who had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly, overturned the Count, ran fairly away, and was never seen again. "*Arrête toi, traître, arrête, mon enfant. Ah, c'est un enfant perdu! Allez donc à tous les diables.*" Thus ended the Count's chase."

We must now let the reader have a specimen of what the author regards as moderate sport; which includes moderate fatigue, difficulty, and uncertainty. The extract, curtail it as we may, must take up more space than we can well afford to it, thrown as the illustration is into a sort of dramatic perusal. Let it be borne in mind by the reader that *Tortoise* is the narrator himself and *Lightfoot* is a novice; hillmen and dogs filling up the list of the *personæ dramatis*.—

"The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy progress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favourable. Here was a great difficulty; it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage then was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution. "Raise not a foot nor a hand; let not a hair of your head be seen; but, as you value sport, imitate my motions precisely: everything depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds." He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs; and, placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. "Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper." "Pshaw, I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too." "Bravo;—here goes then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly: that is a difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not wet the rifles.—Hist, Peter: here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hush! hush!—he has not seen us yet; and yonder

is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south: he is almost within gun-shot even now.' A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind; and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tortoise raised his head slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. 'By heavens he's off, and you have missed him; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing; and I suppose you call this sport. If you had killed that magnificent animal, I should have rejoiced in my plight; but to miss such a great beast as that!—Here, Peter, come and squeeze my clothes, and lay me out in the sun to dry. I never saw so base a shot.' 'Hush, hush!—keep down. Why the deer's safe enough, Harry.' 'By Jove, I think he is, for I see him going through the moss as comfortably as possible.' 'We must louse a dog, sir, or he will gang forrat to the hill.' 'Let go both of them; it will be a fine chance for the young dog; but get on a little first, and put him on the scent; the deer is so low in the bog that he cannot see him.' Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity. 'Now, Sandy, run forward to the right, if you have a run in you, and get a view with the glass all down the burn of auld Heclan, and then come forwards towards Glen Deery, if you do not see the bay there. Come along, Harry, the deer is shot through the body I tell you.' 'Sangue di Diana! what makes him run so, then?' 'Hark! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No; 'twas the eagle; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again; do you hear them, Peter?' 'I didna hear naething but the pleva; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards: we shall see them at the down-come.'"

Peter prognosticated truly; the hart, a magnificent creature, is discovered standing on a narrow projecting ledge of a rock within a cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract, the spray and mist around him,

while the rocks close in upon his flanks. There he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold:—

"Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately the stag (sensible perhaps of the extreme peril of his own situation) shewed less fight than wounded deer are apt to do; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and, as he menaced with his antlers, they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. 'For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal: I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig!'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tortoise crept round cannily, cannily towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious. Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that, as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation. The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever. Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening: the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot, without a struggle."

We tack to this a bit of sentimental description of a true sportsman character, that may almost vie or be chosen as a companion-picture with one in the "Seasons."

"Give me the glass; I see him plainly enough: he is shot through the body, rather far behind, and cannot go far. Now one of the deer is licking his wound—now he begins to falter—now he turns aside and sends a wistful look after his companions, who are fast leaving him, happy and free as the air we breathe. He is making another effort to regain them: poor fellow! it may not be; you shall never join them more. Never again shall you roam with them over the grey mountains,—never more brave the storm together—sun your red flanks in the corrie—or go panting down to your wonted streams: 'brief has been your dwelling on the moor!'"

Then comes the *gralloching* of the hart; that is, the deer's head is turned back on the shoulder; it is covered with turf; a little gunpowder is sprinkled over him; and a black flag is tied to his horns to scare away the ravens. A beacon is also erected close by, to guide the party who is sent, at a convenient time, to carry home the spoil.

Such is one of the gentlest illustrations of our deer-stalking experience. But there are various other amusing features in the book, as well as details that are not without value. There are not only a variety of strange stories, legends, and accounts of superstitious belief, which one can freely excuse the foresters for originating and cherishing, bred and living as they are among those awakening scenes described by our author, but there are accounts of the most celebrated deer-forests and hunting grounds of the north. There are other features that cannot fail to recommend the work still more highly than what is solely due to Mr. Scrope's pen. It contains poetry by T. H. Liddell, &c., and certain antiquarian notices; while Landseer and other artists have lent their illustrative and embellishing aid that nothing may be left undone to interest and convey to the world a knowledge of the mysteries, the triumphs, and the ennobling delights of deer-stalking. But to many the book will be chiefly prized for the reality of its picture of strongly marked features and scenes in Highland life. We have felt transported by it to the land of mountain and flood; it has set us down among the foresters, the hill-men, the free-livers or poachers, of the north. One of these we shall introduce to our readers and then bid adieu to Mr. Scrope, with many thanks for writing such an enticing work on an unhackneyed subject. The story is of one John More who lived in Durness, renting a small farm near Dirrie-more. He was a forester to the late Duke of Atholl, but did a small business upon his own account, as the reader will now learn. John—

"Neither had, nor cared to have, permission to kill deer and game: but his whole time was devoted to poaching, and his wild mode of life rendered him an uncouth, but tolerated plunderer of the forest. Donald

Lord Reay happening to pass near John More's residence one summer morning, determined to call and endeavour to reclaim him from his lawless propensities. He left his attendants at some distance, that he might ensure confidence on the part of his rude host. He found John at home, and told him that he called to get some breakfast. John was evidently proud of this visit, and pleased with the frank manner in which he was accosted, having been usually threatened by those in authority with imprisonment and the gallows.—'Come in, Donald,' said John, in Gaelic, 'and sit on my stool, and you will get to eat what cost me some trouble in collecting.' His lordship entered the hut, and was soon seated in a dismal corner; but John opened a wooden shutter that had filled up a hole in the wall, through which daylight entered, and revealed a tall black-looking box, which was the only article in the house that could be used as a table. John bustled about with great activity, and, to his lordship's surprise, pulled out from the box two or three beautifully white dinner napkins. One of them was placed on the top of the box as a table-cloth, and the other spread on his lordship's knees. The fire, which glimmered in the centre of the room, was then roused, and made to burn more freely. This proceeding denoted that John had some provisions to cook;—from a dark mysterious recess he drew forth a fine gilse, already split open and ready for being dressed. By means of two long wooden spigots, which skewered the fish, and the points of which were stuck into the earthen hearth, the gilse was placed before the burning peats, and turned occasionally. Soon after a suspicious looking piece of meat was placed over the embers; and when all was cooked, John placed it upon the box before his chief, saying—'John More's fattest dish is ready;'—adding, that the salmon was from one of his lordship's rivers, and the meat the breast of a deer. Lord Reay asked for a knife and some salt; but John replied—'that teeth and hands were of little use, if they could not master dead fish and flesh; that the deer seasoned their flesh with salt on the hill, whilst the herring could not do so in the sea; and that the salmon, like the Durness butter, was better without salt. John produced also some smuggled brandy; and pressed his lordship to eat and drink heartily, making many remarks on the manliness of eating a good breakfast. The chief thought this a good opportunity to endeavour to make a proper impression upon his lawless host; and, after having been handsomely regaled by plunder from his own forest, determined to act with such generosity towards More as would keep him within reasonable bounds in future. 'I am well pleased, John (said he), that although you invade the property of others, you do not conceal the truth, and that you have freely given me the best entertainment that your depredations on my property have enabled you to bestow. I will, therefore, allow you to go occasionally to Fionavon in search of a deer, if you will engage not to interfere with deer or any sort of game in any other part of my forest.' More could never tolerate any restraint, and his answer was begun almost before Lord Reay had finished his handsome offer. 'Donald (said he), you may put Fionavon in your paunch,—for wherever the deer are, there will John More be found.'"

Many of Mr. Hoffman's "Wild Scenes" on the other side of the Atlantic form good companion-pictures to those furnished by Mr. Scrope. They are frequently, however, of a still more exciting and adven-

ture cast; being equally characteristic of the country, of the people, of the game and objects of chase. We must also say that the descriptions are not less happy, fresh, and real; and that they are manifestly the offspring of experience and unforced enthusiasm, bearing at the same time more decided marks of youthful glee and forward-looking. If length of days is vouchsafed to the American, be assured the sources of the Hudson, the banks of the Wisconsin, and the Sacondaga,—the three points in the Forests and Prairies constituting the theatre of Mr. Hoffman's sketches,—will again be the scenes to him of "Wild Sports," and furnish themes not less arousing for legendary tales, anecdotes of redmen, lumberers, and hunters, and powerful descriptions of appalling solitudes, than what are here before us.

These volumes consist of a series of tales, intended, no doubt, to serve as a pleasant vehicle, or frame-work to a variety of faithful delineations of scenery and life in the new world—the sports pursued in the localities already mentioned constituting, in our estimation, by far the most striking and attractive portions. To these our present purpose, at any rate, properly confines us; and a few specimens from such portions, we are sure, will be welcomed by our readers, even after the large space occupied by kindred topics.

It will not be necessary to go farther than the sources of the Hudson to find materials to the reader's mind. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that this locality, though so near the capital, and in the state of New York, has only lately been surveyed—it may be said, discovered; our author having been among the very first that explored it. It is a lofty and expansive region, yet in its purely natural condition; the mountains, lakes, and forests being still, and so near the sea-board too, the undisturbed haunts, save by a few John Chenneys, of the wolf, the panther, the bear, the moose, the deer, &c. The demolition of the pine-forests, however, and the conversion of less valuable wood into charcoal, are operations which have been rapidly clearing the country. Farming is about to make large encroachments; the old race of hunters having already begun to find new employment in acting as guides to the owners of lands, and in projecting roads for them through districts where an ordinary surveyor could hardly be paid for the exercise of his profession.

We must now introduce our readers to one of these hunters, under whose kindly wing our author witnessed various forest adventures and forest life-shifts, that would put Mr. Scrope's *helpers*, and the hillmen of Old Scotia, to the blush. Mr. Hoffman says—

"I had heard of some of John Cheney's feats before coming into this region, and expected, of course, to see one of those roystering, cavorting, rifle-shirted blades that I have seen upon our western frontier, and was at first not a little disappointed when a slight-looking man

of about seven-and-thirty, dressed like a plain countryman, and of a peculiar quiet, simple manner, was introduced to me as the doughty slayer of bears and panthers; a man that lived winter and summer three-fourths of the time in the woods; and a real *bond fide* hunter by profession. Nay, there struck me as being something of the ridiculous about his character when I saw that this formidable Nimrod carried with him, as his only weapon and insignia of his art, *a pistol and a jack-knife!* But when, at my laughing at such toys, I was told by others of the savage encounters which John, assisted by his dog, and aided by these alone, had undertaken successfully—not to mention the number of deer which he sent every winter to market—my respect for his hunting-tools was mightily increased, and a few days in the woods with him sufficed to extend that respect to himself."

John is expert at all kinds of wild sports which the region affords; he can also dress and cook as dexterously as he can kill. After having prepared a plump, red, juicy, lake trout, all ready for the appetite, and put it upon a clean cedar chip, laid before the gentlemen, with an accompaniment of roast potatoes and capital wheaten bread, the party being squatted, of course, under the unscreened canopy of heaven, and high among the mountains, the conversation took this turn, at an early period of the mutual acquaintance-ship:—

"Now," said John, "isn't this better than taking your dinner shut up in a close room?"—"Certainly, John," said I. "A man ought never to go into a house except he is ill, and wishes to use it for a hospital." "Well, now, I don't know whether you are in earnest in saying that, but that's jist my way of thinking. Twice I have given up hunting, and taken to a farm: but I always get sick after living long in housen. I don't sleep well in them; and sometimes when I go to see my friends, not wishing to seem particular like, I jist let them go quietly to bed, and then slip out of a window with my blanket, and get a good nap under a tree in the open air. A man wants nothing but a tree above him to keep off the dew, and make him feel kind of homelike, and then he can enjoy a real sleep."—"But are you never disturbed by any wild animal when sleeping thus without fire or a camp?" one of us asked.—"Well, I remember once being awakened by a cretur. The dumb thing was standing right over me, looking into my face. It was so dark, that neither of us, I suppose, could see what the other was: but he was more frightened than I was, for when I raised myself a little he ran off so fast that I couldn't make out what he was; and seeing it was so dark, that to follow him would be of no account, I laid down again and slept till morning, without his disturbing me again."—"Suppose it had been a bear?"—"Well, a bear isn't exactly the varmint to buckle with so off-hand; though lying on your back is about as good a way as any to receive him, if your knife be long and sharp; but afore now, I've treed a bear at nightfall, and sitting by the root of the tree until he should come down, have fallen asleep, from being too tired to keep good watch, and let the fellow escape before morning."

This is capital: what reader can refuse his respect for John Cheney, or would not after this trust property

and life to him with the utmost alacrity and confidence, though utterly defenceless and far away from all other human succour? But he grows upon us, in whatever scene or adventure he is met. Take him in the case of *camping out* in the wilderness:—

"'It ain't so bad a place for camping out,' said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned—'it ain't so bad a place to camp, if it didn't rain so like all natur. I wouldn't mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee; but you see the birch bark won't run at this season, and it's pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs—hows'ever gentlemen, I'll do the best by ye.' And so he did! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as staunch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft as ever roamed the broad forest; and beshrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean time unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and thrashing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our matches would not ignite, and when we had recourse to flint and steel, every thing was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John began to look exceedingly anxious:—'Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.' Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and stooping under it he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the 'camp' was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city sawyer, who had all his timber carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire; while John busied himself in broiling some bacon

which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun."

We must pass over the detail of these troubles, stirring though it be one way and another; but, in consequence of John's management and dexterity, they got through a dreadful night. Mr. Hoffman never enjoyed a sounder snooze, though the hunter, it appears, took precedence of him in going to the land of dreams; for, says the author, "The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—'Well it's one comfort, since its taken on to blow so, I've cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.'"

We regret, on account of our readers, that we cannot make room for an illustration of the method of taking that noblest of all forest game, the moose, in what is called his *yard*, during the severity of winter, when deep deep snow is upon the ground; for to be in keeping with the principal subject of our paper, we wish to give an example of deer-hunting in the vicinity of the sources of the Hudson. *Withing* is one of the arts employed by the *camping-out* hunters; that is, a lasso is made of the saplings of birchwood, which is thrown over the animal, sometimes in the forests, but more effectually, it would seem, when it is overtaken swimming in a lake. The following account can hardly be surpassed for vividness, spirit, and freshness. The writer's perception and glowing description of scenic beauty, and his hearty and tender appreciation of the sentiments naturally inspired by the things that surrounded him, are delightfully exemplified in what follows:—

"Running the canoe under the trees, whose morning shadows still hung over the lake, we stretched ourselves upon the grass, listening and looking with the most eager attention for the first intimation of approaching sport. There was a slight ripple upon the lake, which was not favourable to our seeing the deer should he take the water at any great distance from us; and the incessant call of the jay, with the ever-changing cry of the loon, created so many noises in the woods, generally so still, that the opening of the hounds might have escaped us unheard. These early sounds, however, soon ceased as the sun came marching up above the mountain tops, and spread the silver waves from the centre of the lake far and wide, into all its sheltered bays and wood-embowered friths. The faint ripple of the waters upon the rocky shore was the only murmur left. My companions were conversing in a subdued voice, and I was lying a little apart from them revelling in the singular beauty of the scene, and trying to fix in my memory the peculiar outline of a ridge of mountains opposite, when I heard the faint crashing of a bough upon the other side of the lake, and running my eye along the water, discovered a noble buck, with fine antlers, swimming beneath the bark. My comrades caught sight of him a moment afterwards, and we all waited with eager anxiety to see him put out far enough for us to row round him, and cut him off from the shore. But the buck had evidently no idea of making a traverse of the lake at this time. He was far in advance of the



hounds, and had taken the water at this place, not from being hotly pursued, but only to throw them off the scent, and then double on his own track. He, therefore, kept swimming along the shore, close under the steep bank, looking up at it every now and then, as if in search of a 'runway' which would carry him back again into the depths of the forest."

Before following Mr. H. to the hunt, an incidental reflection will come aptly in. No one could have thought of the ideas which it embraces and recognises, and no one could have so distinctly and delicately expressed them, who had never been in a situation where they were forced upon him:—

"There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting-station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such 'creeping murmurs' from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, making themselves heard above the rustling of his footsteps. But watching thus for young quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you, at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the 'piled leaves,' too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting."

It cannot require all Mr. Scrope's experience and congeniality of feeling, after this, to impress a due sense of the appropriateness of the phrase *still-hunting*, Mr. Hoffman's term for the stealthy craftship of deer-stalking, or deer-withing. Now for the *finale*.—

"The buck, after crossing at the inlet, made a circuit of several miles, and before we could pull half way down the lake, took the water at a runway opposite to the inlet, behind which Catlin was watching in his skiff. Cool and experienced in the sport, this hunter never broke his cover until the deer got fairly out into the lake, when he launched out and turned him so quickly, that the buck made for the island which his pursuer had just left. Linus, however, was took quick for him, and threw his withe over the deer's antlers before he could touch the bottom with his feet. But the buck was a fellow of great weight and vigour, and feeling himself thus entangled, he made a lateral spring into deeper water, which dragged the hunter out of the boat in an instant. Linus fortunately seized one of the oars, which, being rigged with swivels instead of rowlocks, still kept him connected with the skiff. But his situation was a precarious one; the buck becoming the assailant, struck at him with his forefeet, and got him again fairly under water. He rose this time however, with the oar between himself and his antagonist, and while clutching the gunwale of the boat with one hand, seized the withe which had escaped from his grasp, in the same moment that the buck made a pass at him with his horns, which ripped up the bosom of his shirt, and was within an inch of goring him to death. But before the desperate animal could repeat the thrust, the hunter had gained the skiff, now half full of water, and

seizing the first missile that came to hand, he dealt the buck a blow upon the head, which followed up by a slash from his hunting-knife, put an end to the encounter.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A group worthy of Inman's pencil was collected around the roaring fire, by which the dripping Catlin was drying himself; while Cheney, with the fat buck before him, and the dogs licking the blood at his feet, as ever and anon he paused in his operation, and turned round to us, to point out some graceful line of fat with his hunting-knife, would have formed the prominent features of the picture. The potatoes, in the meantime, were roasted whole, or sliced up with various savoury matters, which were put into the kettle to boil; and though we had omitted to bring tumblers with us, Cheney's axe hollowed out and fashioned some most ingenious drinking-cups, which were ready by the time divers choice morsels of venison had been grilled upon the coals. There were a few drops at the bottom of an old flask of cognac for each of us; we had Mackinaw-blankets, stretched upon balsam branches, to recline upon; there was no call of duty or business to remind us of the lapse of hours: and stories and anecdotes of former huntings in these mountains, with practical discussions as to what part of a deer afforded the most savoury venison, prolonged the repast till sunset."

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From the Quarterly Review.

*How to Observe—Morals and Manners.* By Harriet Martineau. Charles Knight. London. 1838.

In the year of the world 6798, answering to the vulgar era of 1835, an association of philanthropic geniuses of both sexes combined to emulate the *material* improvements of the age—gas, rail-roads, and balloons—by teaching mankind a new and wonderful problem in *morals—how to observe*. This association seems to be an offset from the illustrious 'Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' and means, we understand, to publish a complete encyclopædia *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—of which the work before us is an early specimen. As *observation*, in the general sense of the term, is clearly the dawn of human faculties, (for the new-born infant shows by an expression of pain that it *observes* its change of situation,) it is strictly in the order of nature and logic that this society, meaning to proceed scientifically through the whole physical and mental economy of man, should begin with *How to observe*. The next essay of the series—*How to suck*—is in the hands of the professor of statistics in the London University, and will speedily appear, with an appendix, by Charles Babbage, Esq., on *artificial sucking*, vulgarly called *milk-ing*, accompanied by the specification of a machine which he has invented for performing that operation on more cleanly and economical principles than by the human hand, and which only awaits a grant of 5000*l.* from the Treasury, to be brought into operation at

Spring Garden gate: and the third, *How to talk*, by a promising pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, is only delayed by Mr. Knight's not being yet able to find a deaf and dumb compositor to communicate with the author: and so on through all the other categories.

*How to observe*, in *geology*, has, we understand, already appeared, by an able explorer of the bowels of the earth under the typical cognomen of *De la Bèche*. This author labours under the disadvantage of knowing a good deal of the matter he writes about, which makes his book rather perplexing to the uninformed, for whose use the society professes to publish. But even in this work, though much of it is above ordinary capacities, there are some things not uninteresting even to very young tastes—such as the precept that every body should be constantly furnished with a cup half full of *treacle* to ascertain the direction of *earthquakes*.\*

But the second treatise of this class, namely, *How to observe the morals and manners* of the various nations of the globe, has been most properly confided to Miss Martineau—who enjoys, it seems, the great, and in the literary world almost singular, advantage of never having been on the continent of Europe, nor indeed in any country of which English is not the vernacular idiom. This circumstance, it is clear, must produce a fortunate sympathy between the teacher and the pupil, however ignorant and inexperienced the latter may be.

We shall hereafter perhaps take a larger view of the progress of his magnificent scheme, which promises to render the future modes of performing all animal and intellectual functions as superior to those in present use as the Birmingham rail-carriage is to Pickford's waggon. For the present, however, we must content ourselves with displaying the merits of the system as developed by Miss Martineau, and, as *mere* extracts could give but an inadequate idea of the precision of her style and the closeness of her reasoning, we shall rather endeavour to let her explain herself in her own words, and to exhibit to our readers a *miniature*, as it were, rather than a review of this great original, preserving even her scientific division of her labours into *parts, chapters, sections, &c.*, and only interjecting here and there a few explanatory remarks of our own to render our abridgment more intelligible.

## PART I.

### REQUISITES FOR OBSERVATION.

#### INTRODUCTION.

'There is no department of inquiry in which it is not full as easy to miss truth as to find it; as a child does not catch a gold fish in water at the first trial.' p. 1—

\* This ridiculous, and utterly impracticable proposition has been actually and solemnly propounded in the work alluded to, as the combined recommendation of two grave philosophers, Messrs. Babbage and De la Bèche.

'The power of observation must be trained;' for 'which of us would undertake to classify the morals and manners of any hamlet in England after spending a summer in it?' 'If it be thus with us at home,' 'what hope remains for the foreign tourist?'—p. 4.

Not much, certainly; for, at *six months* per hamlet, Methuselah himself would hardly get from La Vendée to the Simplon.

'I remember some striking words addressed to me, before I set out on *my* travels, by a *wise man*, since dead. "You are going to spend two years in the United States," said he. "Now just tell me,—do you expect to understand the Americans by the time you come back? You do not: that is well. I lived five and twenty years in Scotland, and I fancied I understood the Scotch; then I came to England, and supposed I should soon understand the English. I have now lived five-and-twenty years here, and I begin to think I understand neither the Scotch nor the English."—p. 5.

Such was the low state of the science of observation under the old system; but by Miss Martineau's new lights she was enabled, contrary to her own modest apprehension and her *wise man's* prophecy, to see all America in two years, and has published six octavo volumes on that country, containing, no doubt, more valuable information than 'the wise man' of the old school could collect about his native land in twice five-and-twenty years.

'The traveller must not generalize on the spot.'—'A *raw English* traveller in *China* was entertained by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red-haired; he immediately made a note of the fact that all the men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired.'—p. 6.

We have heard this 'anecdote,' not of a *raw English* traveller (who could not be very raw if he travelled *into* China), but of an old case-hardened Scotch doctor, one Tobias Smollett, to whom the thing is said to have happened, not at Peking, but at a French post-house.\*

'These anecdotes,' however, 'are *better* than the old *narratives* of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."—*Id.*

#### How much?

'It was a great mistake of a geologist to assign a wrong level to the Caspian Sea; and 'it is difficult to foresee when the British public will believe that the Americans are a mirthful nation, or even that the French are not almost all cooks or dancing-masters.' p. 7.—'As long as travellers generalize on morals and manners as hastily as they do, it will probably be impossible to establish a general conviction that no *civilised* nation is ascertainably better or worse than any other on this side barbarism.'—pp. 7, 8.

\* The story is still older than Smollett. We find it in a French '*Dictionnaire a Anecdotes*,' printed long before Smollett's travels, and there attributed to a German, 'qui passant par Blois, où son hôte et sa hôte et peu complaisante, mit sur son *Album*.—N. B. *Toutes les femmes de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres*.'

With a short commentary on this important and undeniable truth—that no civilised nation can be better in morals or manners than any other civilised nation, unless the last-mentioned civilised nation should be also barbarous,—the *Introduction* closes.

## CHAPTER I.

### 'PHILOSOPHICAL REQUISITES.

'There are two parties to the work of observation—the observer and the observed: This is an important fact.'—p. 11.

Very!

### 'SECTION I.

'A traveller must have made up his mind as to what it is he wants to know. In physical science great results may be obtained by *hap-hazard* experiments; but this is not the case in morals.' p. 11.—'The wise traveller's aim' should be 'the exclusion of prejudice. In short, he is to prepare himself to bring whatever he may observe to the test of some *high and broad principle*, and not to that of a low comparative practice,' which will enable him to discover that, although 'in his native village, to leave the door open or shut bears no relation to morals and little to manners, to shut the door is as *cruel an act* in a Hindoo hut, as to leave it open in a Greenland cabin.'—p. 14.

Just the same—there seldom being a *door* in either.

'To test one people by another is to argue within a very small segment of a circle.'—*ib.*

To argue *in a circle* is, we all know, bad logic: how much worse must it be to argue in the *segment* of a circle! There was long ago in France a fellow, one Molière, who is supposed to have known *how to observe*; and, though he was reckoned no great mathematician, he had the good luck to stumble '*hap-hazard*,' as will 'sometimes happen in the physical sciences,' on this very distinction between the circle and the segment.

*Mascarille*.—Te souvient-il, Vicomte, de cette *demi-lune* que nous emportâmes sur les ennemis au siège d'Arras?

*Jodelet*.—Que veux-tu dire avec ta *demi-lune*? C'était bien une *lune toute entière*.

This curious coincidence may perhaps induce Miss Martineau to look into the ingenious work which she has thus, no doubt unconsciously, imitated—it is called *LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES*, and cannot fail, we assure her, to be of great use to one who so well knows '*how to observe*.'

### 'SECTION II.

'The traveller, when he was a child, was probably taught that eyes, ears, and understanding are all sufficient to gain for him as much knowledge as he will have time to acquire;' *ib.*—

but that was a mistake—

'a traveller may do better without eyes, or without ears, than without principles.'—p. 14.

And, indeed, the only two travellers mentioned with any degree of approbation in the whole work are

'Holman, the *blind* traveller, who gains a wonderful amount of information, though he is shut out from the evidence yielded by the human countenance, and by way-side *groups*,' and 'the case of the Deaf Traveller,'—[name not stated]—'which leads us to say the same about the other great avenue of knowledge.'—The blind and the deaf travellers must suffer under a deprivation or deficiency of certain classes of facts. The condition of the unphilosophical traveller is *much worse*.' *ib.*—

This superiority of the blind and deaf in the new science of *observing* is strongly illustrated by the following questions:—

'Is the Shaker of New England a good judge of the morals and manners of the Arab of the Desert?'—p. 17.

Clearly not—particularly if he can see or hear.

'What sort of a verdict would the shrewdest gipsy pass upon the monk of La Trappe? What would the Scotch peasant think of the magical practices of Egypt? or the Russian soldier of a meeting of electors in the United States?'—*ib.*

We cannot answer these questions; but Miss Martineau's inference is plain and undeniable—none of these persons could be expected in their present state to write an instructive book of travels, whereas, if any of them, after losing eyes and ears, should by any means become acquainted with this excellent work, and thereby learn *how to observe*, he

'would see the whole of the earth in one contemplation.'—'In the extreme North, there is the snow-hut of the Esquimaux, shining with the fire within, like an alabaster lamp left burning in a wide waste.'—'In the extreme East, there is the Chinese family in their garden, treading its paved walks.'—'In the extreme South, there is the Colonist of the Cape, lazily basking before his door.'—'In the extreme West, the hunters laden with furs.'—'Here is the Russian nobleman on his estate, the lord of the fate of his serfs;—his wife leads a languid life among her spinning-maidens.'—'There is the Frankfort trader dwelling among equals.'—'Here is the French peasant returning from the field in total ignorance of what has taken place in the capital of late; and there is the English artisan carrying home to his wife some fresh hopes of the interference of parliament about labour and wages. Here is a conclave of Cardinals; there a company of Brahmins.'—'A troop of horsemen traversing the desert.'—'A German vineyard.'—'The Swiss mountains.'—'The coffee-house at Cairo.'—'The churches of Italy.'—'And the New England parlour, where the young scholar reads the Bible to parent or aged grandfather. All these, and more, will a traveller of the most enlightened order revolve before his mind's eye as he notes the groups which are presented to his senses. Of such travellers there are but too few.' pp. 18, 19.

Very few indeed; and, considering that there are but two *blind* travellers extant,\* and only *one* that we

\* The French, who seem resolved to outdo us in all branches of *philosophy*, have pushed Miss Martineau's

know of, stone deaf, we cannot but wonder where Miss Martineau has collected all this valuable information.

## SECTION III.

'As an instance of the advantage which a philosophical traveller has over an unprepared one, look at the difference which will enter into a man's judgment of nations, according as he carries about with him the *vague popular notion of a moral sense*, or has investigated the laws under which feelings of right and wrong grow up in all men.' p. 21.—'When he sees the Arab or American Indian offer daughter or wife to the stranger, as a part of the hospitality which is, in the host's mind, the first of the duties, the observer regards the fact as he regards the mode of education in old Sparta, where physical hardihood and moral slavery constituted a man most honourable.'—'To go without clothing was, till lately, perfectly innocent in the South Sea Islands; but, now that civilization has been fairly established by the missionaries, it has become a sin.'—'Instances of such varieties and oppositions of conscience might be multiplied till they filled a volume, to the perplexity and grief of the unphilosophical, and the *serene instruction* of the philosophical observer.'—p. 24.

No doubt the Cyprian hospitality of the Indian might surprise and, peradventure, perplex an *unphilosophical* observer, while even the stark-naked modesty of the South Seas could not disturb the *blind*; but what is meant by *serene instruction*, or what *instruction* of any kind could be derived from those odd exhibitions, we do not exactly understand. We suppose Miss Martineau does.

'Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God.'—'When the Ashantee offers a human sacrifice,'—'when the Hindoo exposes his sick parent in the Ganges,'—'when Sand stabbed Kotzebue,'—'when the Georgian planter buys and sells slaves,'—'these things would be wickedness, perpetrated against better knowledge, if the supposition of a universal infallible *moral sense* were true.' The traveller who should consistently adhere to the motion of a moral sense, must pronounce the Ashantee worshipper as guilty as Greenacre: the Hindoo son a parricide, not only in fact, but in the most revolting sense of the term: Sand, a Thurtell; and the Georgian planter such a monster of tyranny as a Sussex farmer would be if he set up a whippingpost for his labourers, and sold their little ones to gipsies. Such judgments would be cruelly illiberal.'

'So much for one instance of the advantage to the traveller of being provided with definite principles,'—'instead of mere *vague moral notions* and general prepossessions, which can serve only as a false medium, by which much that he sees must necessarily be perverted or obscured.'—p. 25.

theory even further than Lieutenant Holman, the blind Englishman; he only publishes his observations—but a blind Frenchman has announced his voyage round the world with *sketched views*. We copy the advertisement from the last French papers:—'*Souvenirs d'un Aveugle. Voyage autour du Monde, par M. Jacques Arago, enrichi de soixante magnifiques dessins d'après les croquis de M. Arago, à la fidélité desquels l'Académie a rendu les témoignages les plus honorables.* Hortel et Ozaune, Editeurs, 58, Rue Jacob.' This blind traveller and draftsman is a younger brother of Arago, the *savant*.

The conclusion is clear—a traveller had better get rid of that old *prejudice* about a *moral sense*, or else not see at all.

## SECTION IV.

'The traveller, having satisfied himself that there are some universal feelings about right and wrong.'—[This seems somewhat inconsistent with the former chapter—but what of that?]'—'must next give his attention to modes of conduct, which seem to him good or bad,—'His first general principle is, that the *law of nature is the only one* by which mankind at large can be judged.'—p. 27.

With these lights—the moral and religious purity of which needs no eulogy from us—he will be able to distinguish, what no human intellect can do with such guiding principles, 'a citizen of Philadelphia from one of London,' 'a Polish peasant from an American farmer'—'a court lady from Dr. Adam Smith'—'gold and silver' from bread and butter—and 'a feudal castle on a rock or some other eminence,' from a steamboat on the Mississippi.

These are, it will be confessed, fine distinctions, and indeed shades of character imperceptible to any one who has not profoundly studied *how to observe*, while a traveller who has that unspeakable advantage will not only be able to *distinguish* between such material objects as 'Madame d'Aunoy' and the Glasgow professor, but, what seems still more difficult, will be taught to confound certain moral notions hitherto considered as quite irreconcilable:—

'His *second* general principle'—[we have just seen that his *first* must be that there is no such thing as a *moral sense*]—'must be that every prevalent virtue or vice is the result of the particular circumstances amidst which the society exists.'—'He will not visit individuals with any bitterness of censure for participating in prevalent faults.'—'Nor indulge contempt, or anything but a mild compassion, for ANY social DEPRAVITY or deformity.'—p. 39.

So far is clear and easy; there is no real distinction between good and bad, nor any moral difference between right and wrong; but the second chapter opens with a postulate, which is, to us at least, somewhat discouraging:—

## CHAPTER II.

## MORAL REQUISITES.

'An observer, to be perfectly accurate, should be himself *perfect*.' p. 40. *A fortiori*, one who can teach observers, must be *præter-pluperfect*, or we should perhaps write it *præter-blue-perfect*.

But Miss Martineau is aware that few mortals can be so fortunate as herself in having attained absolute perfection, and she kindly holds out a hope that a person who may happen to fall something short of *perfection* may still be allowed to make a tour on the Conti-

nent; but there is one qualification, less difficult, indeed, which she still rigidly insists upon as a *sine qua non*.

'The observer must have sympathy; and his sympathy must be untrammelled and unreserved.' p. 41.—'As well might the *Er-king* go and play the florist in the groves and plains of the tropics, as an unsympathizing man render an account of society.'—'If a man have not sympathy, there is no point of the universe—none so wide even as the Mahomedan bridge over the bottomless pit—where he can meet with his fellow.'—p. 42.

It seems as if some awful and important truth were shrouded under this mysterious imagery; but all that we can gather from it is an inference that, if such a philosophical traveller as Miss Martineau describes, shall ever *meet his fellow*, it must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the *bottomless pit*.

"Human conduct," says a philosopher, "is guided by rule."—p. 44.

We could have wished that a proposition so startling as this had been substantiated by the name of the philosophic author; but it is at least supported by an illustrious practical example—

'*Robinson Crusoe* could not have endured his life a month without rules to live by.'

Miss Martineau has, no doubt, discovered that *Robinson Crusoe* was not, as is vulgarly thought, a vision of Defoe's brain, but a real traveller, whose example should be carefully studied. For this, she has the authority of the French lady, who asked Sir Thomas Robinson at a dinner-table in Paris, '*Monsieur, seriez vous, par hazard, le fameux Robinson?*'

From *Robinson Crusoe*, Miss Martineau proceeds naturally to the metaphysics of sympathy.

'When sentiment is connected with the rules by which men live, they become religion.'—'If the stranger cannot sympathize in the sentiment, he 'can never understand the political religion of the United States'—'like one who, without hearing the music, sees a room-full of people begin to dance. The case is the same with certain Americans who have no antiquarian sympathies, and who think our sovereigns mad for riding to St. Stephen's in the royal state-coach.'—*ib.*

Here is a striking instance that knowing *how to observe* may be as useful at home as abroad—until Miss Martineau's more accurate system of observation had enlightened us, we always thought that, when our sovereigns went to parliament, they went to the House of Lords, and not to the House of Commons, and we even imagined that there might be some latent constitutional reason for the preference—but we were, it seems, mistaken.

'If an *unsympathizing* stranger is so perplexed by' 'a royal procession,' 'what would he have thought' 'in Hayti, when Toussaint L'Ouverture ranged his negro forces before him, called out thirteen men from the

ranks by name, and ordered them to be immediately shot?' 'Toussaint's nephew being one of them.'—'He might have pronounced Toussaint a ferocious despot, and the thirteen so many craven fools; while the facts wear a very different aspect to one who knows the minds of the men.'—p. 45.

The *unsympathizing* traveller would have, it seems, sympathized with the victims, while a *sympathizing* traveller would not.

### 'CHAPTER III.

#### 'MECHANICAL REQUISITES.

'No philosophical or moral fitness will qualify a traveller to *observe* a people if he does not select a mode of travelling which will enable him to see and converse with a number and variety of persons.' 'The travelling arrangements of the English preclude the possibility of studying morals and manners.' 'I have heard gentlemen say that they lose half their pleasure in going abroad, from the coldness and shyness with which the English are treated.'—'I have heard ladies say that they find great difficulty in becoming acquainted with their neighbours at the *tables d' hôtel*.'—p. 52.

It is certainly a lamentable truth that English *ladies*, and even English *women*, are miserably deficient in this kind of sympathy; and what is still worse, unphilosophical husbands and fathers encourage them in such *unnatural* and culpable reserve: while on the contrary,

'A good deal may be learned on board steamboats, and in such vehicles as the American stages;'—but—'when steamboats ply familiarly on the Indus, and we have the railroad to Calcutta,'—'when we make trips to New Zealand, and think little of a run down the west coast of Africa,'—'our countrymen will perforce, exchange conversation with the persons they meet, and may chance to get rid of the unsociability for which they are notorious.'—'Meantime, the wisest and happiest traveller is the pedestrian.'—'To see either scenery or people, let all who have strength and courage go on foot. I prefer this even to horse-back. A horse is an anxiety and a trouble.'—p. 52.

This is undeniable; particularly if Miss Martineau had to groom her own nag; and indeed, under any circumstances a horse would be of comparatively little use either in the American stages or steamboats, and quite as little in a voyage to New Zealand; but there are circumstances in which we humbly think that horses and carriages have their advantages; even a male pedestrian might get foot-sore, a female might find it difficult to carry an adequate quantity of becoming apparel, and the progress of either, would be rather slow, considering that, according to Miss Martineau's *programme*, one has to visit the 'Esquimaux,' 'the Chinese,' 'the Hottentots,' 'the American fur-hunters,' 'the Russians,' 'Frankfort,' 'France,' 'England,' 'Rome at the Conclave,' 'Cairo,' &c. Captain Barclay, in his best speed and a flannel-jacket, could not get over the ground during his natural life, particularly if he were to diverge—as is prescribed by Miss Martineau—

'To sit on a rock in the midst of a rushing stream as often in a day as he likes'—to hunt a waterfall by its sound—'to follow out any tempting glade in any wood. There is no cushion of moss at the foot of an old tree that he may not sit down on if he pleases. He can read for an hour without fear of passing by something unnoticed.'—'His food; he eats it under the alders in some recess of a brook. He is secure of his sleep; and, when his waking eyes rest upon his knapsack, *his heart leaps* with pleasure as he remembers where he is, and what at day is before him.'—p. 53.

In all this we cordially agree, except, perhaps, as to the superior security of the *knapsack*, which we fear might be as easily stolen from a sleeping traveller as a coach-trunk or imperial out of a bed-chamber. In general Miss Martineau does not describe her *philosophical* traveller as subject to violent emotions. Witness the indifference with which he is supposed to contemplate the Venuses of the South sea; but his *heart leaps* at the sight of his *knapsack*. This reminds us of a philosophical observer of the name of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, senior, who was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at his club, when he showed some demonstration of vivacity at the sight of a delicate *loin of veal*!

But, after all, the greatest difficulty in the way of pedestrianism is the delay, particularly as Miss Martineau specifically states as the most contiguous places which must be visited after this manner, 'Dunkeld Bridge, the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat.' p. 56. And, indeed, here she may be right, for we do think that, if half a dozen travellers were to set out under her directions from Dunkeld, their first and final place of meeting might possibly be the valley of Jehoshaphat.

'Nothing need be said on a matter so obvious as the necessity of understanding the language of the people visited.' p. 58.—'Difference of language is undeniably a great difficulty.'—'Happily, however, the difficulty may be *presently* so far surmounted as not to interfere with the object of observing morals and manners.'—p. 59.

This is certainly the most useful and important point in the whole book; this '*presently*,' acquiring all languages—this miraculous gift of tongues, will immortalize the name of the illustrious inventor. Instead of the old French proverb, *il parle francais comme une vache Espagnole*, we shall hear, *'il parle telle ou telle langue comme Mademoiselle Martineau*,' who, it seems, talks no language but her own. Like all other great discoveries, the 'process,' when once explained, appears equally simple and effectual. It is conveyed in one word—an *observer* need never *speak*! and to one who never speaks all tongues are clearly the same. But—

'Impossible as it may be to attain to an adequate expression of one's self in a foreign tongue, it is *easy* to

most persons to learn to *understand it perfectly* when spoken by others.'—*ib.*

Quite easy; the *only* possible difficulty in the process would be our having already

'become first acquainted with the language in books,' such as 'French Dialogue' and 'Krummacher's Parables,' which lead us to suppose too solemn and weighty a meaning in what is expressed in an unfamiliar language.'—*ib.*

But a language which you have had the prudence never to attempt to learn out of a book, and *à fortiori* all the other languages (Esquimaux', Hottentot's, New Zealander's, &c.) which have no books to impede the process, come,—as reading and writing did to Dogberry,—'by nature,' and are, in short, '*as easy as—lying!*'

These preliminaries having been settled—that the traveller must proceed on foot—that he shall not have attempted to learn the various languages out of books—and that he shall have furnished himself with a knapsack and *sympathy*, as means *how to observe*, we are next to enquire *what to observe*.

## 'PART II.

### 'WHAT TO OBSERVE.

'A good many features compose the physiognomy of a nation; and scarcely any traveller is qualified to study them all.'—p. 61.

This useful suggestion as to concentrating one's curiosity is inculcated by a familiar and well-known illustration.

'I believe every portrait-painter trusts mainly to *one feature* for the fidelity of his likenesses, and bestows more study and care on that one than on any other.'—*ib.*

Every body knows that Sir Thomas Lawrence attained his high excellence by this process. Of his various beautiful portraits he never painted more than the left eye, in which he was supposed to be peculiarly happy; his right eyes, when he did attempt them, were very inferior; they were generally by Wilkins; Mr. Simpkins did the noses, necks, and chins; the legs and lips were generally divided between Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Jenkins, and the other pupils took the features in which they respectively excelled. This process produced that grace and harmony that we observe in the works of our great artist.

But, although it is best as a *general principle* to study one feature only, Miss Martineau would in practice allow some small variety of investigation, and she particularly mentions a few topics which a traveller may be allowed to notice.

'Passion-week at Rome,'—'a camp-meeting in Ohio,'—'the worship of the sun in China,'—'town-halls in England,'—'an Italian carnival,'—'Egyptian holiday,'—'opera at Milan,'—'the theatre at Paris,'—'a bull-fight at Madrid,'—'a fair at Leipzig,'—'a review at St. Pe-

tersburgh,'—'fruit, stories, ale, politics, tea, coffee, dominoes, lemonade, and *Punch*,'—'cricket,'—'a Scotch burial,'—'the funeral ceremonies among the Cingalese,'—'conclave of White Boys in Mayo,'—'a similar conclave of Swiss insurgents,'—'last revolution in Paris,'—'the Covenanters of the Scottish mountains,'—'the freedom of the Australian peasantry,'—'the etiquette of the court of Ava.'—pp. 64, 65.

These are some of the places and subjects which a pedestrian traveller—with *sympathy*, a *knapsack*, and his thoughts *fixed on one feature*—may advantageously visit and investigate.

## CHAPTER I.

### 'RELIGION.'

'*Dieu a dit, Peuples, je vous attends.*'—DE BERANGER.

It is impossible not to observe the propriety of introducing the subject of *religion* by a quotation from a book of *licentious* and *infidel* songs. It proves Miss Martineau to be above many prejudices which still hang about inferior women, and prepares us for the general views she takes of religion.

'Of religion, in its *widest* sense (the *sense* in which the traveller must recognise it,) there are three kinds; *not* in all cases *minutely distinguishable*, but bearing different general impress, viz:

'The *Licentious*,  
'The *Ascetic*, and  
'The *Moderate*.'—p. 68.

But the subject grows too serious. Such a classification of 'Religions'—though it be sheer nonsense—is disgusting to all good sense and right feeling, and the commentaries which follow are still more so. Here, then, we are forced to stop; and throw away, together the mask of irony and Miss Martineau's scrap-book—the very foolishlest and most unfeminine farrago we have ever met of apocryphal anecdotes, promiscuous facts, and jumbled ideas—picked at random (or at least which might be so) out of the Penny Magazine and such like repositories. We should not have thought it worth while to take even this contemptuous notice of it, but that, wherever, throughout the volume, we have been able to detect a meaning, it is a mischievous one; and if it really be, as is said, the precursor of a course of *Martineau morality*, the sooner the public are warned against such at once stupid and impudent impostures the better.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

### TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

C. N. S.

I GAZE upon thy cherub face,  
And in its placid beauty trace  
The sacred stamp of those pure skies,  
That lent thee to a father's eyes.

No earthly stain is in thee seen,  
But all is love, and joy serene;  
Hope that alone our souls may cheer,  
Hope is not known nor needed here.

So heavenly soft those features show,  
That tears of fearful gladness flow:  
A misty veil obscures my sight,  
And dreamy visions lift their light.

I see a young and ruddy maid  
Disporting in the grassy shade;  
With flying feet and tresses free,  
And looks that laugh and speak to me.

But oh! sad change! on yonder bed  
A pale and fainting form is spread;  
And what is, he whose lifted dart,  
Aiming at hers, would reach my heart?

Yet see again a nymph appears  
Of riper frame and added years;  
A radiant wreath her locks to bind  
By duty and by love is twined.

Anon, a grey and aged sire  
Sits feebly by the winter's fire,  
While near, with bright and busy hands,  
A ministering spirit stands.

Sweet sunny children next I see,  
Clustering around that old man's knee;  
And one, most loved, whose baby brow  
Wears the same grace I saw but now.

The mirror trembles, and no more  
I know the forms that pleased before;  
The lines a gaudy image bring  
Of some vain, fickle, fluttering thing.

With that fair face, as with its prey,  
Each idle impulse seems to play,  
And o'er it now the shadows move,  
Of clouded hopes and blighted love.

I start—with grief and terror chill:  
My infant child, I hold thee still;  
I hold thee innocent and pure,  
From sin and sorrow yet secure.

That which hereafter thou shalt be  
Is partly hid in Heaven's decree;  
But oh! how much my words and will  
Must mould thy fate for good or ill!

## COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A SHADY seat by some cool mossy spring,  
Where solemn trees close round, and make a gloom,  
And faint and earthly smells, as from a tomb,  
Unworldly thoughts and quiet wishes bring:—  
Such hast thou been to me each morn and eve;  
Best loved when most thy call did interfere  
With schemes of toil or pleasure that deceive  
And cheat young hearts; for then thou mad'st me feel  
The holy Church more nigh, a thing to fear.  
Sometimes all day with books, thoughts proud and wild  
Have risen, till I saw the sunbeams steal  
Through painted glass at even-song, and weave  
Their threefold tints upon the marble near.  
Faith, prayer, and love, the spirit of a child!—*Faber*.



## CHAPTER XXX.

*Festivities are held in honour of Nicholas, who suddenly withdraws himself from the society of Mr. Vincent Crummles and his theatrical companions.*

Mr. Vincent Crummles was no sooner acquainted with the public announcement which Nicholas had made relative to the probability of his shortly ceasing to be a member of the company, than he evinced many tokens of grief and consternation; and, in the extremity of his despair, even held out certain vague promises of a speedy improvement not only in the amount of his regular salary, but also in the contingent emoluments appertaining to his authorship. Finding Nicholas bent upon quitting the society—for he had now determined that, even if no further tidings came from Newman, he would, at all hazards, ease his mind by repairing to London and ascertaining the exact position of his sister—Mr. Crummles was fain to content himself by calculating the chances of his coming back again, and taking prompt and energetic measures to make the most of him before he went away.

"Let me see," said Mr. Crummles, taking off his outlaw's wig, the better to arrive at a cool-headed view of the whole case. "Let me see. This is Wednesday night. We'll have posters out the first thing in the morning, announcing positively your last appearance for to-morrow."

"But perhaps it may not be my last appearance, you know," said Nicholas.—"Unless I am summoned away, I should be sorry to inconvenience you by leaving before the end of the week."

"So much the better," returned Mr. Crummles. "We can have positively your last appearance, on Thursday—re-engagement for one night more, on Friday—and, yielding to the wishes of numerous influential patrons, who were disappointed in obtaining seats, on Saturday. That ought to bring three very decent houses."

"Then I am to make three last appearances, am I?" inquired Nicholas, smiling.

"Yes," rejoined the manager, scratching his head with an air of some vexation; "three is not enough, and it's very bungling and irregular not to have more, but if we can't help it we can't, so there's no use in talking. A novelty would be very desirable. You couldn't sing a comic song on the pony's back, could you?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I couldn't indeed."

"It has drawn money before now," said Mr. Crummles, with a look of disappointment. "What do you think of a brilliant display of fireworks?"

"That it would be rather expensive," replied Nicholas, drily.

"Eighteenpence would do it," said Mr. Crummles.

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"You on the top of a pair of steps with the phenomenon in an attitude; 'Farewell' on a transparency behind; and nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very grand—awful from the front, quite awful."

As Nicholas appeared by no means impressed with the solemnity of the proposed effect, but on the contrary, received the proposition in a most irreverent manner and laughed at it very heartily, Mr. Crummles abandoned the project in its birth, and gloomily observed that they must make up the best bill they could with combats and hornpipes, and so stick to the legitimate drama.

For the purpose of carrying this object into instant execution, the manager at once repaired to a small dressing-room adjacent, where Mrs. Crummles was then occupied in exchanging the habiliments of a melodramatic empress for the ordinary attire of matrons in the nineteenth century. And with the assistance of this lady, and the accomplished Mrs. Grudden (who had quite a genius for making out bills, being a great hand at throwing in the notes of admiration, and knowing from long experience exactly where the largest capitals ought to go), he seriously applied himself to the composition of the poster.

"Heigho!" sighed Nicholas, as he threw himself back in the prompter's chair, after telegraphing the needful directions to Smike, who had been playing a meagre taylor in the interlude, with one skirt to his coat, and a little pocket handkerchief with a large hole in it, and a woollen nightcap, and a red nose, and other distinctive marks peculiar to tailors on the stage. "Heigho! I wish all this were over."

"Over, Mr. Johnson!" repeated a female voice behind him, in a kind of plaintive surprise.

"It was an ungallant speech, certainly," said Nicholas, looking up to see who the speaker was, and recognising Miss Snevellicci. "I would not have made it if I had known you had been within hearing."

"What a dear that Mr. Digby is!" said Miss Snevellicci, as the tailor went off on the opposite side, at the end of the piece, with great applause. (Smike's theatrical name was Digby.)

"I'll tell him presently, for his gratification, that you said so," returned Nicholas.

"Oh you naughty thing!" rejoined Miss Snevellicci. "I don't know, though, that I should much mind *his* knowing my opinion of him; with some other people, indeed, it might be—" Here Miss Snevellicci stopped, as though waiting to be questioned; but no questioning came, for Nicholas was thinking about more serious matters.

"How kind it is of you," resumed Miss Snevellicci, after a short silence; "to sit waiting here for him night after night, night after night, no matter how tired you are; and taking so much pains with him, and doing it

all with as much delight and readiness as if you were coining gold by it!"

"He well deserves all the kindness I can show him, and a great deal more," said Nicholas. "He is the most grateful, single-hearted, affectionate creature, that ever breathed."

"So odd, too," remarked Miss Snevellicci, "isn't he?"

"God help him, and those who have made him so, he is indeed," rejoined Nicholas, shaking his head.

"He is such a devilish close chap," said Mr. Folair, who had come up a little before, and now joined in the conversation. "Nobody can ever get anything out of him."

"What *should* they get out of him?" asked Nicholas, turning round with some abruptness.

"Zooks! what a fire-eater you are, Johnson!" returned Mr. Folair, pulling up the heel of his dancing-shoe. "I'm only talking of the natural curiosity of the people here, to know what he has been about all his life."

"Poor fellow! it is pretty plain, I should think, that he has not the intellect to have been about anything of much importance to them or anybody else," said Nicholas.

"Ay," rejoined the actor, contemplating the effect of his face in a lamp reflector, "but that involves the whole question, you know."

"What question?" asked Nicholas.

"Why, the who he is and what he is, and how you two, who are so different, came to be such close companions," replied Mr. Folair, delighted with the opportunity of saying something disagreeable. "That's in everybody's mouth."

"The 'everybody' of the theatre, I suppose?" said Nicholas, contemptuously.

"In it and out of it too," replied the actor. "Why, you know, Lenville says——"

"I thought I had silenced him effectually," interrupted Nicholas, reddening.

"Perhaps you have," rejoined the immovable Mr. Folair; "if you have, he said this before he was silenced: Lenville says that you're a regular stick of an actor, and that it's only the mystery about you that has caused you to go down with the people here, and that Crummles keeps it up for his own sake; though Lenville says he don't believe there's anything at all in it, except your having got into a scrape and run away from somewhere, for doing something or other."

"Oh!" said Nicholas, forcing a smile.

"That's a part of what he says," added Mr. Folair. "I mention it as the friend of both parties, and in strict confidence. I don't agree with him, you know. He says he takes Digby to be more knave than fool; and old Fluggers, who does the heavy business you know, he says that when he delivered messages at Covent

Garden the season before last, there used to be a pick-pocket hovering about the coach-stand who had exactly the face of Digby; though, as he very properly says, Digby may not be the same, but only his brother, or some near relation."

"Oh!" cried Nicholas again.

"Yes," said Mr. Folair, with undisturbed calmness, "that's what they say. I thought I'd tell you, because really you ought to know. Oh! here's this blessed phenomenon at last. Ugh, you little imposition, I should like to—quite ready, my darling,—humbbug—Ring up Mrs. G., and let the favourite wake 'em."

Uttering in a loud voice such of the latter allusions as were complimentary to the unconscious phenomenon, and giving the rest in a confidential "aside" to Nicholas, Mr. Folair followed the ascent of the curtain with his eyes, regarded with a sneer the reception of Miss Crummles as the Maiden, and, falling back a step or two to advance with the better effect, uttered a preliminary howl, and "went on" chattering his teeth and brandishing his tin tomahawk as the Indian Savage.

"So, these are some of the stories they invent about us, and bandy from mouth to mouth!" thought Nicholas. "If a man would commit an inexpiable offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him any crime but that."

"You surely don't mind what that malicious creature says, Mr. Johnson?" observed Miss Snevellicci in her most winning tones.

"Not I," replied Nicholas. "If I were going to remain here, I might think it worth my while to embroil myself. As it is, let them talk till they are hoarse. But here," added Nicholas, as Smike approached, "here comes the subject of a portion of their good-nature, so let me and I say good night together."

"No, I will not let either of you say anything of the kind," returned Miss Snevellicci. "You must come and see mamma, who only came to Portsmouth to-day, and is dying to behold you. Led, my dear, persuade Mr. Johnson."

"Oh, I'm sure," returned Miss Ledrook, with considerable vivacity, "if *you* can't persuade him——" Miss Ledrook said no more, but intimated, by a dexterous playfulness, that if Miss Snevellicci couldn't persuade him, nobody could.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lillyvick have taken lodgings in our house, and share our sitting-room for the present," said Miss Snevellicci. "Won't that induce you?"

"Surely," returned Nicholas, "I can require no possible inducement beyond your invitation."

"Oh no! I dare say," rejoined Miss Snevellicci. And Miss Ledrook said, "Upon my word!" Upon which Miss Snevellicci said that Miss Ledrook was a giddy thing; and Miss Ledrook said that Miss Snevel-

licci needn't colour up quite so much; and Miss Snevellicci beat Miss Ledrook, and Miss Ledrook beat Miss Snevellicci.

"Come," said Miss Ledrook, "it's high time we were there, or we shall have poor Mrs. Snevellicci thinking that you have run away with her daughter, Mr. Johnson; and then we should have a pretty to do."

"My dear Led," remonstrated Miss Snevellicci, "how you do talk!"

Miss Ledrook made no answer, but taking Smike's arm in hers, left her friend and Nicholas to follow at their pleasure; which it pleased them, or rather pleased Nicholas, who had no great fancy for *tête-à-tête* under the circumstances, to do at once.

There were not wanting matters of conversation when they reached the street, for it turned out that Miss Snevellicci had a small basket to carry home, and Miss Ledrook a small band-box, both containing such minor articles of theatrical costume as the lady performers usually carried to and fro every evening. Nicholas would insist upon carrying the basket, and Miss Snevellicci would insist upon carrying it herself, which gave rise to a struggle, in which Nicholas captured the basket and the band-box likewise. Then Nicholas said, that he wondered what could possibly be inside the basket, and attempted to peep in, whereat Miss Snevellicci screamed, and declared that if she thought he had seen, she was sure she should faint away. This declaration was followed by a similar attempt on the band-box, and similar demonstrations on the part of Miss Ledrook, and then both ladies vowed that they wouldn't move a step further until Nicholas had promised that he wouldn't offer to peep again. At last Nicholas pledged himself to betray no further curiosity, and they walked on: both ladies giggling very much, and declaring that they never had seen such a wicked creature in all their born days—never.

Lightening the way with such pleasantry as this, they arrived at the tailor's house in no time; and here they made quite a little party, there being present, besides Mr. Lillyvick and Mrs. Lillyvick, not only Miss Snevellicci's mamma, but her papa also. And an uncommonly fine man Miss Snevellicci's papa was, with a hook nose, and a white forehead, and curly black hair, and high cheek bones, and altogether quite a handsome face, only a little pimply as though with drinking. And a very broad chest had Miss Snevellicci's papa, and he wore a threadbare blue dress coat buttoned with gilt buttons tight across it; and he no sooner saw Nicholas come into the room, than he whipped his two fore-fingers of his right hand in between the two centre buttons, and sticking his other arm gracefully a-kimbo seemed to say, "Now, here I am, my buck, and what have you got to say to me!"

Such was, and in such an attitude sat, Miss Snevel-

licci's papa, who had been in the profession ever since he had first played the ten-year old imps in the Christmas pantomimes; who could sing a little, dance a little, fence a little, act a little, and do everything a little, but not much; who had been sometimes in the ballet, and sometimes in the chorus, at every theatre in London; who was always selected in virtue of his figure to play the military visitors and the speechless noblemen; who always wore a smart dress, and came on arm-in-arm with a smart lady in short petticoats,—and always did it too with such an air that people in the pit had been several times known to cry out "Bravo!" under the impression that he was somebody. Such was Miss Snevellicci's papa, upon whom some envious persons cast the imputation that he occasionally beat Miss Snevellicci's mamma, who was still a dancer, with a neat little figure and some remains of good looks; and who now sat, as she danced,—being rather too old for the full glare of the foot-lights,—in the back ground.

To these good people Nicholas was presented with much formality. The introduction being completed, Miss Snevellicci's papa (who was scented with rum and water) said that he was delighted to make the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly talented; and furthermore remarked, that there hadn't been such a hit made—no, not since the first appearance of his friend Mr. Glavormelly, at the Coburg.

"You have seen him, Sir?" said Miss Snevellicci's papa.

"No, really I never did," replied Nicholas.

"You never saw my friend Glavormelly, Sir?" said Miss Snevellicci's papa. "Then you have never seen acting yet. If he had lived——"

"Oh, he is dead, is he?" interrupted Nicholas.

"He is," said Mr. Snevellicci, but he isn't in Westminster Abbey, more's the shame. He was a—— Well, no matter. He is gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. I hope he is appreciated there."

So saying, Miss Snevellicci's papa rubbed the tip of his nose with a very yellow silk handkerchief, and gave the company to understand that these recollections overcame him.

"Well, Mr. Lillyvick," said Nicholas, "and how are you?"

"Quite well, Sir," replied the collector. "There is nothing like the married state, Sir, depend upon it."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, laughing.

"Ah! nothing like it, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick solemnly. "How do you think," whispered the collector, drawing him aside, "How do you think she looks to-night?"

"As handsome as ever," replied Nicholas, glancing at the late Miss Petowker.

"Why, there's a air about her, Sir," whispered the

collector, "that I never saw in anybody. Look at her now she moves to put the kettle on. There! Isn't it fascination, Sir?"

"Yen're a lucky man," said Nicholas.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rejoined the collector. "No. Do you think I am, though, eh? Perhaps I may be, perhaps I may be. I say, I couldn't have done much better if I had been a young man, could I? You couldn't have done much better yourself, could you—eh—could you?" With such inquiries, and many more such, Mr. Lillyvick jerked his elbow into Nicholas's side, and chuckled till his face became quite purple in the attempt to keep down his satisfaction.

By this time the cloth had been laid under the joint superintendence of all the ladies, upon two tables put together, one being high and narrow, and the other low and broad. There were oysters at the top, sausages at the bottom, a pair of snuffers in the centre, and baked potatoes wherever it was most convenient to put them. Two additional chairs were brought in from the bed-room; Miss Snevellicci sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Lillyvick at the foot; and Nicholas had not only the honour of sitting next Miss Snevellicci, but of having Miss Snevellicci's mamma on his right hand, and Miss Snevellicci's papa over the way. In short, he was the hero of the feast; and when the table was cleared and something warm introduced, Miss Snevellicci's papa got up and proposed his health in a speech containing such affecting allusions to his coming departure, that Miss Snevellicci wept, and was compelled to retire into the bed-room.

"Hush! Don't take any notice of it," said Miss Ledrook, peeping in from the bed-room. "Say, when she comes back, that she exerts herself too much."

Miss Ledrook eked out this speech with so many mysterious nods and frowns before she shut the door again, that a profound silence came upon all the company, during which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked very big indeed—several sizes larger than life—at everybody in turn, but particularly at Nicholas, and kept on perpetually emptying his tumbler and filling it again, until the ladies returned in a cluster, with Miss Snevellicci among them.

"You needn't alarm yourself a bit, Mr. Snevellicci," said Mrs. Lillyvick. "She is only a little weak and nervous; she had been so ever since the morning."

"Oh," said Mr. Snevellicci, "that's all, is it?"

"Oh yes, that's all. Don't make a fuss about it," cried all the ladies together.

Now this was not exactly the kind of reply suited to Mr. Snevellicci's importance as a man and a father, so he picked out the unfortunate Mrs. Snevellicci, and asked her what the devil she meant by talking to him in that way.

"Dear me, my dear——" said Mrs. Snevellicci.

"Don't call me your dear, ma'am," said Mr. Snevellicci, if you please."

"Pray, pa, don't," interposed Miss Snevellicci.

"Don't what, my child?"

"Talk in that way."

"Why not?" said Mr. Snevellicci. "I hope you don't suppose there's anybody here who is to prevent my talking as I like?"

"Nobody wants to, pa," rejoined his daughter.

"Nobody would if they did want to," said Mr. Snevellicci. "I am not ashamed of myself. Snevellicci is my name; I'm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when I'm in town. If I'm not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage door. Damme, they know me at the stage door I suppose. Most men have seen my portrait at the cigar shop round the corner. I've been mentioned in the newspapers before now, haven't I? Talk! I'll tell you what; If I found out that any man had been tampering with the affections of my daughter, I wouldn't talk. I'd astonish him without talking;—that's my way."

So saying, Mr. Snevellicci struck the palm of his left hand three smart blows with his clenched fist, pulled a phantom nose with his right thumb and forefinger, and swallowed another glassful at a draught: "That's my way," repeated Mr. Snevellicci.

Most public characters have their failings; and the truth is that Mr. Snevellicci was a little addicted to drinking; or, if the whole truth must be told, that he was scarcely ever sober. He knew in his cups three distinct stages of intoxication,—the dignified—the quarrelsome—the amorous. When professionally engaged he never got beyond the dignified; in private circles he went through all three, passing from one to another with a rapidity of transition often rather perplexing to those who had not the honour of his acquaintance.

Thus Mr. Snevellicci had no sooner swallowed another glassful than he smiled upon all present in happy forgetfulness of having exhibited symptoms of pugnacity, and proposed "The ladies—bless their hearts!" in a most vivacious manner.

"I love 'em," said Mr. Snevellicci, looking round the table, "I love 'em, every one."

"Not every one," reasoned Mr. Lillyvick, mildly.

"Yes, every one," repeated Mr. Snevellicci.

"That would include the married ladies, you know," said Mr. Lillyvick.

"I love them too, Sir," said Mr. Snevellicci.

The collector looked into the surrounding faces with an aspect of grave astonishment, seeming to say, "This is a nice man!" and appeared a little surprised that Mrs. Lillyvick's manner yielded no evidence of horror and indignation.

"One good turn deserves another," said Mr. Sne-

vellicci. "I love them and they love me." And as if this avowal were not made in sufficient disregard and defiance of all moral obligations, what did Mr. Snevellicci do? He winked—winked, openly and undisguisedly; winked with his right eye—upon Henrietta Lillyvick!

The collector fell back in his chair in the intensity of his astonishment. If any body had winked at her as Henrietta Petowker, it would have been indecorous in the last degree; but as Mrs. Lillyvick! While he thought of it in a cold perspiration, and wondered whether it was possible that he could be dreaming, Mr. Snevellicci repeated the wink, and drinking to Mrs. Lillyvick in dumb show, actually blew her a kiss! Mr. Lillyvick left his chair, walked straight up to the other end of the table, and fell upon him—literally fell upon him—instantaneously. Mr. Lillyvick was no light weight, and consequently when he fell upon Mr. Snevellicci, Mr. Snevellicci fell under the table. Mr. Lillyvick followed him, and the ladies screamed.

"What is the matter with the men;—are they mad!" cried Nicholas, diving under the table, dragging up the collector by main force, and thrusting him, all doubled up, into a chair, as if he had been a stuffed figure. "What do you mean to do? what do you want to do? what is the matter with you?"

While Nicholas raised up the collector, Smike had performed the same office for Snevellicci, who now regarded his late adversary in tippy amazement.

"Look here, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick, pointing to his astonished wife, "here is purity and elegance combined, whose feelings have been outraged—violated, Sir!"

"Lor, what nonsense he talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Lillyvick in answer to the inquiring look of Nicholas. "Nobody has said anything to me."

"Said, Henrietta!" cried the collector. "Didn't I see him——" Mr. Lillyvick couldn't bring himself to utter the word, but he counterfeited the motion of the eye.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose nobody is ever to look at me? A pretty thing to be married indeed, if that was law!"

"You didn't mind it!" cried the collector.

"Mind it!" repeated Mrs. Lillyvick contemptuously.

"You ought to go down on your knees and beg everybody's pardon, that you ought."

"Pardon, my dear?" said the dismayed collector.

"Yes, and mine first," replied Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose I ain't the best judge of what's proper and what's improper?"

"To be sure," cried all the ladies.—"Do you suppose *we* shouldn't be the first to speak, if there was anything that ought to be taken notice of?"

"Do you suppose *they* don't know, Sir?" said Miss Snevellicci's papa, pulling up his collar, and mutter-

ing something about a punching of heads, and being only withheld by considerations of age. With which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked steadily and sternly at Mr. Lillyvick for some seconds, and then rising deliberately from his chair, kissed the ladies all round, beginning with Mrs. Lillyvick.

The unhappy collector looked piteously at his wife, as if to see whether there was any trait of Miss Petowker left in Mrs. Lillyvick, and finding too surely that there was not, begged pardon of all the company with great humility, and sat down such a crest-fallen, dispirited, disenchanted man, that despite of all his selfishness and dotage, he was quite an object of compassion.

Miss Snevellicci's papa being greatly exalted by this triumph, and incontestible proof of his popularity with the fair sex, quickly grew convivial, not to say uproarious; volunteering more than one song of no inconsiderable length, and regaling the social circle between-whiles with recollections of divers splendid women who had been supposed to entertain a passion for himself, several of whom he toasted by name, taking occasion to remark at the same time that if he had been a little more alive to his own interest, he might have been rolling at that moment in his chariot-and-four. These reminiscences appeared to awaken no very torturing pangs in the breast of Mrs. Snevellicci, who was sufficiently occupied in decanting to Nicholas upon the manifold accomplishments and merits of her daughter. Nor was the young lady herself at all behind-hand in displaying her choicest allurements; but these, heightened as they were by the artifices of Miss Ledrook, had no effect whatever in increasing the attentions of Nicholas, who, with the precedent of Miss Squeers still fresh in his memory steadily resisted every fascination, and placed so strict a guard upon his behaviour that when he had taken his leave the ladies were unanimous in pronouncing him quite a monster of insensibility.

Next day the posters appeared in due course, and the public were informed, in all the colours of the rainbow, and in letters afflicted with every possible variation of spinal deformity, how that Mr. Johnson would have the honour of making his last appearance that evening, and how that an early application for places was requested, in consequence of the extraordinary overflow attendant on his performances,—it being a remarkable fact in the theatrical history, but one long since established beyond dispute, that it is a hopeless endeavour to attract people to a theatre unless they can be first brought to believe that they will never get into it.

Nicholas was somewhat at a loss, on entering the theatre at night, to account for the unusual perturbation and excitement visible in the countenances of all the company, but he was not long in doubt as to the

cause, for before he could make any inquiry respecting it, Mr. Crummles approached, and, in an agitated tone of voice, informed him that there was a London manager in the boxes.

"It's the phenomenon, depend upon it, Sir," said Crummles, dragging Nicholas to the little hole in the curtain that he might look through at the London manager. "I have not the smallest doubt it's the fame of the phenomenon—that's the man; him in the great-coat and no shirt-collar. She shall have ten pounds a-week, Johnson; she shall not appear on the London boards for a farthing less. They shan't engage her either, unless they engage Mrs. Crummles too—twenty pound a-week for the pair; or I'll tell you what, I'll throw in myself and the two boys, and they shall have the family for thirty. I can't say fairer than that.—They must take us all, if none of us will go without the others. That's the way some of the London people do, and it always answers. Thirty pounds a-week—it's too cheap, Johnson. It's dirt cheap."

Nicholas replied, that it certainly was; and Mr. Vincent Crummles taking several huge pinches of snuff to compose his feelings, hurried away to tell Mrs. Crummles that he had quite settled the only terms that could be accepted, and had resolved not to abate one single farthing.

When everybody was dressed and the curtain went up, the excitement occasioned by the presence of the London manager increased a thousandfold. Everybody happened to know that the London manager had come down specially to witness his or her own performance, and all were in a flutter of anxiety and expectation. Some of those who were not in the first scene, hurried to the wings, and there stretched their necks to have a peep at him; others stole up into the two little private boxes over the stage-doors, and from that position reconnoitred the London manager. Once the London manager was seen to smile—he smiled at the comic countryman's pretending to catch a blue-bottle, while Mrs. Crummles was making her greatest effort. "Very good, my fine fellow," said Mr. Crummles, shaking his fist at the comic countryman when he came off, "you leave this company next Saturday night."

In the same way, everybody who was on the stage beheld no audience but one individual; everybody played to the London manager. When Mr. Lenville in a sudden burst of passion called the emperor a miscreant, and then biting his glove, said, "But I must dissemble," instead of looking gloomily at the boards and so waiting for his cue, as is proper in such cases, he kept his eye fixed upon the London manager. When Miss Bravassa sang her song at her lover, who according to custom stood ready to shake hands with her between the verses, they looked, not at each other but at the London manager. Mr. Crummles died point blank

at him; and when the two guards came in to take the body off after a very hard death, it was seen to open its eyes and glance at the London manager. At length the London manager was discovered to be asleep, and shortly after that he woke up and went away, whereupon all the company fell foul of the unhappy comic countryman, declaring that his buffoonery was the sole cause; and Mr. Crummles said, that he had put up with it a long time, but that he really couldn't stand it any longer, and therefore would feel obliged by his looking out for another engagement.

All this was the occasion of much amusement to Nicholas, whose only feeling upon the subject was one of sincere satisfaction that the great man went away before he appeared. He went through his part in the two last pieces as briskly as he could, and having been received with unbounded favour and unprecedented applause—so said the bills for next day, which had been printed an hour or two before—he took Smike's arm and walked home to bed.

With the post next morning came a letter from Newman Noggs, very inky, very short, very dirty, very small, and very mysterious, urging Nicholas to return to London instantly; not to lose an instant; to be there that night if possible.

"I will," said Nicholas. "Heaven knows I have remained here for the best, and sorely against my own will; but even now I have dallied too long. What can have happened? Smike, my good fellow, here—take my purse. Put our things together, and pay what little debts we owe—quick, and we shall be in time for the morning coach. I will only tell them that we are going, and will return to you immediately."

So saying, he took his hat, and hurrying away to the lodgings of Mr. Crummles, applied his hand to the knocker with such hearty good-will, that he awakened that gentleman, who was still in bed, and caused Mr. Bulph the pilot to take his morning's pipe very nearly out of his mouth in the extremity of his surprise.

The door being opened, Nicholas ran upstairs without any ceremony, and bursting into the darkened sitting-room on the one pair front, found that the two Master Crummleses had sprung out of the sofa-bedstead and were putting on their clothes with great rapidity, under the impression that it was the middle of the night, and the next house was on fire.

Before he could undeceive them, Mr. Crummles came down in a flannel-gown and nightcap; and to him Nicholas briefly explained that circumstances had occurred which rendered it necessary for him to repair to London immediately.

"So good bye," said Nicholas; "good bye, good bye."

He was half-way down stairs before Mr. Crummles had sufficiently recovered his surprise to gasp out something about the posters.

"I can't help it," replied Nicholas. "Set whatever I may have earned this week against them, or if that will not repay you, say at once what will. Quick, quick."

"We'll cry quits about that," returned Crummles. "But can't we have one last night more?"

"Not an hour—not a minute," replied Nicholas, impatiently.

"Won't you stop to say something to Mrs. Crummles?" asked the manager, following him down to the door.

"I couldn't stop if it were to prolong my life a score of years," rejoined Nicholas. "Here, take my hand, and with it my hearty thanks.—Oh! that I should have been fooling here!"

Accompanying these words with an impatient stamp upon the ground, he tore himself from the manager's detaining grasp, and darting rapidly down the street was out of sight in an instant.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Crummles, looking wistfully towards the point at which he had just disappeared; "if he only acted like that, what a deal of money he'd draw! He should have kept upon this circuit; he'd have been very useful to me. But he don't know what's good for him. He is an impetuous youth. Young men are rash, very rash."

Mr. Crummles being in a moralizing mood, might possibly have moralized for some minutes longer if he had not mechanically put his hand towards his waistcoat pocket, where he was accustomed to keep his snuff. The absence of any pocket at all in the usual direction, suddenly recalled to his recollection the fact that he had no waistcoat on; and this leading him to a contemplation of the extreme scantiness of his attire, he shut the door abruptly, and retired upstairs with great precipitation.

Smikey had made good speed while Nicholas was absent, and with his help everything was soon ready for their departure. They scarcely stopped to take a morsel of breakfast, and in less than half an hour arrived at the coach-office: quite out of breath with the haste they had made to reach it in time. There were yet a few minutes to spare, so, having secured the places, Nicholas hurried into a slopseller's hard by, and bought Smikey a great-coat. It would have been rather large for a substantial yeoman, but the shopman averring (and with considerable truth) that it was a most uncommon fit, Nicholas would have purchased it in his impatience if it had been twice the size.

As they hurried up to the coach, which was now in the open street and all ready for starting, Nicholas was not a little astonished to find himself suddenly clutched in a close and violent embrace, which nearly took him off his legs; nor was his amazement at all lessened by hearing the voice of Mr. Crummles exclaim "It is he—my friend, my friend!"

"Bless my heart," cried Nicholas, struggling in the manager's arms, "what are you about?"

The manager made no reply, but strained him to his breast again, exclaiming as he did so, "Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy!"

In fact, Mr. Crummles, who could never lose any opportunity for professional display, had turned out for the express purpose of taking a public farewell of Nicholas; and to render it the more imposing, he was now, to that young gentleman's most profound annoyance, inflicting upon him a rapid succession of stage embraces, which, as everybody knows, are performed by the embracer's laying his or her chin on the shoulder of the object of affection, and looking over it. This Mr. Crummles did in the highest style of melo-drama, pouring forth at the same time all the most dismal forms of farewell he could think of, out of the stock pieces. Nor was this all, for the elder Master Crummles was going through a similar ceremony with Smikey; while Master Percy Crummles, with a very little second-hand camlet cloak, worn theatrically over his left shoulder, stood by, in the attitude of an attendant officer, waiting to convey the two victims to the scaffold.

The lookers-on laughed very heartily, and as it was as well to put a good face upon the matter, Nicholas laughed too when he had succeeded in disengaging himself; and rescuing the astonished Smikey, climbed up to the coach-roof after him, and kissed his hand in honour of the absent Mrs. Crummles as they rolled away.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

*Of Ralph Nickleby and Newman Noggs, and some wise precautions, the success or failure of which will appear in the sequel.*

In blissful unconsciousness that his nephew was hastening at the utmost speed of four good horses towards his sphere of action, and that every passing minute diminished the distance between them, Ralph Nickleby sat that morning occupied in his customary avocations, and yet unable to prevent his thoughts wandering from time to time back to the interview which had taken place between himself and his niece on the previous day. At such intervals, after a few moments of abstraction, Ralph would mutter some peevish interjection, and apply himself with renewed steadiness of purpose to the ledger before him, but again and again the same strain of thought came back despite all his efforts to prevent it, confusing him in his calculations, and utterly distracting his attention from the figures over which he bent. At length Ralph laid down his pen, and threw himself back in his chair, as though he had made up his mind to allow the obtrusive current



of reflection to take its own course, and, by giving it full scope, to rid himself of it effectually.

"I am not a man to be moved by a pretty face," muttered Ralph sternly. "There is a grinning skull beneath it, and men like me who look and work below the surface see that, and not its delicate covering. And yet I almost like the girl, or should if she had been less proudly and squeamishly brought up. If the boy were drowned or hanged, and the mother dead, this house should be her home. I wish they were, with all my soul."

Notwithstanding the deadly hatred which Ralph felt towards Nicholas, and the bitter contempt with which he sneered at poor Mrs. Nickleby—notwithstanding the baseness with which he had behaved, and was then behaving, and would behave again, if his interest prompted him, towards Kate herself—still there was, strange though it may seem, something humanizing and even gentle in his thoughts at that moment. He thought of what his home might be if Kate were there; he placed her in the empty chair, looked upon her, heard her speak; he felt again upon his arm the gentle pressure of the trembling hand; he strewed his costly rooms with the hundred silent tokens of feminine presence and occupation; he came back again to the cold fireside and the silent dreary splendour; and in that one glimpse of a better nature, born as it was in selfish thoughts, the rich man felt himself friendless, childless, and alone. Gold, for the instant, lost its lustre in his eyes, for there were countless treasures of the heart which it could never purchase.

A very slight circumstance was sufficient to banish such reflections from the mind of such a man. As Ralph looked vacantly out across the yard towards the window of the other office, he became suddenly aware of the earnest observation of Newman Noggs, who, with his red nose almost touching the glass, feigned to be mending a pen with a rusty fragment of a knife, but was in reality staring at his employer with a countenance of the closest and most eager scrutiny.

Ralph exchanged his dreamy posture for his accustomed business attitude: the face of Newman disappeared, and the train of thought took to flight, all simultaneously and in an instant.

After a few minutes, Ralph rang his bell. Newman answered the summons, and Ralph raised his eyes stealthily to his face, as if he almost feared to read there a knowledge of his recent thoughts.

There was not the smallest speculation, however, in the countenance of Newman Noggs. If it be possible to imagine a man, with two eyes in his head, and both wide open, looking in no direction whatever, and seeing nothing, Newman appeared to be that man while Ralph Nickleby regarded him.

"How now?" growled Ralph.

"Oh!" said Newman, throwing some intelligence into his eyes all at once, and dropping them on his master, "I thought you rang." With which laconic remark Newman turned round and hobbled away.

"Stop!" said Ralph.

Newman stopped; not at all disconcerted.

"I did ring."

"I knew you did."

"Then why do you offer to go if you know that?"

"I thought you rang to say you didn't ring," replied Newman. "You often do."

"How dare you pry, and peer, and stare at me, sirrah!" demanded Ralph.

"Stare!" cried Newman, "at *you*! Ha, ha!" which was all the explanation Newman deigned to offer.

"Be careful, sir," said Ralph, looking steadily at him. "Let me have no drunken fooling here. Do you see this parcel?"

"It's big enough," rejoined Newman.

"Carry it into the City; to Cross, in Broad Street, and leave it there—quick. Do you hear?"

Newman gave a dogged kind of nod to express an affirmative reply, and, leaving the room for a few seconds, returned with his hat. Having made various ineffective attempts to fit the parcel (which was some two feet square) into the crown thereof, Newman took it under his arm, and after putting on his fingerless gloves with great precision and nicety, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Ralph Nickleby all the time, he adjusted his hat upon his head with as much care, real or pretended, as if it were a brand-new one of the most expensive quality, and at last departed on his errand.

He executed his commission with great promptitude and despatch, only calling at one public-house for half a minute, and even that might be said to be in his way, for he went in at one door and came out of the other; but as he returned and had got so far homewards as the Strand, Newman began to loiter with the uncertain air of a man who has not quite made up his mind whether to halt or go straight forwards. After a very short consideration, the former inclination prevailed, and making towards the point he had in his mind, Newman knocked a modest double-knock, or rather a nervous single one, at Miss La Creevy's door.

It was opened by a strange servant, on whom the odd figure of the visiter did not appear to make the most favourable impression possible, inasmuch as she no sooner saw him than she very nearly closed it, and placing herself in the narrow gap, inquired what he wanted. But Newman merely uttering the monosyllable 'Noggs,' as if it were some cabalistic word, at sound of which bolts would fly back and doors open, pushed briskly past and gained the door of Miss La Creevy's sitting-room, before the astonished servant could offer any opposition.

'Walk in if you please,' said Miss La Creevy in reply to the sound of Newman's knuckles; and in he walked accordingly.

'Bless us!' cried Miss La Creevy, starting as Newman bolted in; 'what did you want, Sir?'

'You have forgotten me,' said Newman, with an inclination of the head. 'I wonder at that. That nobody should remember me who knew me in other days, is natural enough; but there are few people who, seeing me once, forget me *now*.' He glanced, as he spoke, at his shabby clothes and paralytic limb, and slightly shook his head.

'I did forget you, I declare,' said Miss La Creevy, rising to receive Newman, who met her half-way, 'and I am ashamed of myself for doing so; for you are a kind, good creature, Mr. Noggs. Sit down and tell me all about Miss Nickleby. Poor dear thing! I haven't seen her for this many a week.'

'How's that?' asked Newman.

'Why, the truth is, Mr. Noggs,' said Miss La Creevy, 'that I have been out on a visit—the first visit that I have made for fifteen years.'

'That is a long time,' said Newman, sadly.

'So it is a very long time to look back upon in years; though, somehow or other, thank Heaven, the solitary days roll away peacefully and happily enough,' replied the miniature-painter. 'I have a brother, Mr. Noggs—the only relation I have, and all that time I never saw him once. Not that we ever quarrelled, but he was apprenticed down in the country, and he got married there, and new ties and affections springing up about him, he forgot a poor little woman like me, as it was very reasonable he should, you know. Don't suppose that I complain about that, because I always said to myself, 'It is very natural; poor dear John is making his way in the world, and has a wife to tell his cares and troubles to, and children now to play about him, so God bless him and them, and send we may all meet together one day where we shall part no more. But what do you think, Mr. Noggs,' said the miniature-painter, brightening up and clapping her hands, 'of that very same brother coming up to London at last, and never resting till he found me out; what do you think of his coming here and sitting down in that very chair, and crying like a child because he was so glad to see me—what do you think of his insisting on taking me down all the way into the country to his own house (quite a sumptuous place, Mr. Noggs, with a large garden and I don't how many fields, and a man in livery waiting at table, and cows and horses and pigs, and I don't know what besides), and making me stay a whole month, and pressing me to stop there all my life—yes, all my life—and so did his wife, and so did the children—and there were four of them, and one, the eldest girl of all, they—they had named her after me eight good years before, they had indeed. I never was

so happy; in all my life I never was!' The worthy soul hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud; for it was the first opportunity she had had of unburdening her heart, and it would have its way.

'But bless my life,' said Miss La Creevy, wiping her eyes after a short pause, and cramming her handkerchief into her pocket with great bustle and despatch; 'what a foolish creature I must seem to you, Mr. Noggs! I shouldn't have said anything about it, only I wanted to explain to you how it was I hadn't seen Miss Nickleby.'

'Have you seen the old lady?' asked Newman.

'You mean Mrs. Nickleby?' said Miss La Creevy. 'Then I tell you what, Mr. Noggs, if you want to keep in the good books in that quarter, you had better not call her the old lady any more, for I suspect she wouldn't be best pleased to hear you. Yes, I went there the night before last, but she was quite on the high ropes about something, and was so grand and mysterious, that I couldn't make anything of her; so, to tell you the truth, I took it into my head to be grand too, and came away in state. I thought she would have come round again before this, but she hasn't been here.'

'About Miss Nickleby—' said Newman.

'Why she was here twice while I was away,' returned Miss La Creevy. 'I was afraid she mightn't like to have me calling on her among those great folks in what's-its-name Place, so I thought I'd wait a day or two, and if I didn't see her, write.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Newman, cracking his fingers.

'However, I want to hear all the news about them from you,' said Miss La Creevy. 'How is the old rough and tough monster of Golden Square? Well, of course; such people always are. I don't mean how is he in health, but how is he going on; how is he behaving himself?'

'Damn him!' cried Newman, dashing his cherished hat on the floor, 'like a false hound.'

'Gracious, Mr. Noggs, you quite terrify me!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, turning pale.

'I should have spoilt his features yesterday afternoon if I could have afforded it,' said Newman, moving restlessly about, and shaking his fist at a portrait of Mr. Canning over the mantel-piece. 'I was very near it. I was obliged to put my hands in my pockets, and keep 'em there very tight. I shall do it some day in that little back parlour, I know I shall. I should have done it before now, if I hadn't been afraid of making bad worse. I shall double-lock myself in with him and have it out before I die, I'm quite certain of it.'

'I shall scream if you don't compose yourself, Mr. Noggs,' said Miss La Creevy; 'I'm sure I shan't be able to help it.'

'Never mind,' rejoined Newman, darting violently to and fro. 'He's coming up to-night: I wrote to tell

him. He little thinks I know; he little thinks I care. Cunning scoundrel! he don't think that. Not he, not he. Never mind, I'll thwart him—I, Newman Noggs. Ho; ho, the rascal!

Lashing himself up to an extravagant pitch of fury, Newman Noggs jerked himself about the room with the most eccentric motion ever beheld in a human being: now sparring at the little miniatures on the wall, and now giving himself violent thumps on the head, as if to heighten the delusion, until he sank down in his former seat quite breathless and exhausted.

'There,' said Newman, picking up his hat; 'that's done me good. Now I'm better, and I'll tell you all about it.'

It took some little time to reassure Miss La Creevy, who had been almost frightened out of her senses by this remarkable demonstration; but that done, Newman faithfully related all that had passed in the interview between Kate and her uncle, prefacing his narrative with a statement of his previous suspicions on the subject, and his reasons for forming them; and concluding with a communication of the step he had taken in secretly writing to Nicholas.

Though little Miss La Creevy's indignation was not so singularly displayed as Newman's, it was scarcely inferior in violence and intensity. Indeed if Ralph Nickleby had happened to make his appearance in the room at that moment, there is some doubt whether he would not have found Miss La Creevy a more dangerous opponent than even Newman Noggs himself.

'God forgive me for saying so,' said Miss La Creevy, as a wind-up to all her expressions of anger, 'but I really feel as if I could stick this into him with pleasure.'

It was not a very awful weapon that Miss La Creevy held, it being in fact nothing more nor less than a black-lead pencil; but discovering her mistake, the little portrait-painter exchanged it for a mother-of-pearl fruit knife, wherewith, in proof of her desperate thoughts, she made a lunge as she spoke, which would have scarcely disturbed the crumb of a half-quartern loaf.

'She won't stop where she is, after to-night,' said Newman. 'That's a comfort.'

'Stop!' cried Miss La Creevy, 'she should have left there, weeks ago.'

—'If we had known of this,' rejoined Newman. 'But we didn't. Nobody could properly interfere but her mother or brother. The mother's weak—poor thing—weak. The dear young man will be here to-night.'

'Heart alive!' cried Miss La Creevy. 'He will do something desperate, Mr. Noggs, if you tell him all at once.'

Newman left off rubbing his hands, and assumed a thoughtful look.

'Depend upon it,' said Miss La Creevy, earnestly, 'if you are not very careful in breaking out the truth to him, he will do some violence upon his uncle or one of these men that will bring some terrible calamity upon his own head, and grief and sorrow to us all.'

'I never thought of that,' rejoined Newman, his countenance falling more and more. 'I came to ask you to receive his sister in case he brought her here, but—'

'But this is a matter of much greater importance,' interrupted Miss La Creevy; 'that you might have been sure of before you came; but the end of this, nobody can foresee, unless you are very guarded and careful.'

'What *can* I do?' cried Newman, scratching his head with an air of great vexation and perplexity. 'If he was to talk of pistolling 'em all, I should be obliged to say, 'Certainly—serve 'em right.'

Miss La Creevy could not suppress a small shriek on hearing this, and instantly set about extorting a solemn pledge from Newman that he would use his utmost endeavours to pacify the wrath of Nicholas; which, after some demur, was conceded. They then consulted together on the safest and surest mode of communicating to him the circumstances which had rendered his presence necessary.

'He must have time to cool before he can possibly do anything,' said Miss La Creevy. 'That is of the greatest consequence. He must not be told until late at night.'

'But he'll be in town between six and seven this evening,' replied Newman. 'I can't keep it from him when he asks me.'

'Then you must go out, Mr. Noggs,' said Miss La Creevy. 'You can easily have been kept away by business, and must not return till nearly midnight.'

'Then he'll come straight here,' retorted Newman.

'So I suppose,' observed Miss La Creevy; 'but he won't find me at home, for I'll go straight to the City the instant you leave me, make up matters with Mrs. Nickleby, and take her away to the theatre, so that he may not even know where his sister lives.'

Upon further discussion, this appeared the safest and most feasible mode of proceeding that could be adopted. Therefore it was finally determined that matters should be so arranged, and Newman, after listening to many supplementary cautions and entreaties, took his leave of Miss La Creevy and trudged back to Golden Square; ruminating as he went upon a vast number of possibilities and impossibilities which crowded upon his brain, and arose out of the conversation that had just terminated.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Relating chiefly to some remarkable conversation, and some remarkable proceedings to which it gives rise.*

'London at last!' cried Nicholas, throwing back his great-coat and rousing Smike from a long nap. 'It seemed to me as though we should never reach it.'

'And yet you came along at a tidy pace too,' observed the coachman, looking over his shoulder at Nicholas with no very pleasant expression of countenance.

'Ay, I know that,' was the reply; 'but I have been very anxious to be at my journey's end, and that makes the way seem long.'

'Well,' remarked the coachman, 'if the way seemed long with such cattle as you've sat behind, you *must* have been most uncommon anxious;' and so saying, he let out his whip-lash, and touched up a little boy on the calves of his legs by way of emphasis.

They rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemist's glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people apparently without end poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side; while vehicles of all shapes and makes, mingled up together in one moving mass like running water, lent their ceaseless roar to swell the noise and tumult.

As they dashed by the quickly-changing and ever-varying objects, it was curious to observe in what a strange procession they passed before the eye. Emporiums of splendid dresses, the materials brought from every quarter of the world; tempting stores of everything to stimulate and pamper the satiated appetite and give new relish to the oft-repeated feast; vessels of burnished gold and silver, wrought into every exquisite form of vase, and dish, and goblet; guns, swords, pistols, and patent engines of destruction; screws and irons for the crooked, clothes for the newly-born, drugs for the sick, coffins for the dead, and churchyards for the buried—all these jumbled each with the other, and flocking side by side, seemed to flit by in motley dance like the fantastic groups of the old Dutch painter, and with the same stern moral for the unheeding restless crowd.

Nor were there wanting objects in the crowd itself to give new point and purpose to the shifting scene. The rags of the squalid ballad-singer fluttered in the

rich light that showed the goldsmith's treasures, pale and pinched-up faces hovered about the windows where was tempting food, hungry eyes wandered over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass—an iron wall to them; half-naked shivering figures stopped to gaze at Chinese shawls and golden stuffs of India. There was a christening party at the largest coffin-maker's, and a funeral hatchment had stopped some great improvements in the bravest mansion. Life and death went hand in hand; wealth and poverty stood side by side; repletion and starvation laid them down together.

But it was London; and the old country lady inside, who had put her head out of the coach-window a mile or two this side Kingston, and cried out to the driver that she was sure he must have passed it and forgotten to set her down, was satisfied at last.

Nicholas engaged beds for himself and Smike at the inn where the coach stopped, and repaired, without the delay of another moment, to the lodgings of Newman Noggs; for his anxiety and impatience had increased with every succeeding minute, and were almost beyond control.

There was a fire in Newman's garret, and a candle had been left burning; the floor was cleanly swept, the room was as comfortably arranged as such a room could be, and meat and drink were placed in order upon the table. Every thing bespoke the affectionate care and attention of Newman Noggs, but Newman himself was not there.

'Do you know what time he will be at home?' inquired Nicholas, tapping at the door of Newman's front neighbour.

'Ah, Mr. Johnson!' said Crawl, presenting himself. 'Welcome, Sir.—How well you're looking! I never could have believed——'

'Pardon me,' interposed Nicholas. 'My question—I am extremely anxious to know.'

'Why, he has a troublesome affair of business,' replied Crawl, 'and will not be home before twelve o'clock. He was very unwilling to go, I can tell you, but there was no help for it. However, he left word that you were to make yourself comfortable till he came back, and that I was to entertain you, which I shall be very glad to do.'

In proof of his extreme readiness to exert himself for the general entertainment, Mr. Crawl drew a chair to the table as he spoke, and helping himself plentifully to the cold meat, invited Nicholas and Smike to follow his example.

Disappointed and uneasy, Nicholas could touch no food, so, after he had seen Smike comfortably established at the table, he walked out (despite a great many dissuasions uttered by Mr. Crawl with his mouth full), and left Smike to detain Newman in case he returned first.

As Miss La Creevy had anticipated, Nicholas betook himself straight to her house. Finding her from home, he debated within himself for some time whether he should go to his mother's residence and so compromise her with Ralph Nickleby. Fully persuaded, however, that Newman would not have solicited him to return unless there was some strong reason which required his presence at home, he resolved to go there, and hastened eastwards with all speed.

Mrs. Nickleby would not be at home, the girl said, until past twelve, or later. She believed Miss Nickleby was well, but she didn't live at home now, nor did she come home except very seldom. She couldn't say where she was stopping, but it was not at Madame Mantalini's—she was sure of that.

With his heart beating violently, and apprehending he knew not what disaster, Nicholas returned to where he had left Smike. Newman had not been home. He wouldn't be, till twelve o'clock; there was no chance of it. Was there no possibility of sending to fetch him if it were only for an instant, or forwarding to him one line of writing to which he might return a verbal reply? That was quite impracticable. He was not at Golden Square, and probably had been sent to execute some commission at a distance.

Nicholas tried to remain quietly where he was, but he felt so nervous and excited that he could not sit still. He seemed to be losing time unless he was moving. It was an absurd fancy, he knew, but he was wholly unable to resist it. So, he took up his hat and rambled out again.

He strolled westward this time, pacing the long streets with hurried footsteps, and agitated by a thousand misgivings and apprehensions which he could not overcome. He passed into Hyde Park, now silent and deserted, and increased his rate of walking as if in the hope of leaving his thoughts behind. They crowded upon him more thickly, however, now there were no passing objects to attract his attention; and the one idea was always uppermost, that some stroke of ill-fortune must have occurred so calamitous in its nature that all were fearful of disclosing it to him. The old question arose again and again—What could it be? Nicholas walked till he was weary, but was not one bit the wiser; and indeed he came out of the Park at last a great deal more confused and perplexed than when he went in.

He had taken scarcely anything to eat or drink since early in the morning, and felt quite worn out and exhausted. As he returned languidly towards the point from which he had started, along one of the thoroughfares which lie between Park Lane and Bond Street, he passed a handsome hotel, before which he stopped mechanically.

'An expensive place, I dare say,' thought Nicholas;

'but a pint of wine and a biscuit are no great debauch wherever they are had. And yet I don't know.'

He walked on a few steps, but looking wistfully down the long vista of gas-lamps before him, and thinking how long it would take to reach the end of it—and being besides in that kind of mood in which a man is most disposed to yield to his first impulse—and being, besides, strongly attracted to the hotel, in part by curiosity, and in part by some odd mixture of feelings which he would have been troubled to define—Nicholas turned back again, and walked into the coffee-room.

It was very handsomely furnished. The walls were ornamented with the choicest specimens of French paper, enriched with a gilded cornice of elegant design. The floor was covered with a rich carpet; and two superb mirrors, one above the chimney-piece and one at the opposite end of the room, reaching from floor to ceiling, multiplied the other beauties and added new ones of their own to enhance the general effect. There was a rather noisy party of four gentlemen in a box by the fire-place, and only two other persons present,—both elderly gentlemen, and both alone.

Observing all this in the first comprehensive glance with which a stranger surveys a place that is new to him, Nicholas sat himself down in the box next to the noisy party, with his back towards them, and postponing his order for a pint of claret until such time as the waiter and one of the elderly gentlemen should have settled a disputed question relative to the price of an item in the bill of fare, took up a newspaper and began to read.

He had not read twenty lines, and was in truth half-dozing, when he was startled by the mention of his sister's name. 'Little Kate Nickleby' were the words that caught his ear. He raised his head in amazement, and as he did so, saw by the reflection in the opposite glass, that two of the party behind him had risen and were standing before the fire. 'It must have come from one of them,' thought Nicholas. He waited to hear more with a countenance of some indignation, for the tone of speech had been anything but respectful, and the appearance of the individual whom he presumed to have been the speaker was coarse and swaggering.

This person—so Nicholas observed in the same glance at the mirror which had enabled him to see his face—was standing with his back to the fire conversing with a younger man, who stood with his back to the company, wore his hat, and was adjusting his shirt-collar by the aid of the glass. They spoke in whispers, now and then bursting into a loud laugh; but Nicholas could catch no repetition of the words, nor anything sounding at all like the words, which had attracted his attention.

At length the two resumed their seats, and more wine being ordered, the party grew louder in their

mirth. Still there was no reference made to anybody with whom he was acquainted, and Nicholas became persuaded that his excited fancy had either imagined the sounds altogether, or converted some other words into the name which had been so much in his thoughts.

'It is remarkable too,' thought Nicholas: 'if it had been 'Kate' or 'Kate Nickleby,' I should not have been so much surprised; but 'little Kate Nickleby!'

The wine coming at the moment prevented his finishing the sentence. He swallowed a glassful and took up the paper again. At that instant—

'Little Kate Nickleby!' cried a voice behind him.

'I was right,' muttered Nicholas, as the paper fell from his hand. 'And it was the man I supposed.'

'As there was a proper objection to drinking her in health,' said the voice, 'we'll give her the first glass in the new magnum. Little Kate Nickleby!'

'Little Kate Nickleby,' cried the other three. And the glasses were set down empty.

Keenly alive to the tone and manner of this slight and careless mention of his sister's name in a public place, Nicholas fired at once; but he kept himself quiet by a great effort, and did not even turn his head.

'The jade!' said the same voice which had spoken before. 'She's a true Nickleby—a worthy imitator of her old uncle Ralph—she hangs back to be more sought after—so does he; nothing to be got out of Ralph unless you follow him up, and then the money comes doubly welcome, and the bargain doubly hard, for you're impatient and he isn't. Oh! infernal cunning.'

'Infernal cunning,' echoed two voices.

Nicholas was in a perfect agony as the two elderly gentlemen opposite, rose one after the other and went away, lest they should be the means of his losing one word of what was said. But the conversation was suspended as they withdrew, and resumed with even greater freedom when they had left the room.

'I am afraid,' said the younger gentleman, 'that the old woman has grown jea-a-lous, and locked her up. Upon my soul it looks like it.'

'If they quarrel and little Nickleby goes home to her mother, so much the better,' said the first. 'I can do any thing with the old lady. She'll believe anything I tell her.'

'Egad that's true,' returned the other voice. 'Ha, ha, ha! Poor deyvle!'

The laugh was taken up by the two voices which always came in together, and became general at Mrs. Nickleby's expense. Nicholas turned burning hot with rage, but he commanded himself for the moment, and waited to hear more.

What he heard need not be repeated here. Suffice it that as the wine went round he heard enough to acquaint him with the characters and designs of those

whose conversation he overheard; to possess him with the full extent of Ralph's villany, and the real reason of his own presence being required in London. He heard all this and more. He heard his sister's sufferings derided, and her virtuous conduct jeered at and brutally misconstrued; he heard her name bandied from mouth to mouth, and herself made the subject of coarse and insolent wagers, free speech, and licentious jesting.

The man who had spoken first, led the conversation and indeed almost engrossed it, being only stimulated from time to time by some slight observation from one or other of his companions. To him then Nicholas addressed himself when he was sufficiently composed to stand before the party, and force the words from his parched and scorching throat.

'Let me have a word with you, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'With me, Sir?' retorted Sir Mulberry Hawk, eyeing him in disdainful surprise.

'I said with you,' replied Nicholas, speaking with great difficulty, for his passion choked him.

'A mysterious stranger, upon my soul!' exclaimed Sir Mulberry, raising his wine-glass to his lips, and looking round upon his friends.

'Will you step apart with me for a few minutes, or do you refuse?' said Nicholas, sternly.

Sir Mulberry merely paused in the act of drinking, and bade him either name his business or leave the table.

Nicholas drew a card from his pocket, and threw it before him.

'There, Sir,' said Nicholas; 'my business you will guess.'

A momentary expression of astonishment, not unmixed with some confusion, appeared in the face of Sir Mulberry as he read the name; but he subdued it in an instant, and tossing the card to Lord Verisopht, who sat opposite, drew a toothpick from a glass before him, and very leisurely applied it to his mouth.

'Your name and address?' said Nicholas, turning paler as his passion kindled.

'I shall give you neither,' replied Sir Mulberry.

'If there is a gentleman in this party,' said Nicholas, looking round and scarcely able to make his white lips form the words, 'he will acquaint me with the name and residence of this man.'

There was a dead silence.

'I am the brother of the young lady who has been the subject of conversation here,' said Nicholas. 'I denounce this person as a liar, and impeach him as a coward. If he has a friend here, he will save him the disgrace of the paltry attempt to conceal his name—an utterly useless one—for I will find it out, nor leave him until I have.'

Sir Mulberry looked at him contemptuously, and, addressing his companions, said—

'Let the fellow talk, I have nothing serious to say to boys of his station; and his pretty sister shall save him a broken head, if he talks till midnight.'

'You are a base and spiritless scoundrell!' said Nicholas, 'and shall be proclaimed so to the world. I will know you; I will follow you home if you walk the streets till morning.'

Sir Mulberry's hand involuntarily closed upon the decanter, and he seemed for an instant about to launch it at the head of his challenger. But he only filled his glass, and laughed in derision.

Nicholas sat himself down, directly opposite to the party, and, summoning the waiter, paid his bill.

'Do you know that person's name?' he inquired of the man in an audible voice; pointing out Sir Mulberry as he put the question.

Sir Mulberry laughed again, and the two voices which had always spoken together, echoed the laugh; but rather feebly.

'That gentleman, Sir?' replied the waiter, who, no doubt, knew his cue, and answered with just as little respect, and just as much impertinence as he could safely show: 'no, Sir, I do not, Sir.'

'Here, you, Sir,' cried Sir Mulberry, as the man was retiring; 'do you know *that* person's name?'

'Name, Sir? No, Sir.'

'Then you'll find it there,' said Sir Mulberry, throwing Nicholas's card towards him; 'and when you have made yourself master of it, put that piece of pasteboard in the fire—do you hear me?'

The man grinned, and, looking doubtfully at Nicholas, compromised the matter by sticking the card in the chimney-glass. Having done this, he retired.

Nicholas folded his arms, and, biting his lip, sat perfectly quiet; sufficiently expressing by his manner, however, a firm determination to carry his threat of following Sir Mulberry home, into steady execution.

It was evident from the tone in which the younger member of the party appeared to remonstrate with his friend, that he objected to this course of proceeding, and urged him to comply with the request which Nicholas had made. Sir Mulberry, however, who was not quite sober, and who was in a sullen and dogged state of obstinacy, soon silenced the representations of his weak young friend, and further seemed—as if to save himself from a repetition of them—to insist on being left alone. However this might have been, the young gentleman and the two who had always spoken together, actually rose to go after a short interval, and presently retired, leaving their friend alone with Nicholas.

It will be very readily supposed that to one in the condition of Nicholas, the minutes appeared to move with leaden wings indeed, and that their progress did not seem the more rapid from the monotonous ticking of a French clock, or the shrill sound of its little bell

which told the quarters. But there he sat; and in his old seat on the opposite side of the room reclined Sir Mulberry Hawk, with his legs upon the cushion, and his handkerchief thrown negligently over his knees: finishing his magnum of claret with the utmost coolness and indifference.

Thus they remained in perfect silence for upwards of an hour—Nicholas would have thought for three hours at least, but that the little bell had only gone four times. Twice or thrice he looked angrily and impatiently round; but there was Sir Mulberry in the same attitude, putting his glass to his lips from time to time, and looking vacantly at the wall, as if he were wholly ignorant of the presence of any living person.

At length he yawned, stretched himself, and rose; walked coolly to the glass, and having surveyed himself therein, turned round, and honoured Nicholas with a long and contemptuous stare. Nicholas stared again with right good-will; Sir Mulberry shrugged his shoulders, smiled slightly, rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to help him on with his great-coat.

The man did so, and held the door open.

'Don't wait,' said Sir Mulberry; and they were alone again.

Sir Mulberry took several turns up and down the room, whistling carelessly all the time: stopped to finish the last glass of claret which he had poured out a few minutes before, walked again, put on his hat, adjusted it by the glass, drew on his gloves, and, at last, walked slowly out. Nicholas, who had been fuming and chafing until he was nearly wild, darted from his seat, and followed him—so closely, that before the door had swung upon its hinges after Sir Mulberry's passing out, they stood side by side in the street together.

There was a private cabriolet in waiting; the groom opened the apron, and jumped out to the horse's head.

'Will you make yourself known to me?' asked Nicholas in a suppressed voice.

'No,' replied the other fiercely, and confirming the refusal with an oath. 'No.'

'If you trust to your horse's speed, you will find yourself mistaken,' said Nicholas. 'I will accompany you. By Heaven I will, if I hang on to the foot-board.'

'You shall be horsewhipped if you do,' returned Sir Mulberry.

'You are a villain,' said Nicholas.

'You are an errand-boy for aught I know,' said Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'I am the son of a country gentleman,' returned Nicholas, 'your equal in birth and education, and your superior I trust in everything besides. I tell you again, Miss Nickleby is my sister. Will you or will you not answer for your unmanly and brutal conduct?'

'To a proper champion—yes. To you—no,' returned



Sir Mulberry, taking the reins in his hand. 'Stand out of the way, dog. William, let go her head.'

'You had better not,' cried Nicholas, springing on the step as Sir Mulberry jumped in, and catching at the reins. 'He has no command over the horse, mind. You shall not go—you shall not, I swear—till you have told me who you are.'

The groom hesitated, for the mare, who was a high-spirited animal and thorough-bred, plunged so violently that he could scarcely hold her.

'Leave go, I tell you!' thundered his master.

The man obeyed. The animal reared and plunged as though it would dash the carriage in a thousand pieces, but Nicholas, blind to all sense of danger, and conscious of nothing but his fury, still maintained his place and his hold upon the reins.

'Will you unclasp your hand?'

'Will you tell me who you are?'

'No!'

'No!'

In less time than the quickest tongue could tell it, these words were exchanged, and Sir Mulberry, shortening his whip, applied it furiously to the head and shoulders of Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle; Nicholas gained the heavy handle, and with it laid open one side of his antagonist's face from the eye to the lip. He saw the gash; knew that the mare had darted off at a wild mad gallop; a hundred lights danced in his eyes, and he felt himself flung violently upon the ground.

He was giddy and sick, but staggered to his feet directly, roused by the loud shouts of the men who were tearing up the street, and screaming to those ahead to clear the way. He was conscious of a torrent of people rushing quickly by—looking up, could discern the cabriolet whirled along the foot-pavement with frightful rapidity—then heard a loud cry, the smashing of some heavy body, and the breaking of glass—and then the crowd closed in the distance, and he could see or hear no more.

The general attention had been entirely directed from himself to the person in the carriage, and he was quite alone. Rightly judging that under such circumstances it would be madness to follow, he turned down a bye-street in search of the nearest coach-stand, finding after a minute or two that he was reeling like a drunken man, and aware for the first time of a stream of blood that was trickling down his face and breast.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*In which Mr. Ralph Nickleby is relieved, by a very expeditious process, from all commerce with his relations.*

SMIKE and Newman Noggs, who in his impatience

had returned home long before the time agreed upon, sat before the fire, listening anxiously to every footstep on the stairs, and the slightest sound that stirred within the house, for the approach of Nicholas. Time had worn on, and it was growing late. He had promised to be back in an hour; and his prolonged absence began to excite considerable alarm in the minds of both, as was abundantly testified by the blank looks they cast upon each other at every new disappointment.

At length a coach was heard to stop, and Newman ran out to light Nicholas up the stairs. Beholding him in the trim described at the conclusion of the last chapter, he stood aghast in wonder and consternation.

'Don't be alarmed,' said Nicholas, hurrying him back into the room. 'There is no harm done, beyond what a basin of water can repair.'

'No harm!' cried Newman, passing his hands hastily over the back and arms of Nicholas, as if to assure himself that he had broken no bones. 'What have you been doing?'

'I know all,' interrupted Nicholas; 'I have heard a part, and guessed the rest. But before I remove one jot of these stains, I must hear the whole from you. You see I am collected. My resolution is taken. Now, my good friend, speak out; for the time for any palliation or concealment is past, and nothing will avail Ralph Nickleby now.'

'Your dress is torn in several places, you walk lame, and I am sure are suffering pain,' said Newman. 'Let me see to your hurts first.'

'I have no hurts to see to, beyond a little soreness and stiffness that will soon pass off,' said Nicholas, seating himself with some difficulty. 'But if I had fractured every limb, and still preserved my senses, you should not bandage one till you had told me what I have the right to know. Come,' said Nicholas, giving his hand to Noggs. 'You had a sister of your own, you told me once, who died before you fell into misfortune. Now think of her, and tell me, Newman.'

'Yes, I will, I will,' said Noggs. 'I'll tell you the whole truth.'

Newman did so. Nicholas nodded his head from time to time, as it corroborated the particulars he had already gleaned; but he fixed his eyes upon the fire, and did not look round once.

His recital ended, Newman insisted upon his young friend stripping off his coat, and allowing whatever injuries he had received to be properly tended. Nicholas, after some opposition, at length consented, and while some pretty severe bruises on his arms and shoulders were being rubbed with oil and vinegar, and various other efficacious remedies which Newman borrowed from the different lodgers, related in what manner they had been received. The recital made a strong impression on the warm imagination of Newman; for when Nicholas came to the violent part of the quarrel,

he rubbed so hard, as to occasion him the most exquisite pain, which he would not have exhibited, however, for the world, it being perfectly clear that, for the moment, Newman was operating on Sir Mulberry Hawk, and had quite lost sight of his real patient.

This martyrdom over, Nicholas arranged with Newman that while he was otherwise occupied next morning, arrangements should be made for his mother's immediately quitting her present residence, and also for despatching Miss La Creevy to break the intelligence to her. He then wrapped himself in Smike's great-coat, and repaired to the inn where they were to pass the night, and where (after writing a few lines to Ralph, the delivery of which was to be entrusted to Newman next day,) he endeavoured to obtain the repose of which he stood so much in need.

Drunken men, they say, may roll down precipices, and be quite unconscious of any serious personal inconvenience when their reason returns. The remark may possibly apply to injuries received in other kinds of violent excitement; certain it is, that although Nicholas experienced some pain on first awakening next morning, he sprang out of bed as the clock struck seven with very little difficulty, and was soon as much on the alert as if nothing had occurred.

Merely looking into Smike's room, and telling him that Newman Noggs would call for him very shortly, Nicholas descended into the street, and calling a hackney-coach, bade the man drive to Mrs. Witterly's, according to the direction which Newman had given him on the previous night.

It wanted a quarter to eight when they reached Cadogan Place. Nicholas began to fear that no one might be stirring at that early hour, when he was relieved by the sight of a female servant, employed in cleaning the door-steps. By this functionary he was referred to the doubtful page, who appeared with dishevelled hair and a very warm and a glossy face, as of a page who had just got out of bed.

By this young gentleman he was informed that Miss Nickleby was then taking her morning's walk in the gardens before the house. On the question 'being propounded whether he could go and find her, the page desponded and thought not; but being stimulated with a shilling, the page grew sanguine and thought he could.

'Say to Miss Nickleby that her brother is here, and in great haste to see her,' said Nicholas.

The plated buttons disappeared with an alacrity most unusual to them, and Nicholas paced the room in a state of feverish agitation which made the delay even of a minute insupportable. He soon heard a light footstep which he well knew, and before he could advance to meet her, Kate had fallen on his neck and burst into tears.

'My darling girl,' said Nicholas, as he embraced her. 'How pale you are!'

'I have been so unhappy here, dear brother,' sobbed poor Kate; 'so very, very, miserable. Do not leave me here, dear Nicholas, or I shall die of a broken heart.'

'I will leave you nowhere,' answered Nicholas—'never again, Kate,' he cried, moved in spite of himself as he folded her to his heart. 'Tell me that I acted for the best. Tell me that we parted because I feared to bring misfortune on your head; that it was a trial to me no less than to yourself, and that if I did wrong it was in ignorance of the world and unknowingly.'

'Why should I tell you what we know so well?' returned Kate soothingly. 'Nicholas—dear Nicholas—how can you give way thus?'

'It is such bitter reproach to me to know what you have undergone,' returned her brother; 'to see you so much altered, and yet so kind and patient—God!' cried Nicholas, clenching his fist and suddenly changing his tone and manner, 'it sets my whole blood on fire again. You must leave here with me directly; you should not have slept here last night, but that I knew all this too late. To whom can I speak, before we drive away!'

This question was most opportunely put, for at that instant Mr. Witterly walked in, and to him Kate introduced her brother, who at once announced his purpose, and the impossibility of deferring it.

'The quarter's notice,' said Mr. Witterly, with the gravity of a man on the right side, 'is not yet half expired. Therefore—'

'Therefore,' interposed Nicholas, 'the quarter's salary must be lost, Sir. You will excuse this extreme haste, but circumstances require that I should immediately remove my sister, and I have not a moment's time to lose. Whatever she brought here I will send for, if you will allow me, in the course of the day.'

Mr. Witterly bowed, but offered no opposition to Kate's immediate departure; with which, indeed, he was rather gratified than otherwise, Sir Tamley Snuffin having given it as his opinion, that she rather disagreed with Mrs. Witterly's constitution.

'With regard to the trifle of salary that is due,' said Mr. Witterly, 'I will—' here he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—'I will—owe it to Miss Nickleby.'

Mr. Witterly, it should be observed, was accustomed to owe small accounts, and to leave them owing. All men have some little pleasant way of their own; and this was Mr. Witterly's.

'If you please,' said Nicholas. And once more offering a hurried apology for so sudden a departure, he hurried Kate into the vehicle, and bade the man drive with all speed into the City.

To the City they went accordingly, with all the

speed the hackney-coach could make; and as the horses happened to live at Whitechapel and to be in the habit of taking their breakfast there, when they breakfasted at all, they performed the journey with greater expedition than could reasonably have been expected.

Nicholas sent Kate up stairs a few minutes before him, that his unlooked-for appearance might not alarm his mother, and when the way had been paved, presented himself with much duty and affection. Newman had not been idle, for there was a little cart at the door, and the effects were hurrying out already.

Now, Mrs. Nickleby was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice. Wherefore, although the good lady had been subjected to a full hour's preparation by little Miss La Creevy, and was now addressed in most lucid terms both by Nicholas and his sister, she was in a state of singular bewilderment and confusion, and could by no means be made to comprehend the necessity of such hurried proceedings.

'Why don't you ask your uncle, my dear Nicholas, what he can possibly mean by it?' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'My dear mother,' returned Nicholas, 'the time for talking has gone by. There is but one step to take, and that is to cast him off with the scorn and indignation he deserves. Your own honour and good name demand that, after the discovery of his vile proceedings, you should not be beholden to him one hour, even for the shelter of these bare walls.'

'To be sure,' said Mrs. Nickleby, crying bitterly, 'he is a brute, a monster; and the walls are very bare, and want painting too, and I have had this ceiling white-washed at the expense of eighteen pence, which is a very distressing thing, considering that it is so much gone into your uncle's pocket. I never could have believed it—never.'

'Nor I, nor any body else,' said Nicholas.

'Lord bless my life!' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby. 'To think that that Sir Mulberry Hawk should be such an abandoned wretch as Miss La Creevy says he is, Nicholas, my dear, when I was congratulating myself every day on his being an admirer of our dear Kate's, and thinking what a thing it would be for the family if he was to become connected with us, and use his interest to get you some profitable government place. There are very good places to be got around the court, I know; for the brother of a friend of ours (Miss Crop-ley, at Exeter, my dear Kate, you recollect,) he had one, and I know that it was the chief part of his duty to wear silk stockings, and a bag wig like a black watch-pocket; and to think that it should come to this after all—oh, dear, dear, it's enough to kill one, that it is!' With which expressions of sorrow, Mrs.

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Nickleby gave fresh vent to her grief, and wept piteously.

As Nicholas and his sister were by this time compelled to superintend the removal of the few articles of furniture, Miss La Creevy devoted herself to the consolation of the matron, and observed with great kindness of manner that she must really make an effort, and cheer up.

'Oh I dare say, Miss La Creevy,' returned Mrs. Nickleby, with a petulance not unnatural in her unhappy circumstances, 'it's very easy to say cheer up, but if you had had as many occasions to cheer up as I have had—and there,' said Mrs. Nickleby, stopping short, 'Think of Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, two of the most perfect gentlemen that ever lived, what am I to say to them—what can I say to them? Why, if I was to say to them, 'I'm told your friend Sir Mulberry is a base wretch,' they'd laugh at me.'

'They will laugh no more at us, I take it,' said Nicholas, advancing. 'Come, mother, there is a coach at the door, and until Monday, at all events, we will return to our old quarters.'

'—Where everything is ready, and a hearty welcome into the bargain,' added Miss La Creevy. 'Now, let me go with you down stairs.'

But Mrs. Nickleby was not to be so easily moved, for first she insisted on going up stairs to see that nothing had been left, and then on going down stairs to see that every thing had been taken away; and when she was getting into the coach she had a vision of a forgotten coffee-pot on the back-kitchen hob, and after she was shut in, a dismal recollection of a green umbrella behind some unknown door. At last Nicholas, in a condition of absolute despair, ordered the coachman to drive away, and in the unexpected jerk of a sudden starting, Mrs. Nickleby lost a shilling among the straw, which fortunately confined her attention to the coach until it was too late to remember anything else.

Having seen everything safely out, discharged the servant, and locked the door, Nicholas jumped into a cabriolet and drove to a bye-place near Golden Square where he had appointed to meet Noggs; and so quickly had everything been done, that it was barely half past nine when he reached the place of meeting.

'Here is the letter for Ralph,' said Nicholas, 'and here the key. When you come to me this evening, not a word of last night. Ill news travels fast, and they will know it soon enough. Have you heard if he was much hurt?'

Newman shook his head.

'I will ascertain that myself without loss of time,' said Nicholas.

'You had better take some rest,' returned Newman. 'You are fevered and ill.'

Nicholas waved his hand carelessly, and concealing the indisposition he really felt, now that the excitement which had sustained him was over, took a hurried farewell of Newman Noggs, and left him.

Newman was not three minutes' walk from Golden Square, but in the course of that three minutes he took the letter out of his hat and put it in again twenty times at least. First the front, then the back, then the sides, then the superscription, then the seal, were objects of Newman's admiration. Then he held it at arm's length as if to take in the whole at one delicious survey, and then he rubbed his hands in a perfect ecstasy with his commission.

He reached the office, hung his hat on its accustomed peg, laid the letter and key upon the desk, and waited impatiently until Ralph Nickleby should appear. After a few minutes, the well-known creaking of his boots was heard on the stairs, and then the bell rung.

'Has the post come in?'

'No.'

'Any other letters?'

'One.' Newman eyed him closely, and laid it on the desk.

'What's this?' asked Ralph, taking up the key.

'Left with the letter;—a boy brought them—quarter of an hour ago, or less.'

Ralph glanced at the direction, opened the letter, and read as follows:—

'You are known to me now. There are no reproaches I could heap upon your head which would carry with them one thousandth part of the grovelling shame that this assurance will awaken even in your breast.

'Your brother's widow and her orphan child spurn the shelter of your roof, and shun you with disgust and loathing. Your kindred renounce you, for they know no shame but the ties of blood which bind them in name with you.

'You are an old man, and I leave you to the grave. May every recollection of your life cling to your false heart, and cast their darkness on your death-bed.'

Ralph Nickleby read this letter twice, and frowning heavily, fell into a fit of musing; the paper fluttered from his hand and dropped upon the floor, but he clasped his fingers, as if he held it still.

Suddenly he started from his seat, and thrusting it all crumpled into his pocket, turned furiously to Newman Noggs, as though to ask him why he lingered. But Newman stood unmoved, with his back towards him, following up, with the worn and blackened stump of an old pen, some figures in an Interest-table which was pasted against the wall, and apparently quite abstracted from every other object.

(Continued in another part of this number.)

From the Monthly Review.

*The Life, Times, and Characteristics of John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.* By Robert Philip. Author of "The Life and Times of Whitefield;" "The Experimental Guides," &c. London: Virtue. 1839.

Never before did the tinker of Elstow, the author of the noblest and most instructive allegory that ever was imagined and composed by uninspired man, meet with such a cordial and congenial biographer and critical commentator as the present. We have perused the volume from beginning to end with unabated and ever-increasing delight. It may be that some captious reviewers will pronounce the author's manner and arrangement as being prolix, and insist that he has frequently and needlessly repeated himself and the same things. But for our part a much larger volume would have been welcome about John Bunyan, provided it continued to teem with such a variety and wealth of facts as well as comments by one who has such a love and knowledge of his subject as Mr. Philip displays. It is not only a fine and enlightened enthusiasm which pervades every chapter that distinguishes the book, but the reader cannot avoid concluding that the author has during the entire period of his life, ever since he was able to enjoy the spiritual dream that spell-binds every girl and boy, made the genius and history of John Bunyan his unceasing study. No research, no labour has been spared, either as regards local traditions scattered, and never before published documents, or a careful comparison of all that has been written concerning his hero, to place him living and life-like before us. And who is there, alive or dead, whose image one so delights to contemplate or that can be so vividly represented, so fondly identified, as the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that whole-length portrait of Bunyan himself, as Montgomery has pronounced it? In a happy hour Mr. Philip resolved to be the artist.

There have been many biographical notices of Bunyan, some of them by authors who stand high in the republic of letters,—Dr. Southey, for example. But the fact is, as stated by Mr. Philip, that these productions have one and all only amounted to sketches and never to such a full analysis of his genius, his works, and career as to entitle any of them to the eminent designation, a life. Each has done little more than repeat the *old* facts with more or less grace. Besides, the most eminent of these writers have had few motives beyond such as are of a purely literary character to answer; a restriction, we regard as being the most unfortunate possible in the present case. What is John Bunyan if we disjoin from the great objects of his concern,—his *experiences* and his theology? He was one of the finest, and, in reference to comparatively small things, one of the most liberal of Dissenters, especially

when the age in which he flourished is contemplated. He was one of the fairest and most consistent Calvinists in regard to the leading doctrines of religion that ever lived. Now, upon neither the subject of ecclesiastical government nor of faith has Dr. Southey, for instance, a due sympathy so as to have guided him to a full and perfectly candid appreciation of Bunyan. We once heard a venerable lady, and one of no mean discernment, declare that the Doctor was incapable of doing justice to the author of the *Pilgrim*, for that he did not understand his creed and practice. We are not pretending to offer any opinion upon the respective merits of different sects or characters; but we fearlessly assert that the want of tolerance and of sympathy to which we have made allusion, must act as a bar to a just appreciation of the entire character of any consistent religionist, and never surely more fatally than when one of the most sweeping and imaginative minds, and one of the most extraordinary mental experiences, are the subject of delineation and appreciation.

Now, whatever may be Mr. Philip's relative abilities in a literary sense as compared with those of Dr. Southey, it must be confessed by every one who peruses the volume now before us, or any of his other numerous works, that they are of no mean order. Admit but that he can do justice to his own sentiments, and express them clearly, and we think he will be in regard to Bunyan or any other fervid and renowned Calvinist, a far more competent biographer, seeing that he himself is heart and soul a disciple of the Geneva-school, than any *littérateur* of much less stringent and enthusiastic principles and tendencies. It is this perfect sympathy, and the fearless as well as forcible manner in which he avows his opinions and enters into the experience of Bunyan, that has invested his work with such a charm in our estimation,—a work of intense love and protracted labour and investigation,—a work avowedly intended as much for the church as for the world; and, indeed, forming one in a series of the author's "Experimental Guides for the Perplexed and the Doubting."

Before calling the attention of our readers to some specimens, we have only further to state that our author entertains hopes that some of Bunyan's Remains, which have never been published, will be drawn from their secrecy by certain appeals which occur in the volume. For such treasures, he seems to look fully as confidently to the other side of the Atlantic as to this country. If any such exist, we cannot doubt of their being promptly forwarded to one who has already added so much that is new in this Life, and who has so ably and zealously illustrated what is old as well as what is novel. Let us add, that the present volume is to be followed by a standard family edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, from Bunyan's revised text; to be illustrated by old prints or new drawings of its local

scenery, and with notes chiefly from his own pen; a reprint, which, it need not be feared by the editor or the publisher, will, after such a forerunner as the present, occupy a high station among the numberless impressions already existing.

Mr. Philip's vivid conceptions, and the pleasant gossip he frequently employs when detailing his conceptions and imaginings regarding Bunyan, may be judged of from what he says in the very first paragraph of his book, and where he describes his feelings when visiting Bedford to collect facts and impressions relative to his hero. On entering the town he seems to have associated everything with Bunyan, to enshrine any thing with his *Pilgrim*—a proper and propitious state of mind for him who desired to do justice to the Glorious Dreamer. He says, "the town, indeed, did not seem to me 'the City of Destruction,' and the bridge was too good, and the water too clear to allow the river to be regarded as the 'Slough of Despond;' but it was hardly possible not to see Christian in every poor man who carried a burden, and Christiana in every poor woman who carried a market-basket in one hand, and led a child with the other. One sweet-looking peasant girl, also, might have been Mercy's youngest sister. She would have been beautiful anywhere; but she was enchanting upon the spot where Bunyan's Mercy (that finished portrait of female loveliness) had *walked and wept*." It does not appear, however, that Mr. Philip discovered any one who could be taken for a representative or genuine copy of the Dreamer himself.

Every one who knows any thing of Bunyan is aware of the wickedness of his youth, and of his early manhood, as also of the fierceness of his religious convictions,—of his protracted and diversified mental agonies,—of his contests with Satan, and of his final triumph and transcendent victory over all temptations and trials in the world. No romance was ever so wonderful or half so arresting, unless his splendid allegory, as his actual history. Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in it than the checks that struck his conscience during his blaspheming career; and to a mind less nervously strung such appeals would have passed over him like the vagrant wind. For example, he says:—

"One day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, cursing and swearing, and playing the *mad-man*, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she was a very loose ungodly *wretch*' (in this all the old accounts of her agree), 'yet protested, I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me: and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was enough to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.'"

A considerable time elapsed after this before he be-

took himself to a course of religious inquiry among a certain class of consistent professors, who were really eager to do him good; but whose wisdom was not equal to their zeal. We copy some remarks in relation to this passage in his history:—

"Bunyan's friends, indeed, were all as ignorant of his malady as himself. They neither saw nor suspected anything in his case, but temptation and the power of conscience; and, accordingly, suggested nothing to him but spiritual consolation. This, of course, he both needed and deserved from them: but he needed also medical treatment, and more interesting employment than tinkering. I do not know that he was as poor a hand at mending old kettles, as CAREY was at making new shoes; but he was as evidently out of his element. His craft gave neither pleasure nor pay to his *sea-like* restlessness of mind, and but little bracing to his nerves, except when he was walking his rounds: and the clink of the hammer, and the rasp of the file, irritated them more than his exercise could counteract. He wanted, although he knew it not, something to *do*, which would have expended the surplus energy of his mind, or absorbed his attention during the greater part of every day, or compelled him to think about others as well as himself. Had Gifford set him to teach the poor children of Elstow to read the Bible on the Sabbath evenings or mornings, as well as set him to the study of his own heart and experience, Bunyan would have *plunged* into the work, and thus lost sight of himself for the time, in the pleasure of doing good. But it is useless to regret now, except in order to warn others against thinking of themselves only, and against living only to think. We shall soon see that when Bunyan began to preach and write for the benefit of others, he soon got over his personal fears.

"One of his counsellors must have been a very weak man: for he gave in at once to the absurd fear, that Bunyan had 'sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost.' 'I told him all my case,' he says; 'and also, that I was afraid I had committed the unpardonable sin.' He said, he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but *cold* comfort. And yet, this man was an 'antient Christian,' by report! Young as Bunyan was, however, he had sense enough to see that a man, who could take this for granted, so readily and coolly, was any thing but a wise man. 'Talking a little more with him,' he says, 'I found him, though a good man, a *stranger* to much combat with the devil. Wherefore I went again to God for mercy still, as well as I could.'"

Mr. Philip's views on the subject of Satanic agency will be read by every one that seeks not refuge in levity or scepticism with deep interest. But it is not for us to enter upon the subject. We may mention, however, that he strenuously resists that sort of philosophy that would interpret the language of Scripture otherwise than literally regarding the personality of the Devil. In some passages, we confess, he startled us in *mapping* out the *whereabouts* of the Spirit. We think the familiarity of expression sometimes applied might also be advantageously altered in a second edition.

We proceed to copy another passage illustrative of the Halls in which Bunyan studied divinity, and of

some of the Doctors at whose feet he bent. The work of Luther, to be alluded to, was that celebrated one on the Galatians; its boldness and force appearing to suit the wandering Tinker's mind, as the production of a congenial nature. Very few were the books to which he had access, before he voluminously wrote himself. Had it been otherwise, how much of his originality and his splendour would have been lost:—

"It should be for ever remembered, also, *where* Bunyan studied Luther and the Bible at this time. It was alternately in the *barns* where he slept on straw, and under the lonely trees where he rested himself. He 'watched for the morning,' upon a bed which had no attractions, when he awoke from his first sleep. Even the Sluggard would hardly have turned himself to slumber again amongst the sacking and litter of a tinker's couch. For although Bunyan was now an honest man, and known as such in his rounds, the *barn* was his only dormitory, and the *corn-cloth* his only counterpane, and his only *wallet* stuffed with his clothes, or a *corn-sheaf* his only pillow. He rarely knew the luxury of a blanket, or even of a chaff bolster. It was from such couches he arose with the sun, to search the Scriptures, and to ponder Luther's paradoxes, whilst all nature was cool, and calm, and bright around him. In like manner, when he rested during the heat of the day under the trees or the hedges, all his *cares* at this time only sent him to his Bible, whilst all his tastes enjoyed the scenery and the solitude.

"Much of the vividness of his conceptions arose from these circumstances. And then, he had just suffered so much at home, whilst brooding in silence over dark and daring thoughts, that both Nature and Revelation were almost new to him, when he resumed his communion with them in his old rounds."

There was one source of propitious influence, which Mr. Philip has in a most touching manner noticed and dwelt upon without striving to clothe it with an exaggerated and false character or mode of operation, to which we must make a passing reference; we mean that of his young and first wife. She was not competent to instruct her husband: but what she knew and could do was most affectionately and prudently bestowed.

The kind of sympathy and appreciation which our author manifests for his hero, to which we have already alluded, may be tested to a certain extent by the paragraphs we now quote:—

"Although no one's experience is exactly like Bunyan's, yet all who have had any experience of terror or temptation, of hope or fear, of agony or anguish, find something in his vicissitudes analogous to their own. The revolutions of his hopes and fears were indeed often abrupt, and always extreme; but they circled for ever around the question of his Eternal Salvation. It was for his Soul he feared when he was shaken with terrors: it was for his Soul he hoped when he shouted for joy. When he hung his harp upon the willows, it was because the hope of salvation had fallen into the dark waters of despair beneath; and when he took down that harp, it was because this hope had emerged from them again. For although he marked and felt the vicissitudes

of his health and his family, he was absorbed chiefly by the varying aspects of Eternity.

"This is the real secret of our sympathy for him. It is a sympathy with him. Not, indeed, in all the depth of his woe, nor in all the height of his rapture: but, still, in the causes or springs of both. At the extremes of both hope and fear, he is beyond us. In the power of describing or expressing both, he is above us. His Harp when *muffled* is too sad for us; and when tuned to the Harps around the throne, too loud or too sweet for the usual melody of our own hearts. But still, we feel it to be alike *true* to the fear of perishing, and to the hope of salvation. \* \* \* \*

"It was not by *accident*, however, that he said so much, nor that he had so much to say. God was training him to teach many, and therefore made him 'a wonder to many.' And he was just the man, so far as *mind* is concerned, to be thus selected for a sign to 'be wondered at:' for neither the great nor the wise can question his genius, and the poor will sympathize with his mean origin for ever. No class can doubt his perfect sincerity, and all classes must feel his matchless power. Like the sun, he reveals himself by his own light, and reaches the meridian by his own strength; so far as human help is concerned. He owes little to circumstances, and still less to education, for what he became as a thinker or writer. He was *born*, not *made* an allegorical Poet in prose."

Again:—

"It was just in a mind of this order, that a public manifestation of the power of Conscience could be made with effect. The terrors of a weak mind, or even of an ordinary mind, are easily ascribed to intellectual weakness: but when Conscience overpowers an acute understanding, and saddens a spirit at once buoyant and mighty, and makes a creative genius create only visions of horror and despair, we are compelled to pause and ask, what must conscience be, seeing it can thus master all the other powers of the mind; and without deranging them, turn each of them into a conscience, or make them all parts of itself? It is this fact that *flames* in the example of Bunyan. We see the man who had an eye for all that is lovely, and an ear for all that is sweet, and a heart for all that is sublime in Nature, so bowed down under a sense of guilt, unworthiness, and danger, that he can neither speak nor look up; neither eat nor sleep!

"We need a sight of this kind, on many accounts. We do not naturally suspect, and are not willing to believe, that Conscience can thus bleed or burn, except when it is laden with unusual or unutterable crimes. We can hardly admit, in our own case, that we *could* be brought thus low, or be stretched on this rack. And, happily, it is not necessary that we should be either racked or bowed down as he was. It is, however, both necessary and desirable, that we should be fully aware of what an inflamed conscience can inflict upon mind and body. We do not understand 'the wrath to come,' until we understand the power of Conscience in some measure, either from feeling or observation. God has, therefore, *exemplified*, in a man universally known and admired, the gnawings of the Worm which dieth not, and the heat of unquenchable fire, just that we may appreciate the mercy of more *gentle* awakenings, and not provoke Him to make or let conscience do its worst: for its *worst* could make any man a terror to himself, and to all around him!"

Bunyan escaped from the furnace,—was imprisoned on account of his non-conformity for many years in Bedford jail, where he wrote many works, solaced himself as a true poet and a noble Christian, and supported a poor family by the labour of his hands,—a blind daughter often reclining by his side, while he *tagged* stay-laces which his wife and his poor girl made and sold. We have not been more deeply riveted upon reading any of the numerous divisions of the "Life and Times" than the chapter which treats of his "Prison Amusements." Others, such as that in which are given the pleadings of his Second Wife, before Sir Mathew Hale and certain far less decorous or merciful judges, like another Arria or Lady Russel, must draw magnanimous tears from the reading world; but we think that Mr. Philip, with a taste as fine, a sympathy as pure and perfect, and a hand as dexterous as Southey, or any living *littérateur* has ever displayed, gives us a true sight of his hero in prison. He appears to us to step into his stead with an uncovered head but dignified composure, as if he had an assurance that he could stand in his presence as a younger brother. We must cull a passage or two from these "Amusements," and then shut the book;—for a volume, extending to six hundred pages, must be summarily dealt with by us, considering its proportion when religion is its staple. We now cite some fragments,—*amusing* ones. Behold the amusements:—

"Bunyan's chief *enjoyment* in prison, next to his high communion with God and Heaven, was the composition of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was the *only* one of his joys, which he allowed neither stranger nor friend to intermeddle with. He kept it 'a fountain sealed,' from all his family and fellow prisoners, until it was completed. Dunn, or Wheeler, or Cox, or any other companion, might hear a page, or obtain a peep, of any of his other works, whilst they were planning or in progress;—but the *Pilgrim* was for no eye nor ear but his own, until he 'awoke out of his dream.' He never once, during all that dream, 'talked in his sleep.'

"This fact has never been noticed, so far as I recollect, by any of his Biographers or Critics, although he himself states it strongly. He says expressly of the *Pilgrim's Progress*,

'Manner and matter too were all my own,  
Nor was it unto any *Mortal* known,  
Till I had done it.'

Preface.

It was thus, most likely, written whilst his companions were fast asleep, or before they got up in the morning. And if so, this will partly account for that *passionate* love of sunrise, and his grief at sunset, which runs through his poetry, in the 'Divine Emblems;' as well as for his frequent sonnets about his *Candles*, when a fall or a fly injured them. \* \* \*

"Bunyan's amusements in prison were all literary. He had nothing but his pen wherewith to cheat or cheer his sad hours. The only thing in the form of a *comfort* in his cell, apart from his Bible, Concordance, and Book of Martyrs, was a *Rose-bush*; and of it he



was so fond, that it seems to have been sent to him as memorial of old friendship.

'This homely Bush doth to mine eyes expose,  
A very fair, yea comely, ruddy rose.  
This rose doth *always* bow its head to me,  
Saying, 'Come pluck me; I *thy* rose will be.'

But whilst he thus complimented it upon its beauty, and its seeming good will towards him, he also quarrelled with it playfully at times, because it pricked his fingers.

'Yet,—offer I to gather rose or bud,  
'Tis ten to one, but Bush will have my blood.  
Bush!—why dost bear a rose, if none must have it?  
Why thus expose it, yet *claw* those that crave it?  
Art become *freakish*? Dost the Wanton play?  
Or doth thy *testy* humour tend this way?  
This looks like a *trepan*, or a decoy,  
To offer, and yet *snap*, who would enjoy.'

Vol. ii. p. 971.

When Bunyan wrote this, the word *trepan* had a very emphatic meaning. Trepanners was the name of the *Olivers* and *Castles* of these times; and although none of them had tampered with him, he knew well what Crowther had done, and what Evan Price had suffered, in Lancashire.

"Besides his Rose-Bush and Sand-Glass, and a Spider he became acquainted with at the window, Bunyan had nothing to *disport* his lonely hours, except what he could see upon the road or the river, through the iron gratings, on market days.

"But the Study of Solomon's Temple was Bunyan's chief relaxation: for although his poetry amused him, it also wearied him; because he could not *rhyme* so fast as he reasoned. Spiritualizing in prose was his *hobby*, when he had done with his hard work.

"We have seen enough of Bunyan's 'vein' already, in his accidental and unconscious allegorizing, to whet our curiosity for his deliberate efforts. The man who wrote the Pilgrim and the Holy War, in what Montgomery well calls, 'Allegory so perfect as to hide itself like light, whilst revealing through its colourless and undistorting medium all beside,' was sure to place other truths in the same light. Indeed, it was by trying his hand often at brief spiritualizations, that he became master of lengthened and continuous allegory. He improved himself by *amusing* himself."

We are afraid some of our readers may deem that this rapidly written notice and unusual recommendation of a new thick octavo savours of favouritism. Let those who entertain such a fancy peruse the work, and judge for themselves. We confess that we have been unusually impressed with the production, and have felt more than literature or fashionable criticism to be at stake in reviewing it; and therefore we congratulate the public fully as much as we do the author upon its appearance.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE COMPLAINT.

I heard thee say that thou wert slow of speech;  
Thou didst complain thy words could never reach

The height of thy conceptions. Ah! dear friend,  
Envy me not, if thou art wise, this gift.  
Fierce reckless acts and thoughts unbridled range,  
And cherished passion, that at times hath rocked  
My soul to its foundations,—these did lift  
Me into eloquence: 'twas sad to spend  
So great a price to win so poor a dower.  
Thine is a deep clear mind: nor inward change,  
Nor outward visitation yet hath shocked  
Thy heart into a consciousness of power.  
So calm and beautiful thou art within,  
That thou wilt scarce believe that power is sin.—

Faber.

#### HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no Shadows where there is no Sun;  
There is no Beauty where there is no shade:  
And all things in two lines of glory run,  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold, inlaid.  
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;  
And His dim track is like the silvery wake  
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,  
Fading and re-appearing here and there.  
The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that move  
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,  
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.  
Death is the shade of coming life; and love  
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,  
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!—Faber.

#### PROTECTION.

Dreary the moor, low blasts set up their dirge,  
And moaned, to stay my steps: still on I sped—  
Th' uprisen winds swept by me—then o'erhead,  
Like Spirits of Good that Evil ones did urge,  
Rushed in wild conflict and repelling surge.  
On still I fared: "Your warfare, winds," I said,  
"Is God's protection to my humble shed,  
That lights with gleam of love yon mountain verge."  
As the stern Angel of Death passed Egypt o'er  
And smote not, where God's token did appear;  
So, Spirits of Ill unseen bow down before  
The lowly light of home, that shineth clear  
Through blackest night—and Angels at the door  
Stand guard, and say—"Pass on, nor enter here."

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

'Twas a glorious sight,  
On a beautiful night,  
With a large yellow moon sailing up in the sky,  
And a glimmer of day  
In the west far away,  
Just burning, and glowing, and flashing to die,  
  
That old Gothic Pile,  
With its nave and its aisle,  
Its transepts, its chapels, and manyniched choir—  
Its traceried lights,  
Its pinnaced heights,  
Its huge western towers, and its tall central spire;  
  
The Porches, the doors,  
The buttresses, scores—  
The chapter-house, cloisters, and Lady Chapelle;  
The canopies rich,  
The finely groined niche,  
And octagon turret that holds the great bell.

In that wall on the west,  
Scarce the sight dares to rest  
On yon fair gorgeous wheel, like a bright, thoughtful  
eye;  
For where'er the ray hits,  
As from diamond it flits,  
Reflecting the last dolphin hue of the sky.

And hark! to the sound,  
Rich, solemn, profound,  
Which sweeps on the night-breeze around and around;  
'Tis the organ's deep voice  
To bid us rejoice  
That we stand on the threshold of sanctified ground.

O near let us draw,  
With love and with awe—  
Let us enter with meek eye and penitent soul—  
The House of Our Lord,  
Whose name be adored,  
Wherever earth stretches or ocean's waves roll.

But listen again,  
'Tis the voices of men  
Coming thick from the city which lies in the vale;  
Now stronger and nearer,  
Now sharper and clearer,  
Now louder and fiercer they rise on the gale.

And see where a crowd  
Comes wrathful and loud,  
With crow-bars, and hammers, and axes of steel;  
With red torches flaring,  
And eyes wildly glaring,  
And blasphemous screams that the life-blood congeal.

Like tempest-stirred waves,  
They bound over graves,  
See the pile at their knock all her portals unfold;  
And now the fierce rout,  
Within and without,  
In their work of destruction are busy and bold.

The strong walls are battered,  
The images shattered,  
The richly-stained windows and tracery crushed,  
Shaft, buttress, and crocket,  
Are torn from the socket,  
And from their strong pedestals pinnacles pushed.

The font is dashed down,  
The screen-work o'erthrown,  
And shrines of old sanctity rudely disgraced!  
Not e'en the great altar  
May cause them to falter—  
The holy of holies is stained and defaced!

With vigour abated,  
But fury unsated,  
"Fire, fire, to the roof, and the woodloft" they cry;  
The fitful flash gleaming,  
The molten lead streaming  
To these terrible words is the rapid reply.

See, see, how the fire  
Entwines the tall spire,  
In passionate circles embracing its prey;  
With a quick crackling joy  
It delights to destroy,  
And in mockery mimics the beauty of day.

By yon pure orb of light  
Now so mournfully bright,  
Who are these on whose fury her loveliness shines?  
Are they spirits of woe?  
Are they maniacs? No.  
They are pious Reformers, and zealous Divines.

## ADIEU TO ROMANCE.\*

FAREWELL to wild Romance,  
With all its magic train,  
For broken—broken is the trance  
I may not have again!

O, 'twas a dazzling dream  
—So bright it could not last!  
Yet merg'd into that rapid stream  
Which bears away the past.

I wish not to recall,  
Even were it in my power,  
That cabalistic festival  
Which maddened every hour!

Answer, spectral Romance!  
What hast thou done for me?  
Thy recollections but enhance  
Thy bitter mockery!

'Twas a malignant star,  
Which glittering high o'er head,  
A pallid, an unearthly glare  
On life's dim picture shed!

So, guided by the light  
Delusively that shone,  
Through realms of dreariest—blackest night  
I wandered darkling on—

Of Happiness in search,  
With nought to show the way:  
Till TRUTH uprear'd her flaming torch  
And turn'd the night to day.

In accents soft and mild,  
She thus addressed mine ear:  
"O cease thine efforts wild  
To seek enjoyment here!

"'Tis searching after gold,  
And grasping useless ore—  
An apple, ruddy to behold,  
With ashes at the core!

"O, 'tis a brilliant bubble  
Men covet to possess;  
Which, when attain'd with toil and trouble,  
Is found—but emptiness!

Then why thus struggle on,  
To waste thy fleeting breath?  
Ah, credit me, deluded one!  
There's no Romance in death!

There's no Romance beyond  
The shadowy bounds of time—  
For in Eternity is found  
REALITY sublime!

## SHADOWS.

BY R. M. MILNES.

I.

O! MOURNFUL sequence of self-drunken days,  
When jovial youth had range of Nature's store!  
With fever-thirst for pleasure and for praise,  
I nauseate every draught, and ask for more.

\* These verses, written about his sixteenth year, have been sent us by our old friend, a *late Physician*, who informs us that they have not hitherto appeared in print. How could he doubt whether we would "oblige him by inserting them?"—C. N.

Look on me well, and early steep thy soul  
In one pure Love, and it will last thee long;  
Fresh airs shall breathe while sweltering thunders roll,  
And summer noons shall leave thee cool and strong.

Across the desert, 'mid thy thirsty kind,  
Thy healthy heart shall move apace and calm,  
Nor yearning trace the horizon far behind,  
Where rests the fountain and the lonely palm.

## II.

I had a home, wherein the weariest feet  
Found sure repose;  
And Hope led on laborious day to meet  
Delightful close!  
A cottage with broad eaves and a thick vine,  
A crystal stream  
Whose mountain-language was the same as mine,—  
It was a dream!

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart  
Alight with joy,—  
A temple of chaste love, a place apart  
From Time's annoy:  
A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude  
And harsh did seem  
With pity rounded and by grace subdued,—  
It was a dream!

## III.

They owned their passion without shame or fear,  
And every household duty counted less  
Than that one spiritual bond, and men severe  
Said, they should sorrow for their wilfulness.

And truth the world went ill with them;—he knew  
That he had broken up her maiden life,  
Where only pleasures and affections grew,  
And sowed it thick with labour, pain and strife.

What her unpractised weakness was to her  
The presence of her suffering was to him;  
Thus at Love's feast did Misery minister,  
And fill their cups together to the brim.

They asked their kind for hope, but there was none,  
Till Death came by and gave them that and more;  
Then men lamented,—but the earth rolls on,  
And lovers love and perish as before.

## IV.

They seemed to those who saw them meet  
The worldly friends of every day,  
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,  
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blistered with repeated tears,—  
And this was not the work of days,  
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas, that Love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride!  
Alas, that they delayed so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse alone.

## V.

Beneath an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood roposes,  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl  
Amid that wild of roses.

Besides a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm—  
Relaxed the frosty twine—  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly-visioned boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows!

## VI.

She had left all on earth for him,  
Her home of wealth, her name of pride,  
And now his lamp of love was dim,  
And, sad to tell, she had not died.

She watched the crimson sun's decline,  
From some lone rock that fronts the sea,—  
"I would, O burning heart of mine!  
There were an ocean-rest for thee.

"The thoughtful moon awaits her turn,  
The stars compose their choral crown,  
But those soft lights can never burn,  
Till once the fiery sun is down."

## TWO SONNETS BY MR. CHAPMAN.

## I.

A little heap of dust! yet might that clay  
Have been informed with a glorious mind,  
Like Galileo's, quick to leave behind  
The grosser world, and pierce the starry way;  
Or else like Milton's, with divinest ray  
Instructed, to soar upward, and unbind  
The mystic roll, and give unto his kind  
The Delphic lines of some immortal lay.  
Ah, for one seed that takes root in our earth  
How many perish! under the broad sun  
Abounding life yet flows—nor is there dearth  
Of what maintains it; all is wisely done,  
Bud, blossom, fruit—blight and untimely birth:  
Nature's fresh urns with new life ever run.

## II.

Alas! to think that well-shaped piece of clay  
No Christian baptism had, nor sepulture!  
No after life—a death without a cure!  
That unborn hope was the Destroyer's prey,  
Before its eyes were opened on the day;  
No living soul informed it, to endure  
For ever; no immortal spirit pure  
Did from that fleshy mansion pass away.  
'Twas an unfurnished house where none had dwelt—  
A stringless lyre—a soulless skeleton—  
A shape for being that no being felt—  
A thing built up with care and then undone—  
Hush! hush! for with you Wisdom thus has dealt  
To prove you; bow unto the Wisest One.

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEREIN MR. RALPH NICKLEBY IS VISITED BY PERSONS WITH WHOM THE READER HAS BEEN ALREADY MADE ACQUAINTED.

"WHAT a demnition long time you have kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into blue convulsions, upon my life and soul, oh demmit,"—said Mr. Mantalini to Newman Noggs, scraping his boots, as he spoke, on Ralph Nickleby's scraper.

"I didn't hear the bell more than once," replied Newman.

"Then you are most immensely and outrageously deaf," said Mr. Mantalini, "as deaf as a demnition post."

Mr. Mantalini had got by this time into the passage, and was making his way to the door of Ralph's office with very little ceremony, when Newman interposed his body; and hinting that Mr. Nickleby was unwilling to be disturbed, inquired whether the client's business was of a pressing nature.

"It is most demnebly particular," said Mr. Mantalini. "It is to melt some scraps of dirty paper into bright, shining, chinking, tinkling, demd mint sauce."

Newman uttered a significant grunt, and taking Mr. Mantalini's proffered card, limped with it into his master's office. As he thrust his head in at the door, he saw that Ralph had resumed the thoughtful posture into which he had fallen after perusing his nephew's letter, and that he seemed to have been reading it again, as he once more held it open in his hand. The glance was but momentary, for Ralph, being disturbed, turned to demand the cause of the interruption.

As Newman stated it, the cause himself swaggered into the room, and grasping Ralph's horny hand with uncommon affection, vowed that he had never seen him looking so well in all his life.

"There is quite a bloom upon your demd countenance," said Mr. Mantalini, seating himself unbidden, and arranging his hair and whiskers. "You look quite juvenile and jolly, demmit!"

"We are alone," returned Ralph, tartly. "What do you want with me?"

"Good!" cried Mr. Mantalini, displaying his teeth. "What did I want! Yes. Ha ha! Very good. *What* did I want! Ha ha! Oh dem!"

"What *do* you want, man?" demanded Ralph, sternly.

"Demnition discount," returned Mr. Mantalini, with a grin, and shaking his head waggishly.

"Money is scarce," said Ralph.

"Demd scarce, or I shouldn't want it," interrupted Mr. Mantalini.

"The times are bad, and one scarcely knows whom to trust," continued Ralph. "I don't want to do business just now, in fact I would rather not; but as you are a friend—how many bills have you there?"

"Two," returned Mr. Mantalini.

"What is the gross amount?"

"Demd trifling—five-and-seventy."

"And the dates?"

"Two months, and four."

"I'll do them for you—mind, for *you*; I wouldn't for many people—for five-and-twenty pounds," said Ralph, deliberately.

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"Oh demmit!" cried Mr. Mantalini, whose face lengthened considerably at this handsome proposal.

"Why, that leaves you fifty," retorted Ralph. "What would you have! Let me see the names."

"You are so demd hard, Nickleby," remonstrated Mr. Mantalini.

"Let me see the names," replied Ralph, impatiently extending his hand for the bills. "Well! They are not sure, but they are safe enough. Do you consent to the terms, and will you take the money! I don't want you to do so. I would rather you didn't."

"Demmit, Nickleby, can't you —" began Mr. Mantalini.

"No," replied Ralph, interrupting him. "I can't. Will you take the money—down, mind; no delay, no going into the city and pretending to negotiate with some other party who has no existence and never had. Is it a bargain or is it not?"

Ralph pushed some papers from him as he spoke, and carelessly rattled his cash-box, as though by mere accident. The sound was too much for Mr. Mantalini. He closed the bargain directly it reached his ears, and Ralph told the money out upon the table.

He had scarcely done so, and Mr. Mantalini had not yet gathered it all up, when a ring was heard at the bell, and immediately afterwards Newman ushered in no less a person than Madame Mantalini, at sight of whom Mr. Mantalini evinced considerable discomposure, and swept the cash into his pocket with remarkable alacrity.

"Oh, you *are* here," said Madame Mantalini, tossing her head.

"Yes, my life and soul, I am," replied her husband, dropping on his knees, and pouncing with kitten-like playfulness upon a stray sovereign. "I am here, my soul's delight, upon Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up the demnition gold and silver."

"I am ashamed of you," said Madame Mantalini, with much indignation.

"Ashamed—of *me*, my joy! It knows it is talking demd charming sweetness, but naughty fibs," returned Mr. Mantalini. "It knows it is not ashamed of own popolorum tibby."

Whatever were the circumstances which had led to such a result, it certainly appeared as though the popolorum tibby had rather miscalculated, for the nonce, the extent of his lady's affection. Madame Mantalini only looked scornful in reply; and, turning to Ralph, begged him to excuse her intrusion.

"Which is entirely attributable," said Madame, "to the gross misconduct and most improper behaviour of Mr. Mantalini."

"Of me, my essential juice of pine-apple!"

"Of you," returned his wife. "But I will not allow it. I will not submit to be ruined by the extravagance and profligacy of any man. I call Mr. Nickleby to witness the course I intend to pursue with you."

"Pray don't call me to witness anything, ma'am," said Ralph. "Settle it between yourselves, settle it between yourselves."

"No, but I must beg you as a favour," said Madame Mantalini, "to hear me give him notice of what it is my fixed intention to do—my fixed intention, sir," repeated Madame Mantalini, darting an angry look at her husband.

"Will she call me, 'Sir'!" cried Mantalini. "Me who doat upon her with the demdest ardour! She, who coils her fascinations round me like a pure and angelic rattlesnake! It will be all up with my feelings; she will throw me into a demd state."

"Don't talk of feelings, Sir," rejoined Madame Manta-

lini, seating herself and turning her back upon him, "You don't consider mine."

"I do not consider yours, my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"No," replied his wife.

And notwithstanding various blandishments on the part of Mr. Mantalini, Madame Mantalini still said no, and said it too with such determined and resolute ill temper, that Mr. Mantalini was clearly taken aback.

"His extravagance, Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, addressing herself to Ralph, who leant against his easy-chair with his hands behind him, and regarded the amiable couple with a smile of the supremest and most unmitigated contempt,—"His extravagance is beyond all bounds."

"I should scarcely have supposed it," answered Ralph, sarcastically.

"I assure you, Mr. Nickleby, however, that it is," returned Madame Mantalini. "It makes me miserable; I am under constant apprehensions, and in constant difficulty. And even this," said Madame Mantalini, wiping her eyes, "is not the worst. He took some papers of value out of my desk this morning, without asking my permission."

Mr. Mantalini groaned slightly, and buttoned his trousers pocket.

"I am obliged," continued Madame Mantalini, "since our late misfortunes, to pay Miss Knag a great deal of money for having her name in the business, and I really cannot afford to encourage him in all his wastefulness. As I have no doubt that he came straight here, Mr. Nickleby, to convert the papers I have spoken of into money, and as you have assisted us very often before, and are very much connected with us in these kind of matters, I wish you to know the determination at which his conduct has compelled me to arrive."

Mr. Mantalini groaned once more from behind his wife's bonnet, and fitting a sovereign into one of his eyes, winked with the other at Ralph. Having achieved this performance with great dexterity, he whipped the coin into his pocket, and groaned again with increased penitence.

"I have made up my mind," said Madame Mantalini, as tokens of impatience manifested themselves in Ralph's countenance, "to allowance him."

"To do what, my joy?" inquired Mr. Mantalini, who did not seem to have caught the words.

"To put him," said Madame Mantalini, looking at Ralph, and prudently abstaining from the slightest glance at her husband, lest his many graces should induce her to falter in her resolution, "to put him upon a fixed allowance; and I say that if he has a hundred and twenty pounds a-year for his clothes and pocket-money, he may consider himself a very fortunate man."

Mr. Mantalini waited with much decorum to hear the amount of the proposed stipend, but when it reached his ears, he cast his hat and cane upon the floor, and drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, gave vent to his feelings in a dismal moan.

"Demnition!" cried Mr. Mantalini, suddenly skipping out of his chair, and as suddenly skipping into it again, to the great discomposure of his lady's nerves. "But no. It is a demd horrid dream. It is not reality. No."

Comforting himself with this assurance, Mr. Mantalini closed his eyes and waited patiently till such time as he should wake up.

"A very judicious arrangement," observed Ralph with a sneer, "if your husband will keep within it, ma'am—as no doubt he will."

"Demnit!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini, opening his eyes at the sound of Ralph's voice, "it is a horrid reality. She

is sitting there before me. There is the graceful outline of her form; it cannot be mistaken—there is nothing like it. The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demd outline. Why is she so excruciatingly beautiful that I cannot be angry with her even now?"

"You have brought it upon yourself, Alfred," returned Madame Mantalini—still reproachfully, but in a softened tone.

"I am a demd villain!" cried Mr. Mantalini, smiting himself on the head. "I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in halfpence, and drown myself in the Thames; but I will not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny-post as I go along, to tell her where the body is. She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a body. Some handsome women will cry; she will laugh demnebly."

"Alfred, you cruel, cruel creature," said Madame Mantalini, sobbing at the dreadful picture.

"She calls me cruel—me—me—who for her sake will become a demd damp, moist, unpleasant body!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"You know it almost breaks my heart, even to hear you talk of such a thing," replied Madame Mantalini.

"Can I live to be mistrusted?" cried her husband.

"Have I cut my heart into a demd extraordinary number of little pieces, and given them all away one after another to the same little engrossing demnition capitvater, and can I live to be suspected by her? Demnit, no I can't."

"Ask Mr. Nickleby whether the sum I have mentioned is not a proper one," reasoned Madame Mantalini.

"I don't want any sum," replied her disconsolate husband; "I shall require no demd allowance—I will be a body."

On this repetition of Mr. Mantalini's fatal threat, Madame Mantalini wrung her hands and implored the interference of Ralph Nickleby; and after a great quantity of tears and talking, and several attempts on the part of Mr. Mantalini to reach the door, preparatory to straightway committing violence upon himself, that gentleman was prevailed upon, with difficulty, to promise that he wouldn't be a body. This great point attained, Madame Mantalini argued the question of the allowance, and Mr. Mantalini did the same, taking occasion to show that he could live with uncommon satisfaction upon bread and water, and go clad in rags, but that he could not support existence with the additional burden of being mistrusted by the object of his most devoted and disinterested affection. This brought fresh tears into Madame Mantalini's eyes, which having just begun to open to some few of the demerits of Mr. Mantalini, were only open a very little way, and could be easily closed again. The result was, that without quite giving up the allowance question, Madame Mantalini postponed its further consideration; and Ralph saw clearly enough that Mr. Mantalini had gained a fresh lease of his easy life, and that, for some time longer at all events, his degradation and downfall were postponed.

"But it will come soon enough," thought Ralph; "all love—bah! that I should use the cant of boys and girls—is fleeting enough; though that which has its sole root in the admiration of a whiskered face like that of yonder baboon, perhaps lasts the longest, as it originates in the greater blindness and is fed by vanity. Meantime the fools bring grist to my mill, so let them live out their day, and the longer it is, the better."

These agreeable reflections occurred to Ralph Nickleby, as sundry small caresses and endearments, supposed to be unseen, were exchanged between the objects of his thoughts.

"If you have nothing more to say, my dear, to Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, "we will take our

leaves. I am sure we have detained him much too long already."

Mr. Mantalini answered, in the first instance, by tapping Madame Mantalini several times on the nose, and then, by remarking in words that he had nothing more to say.

"Demmit! I have, though," he added almost immediately, drawing Ralph into a corner. "Here's an affair about your friend Sir Mulberry. Such a demd extraordinary out-of-the-way kind of thing as never was—eh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ralph.

"Don't you know, demmit?" asked Mr. Mantalini.

"I see by the paper that he was thrown from his cabriolet last night, and severely injured, and that his life is in some danger," answered Ralph with great composure; "but I see nothing extraordinary in that—accidents are not miraculous events, when men live hard and drive after dinner."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Mantalini in a long shrill whistle. "Then don't you know how it was?"

"Not unless it was as I have just supposed," replied Ralph, shrugging his shoulders carelessly, as if to give his questioner to understand that he had no curiosity upon the subject.

"Demmit, you amaze me," cried Mantalini.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders again, as if it were no great feat to amaze Mr. Mantalini, and cast a wistful glance at the face of Newman Noggs, which had several times appeared behind a couple of panes of glass in the room door; it being a part of Newman's duty, when unimportant people called, to make various feints of supposing that the bell had rung for him to show them out, by way of a gentle hint to such visitors that it was time to go.

"Don't you know," said Mr. Mantalini, taking Ralph by the button, "that it wasn't an accident at all, but a demd furious manslaughtering attack made upon him by your nephew?"

"What!" snarled Ralph, clenching his fists and turning a livid white.

"Demmit, Nickleby, you're as great a tiger as he is," said Mantalini, alarmed at these demonstrations.

"Go on," cried Ralph, savagely. "Tell me what you mean. What is this story? Who told you? Speak," growled Ralph. "Do you hear me?"

"'Gad, Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini, retreating towards his wife, "what a demneble fierce old evil genius you are. You're enough to frighten my life and soul out of her little delicious wits—flying all at once into such a blazing, ravaging, raging passion as never was, demmit."

"'Pshaw," rejoined Ralph, forcing a smile. "It is but manner."

"It is a demd uncomfortable and private-madhouse-sort of manner," said Mr. Mantalini, picking up his cane.

Ralph affected to smile, and once more inquired from whom Mr. Mantalini had derived his information.

"From Pyke; and a demd fine, pleasant, gentlemanly dog it is," replied Mantalini. "Demnition pleasant, and a tip-top sawyer."

"And what said he?" asked Ralph, knitting his brows.

"That it happened this way—that your nephew met him at a coffee-house, fell upon him with the most demneble ferocity, followed him to his cab, swore he would ride home with him if he rode upon the horse's back or hooked himself on the horse's tail; smashed his countenance, which is a demd fine countenance in its natural state; frightened the horse, pitched out Sir Mulberry and himself, and—"

"And was killed!" interposed Ralph with gleaming eyes. "Was he? Is he dead?"

Mantalini shook his head.

"'Jgh," said Ralph, turning away, "Then he has done

nothing—stay," he added, looking round again. "He broke a leg or an arm, or put his shoulder out, or fractured his collar-bone, or ground a rib or two? His neck was saved for the halter, but he got some painful and slow-healing injury for his trouble—did he? You must have heard that, at least."

"No," rejoined Mantalini, shaking his head again. "Unless he was dashed into such little pieces that they blew away, he wasn't hurt, for he went off as quiet and comfortable as—as—as demnition," said Mr. Mantalini, rather at a loss for a simile.

"And what," said Ralph, hesitating a little, "what was the cause of quarrel?"

"You are the demdest, knowing hand," replied Mr. Mantalini, in an admiring tone, "the cunningest, rummest, superlativest old fox—oh dem—to pretend now not to know that it was the little bright-eyed niece—the softest, sweetest, prettiest—"

"Alfred!" interposed Madame Mantalini.

"She is always right," rejoined Mr. Mantalini, soothingly, "and when she says it is time to go, it is time, and go she shall; and when she walks along the streets with her own tulip, the women shall say with envy, she has got a demd fine husband, and the men shall say with rapture, he has got a demd fine wife, and they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—oh demmit!"

With which remarks, and many more no less intellectual and to the purpose, Mr. Mantalini kissed the fingers of his gloves to Ralph Nickleby, and drawing his lady's arm through his, led her mincingly away.

"So, so," muttered Ralph, dropping into his chair; "this devil is loose again, and thwarting me, as he was born to do, at every turn. He told me once there should be a day of reckoning between us, sooner or later. I'll make him a true prophet for it shall surely come."

"Are you at home?" asked Newman, suddenly popping in his head.

"No," replied Ralph, with equal abruptness.

Newman withdrew his head but thrust it in again.

"You're quite sure you're not at home, are you?" said Newman.

"What does the idiot mean?" cried Ralph, testily.

"He has been waiting nearly ever since they first came in, and may have heard your voice—that's all," said Newman, rubbing his hands.

"Who has?" demanded Ralph, wrought up by the intelligence he had just heard, and his clerk's provoking coolness, to an intense pitch of irritation.

The necessity of a reply was superseded by the unlooked-for entrance of a third party—the individual in question—who, bringing his one eye (for he had but one) to bear on Ralph Nickleby, made a great many shambling bows, and sat himself down in an arm-chair, with his hands on his knees, and his short black trousers drawn up so high in the legs by the exertion of seating himself, that they scarcely reached below the tops of his Wellington boots.

"Why, this is a surprise," said Ralph bending his gaze upon the visitor, and half smiling as he scrutinized him attentively; "I should know your face, Mr. Squeers."

"Ah!" replied that worthy, "and you'd have know'd it better, Sir, if it had'n been for all that I've been a-going through. Just lift that little boy off the tall stool in the back office, and tell him to come in here, will you, my man?" said Squeers addressing himself to Newman.—"Oh, he's lifted his-self off. My son, Sir, little Wackford. What do you think of him, Sir, for a specimen of the Dotheboys Hall feeding? ain't he fit to bust out of his clothes, and start the seams, and make the very buttons fly off with his fatness. Here's flesh!" cried Squeers, turning the boy about, and indenting the plumpest parts of his figure with divers pokes and punches, to the great

discomposure of his son and heir. "Here's firmness, here's solidness! why you can hardly get enough of him between your finger and thumb to pinch him anywhere."

In however good condition Master Squeers might have been, he certainly did not present this remarkable compactness of person, for on his father's closing his finger and thumb in illustration of his remark, he uttered a sharp cry, and rubbed the place in the most natural manner possible.

"Well," remarked Squeers a little disconcerted, "I had him there; but that's because we breakfasted early this morning, and he hasn't had his lunch yet. Why you couldn't shut a bit of him in a door, when he's had his dinner. Look at them tears, Sir," said Squeers, with a triumphant air, as Master Wackford wiped his eyes with the cuff of his jacket, "there's illness!"

"He looks well, indeed," returned Ralph, who for some purposes of his own seemed desirous to conciliate the schoolmaster. "But how is Mrs. Squeers, and how are you?"

"Mrs. Squeers, sir," replied the proprietor of Dotheboys, "is as she always is—a mother to them lads, and a blessing, and a comfort, and a joy to all them as knows her. One of our boys—gorging hisself with vittles, and then turning ill; that's their way—got a abscess on him last week. To see how she operated upon him with a pen-knife! Oh Lor!" said Squeers, heaving a sigh, and nodding his head a great many times, "what a member of society that woman is!"

Mr. Squeers indulged in a retrospective look for some quarter of a minute, as if this allusion to his lady's excellencies had naturally led his mind to the peaceful village of Dotheboys near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, and then looked at Ralph, as if waiting for him to say something.

"Have you quite recovered that scoundrel's attack?" asked Ralph.

"I've only just done it, if I've done it now, replied Squeers. "I was one blessed bruise, Sir," said Squeers, touching first the roots of his hair, and then the toes of his boots, "from *here* to *there*. Vinegar and brown paper, vinegar and brown paper, from morning to night. I suppose there was a matter of half a ream of brown paper stuck upon me from first to last. As I laid all of a heap in our kitchen, plastered all over, you might have thought I was a large brown paper parcel, chock full of nothing but groans. Did I groan loud, Wackford, or did I groan soft?" asked Mr. Squeers, appealing to his son.

"Loud," replied Wackford.

"Was the boys sorry to see me in such a dreadful condition, Wackford, or was they glad?" asked Mr. Squeers, in a sentimental manner.

"Gl—"

"Eh?" cried Squeers, turning sharp round.

"Sorry," rejoined his son.

"Oh!" said Squeers, catching him a smart box on the ear. "Then take your hands out of pockets, and don't stammer when you're asked a question. Hold your noise, sir, in a gentleman's office, or I'll run away from my family and never come back any more; and then what would become of all them precious and forlorn lads as would be let loose on the world, without their best friend at their elbows!"

"Were you obliged to have medical attendance?" inquired Ralph.

"Ay, was I," rejoined Squeers, "and a precious bill the medical attendant brought in too: but I paid it though."

Ralph elevated his eyebrows in a manner which might be expressive of either sympathy or astonishment—just as the beholder was pleased to take it.

"Yes, I paid it, every farthing," replied Squeers, who seemed to know the man he had to deal with, too well to ~~manage~~ that any blinking of the question would induce

him to subscribe towards the expenses; "I wasn't out of pocket by it after all either."

"No!" said Ralph.

"Not a halfpenny," replied Squeers. "The fact is, that we have only one extra with our boys, and that is for doctors when required—and not then unless we're sure of our customers. Do you see?"

"I understand," said Ralph.

"Very good," rejoined Squeers. "Then after my bill was run up, we picked out five little boys (sons of small tradesmen, as was sure pay) that had never had the scarlet fever, and we sent one to a cottage where they'd got it, and he took it, and then we put the four others to sleep with him, and *they* took it, and then the doctor came and attended 'em once all round, and we divided my total among 'em, and added it on to their little bills, and the parent's paid it.—Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a good plan too," said Ralph, eyeing the schoolmaster stealthily.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers. "We always do it. Why, When Mrs. Squeers was brought to bed with little Wackford here, we ran the hooping-cough through half-a-dozen boys, and charged her expenses among 'em, monthly nurse included. Ha! ha! ha!"

Ralph never laughed, but on this occasion he produced the nearest approach to it that he could, and waiting until Mr. Squeers had enjoyed the professional joke to his heart's content, inquired what had brought him to town.

"Some bothering law business," replied Squeers, scratching his head, "connected with an action, for what they call neglect of a boy. I don't know what they would have. He had as good grazing, that boy had, as there is about us."

Ralph looked as if he did not quite understand the observation.

"Grazing," said Squeers raising his voice, under the impression that as Ralph failed to comprehend him, he must be deaf. "When a boy gets weak and ill, and don't relish his meals, we give him a change of diet—turn him out for an hour or so every day into a neighbor's turnip field, or sometimes, if it's a delicate case, a turnip field and a piece of carrots alternately, and let him eat as many as he likes. There an't a better land in the country than this perverse lad grazed on, and yet he goes and catches cold and indigestion and what not, and then his friends brings a law-suit against *me*. Now, you'd hardly suppose," added Squeers, moving in his chair with the impatience of an ill-used man, "that people's ingratitude would carry them quite as far as that, would you?"

"A hard case, indeed, observed Ralph.

"You don't say more than the truth when you say that," replied Squeers. "I don't suppose there's a man going as possesses the fondness for youth that I do. There's youth to the amount of eight hundred pound a-year at Dotheboy's Hall at this present time. I'd take sixteen hundred pound worth if I could get 'em, and be as fond of every individual twenty pound among 'em as nothing should equal it!"

"Are you stopping at your old quarters?" asked Ralph.

"Yes, we are at the Saracen," replied Squeers, "and as it don't want very long to the end of the half year, we shall continney to stop there till I've collected the money, and some new boys, too, I hope. I've brought little Wackford up, on purpose to show to parents and guardians. I shall put him in the advertisement this time.—Look at that boy—himself a pupil—why he's a miracle of high feeding, that boy is."

"I should like to have a word with you," said Ralph, who had both spoken and listened mechanically for some time, and seemed to have been thinking.



"As many words as you like, sir," rejoined Squeers. "Wackford, you go and play in the back office, and don't move about too much or you'll get thin, and that won't do. You haven't got such a thing as twopence, Mr. Nickleby, have you?" said Squeers rattling a bunch of keys in his coat pocket, and muttering something about its being all silver.

"I—think I have," said Ralph, very slowly, and producing, after much rummaging in an old drawer, a penny, a halfpenny, and two farthings.

"Thankee," said Squeers, bestowing it upon his son. "Here, you go and buy a tart—Mr. Nickleby's man will show you where—and mind you buy a rich one. Pastry," added Squeers, closing the door on Master Wackford, "makes his flesh shine a good deal, and parents thinks that's a healthy sign."

With which explanation, and a peculiarly knowing look to eke it out, Mr. Squeers moved his chair so as to bring himself opposite to Ralph Nickleby at no great distance off; and having planted it to his entire satisfaction, sat down.

"Attend to me," said Ralph, bending forward a little. Squeers nodded.

"I am not to suppose," said Ralph, "that you are dolt enough to forgive or forget very readily the violence that was committed upon you, or the exposure which accompanied it?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, tartly.

"Or to lose an opportunity of repaying it with interest, if you could get one?" said Ralph.

"Show me one and try," rejoined Squeers.

"Some such an object it was that induced you to call on me?" said Ralph, raising his eyes to the schoolmaster's face.

"N—n—no, I don't know that," replied Squeers. "I thought that if it was in your power to make me, besides the trifle of money you sent, any compensation——"

"Ah!" cried Ralph, interrupting him. "You needn't go on."

After a long pause, during which Ralph appeared absorbed in contemplation, he again broke silence, by asking—

"Who is this boy that he took with him?"

Squeers stated his name.

"Was he young or old, healthy or sickly, tractable or rebellious? Speak out, man," retorted Ralph quickly.

"Why, he wasn't young," answered Squeers: "that is, not young for a boy you know."

"That is, that he was not a boy at all, I suppose?" interrupted Ralph.

"Well," returned Squeers briskly, as if he felt relieved by the suggestion, "he might have been nigh twenty. He wouldn't seem so old though to them as didn't know him, for he was a little wanting here," touching his forehead, "nobody at home you know, if you knocked ever so often."

"And you *did* knock pretty often, I dare say?" muttered Ralph.

"Pretty well," returned Squeers with a grin.

"When you wrote to acknowledge the receipt of this trifle of money as you call it," said Ralph, "you told me his friends had deserted him long ago, and that you had not the faintest clue or trace to tell you who he was. Is that the truth?"

"It is; worse luck!" replied Squeers, becoming more and more easy and familiar in his manner, as Ralph pursued his inquiries with the less reserve. "It's fourteen year ago, by the entry in my book, since a strange man brought him to my place one autumn night, and left him there, paying five pound five, for his first quarter in advance. He might have been five or six year old at that time—not more."

"What more do you know about him?" demanded Ralph.

"Devilish little, I'm sorry to say," replied Squeers. "The money was paid for some six or eight year, and then it stopped. He had given an address in London, had this chap; but when it came to the point, of course nobody knowed anything about him. So I kept the lad out of—out of—"

"Charity?" suggested Ralph drily.

"Charity, to be sure," returned Squeers, rubbing his knees, "and when he begins to be useful in a certain sort of a way, this young scoundrel of a Nickleby comes and carries him off. But the most vexatious and aggraving part of the whole affair is," said Squeers, dropping his voice, and drawing his chair still closer to Ralph, "that some questions have been asked about him at last—not of me, but in a round-about kind of way of people in our village. So that just when I might have had all arrears paid up, perhaps, and perhaps—who knows? such things have happened in our business before—a present besides for putting him out to a farmer or sending him to sea, so that he might never turn up to disgrace his parents, supposing him to be a natural boy, as many of our boys are—damme, if that villain of a Nickleby don't collar him in open day, and commit as good as highway robbery upon my pocket."

"We will both cry quits with him before long," said Ralph, laying his hand on the arm of the Yorkshire schoolmaster.

"Quits!" echoed Squeers. "Ah! I should like to leave a small balance in his favour, to be settled when he can. I only wish Mrs. Squeers could catch hold of him. Bless her heart! She'd murder him, Mr. Nickleby—she would, as soon as eat her dinner."

"We will talk of this again," said Ralph. "I must have time to think of it. To wound him through his own affections or fancies——. If I can strike him through this boy——"

"Strike him how you like, Sir," interrupted Squeers, "only hit him hard enough, that's all—and with that, I'll say good morning. Here!—just chuck that little boy's hat off that corner peg, and lift him off the stool, will you?"

Bawling these requests to Newman Noggs, Mr. Squeers betook himself to the little back office, and fitted on his child's hat with parental anxiety, while Newman, with his pen behind his ear, sat stiff and immovable on his stool, regarding the father and son by turns with a broad stare.

"He's a fine boy, an't he?" said Squeers, throwing his head a little on one side, and falling back to the desk, the better to estimate the proportions of little Wackford.

"Very," said Newman.

"Pretty well swelled out, an't he?" pursued Squeers. "He has the fatness of twenty boys, he has."

"Ah!" replied Newman, suddenly thrusting his face into that of Squeers, "he has;—the fatness of twenty!—more. He's got it all. God help the others. Ha! ha! Oh Lord!"

Having uttered these fragmentary observations, Newman dropped upon his desk and began to write with most marvellous rapidity.

"Why, what does the man mean?" cried Squeers, colouring. "Is he drunk?"

Newman made no reply.

"Is he mad?" said Squeers.

But still Newman betrayed no consciousness of any presence save his own; so Mr. Squeers comforted himself by saying that he was both drunk *and* mad; and, with this parting observation, he led his hopeful son away.

In exact proportion as Ralph Nickleby became conscious of a struggling and lingering regard for Kate, had his detestation of Nicholas augmented. It might be, that

to atone for the weakness of inclining to any one person, he held it necessary to hate some other more intensely than before; but such had been the course of his feelings. And now, to be defied and spurned, to be held up to her in the worst and most repulsive colours, to know that she was taught to hate and despise him; to feel that there was infection in his touch and taint in his companionship—to know all this, and to know that the mover of it all, was that same boyish poor relation who had twitted him in their very first interview, and openly bearded and braved him since, wrought his quiet and stealthy malignity to such a pitch, that there was scarcely any thing he would not have hazarded to gratify it, if he could have seen his way to some immediate retaliation.

But fortunately for Nicholas, Ralph Nickleby did not; and although he cast about all that day, and kept a corner of his brain working on the one anxious subject through all the round of schemes and business that came with it, night found him at last still harping on the same theme, and still pursuing the same unprofitable reflections.

"When my brother was such as he," said Ralph, "the first comparisons were drawn between us—always in my disfavour. He was open, liberal, gallant, gay; I a crafty hunk of cold and stagnant blood, with no passion but love of saving, and no spirit beyond a thirst for gain. I recollected it well when I first saw this whipster; but I remember it better now."

He had been occupied in tearing Nicholas's letter into atoms, and as he spoke he scattered it in a tiny shower about him.

"Recollections like these," pursued Ralph, with a bitter smile, "flock upon me—when I resign myself to them—in crowds, and from countless quarters. As a portion of the world affect to despise the power of money, I must try and show them what it is."

And being by this time in a pleasant frame of mind for slumber, Ralph Nickleby went to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

SMIKE BECOMES KNOWN TO MRS. NICKLEBY AND KATE. NICHOLAS ALSO MEETS WITH NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND BRIGHTER DAYS SEEM TO DAWN UPON THE FAMILY.

HAVING established his mother and sister in the apartments of the kind-hearted miniature painter, and ascertained that Sir Mulberry Hawk was in no danger of losing his life, Nicholas turned his thoughts to poor Smike, who, after breakfasting with Newman Noggs, had remained in a disconsolate state at that worthy creature's lodgings, waiting with much anxiety for further intelligence of his protector.

"As he will be one of our own little household, wherever we live, or whatever fortune is in reserve for us," thought Nicholas, "I must present the poor fellow in due form. They will be kind to him for his own sake, and if not (on that account solely) to the full extent I could wish, they will stretch a point, I am sure, for mine."

Nicholas said "they," but his misgivings were confined to one person. He was sure of Kate, but he knew his mother's peculiarities, and was not quite so certain that Smike would find favour in the eyes of Mrs. Nickleby.

"However," thought Nicholas, as he departed on his benevolent errand; "she cannot fail to become attached to him when she knows what a devoted creature he is, and as she must quickly make the discovery, his probation will be a short one."

"I was afraid," said Smike, overjoyed to see his friend

again, "that you had fallen into some fresh trouble; the time seemed so long at last, that I almost feared you were lost."

"Lost!" replied Nicholas gaily. "You will not be rid of me so easily, I promise you. I shall rise to the surface many thousand times yet, and the harder the thrust that pushes me down, the more quickly I shall rebound, Smike. But come; my errand here is to take you home."

"Home!" faltered Smike, drawing timidly back.

"Ay," rejoined Nicholas, taking his arm. "Why not?"

"I had such hopes once," said Smike; "day and night, day and night, for many years. I longed for home till I was weary, and pined away with grief, but now——"

"And what now?" asked Nicholas, looking kindly in his face. "What now, old friend?"

"I could not part with you to go to any home on earth," replied Smike, pressing his hand; "except one, except one. I shall never be an old man; and if your hand placed me in the grave, and I could think before I died that you would come and look upon it sometimes with one of your kind smiles, and in the summer weather, when everything was alive—not dead like me—I could go to that home almost without a tear."

"Why do you talk thus, poor boy, if your life is a happy one with me?" said Nicholas.

"Because I should change; not those about me. And if they forgot me, I should never know it," replied Smike. "In the churchyard we are all alike, but here there are none like me. I am a poor creature, but I know that well."

"You are a foolish, silly creature," said Nicholas cheerfully. "If that is what you mean, I grant you that. Why, here's a dismal face for ladies' company—my pretty sister too, whom you have so often asked me about. Is this your Yorkshire gallantry! For shame! for shame!"

Smike brightened up, and smiled.

"When I talk of homes," pursued Nicholas, "I talk of mine—which is yours of course. If it were defined by any particular four walls and a roof, God knows I should be sufficiently puzzled to say whereabouts it lay; but that is not what I mean. When I speak of home, I speak of the place where—in default of a better—those I love are gathered together: and if that place were a gipsy's tent or a barn, I should call it by the same good name notwithstanding. And now for what is my present home, which, however alarming your expectations may be, will neither terrify you by its extent nor its magnificence."

So saying, Nicholas took his companion by the arm, and saying a great deal more to the same purpose, and pointing out various things to amuse and interest him as they went along, led the way to Miss La Creevy's house.

"And this, Kate," said Nicholas, entering the room where his sister sat alone, "is the faithful friend and affectionate fellow-traveller whom I prepared you to receive."

Poor Smike was bashful and awkward and frightened enough at first, but Kate advanced towards him so kindly, and said in such a sweet voice, how anxious she had been to see him after all her brother had told her, and how much she had to thank him for having comforted Nicholas so greatly in their very trying reverses, that he began to be very doubtful whether he should shed tears or not, and became still more flurried. However, he managed to say, in a broken voice, that Nicholas was his only friend, and that he would lay down his life to help him; and Kate, although she was so kind and considerate, seemed to be so wholly unconscious of his distress and embarrassment, that he recovered almost immediately and felt quite at home.

Then Miss La Creevy came in, and to her Smike had to be presented also. And Miss La Creevy was very kind too, and wonderfully talkative:—not to Smike, for

that would have made him uneasy at first, but to Nicholas and his sister. Then, after a time, she would speak to Smike himself now and then, asking him whether he was a judge of likenesses, and whether he thought that picture in the corner was like herself, and whether he didn't think it would have looked better if she had made herself ten years younger, and whether he didn't think, as a matter of general observation, that young ladies looked better, not only in pictures but out of them too, than old ones; with many more small jokes and facetious remarks, which were delivered with such good humour and merriment that Smike thought within himself she was the nicest lady he had ever seen; even nicer than Mrs. Grudgen, of Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatre, and she was a nice lady too, and talked, perhaps more, but certainly louder than Miss La Creevy.

At length the door opened again, and a lady in mourning came in; and Nicholas kissing the lady in mourning affectionately, and calling her his mother, led her towards the chair from which Smike had risen when she entered the room.

"You are always kind-hearted, and anxious to help the oppressed, my dear mother," said Nicholas, "so you will be favourably disposed towards him, I know."

"I am sure, my dear Nicholas," replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking very hard at her new friend, and bending to him with something more of majesty than the occasion seemed to require,—*"I am sure any friend of yours has, as indeed he naturally ought to have, and must have, of course, you know—a great claim upon me, and of course, it is a very great pleasure to me to be introduced to any body you take an interest in—there can be no doubt about that; none at all; not the least in the world,"* said Mrs. Nickleby. *"At the same time I must say, Nicholas, my dear, as I used to say to your poor dear papa, when he would bring gentlemen home to dinner, and there was nothing in the house, that if he had come the day before yesterday—no, I don't mean the day before yesterday now; I should have said, perhaps, the year before last—we should have been better able to entertain him."*

With which remarks Mrs. Nickleby turned to her daughter, and inquired, in an audible whisper, whether the gentleman was going to stop all night.

"Because if he is, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't see that it's possible for him to sleep anywhere, and that's the truth."

Kate stepped gracefully forward, and without any show of annoyance or irritation, breathed a few words into her mother's ear.

"La, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, shrinking back, "how you do tickle me. Of course, I understand *that*, my love, without your telling me; and I said the same to Nicholas, and I *am* very much pleased. You didn't tell me, Nicholas, my dear," added Mrs. Nickleby, turning round with an air of less reserve than she had before assumed, "what your friend's name is."

"His name, mother," replied Nicholas, "is Smike."

The effect of this communication was by no means anticipated; but the name was no sooner pronounced, than Mrs. Nickleby dropped upon a chair, and burst into a fit of crying.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Nicholas, running to support her.

"It's so like Pyke," cried Mrs. Nickleby; "so exactly like Pyke, that's all. Oh! don't speak to me—I shall be better presently."

And after exhibiting every symptom of slow suffocation, in all its stages, and drinking about a tea-spoonful of water from a full tumbler, and spilling the remainder, Mrs. Nickleby was better, and remarked, with a feeble smile that she was very foolish, she knew.

"It's a weakness in our family," said Mrs. Nickleby, "so, of course, I can't be blamed for it. Your grandmother, Kate, was exactly the same—precisely. The least excitement, the slightest surprise, she fainted away directly. I have heard her say, often and often, that when she was a young lady, and before she was married, she was turning a corner into Oxford street one day, when she ran against her own hair-dresser, who it seems, was escaping from a bear;—the mere suddenness of the encounter made her faint away directly. Wait, though," added Mrs. Nickleby, pausing to consider, "Let me be sure I'm right. Was it her hair-dresser who had escaped from a bear, or was it a bear who had escaped from her hair-dresser's? I declare I can't remember just now, but the hair-dresser was a very handsome man, I know, and quite a gentleman in his manners; so that it has nothing to do with the point of the story."

Mrs. Nickleby having fallen imperceptibly into one of her retrospective moods, improved in temper from that moment, and glided, by an easy change of the conversation occasionally, into various other anecdotes, no less remarkable for their strict application to the subject in hand.

"Mr. Smike is from Yorkshire, Nicholas, my dear?" said Mrs. Nickleby, after dinner, and when she had been silent for some time.

"Certainly, mother," replied Nicholas. "I see you have not forgotten his melancholy history."

"O dear, no," cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Ah! melancholy, indeed. You don't happen, Mr. Smike, ever to have dined with the Grimblees of Grimble Hall, somewhere in the North Riding, do you?" said the good lady, addressing herself to him. "A very proud man, Sir Thomas Grimble, with six grown-up and most lovely daughters, and the finest park in the county."

"My dear mother," reasoned Nicholas, "Do you suppose that the unfortunate outcast of a Yorkshire school was likely to receive many cards of invitation from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood?"

"Really, my dear, I don't know why it should be so very extraordinary," said Mrs. Nickleby. "I know that when I was at school, I always went at least twice every half-year to the Hawkinsees at Taunton Vale, and they are much richer than the Grimblees, and connected with them in marriage; so you see it's not so very unlikely, after all."

Having put down Nicholas in this triumphant manner, Mrs. Nickleby was suddenly seized with a forgetfulness of Smike's real name, and an irresistible tendency to call him Mr. Slammons; which circumstance she attributed to the remarkable similarity of the two names in point of sound, both beginning with an S, and moreover being spelt with an M. But, whatever doubt there might be on this point, there was none as to his being a most excellent listener; which circumstance had considerable influence in placing them on the very best terms, and in inducing Mrs. Nickleby to express the highest opinion of his general deportment and disposition.

Thus the little circle remained, on the most amicable and agreeable footing, until the Monday morning, when Nicholas withdrew himself from it for a short time, seriously to reflect upon the state of his affairs, and to determine, if he could, upon some course of life which would enable him to support those who were so entirely dependent upon his exertions.

Mr. Crummles occurred to him more than once; but although Kate was acquainted with the whole history of his connection with that gentleman, his mother was not; and he foresaw a thousand fretful objections, on her part, to his seeking a livelihood upon the stage. There were graver reasons, too, against his returning to that mode of life. Independently of those arising out of his

and precarious earnings, and his own internal conviction that he could never hope to aspire to any great distinction, even as a provincial actor, how could he carry his sister from town to town, and place to place, and debar her from any other associates than those with whom he would be compelled, almost without distinction, to mingle? "It won't do," said Nicholas, shaking his head; "I must try something else."

It was much easier to make this resolution than to carry it into effect. With no greater experience of the world than he had acquired for himself in his short trials; with a sufficient share of headlong rashness and precipitation, (qualities not altogether unnatural at his time of life,) with a very slender stock of money, and a still more scanty stock of friends, what could he do? "Egad!" said Nicholas, "I'll try that Register Office again."

He smiled at himself as he walked away with a quick step; for, an instant before, he had been internally blaming his own precipitation. He did not laugh himself out of the intention, however, for on he went; picturing to himself, as he approached the place, all kinds of splendid possibilities, and impossibilities too, for that matter, and thinking himself, perhaps with good reason, very fortunate to be endowed with so buoyant and sanguine a temperament.

The office looked just the same as when he had left it last, and, indeed, with one or two exceptions, there seemed to be the very same placards in the window that he had seen before. There were the same unimpeachable masters and mistresses in want of virtuous servants, and the same virtuous servants in want of unimpeachable masters and mistresses, and the same magnificent estates for the investment of capital, and the same enormous quantities of capital to be invested in estates, and, in short, the same opportunities of all sorts for people who wanted to make their fortunes. And a most extraordinary proof it was of the national prosperity, that people had not been found to avail themselves of such advantages long ago.

As Nicholas stopped to look in at the window, an old gentleman happened to stop too, and Nicholas carrying his eye along the window-panes from left to right, in search of some capital-text placard which should be applicable to his own case, caught sight of this old gentleman's figure, and instinctively withdrew his eyes from the window, to observe the same more closely.

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double-chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff starched apoplectic cravats, but a good easy old-fashioned white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse of it. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye,—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye, as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head, (but that was evidently accident; not his ordinary way of wearing it,) with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such a comical expression of mingled styness, simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good-humour, lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind

or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world.

But, even a very remote approach to this gratification was not to be made, for although he seemed quite unconscious of having been the subject of observation, he looked casually at Nicholas; and the latter, fearful of giving offence, resumed his scrutiny at the window instantly.

Still, the old gentleman stood there, glancing from placard to placard, and Nicholas could not forbear raising his eyes to his face again. Grafted upon the quaintness and oddity of his appearance, was something so indescribably engaging, and bespeaking so much worth, and there were so many little lights hovering about the corners of his mouth and eyes, that it was not a mere amusement, but a positive pleasure and delight to look at him.

This being the case, it is no wonder that the old man caught Nicholas in the fact more than once. At such times Nicholas coloured and looked embarrassed, for the truth is, that he had begun to wonder whether the stranger could by any possibility be looking for a clerk or secretary; and thinking this, he felt as if the old gentleman must know it.

Long as all this takes to tell, it was not more than a couple of minutes in passing. As the stranger was moving away, Nicholas caught his eye again, and, in the awkwardness of the moment, stammered out an apology.

"No offence—Oh no offence!" said the old man.

This was said in such a hearty tone, and the voice was so exactly what it should have been from such a speaker, and there was such a cordiality in the manner, that Nicholas was emboldened to speak again.

"A great many opportunities here, sir," he said, half-smiling as he motioned towards the window.

"A great many people willing and anxious to be employed have seriously thought so very often, I dare say," replied the old man. "Poor fellows, poor fellows!"

He moved away as he said this; but seeing that Nicholas was about to speak, good-naturedly slackened his pace, as if he were unwilling to cut him short. After a little of that hesitation which may be sometimes observed between two people in the street who have exchanged a nod, and are both uncertain whether they shall turn back and speak, or not, Nicholas found himself at the old man's side.

"You were about to speak, young gentleman; what were you going to say?"

"Merely that I almost hoped—I mean to say, thought—you had some object in consulting those advertisements," said Nicholas.

"Ay, ay! what object now—what object?" returned the old man, looking slyly at Nicholas. "Did you think I wanted a situation now—Eh? Did you think I did?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and wrists as if he were washing them. "A very natural thought at all events, after seeing me gazing at those bills. I thought the same of you at first, upon my word I did."

"If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth," rejoined Nicholas.

"Eh?" cried the old man, surveying him from head to foot. "What! Dear me! No, no. Well-behaved young gentleman reduced to such a necessity! No, no, no no."

Nicholas bowed, and bidding him good morning, turned upon his heel.

"Stay," said the old man, beckoning him into a by-

street, where they could converse with less interruption. "What d'ye mean, eh? What d'ye mean?"

"Merely that your kind face and manner—both so unlike any I have ever seen—tempted me into an avowal, which, to any other stranger in this wilderness of London, I should not have dreamt of making," returned Nicholas.

"Wilderness! Yes it is, it is. Good. It is a wilderness," said the old man with much animation. "It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot—I have never forgotten it. Thank God!" and he raised his hat from his head, and looked very grave.

"What's the matter—what is it—how did it all come about?" said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas, and walking him up the street. "You're—Eh?" laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat. "Who's it for—eh?"

"My father," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps!"

Nicholas sighed.

"Brothers and sisters too—eh?"

"One sister," rejoined Nicholas.

"Poor thing, poor thing. You're a scholar too, I dare say!" said the old man, looking wistfully into the face of the young one.

"I have been tolerably well educated," said Nicholas.

"Fine thing," said the old gentleman, "education a great thing—a very great thing—I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing—yes, yes. Tell me more of your history. Let me hear it all. No impertinent curiosity—no, no, no."

There was something so earnest and guileless in the way in which all this was said, and such a complete disregard of all conventional restraints and coldnesses, that Nicholas could not resist it. Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart. Nicholas took the infection instantly, and ran over the main points of his little history without reserve, merely suppressing names, and touching as lightly as possible upon his uncle's treatment of Kate. The old man listened with great attention, and when he had concluded, drew his arm eagerly through his own.

"Don't say another word—not another word," said he. "Come along with me. We mustn't lose a minute."

So saying, the old gentleman dragged him back into Oxford Street, and hailing an omnibus on its way to the city, pushed Nicholas in before him, and followed himself.

As he appeared in a most extraordinary condition of restless excitement, and whenever Nicholas offered to speak, immediately interposed with—"Don't say another word, my dear sir, on any account—not another word," the young man thought it better to attempt no further interruption. Into the city they journeyed accordingly, without interchanging any conversation; and the further they went, the more Nicholas wondered what the end of the adventure could possibly be.

The old gentleman got out with great alacrity when they reached the Bank, and once more taking Nicholas by the arm, hurried him along Threadneedle street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until they at length emerged in a quiet shady little square. Into the oldest and cleanest-looking house of business in the square, he led the way. The only inscription on the door-post was "Cheeryble, Brothers;" but from a hasty glance at the directions of some packages which were lying about,

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Nicholas supposed that the Brothers Cheeryble were German merchants.

Passing through a warehouse which presented every indication of a thriving business, Mr. Cheeryble (for such Nicholas supposed him to be, from the respect which had been shown him by the warehousemen and porters whom they passed) led him into a little partitioned-off counting-house like a large glass case, in which counting-house there sat—as free from dust and blemish as if he had been fixed into the glass case before the top was put on, and had never come out since—a fat, elderly, large-faced, clerk, with silver spectacles and a powdered head.

"Is my brother in his room, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble, with no less kindness of manner than he had shown to Nicholas.

"Yes he is, sir," replied the fat clerk, turning his spectacle-glasses towards his principal, and his eyes towards Nicholas, "but Mr. Trimmers is with him."

"Ay! And what has he come about, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"He is getting up a subscription for the widow and family of a man who was killed in the East India Docks this morning, sir," rejoined Tim. "Smashed, sir, by a cask of sugar."

"He is a good creature," said Mr. Cheeryble, with great earnestness. "He is a kind soul. I am very much obliged to Trimmers. Trimmers is one of the best friends we have. He makes a thousand cases known to us that we should never discover of ourselves. I am very much obliged to Trimmers." Saying which, Mr. Cheeryble rubbed his hands with infinite delight, and Mr. Trimmers happening to pass the door that instant on his way out, shot out after him and caught him by the hand.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Trimmers—ten thousand thanks—I take it very friendly of you—very friendly indeed," said Mr. Cheeryble, dragging him into a corner to get out of hearing. "How many children are there, and what has my brother Ned given, Trimmers?"

"There are six children," replied the gentleman, "and your brother has given us twenty pounds."

"My brother Ned is a good fellow, and you're a good fellow too, Trimmers," said the old man, shaking him by both hands with trembling eagerness. "Put me down for another twenty—or—stop a minute, stop a minute. We mustn't look ostentatious; put me down ten pound, and Tim Linkinwater ten pound. A cheque for twenty pound for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. God bless you, Trimmers—and come and dine with us some day this week; you'll always find a knife and fork, and we shall be delighted. Now, my dear sir—cheque for Mr. Linkinwater, Tim. Smashed by a cask of sugar, and six poor children—oh dear, dear, dear!"

Talking on in this strain as fast as he could, to prevent any friendly remonstrances from the collector of the subscription on the large amount of his donation, Mr. Cheeryble led Nicholas, equally astonished and affected by what he had seen and heard in this short space, to the half-opened door of another room.

"Brother Ned," said Mr. Cheeryble, tapping with his knuckles, and stooping to listen, "are you busy, my dear brother, or can you spare time for a word or two with me?"

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied a voice from the inside; so like in its tones to that which had just spoken that Nicholas started, and almost thought it was the same. "Don't ask me such a question, but come in directly."

They went in without further parley. What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor advanced and exchanged a warm greeting with another old gentleman,

the very type and model of himself—the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—nay, there was the very same white hat hanging against the wall!

As they shook each other by the hand, the face of each lighted up by beaming looks of affection, which would have been most delightful to behold in infants, and which in men so old, was inexpressibly touching. Nicholas could observe that the last old gentleman was something stouter than his brother; this, and a slight additional shade of clumsiness in his gait and stature, formed the only perceptible difference between them. Nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers.

"Brother Ned," said Nicholas's friend, closing the room door, "hefe is a young friend of mine that we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statements, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed—as I feel assured they will be—we must assist him; we must assist him, brother Ned."

"It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should," returned the other. "When you say that, no further inquiries are needed. He *shall* be assisted. What are his necessities, and what does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him here."

Both the brothers, it may be here remarked, had a very emphatic and earnest delivery, both had lost nearly the same teeth, which imparted the same peculiarity to their speech; and both spoke as if, besides possessing the utmost serenity of mind that the kindest and most unsuspecting nature could bestow, they had, in collecting the plums from Fortune's choicest pudding, retained a few for present use, and kept them in their mouths.

"Where is Tim Linkinwater?" said brother Ned.

"Stop, stop, stop," said brother Charles, taking the other aside. "I've a plan, my dear brother, I've a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned; and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the family when his poor brother died, was a sufficient recompense for his faithful services."

"No, no, no," replied the other. "Certainly not. Not half enough, not half."

"If we could lighten Tim's duties," said the old gentleman, "and prevail upon him to go into the country now and then, and sleep in the fresh air, besides, two or three times a week, (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning,) old Tim Linkinwater would grow young again in time; and he's three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkinwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect old Tim Linkinwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim, poor Tim!"

And the fine old fellows laughed pleasantly together; each with a tear of regard for old Tim Linkinwater, standing his eye.

"But hear this first—hear this first, brother Ned," said the old man hastily, placing two chairs, one on each side of Nicholas. "I'll tell it you myself, brother Ned, because the young gentleman is modest, and is a scholar, Ned, and I shouldn't feel it right that he should tell us his story over and over again as if he was a beggar, or as if we doubted him. No, no, no."

"No, no, no," returned the other, nodding his head gravely. "Very right, my dear brother, very right."

"He will tell me I'm wrong, if I make a mistake," said Nicholas's friend. "But whether I do or not, you'll be very much affected, brother Ned, remembering the time when we were two friendless lads, and earned our first shilling in this great city."

The twins pressed each other's hands in silence, and, in

his own homely manner, brother Charles related the particulars he had heard from Nicholas. The conversation which ensued was a long one, and when it was over a secret conference of almost equal duration took place between brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater in another room. It is no disparagement to Nicholas to say, that before he had been closeted with the two brothers ten minutes, he could only wave his hand at every fresh expression of kindness and sympathy, and sob like a little child.

At length brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater came back together, when Tim instantly walked up to Nicholas and whispered in his ear in a very brief sentence, (for Tim was ordinarily a man of few words,) that he had taken down the address in the Strand, and would call upon him that evening at eight. Having done which, Tim wiped his spectacles and put them on, preparatory to hearing what more the brothers Cheeryble had got to say.

"Tim," said brother Charles, "You understand that we have an intention of taking this young gentleman into the counting house?"

Brother Ned remarked that Tim was aware of that intention, and quite approved of it; and Tim having nodded, and said he did, drew himself up and looked particularly fat and very important. After which there was a profound silence.

"I'm not coming an hour later in the morning you know," said Tim, breaking out all at once, and looking very resolute. "I'm not going to sleep in the fresh air—no, nor I'm not going into the country either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly. Pho!"

"Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater," said brother Charles, looking at him without the faintest spark of anger, and with a countenance radiant with attachment to the old clerk. "Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater, what do you mean, Sir?"

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble, Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There an't—I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it—there an't such a square as this in the world. I *know* there an't," said Tim, with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him. "Not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter—I don't care which—there's nothing like it. There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the arch-way. There's not such a view in England as the view out of my window; I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four and-forty year; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

"Damn you, Tim Linkinwater, how dare you talk about dying?" roared the twins by one impulse, and blowing their old noses violently.

"That's what I've got to say, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Charles," said Tim, squaring his shoulders again. "This isn't the first time you've talked about superannuating me; but if you please we'll make it the last, and drop the subject for evermore."

With these words, Tim Linkinwater stalked out and

shut himself up in his glass case, with the air of a man who had had his say, and was thoroughly resolved not to be put down.

The brothers interchanged looks, and coughed some half-dozen times without speaking.

"He must be done something with, brother Ned," said the other, warmly; "we must disregard his old scruples; they can't be tolerated or borne. He must be made a partner, brother Ned; and if he won't submit to it peaceably, we must have recourse to violence."

"Quite right," replied brother Ned, nodding his head as a man thoroughly determined; "quite right, my dear brother. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will, and show him that we are determined to exert our authority. We must quarrel with him, brother Charles."

"We must—we certainly must have a quarrel with Tim Linkinwater," said the other. "But in the mean time, my dear brother, we are keeping our young friend; and the poor lady and her daughter will be anxious for his return. So let us say good-bye for the present, and—there, there—take care of that box, my dear Sir—and—no, no, no, not a word now; but be careful of the crossings and—"

And with any disjointed and unconnected words which would prevent Nicholas from pouring forth his thanks, the brothers hurried him out, shaking hands with him all the way, and affecting very unsuccessfully—they were poor hands at deception!—to be wholly unconscious of the feelings that completely mastered him.

Nicholas's heart was too full to allow of his turning into the street until he had recovered some composure. When he at last glided out of the dark doorway corner in which he had been compelled to halt, he caught a glimpse of the twins stealthily peeping in at one corner of the glass-case, evidently undecided whether they should follow up their late attack without delay, or for the present postpone laying further siege to the inflexible Tim Linkinwater.

To recount all the delight and wonder which the circumstances just detailed awakened at Miss La Creevy's, and all the things that were done, said, thought, expected, hoped, and prophesied in consequence, is beside the present course and purpose of these adventures. It is sufficient to state, in brief, that Mr. Timothy Linkinwater arrived punctual to his appointment; that, oddity as he was, and jealous as he was bound to be of the proper exercise of his employers' most comprehensive liberality, he reported strongly and warmly in favor of Nicholas; and that next day he was appointed to the vacant stool in the counting-house of Cheeryble, Brothers, with a present salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

"And I think, my dear brother," said Nicholas's first friend, "that if we were to let them that little cottage at Bow which is empty, at something under the usual rent, now—eh, brother Ned?"

"For nothing at all," said brother Ned. "We are rich, and should be ashamed to touch the rent under such circumstances as these. Where is Tim Linkinwater!—for nothing at all, my dear brother, for nothing at all."

"Perhaps it would be better to say something, brother Ned," suggested the other, mildly; "it would help to preserve habits of frugality, you know, and remove any painful sense of overwhelming obligations. We might say fifteen pound, or twenty pound, and if it was punctually paid, make it up to them in some other way. And I might secretly advance a small loan towards a little furniture, and you might secretly advance another small loan, brother Ned; and if we find them doing well—as we shall; there's no fear, no fear—we can change the loans into

gifts—carefully, brother Ned, and by degrees, and without pressing upon them too much; what do you say now, brother?"

Brother Ned gave his hand upon it, and not only said it should be done, but had it done so: and in one short week Nicholas took possession of the stool, and Mrs. Nickleby and Kate took possession of the house; and all was hope, bustle, and light-heartedness.

There surely never was such a week of discoveries and surprises as the first week of that cottage. Every night when Nicholas came home, something new had been found out. One day it was a grapevine, and another day it was a boiler, and another day it was the key of the front parlour closet at the bottom of the water-butt, and so on through a hundred items. Then, this room was embellished with a muslin curtain, and that room was rendered quite elegant by a window-blind, and such improvements were made as no one would have supposed possible.—Then, there was Miss La Creevy, who had come out in the omnibus to stop a day or two and help, and who was perpetually losing a very small brown paper parcel of tin tacks and a very large hammer, and running about with her sleeves tucked up at the wrists, and falling off pairs of steps and hurting herself very much—and Mrs. Nickleby, who talked incessantly, and did something now and then, but not often—and Kate, who busied herself noiselessly everywhere, and was pleased with everything—and Smeke, who made the garden a perfect wonder to look upon—and Nicholas, who helped and encouraged them every one—all the peace and cheerfulness of home restored, with such new zest imparted to every frugal pleasure, and such delight to every hour of meeting, as misfortune and separation alone could give.

In short, the poor Nickleby's were social and happy; while the rich Nickleby was alone and miserable.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL; RELATING TO FAMILY MATTERS. SHOWING HOW MR. KENWIGS UNDERWENT VIOLENT AGITATION, AND HOW MRS. KENWIGS WAS AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED.

It might have been about seven o'clock in the evening, and it was growing dark in the narrow streets near Golden Square, when Mr. Kenwigs sent out for a pair of the cheapest white kid gloves—those at fourteenpence—and selecting the strongest, which happened to be the right-hand one, walked down stairs with an air of some pomp and much excitement, and proceeded to muffle the knob of the street-door knocker therein. Having executed this task with great nicety, Mr. Kenwigs pulled the door too after him, and just stepped across the road to try the effect from the opposite side of the street. Satisfied that nothing could possibly look better in its way, Mr. Kenwigs then stepped back again, and calling through the keyhole to Morleena to open the door, vanished into the house, and was seen no longer.

Now, considered as an abstract circumstance, there was no more obvious cause or reason why Mr. Kenwigs should take the trouble of muffling this particular knocker, than there would have been for his muffling the knocker of any nobleman or gentleman resident ten miles off; because, for the greater convenience of the numerous lodgers, the street door always stood wide open, and the knocker was never used at all. The first floor, the second floor, and the third floor, had each a bell of its own. As to the attics, no one ever called on them; if any body wanted



the parlours, there they were close at hand, and all he had to do was to walk straight into them; while the kitchen had a separate entrance down the area steps. As a question of mere necessity and usefulness, therefore, this muffling of the knocker was thoroughly incomprehensible.

But knockers may be muffled for other purposes than those of mere utilitarianism, as, in the present instance, was clearly shown. There are certain polite forms and ceremonies which must be observed in civilised life, or mankind relapses into their original barbarism. No genteel lady was ever yet confined—indeed, no genteel confinement can possibly take place—without the accompanying symbol of a muffled knocker. Mrs. Kenwigs was a lady of some pretensions to gentility; Mrs. Kenwigs was confined. And, therefore, Mr. Kenwigs tied up the silent knocker on the premises in a white kid glove.

"I'm not quite certain neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, arranging his shirt-collar, and walking slowly up stairs, "whether, as it's a boy, I won't have it in the papers."

Pondering upon the advisability of this step, and the sensation it was likely to create in the neighbourhood, Mr. Kenwigs betook himself to the sitting-room, where various extremely diminutive articles of clothing were airing on a horse before the fire, and Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor, was dandling the baby—that is, the old baby—not the new one.

"It's a fine boy, Mr. Kenwigs," said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"You consider him a fine boy, do you, sir?" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"It's the finest boy I ever saw in all my life," said the doctor. "I never saw such a baby."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

"I ne—ver saw such a baby," said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"Morleena was a fine baby," remarked Mr. Kenwigs, as if this were rather an attack, by implication upon the family.

"They were all fine babies," said Mr. Lumbeys. And Mr. Lumbeys went on nursing the baby with a thoughtful look. Whether he was considering under what head he could best charge the nursing in the bill, was best known to himself.

During this short conversation, Miss Morleena, as the eldest of the family, and natural representative of her mother during her indisposition, had been hustling and slapping the three younger Miss Kenwigses, without intermission; which considerate and affectionate conduct brought tears into the eyes of Mr. Kenwigs, and caused him to declare that, in understanding and behaviour, that child was a woman.

"She will be a treasure to the man she marries, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, half aside; "I think she'll marry above her station, Mr. Lumbeys."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," replied the doctor.

"You never see her dance, sir, did you?" asked Mr. Kenwigs.

The doctor shook his head.

"Ay!" said Mr. Kenwigs, as though he pitied him from his heart, "then you don't know what she's capable of!"

All this time there had been a great whisking in and out of the other room; the door had been opened and shut very softly about twenty times a minute, (for it was necessary to keep Mrs. Kenwigs quiet,) and the baby had been exhibited to a score or two of deputations from a select body of female friends, who had assembled in the passage, and about the street-door, to discuss the event in all its bearings. Indeed, the excitement extended it-

self over the whole street, and groups of ladies might be seen standing at the doors,—some in the interesting condition in which Mrs. Kenwigs had last appeared in public,—relating their experiences in similar occurrences. Some few acquired great credit from having prophesied, the day before yesterday, exactly when it would come to pass; others again related how that they guessed what it was, directly they saw Mr. Kenwigs turn pale and run up the street as hard as ever he could go. Some said one thing, and some another; but all talked together, and all agreed upon two points: first, that it was very meritorious and highly praiseworthy in Mrs. Kenwigs, to do as she had done; and secondly, that there never was such a skilful and scientific doctor as that Doctor Lumbeys.

In the midst of this general hubbub, Doctor Lumbeys sat in the first floor front, as before related, nursing the deposed baby, and talking to Mr. Kenwigs. He was a stout, bluff-looking gentleman, with no shirt-collar, to speak of, and a beard that had been growing since yesterday morning; for Doctor Lumbeys was popular, and the neighbourhood was prolific; and there had been no less than three other knockers muffled, one after the other, within the last forty-eight hours.

"Well, Mr. Kenwigs," said Dr. Lumbeys, "this makes six. You'll have a fine family in time, sir."

"I think six is almost enough, sir," returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"Pooh! Pooh!" said the doctor. "Nonsense! not half enough."

With this the doctor laughed; but he didn't laugh half as much as a married friend of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who had just came in from the sick chamber, to report progress and take a small sip of brandy-and-water; and who seemed to consider it one of the best jokes ever launched upon society.

"They're not altogether dependent upon good fortune, neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking his second daughter on his knee; "they have expectations."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"And very good ones, too, I believe, have'n't they?" asked the married lady.

"Why, ma'am," said Mr. Kenwigs, "it's not exactly for me to say what they may be, or what they may not be. It's not for me to boast of any family with which I have the honor to be connected; at the same time, Mrs. Kenwigs's is—I should say," said Mr. Kenwigs, abruptly, and raising his voice as he spoke, "that my children might come into a matter of a hundred pound-a-piece, perhaps. Perhaps more, but certainly that."

"And a very pretty little fortune," said the married lady.

"There are some relations of Mrs. Kenwigs's," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking a pinch of snuff from the doctor's box, and then sneezing very hard, for he wasn't used to it, "that might leave their hundred pound-a-piece to ten people, and yet not go begging when they had done it."

"Ah! I know who you mean," observed the married lady, nodding her head.

I made mention of no names, and I wish to make mention of no names," said Mr. Kenwigs, with a portentous look. Many of my friends have met a relation of Mrs. Kenwigs's in this very room, as would do honour to any company; that's all."

"I've met him," said the married lady, with a glance towards Dr. Lumbeys.

"It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a father, to see such a man as that a kissing and taking notice of my children," pursued Mr. Kenwigs. "It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a man, to know that man. It will be naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a husband, to make that man acquainted with this event."

Having delivered his sentiments in this form of words, Mr. Kenwigs arranged his second daughter's flaxen tail, and bade her be a good girl, and mind what her sister, Morleena, said.

"That girl grows more like her mother every day," said Mr. Lumbey, suddenly stricken with an enthusiastic admiration of Morleena.

"There!" rejoined the married lady. "What I always say—what I always did say. She's the very pictur of her." And having thus directed the general attention to the young lady in question, the married lady embraced the opportunity of taking another sip of the brandy-and-water—a pretty long sip too.

"Yes! there is a likeness," said Mr. Kenwigs, after some reflection. "But such a woman as Mrs. Kenwigs was, afore she was married! Good gracious, such a woman!"

Mr. Lumbey shook his head with great solemnity, as though to imply that he supposed she must have been rather a dazzler.

"Talk of fairies!" cried Mr. Kenwigs. "I never see anybody so light to be alive—never. Such manners too; so playful, and yet so severely proper! As for her figure! It isn't generally known," said Mr. Kenwigs, dropping his voice; "but her figure was such at that time, that the sign of the Britannia over in the Holloway road, was painted from it!"

"But only see what it is now," urged the married lady.

"Does *she* look like the mother of six?"

"Quite ridiculous," cried the doctor.

"She looks a deal more like her own daughter," said the married lady.

"So she does," assented Mr. Lumbey. "A great deal more."

Mr. Kenwigs was about to make some further observations, most probably in confirmation of this opinion, when another married lady, who had looked in to keep up Mrs. Kenwigs' spirits, and help to clear off anything in the eating and drinking way that might be going about, put in her head to announce that she had just been down to answer the bell, and that there was a gentleman at the door who wanted to see Mr. Kenwigs "most particular."

Shadowy visions of his distinguished relation flitted through the brain of Mr. Kenwigs, as this message was delivered; and under their influence, he despatched Morleena to show the gentleman up straightway.

"Why, I do declare," said Mr. Kenwigs, standing opposite the door so as to get the earliest glimpse of the visitor, as he came up-stairs, "it's Mr. Johnson. How do you find yourself, sir?"

Nicholas shook hands, kissed his old pupils all round, entrusted a large parcel of toys to the guardianship of Morleena, bowed to the doctor and the married ladies, and inquired after Mrs. Kenwigs in a tone of interest, which went to the very heart and soul of the nurse, who had come in to warm some mysterious compound in a little saucepan over the fire.

"I ought to make a hundred apologies to you for calling at such a season," said Nicholas, "but I was not aware of it until I had rung the bell, and my time is so fully occupied now, that I feared it might be some days before I could possibly come again."

"No time like the present, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs.—"The situation of Mrs. Kenwigs, sir, is no obstacle to a little conversation between you and me, I hope!"

"You are very good," said Nicholas.

At this juncture proclamation was made by another married lady, that the baby had begun to eat like anything; whereupon the two married ladies, already men-

tioned, rushed tumultuously into the bed-room to behold him in the act.

"The fact is," resumed Nicholas, "that before I left the country, where I have been for some time past, I undertook to deliver a message to you."

"Ay, ay?" said Mr. Kenwigs.

"And I have been," added Nicholas, "already in town for some days without having had an opportunity of doing so."

"It's no matter, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs. "I dare say it's none the worse for keeping cold. Message from the country!" said Mr. Kenwigs, ruminating; "that's curious. I don't know any body in the country."

"Miss Petowker," suggested Nicholas.

"Oh! from her, is it?" said Mr. Kenwigs. "Oh dear, yes. Ah! Mrs. Kenwigs will be glad to hear from her. Henrietta Petowker, eh? How odd things come about, now! That you should have met her in the country—Well!"

Hearing this mention of their old friend's name, the four Miss Kenwigs gathered round Nicholas, open eyed and mouthed, to hear more. Mr. Kenwigs looked a little curious too, but quite comfortable and unsuspecting.

"The message relates to family matters," said Nicholas, hesitating.

"Oh, never mind," said Kenwigs, glancing at Mr. Lumbey, who having rashly taken charge of little Lillywick, found nobody disposed to relieve him of his precious burden. "All friends here."

Nicholas hemmed once or twice, and seemed to have some difficulty in proceeding.

"At Portsmouth Henrietta Petowker is," observed Mr. Kenwigs.

"Yes," said Nicholas. "Mr. Lillywick is there."

Mr. Kenwigs turned pale, but he recovered, and said that was an odd coincidence also.

"The message is from him," said Nicholas.

Mr. Kenwigs appeared to revive. He knew that his niece was in a delicate state, and had no doubt sent word that they were to forward full particulars:—Yes. That was very kind of him—so like him too!

"He desired me to give his kindest love," said Nicholas.

"Very much obliged to him, I'm sure. Your great-uncle, Lillywick, my dears," interposed Mr. Kenwigs, condescendingly explaining it to the children.

"His kindest love," resumed Nicholas; "and to say that he had no time to write, but that he was married to Miss Petowker."

Mr. Kenwigs started from his seat with a petrified stare, caught his second daughter by the flaxen tail, and covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief. Morleena fell, all stiff and rigid, into the baby's chair, as she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away, and the two remaining little Kenwigs shrieked in affright.

"My children, my defrauded, swindled infants!" cried Mr. Kenwigs, pulling so hard, in his vehemence, at the flaxen tail of his second daughter, that he lifted her up on tiptoe, and kept her for some seconds in that attitude.

"Villain, ass, traitor!"

"Drat the man!" cried the nurse, looking angrily round.

"What does he mean by making that noise here?"

"Silence, woman!" said Mr. Kenwigs fiercely.

"I won't be silent," returned the nurse. "Be silent yourself, you wretch. Have you no regard for your baby?"

"No!" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"More shame for you," retorted the nurse. "Uh! you unnatural monster."

"Let him die," cried Mr. Kenwigs, in the torrent of his wrath. "Let him die. He has no expectations, no property to come into. We want no babies here," said Mr. Kenwigs recklessly. "Take 'em away, take 'em away to the Foundling!"

With these awful remarks Mr. Kenwigs sat himself down in a chair, and defied the nurse, who made the best of her way into the adjoining room, and returned with a stream of matrons: declaring that Mr. Kenwigs had spoken blasphemy against his family, and must be raving mad.

Appearances were certainly not in Mr. Kenwigs's favour, for the exertion of speaking with so much vehemence, and yet in such a tone as should prevent his lamentations reaching the ears of Mrs. Kenwigs, had made him very black in the face; besides which, the excitement of the occasion, and an unwonted indulgence in various strong cordials to celebrate it, had swollen and dilated his features to a most unusual extent. But Nicholas and the doctor—who had been passive at first, doubting very much whether Mr. Kenwigs could be in earnest—interfering to explain the immediate cause of his condition, the indignation of the matrons was changed to pity, and they implored him with much feeling to go quietly to bed.

"The attention," said Mr. Kenwigs, looking around with a plaintive air, "the attention that I've shown to that man. The hyseters he has eat, and the pints of ale he has drank, in this house—!"

"It's very trying, and very hard to bear, we know," said one of the married ladies; "but think of your dear darling wife."

"Oh yes, and what she's been a undergoing of, only this day," cried a great many voices. "There's a good man, do."

"The presents that have been made to him," said Mr. Kenwigs, reverting to his calamity, "the pipes, the snuff-boxes—a pair of india-rubber goloshes, that cost six and sixpence—"

"Ah! it won't bear thinking of, indeed," cried the matrons generally; "but it 'ill all come home to him, never fear."

Mr. Kenwigs looked darkly upon the ladies, as if he would prefer its all coming home to *him*, as there was nothing to be got by it; but he said nothing, and resting his head upon his hand, subsided into a kind of doze.

Then the matrons again expatiated on the expediency of taking the good gentleman to bed; observing that he would be better to-morrow, and that they knew what was the wear and tear of some men's minds when their wives were taken as Mrs. Kenwigs had been taken that day, and that it did him great credit and there was nothing to be ashamed of in it; far from it: they liked to see it, they did, for it showed a good heart. And one lady observed, as a case bearing upon the present, that her husband was often quite light-headed from anxiety on similar occasions, and that once, when her little Johnny was born, it was nearly a week before he came to himself again, during the whole of which time he did nothing but cry "Is it a boy, is it a boy!" in a manner which went to the hearts of all his hearers.

At length Morleena (who had quite forgot she had fainted, when she found she was not noticed,) announced that a chamber was ready for her afflicted parent; and Mr. Kenwigs, having partially smothered his four daughters in the closeness of his embrace, accepted the doctor's arm on one side, and the support of Nicholas on the other, and was conducted up-stairs to a bed-room which had been secured for the occasion.

Having seen him sound asleep, and heard him snore most satisfactorily, and having further presided over the

distribution of the toys, to the perfect contentment of all the little Kenwigses, Nicholas took his leave. The matrons dropped off one by one, with the exception of six or eight particular friends, who had determined to stop all night; the lights in the houses gradually disappeared; the last bulletin was issued that Mrs. Kenwigs was as well as could be expected; and the whole family were left to their repose.

*From the London Sunbeam.*

## THE FALL OF SENNACHERIB.

*A Prize Poem, at Merchant Taylor's School.*

BY H. L. MANSEL.

"To-day

Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze,  
That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes—  
That mandate is a thunder-peal, that died  
In ages past—that gaze, a transient flash,  
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm  
The worm has made his meal."

SHALLEY'S QUEEN MAB.

DREAMING of slaughter, yearning for the day,  
In Ashur's camp the expectant victors lay;  
No vigil challenge spoke a general's care,  
No clash of arms, no sound of life was there.  
In fancied safety, on the arid plain,  
Heedless they slept, and fought their fights again;  
Heedless they slept, enwrapped in midnight's gloom—  
Deep, as the death-pall, silent, as the tomb.

The sun, when last he sought his ocean-bed,  
Had tinged their glittering arms with swarthy red;  
Fondly they hoped that soon those arms should glow,  
With the dear life-blood of a vanquished foe;  
Fondly they thought that, sunk beneath the wave,  
His setting glories emblem'd Judah's grave.

Arouse thee, Ashur! daylight's infant streak  
With saffron lustre crowns Moriah's peak.  
Arouse thee, Ashur! should a warrior stay,  
When dawns at length the long expected day?  
Whet thy dread sword, and bend thy fatal bow,  
Rise, in that might which laid Sepharvaim low—  
Where, all in vain, her priestly butchers sing  
The infant's dirge, to glut their idol-king.  
Rise in that might which Hamath's sons dismayed,  
Which pallid Ivah witnessed and obeyed,  
Let Israel's God beneath thy footstool bow,  
And what Ashima was, let Jah be now.

Still, proudly towering to the vaulted skies,  
On giant Lebanon the cedars rise;  
Still stands unscathed, in Nature's grandeur spread,  
His forest-crown on Carmel's regal head;  
Still silvery Kedron pours a stainless flood,  
And Shaveh's vale is undefiled with blood;  
Still, set like pearls around their central gem,  
Her circling hills defend Jerusalem;  
Still in her temple grateful votaries pray:  
But Ashur's haughty warriors,—where are they?

Borne on the wings of heaven's avenging blast,  
With noiseless step the dread Destroyer passed;

No lightning splendours clothed his awful form,  
No muttered thunders spoke the coming storm,  
But ambient darkness, like a garment spread,  
Swathed his red hand, and veiled his radiant head.

Before him, linked in slumber's pleasing chain,  
Unconscious thousands pressed a bloodless plain,  
That plain, as on he held his ruthless way,  
One wide Aceldama behind him lay.  
Oh, hast thou watched the sun's declining light,  
Blent with the wave and deepening into night?  
Hast marked that glance, just fading from the view,  
That lingering glance which bids the world adieu?  
Thus, faintly touched by Azrael's withering breath,  
With transit calm they passed from sleep to death:  
Thus from their cheeks the flush of slumber fled,  
He came; they slept. He passed;—and they were dead.  
Such erst when bowed 'neath Mizraim's tyrant yoke  
The warrior angel Judah's fetters broke,  
Thus smote unseen, in midnight's solemn hour,  
The captive's dungeon and the monarch's bower,  
But, where the typic bloodmarks met his eye,  
"Owned mercy's pledge, and passed innocuous by."

And thou, vain warrior, whose presumptuous sword,  
Defied the armies of the living Lord,  
Bethink thee, Monarch, how, in future day  
The mocker's voice shall taunt thy proud array,  
In songs of scorn shall Judah's maidens tell  
How Ashur's monarch, God's defier, fell.  
On rapine bent, and red with hostile gore,  
To Salem's walls he came, but could no more;  
His armies prostrate, and his hopes laid low,  
Trembling he fled, and fled without a blow,  
Fled, as the morning hoar-frost melts away  
Beneath the sunshine of advancing day.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE FIRST.—1703.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

ON the night of Friday, the 26th of November, 1703, and at the hour of eleven, the door of a miserable tenement, situated in an obscure quarter of the Borough of Southwark, known as the Old Mint, was opened; and a man, with a lantern in his hand, appeared at the threshold. This person, whose age might be about forty, had something of the air of a mechanic, though he, also, looked like one well-to-do in the world. In stature he was short and stumpy; in person corpulent; and in countenance, (so far as it could be discerned,) sleek, snub-nosed, and demure.

Immediately behind the individual answering to the above description stood a pale, poverty-stricken woman, whose forlorn aspect contrasted strongly with the man's plump and comfortable physiognomy. Dressed in a tattered black stuff gown, discolored by various stains, and intended, it would seem, from the remnants of rusty crape with which it was here

and there tricked out, to represent the garb of widowhood—this pitiable creature held in her arms a sleeping infant, swathed in the folds of a linsey-woolsey shawl.

Notwithstanding her emaciation—notwithstanding, also, the disfigurement occasioned by a dirty, close-fitting, muslin cap, (no head-dress is so unbecoming as that of a widow)—her features still retained something of a pleasing expression, and might have been termed beautiful, had it not been for that repulsive freshness of lip denoting the habitual dram-drinker; a freshness in her case rendered the more shocking from the almost livid hue of the rest of her complexion. She could not be more than twenty; and though want and other suffering had done the work of time, had wasted her frame, and robbed her cheek of its bloom and roundness, they had not extinguished the lustre of her eyes, nor thinned her raven hair. Cheeking an ominous cough, that, ever and anon, convulsed her lungs, the poor woman addressed a few parting words to her companion, who lingered at the doorway as if he had something on his mind, which he did not know very well how to communicate.

"Well, good night, Mr. Wood," said she, in the deep, hoarse accents of consumption; "and may God Almighty bless and reward you for your kindness! You were always the best of masters to my poor husband; and now you've proved the best of friends to his widow and orphan boy."

"Poh! poh! say no more about it," rejoined the man hastily. "I've done no more than my duty, Mrs. Sheppard, and neither deserve, nor desire your thanks. 'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' that's my comfort. And such slight relief as I can afford should have been offered earlier, if I'd known where you'd taken refuge after your unfortunate husband's —"

"Execution, you would say, sir," added Mrs. Sheppard, with a deep sigh, perceiving that her benefactor hesitated to pronounce the word. "You show more consideration to the feelings of a hempen widow, than there is any need to show. I'm used to insult as I am to misfortune, and am grown callous to both; but I'm *not* used to compassion, and know not how to take it. My heart would speak if it could, for it is very full. There was a time, long, long ago, when the tears would have rushed to my eyes unbidden at the bare mention of generosity like yours, Mr. Wood; but they never come now. I have never wept since that day."

"And I trust you will never have occasion to weep again, my poor soul," replied Wood, setting down his lantern, and brushing a few drops from his eyes, "unless it be tears of joy. Pshaw!" added he, making an effort to subdue his emotion, "I can't leave you in this way. I must stay a minute longer, if only to see you smile."

So saying, he re-entered the house, closed the door, and, followed by the widow, proceeded to the fireplace, where a handful of chips, apparently just lighted, crackled within the rusty grate.

The room in which this interview took place had a sordid and miserable look. Rotten, and covered with a thick coat of dirt, the boards of the floor presented a very insecure footing; the bare walls were scored all over with grotesque designs, the chief of which represented the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. The

rest were hieroglyphic characters, executed in red chalk and charcoal. The ceiling had, in many places, given way; the laths had been removed; and, where any plaster remained, it was either mapped and blistered with damp, or festooned with dusty cobwebs. Over an old crazy bedstead was thrown a squalid patchwork counterpane; and upon the counterpane lay a black hood and scarf, a pair of bodices of the cumbrous form in vogue at the beginning of the last century, and some other articles of female attire. On a small shelf near the foot of the bed stood a couple of empty phials, a cracked ewer and basin, a brown jug without a handle, a small tin coffee-pot without a spout, a saucer of rouge, a fragment of looking-glass, and a flask, labelled "*Rosa Solis*." Broken pipes littered the floor, if that can be said to be littered, which, in the first instance, was a mass of squalor and filth.

Over the chimney-piece, was pasted a handbill, purporting to be "*The last Dying Speech and Confession of TOM SHEPPARD, the Notorious Housebreaker, who suffered at Tyburn on the 25th of February, 1703.*" This placard was adorned with a rude wood-cut, representing the unhappy malefactor at the place of execution. On one side of the handbill a print of the reigning sovereign, Anne, had been pinned over the portrait of William the Third, whose aquiline nose, keen eyes, and luxuriant wig, were just visible above the diadem of the queen. On the other, a wretched engraving of the Chevalier de Saint George, or, as he was styled in the label attached to the portrait, James the Third, raised a suspicion that the inmate of the house was not altogether free from some tincture of Jacobitism.

Beneath these prints, a cluster of hobnails, driven into the wall, formed certain letters, which, if properly deciphered, produced the words, "*Paul Groves, cobbler;*" and under the name, traced in charcoal, appeared the following record of the poor fellow's fate, "*Hung himself in this room for two off licker;*" accompanied by a graphic sketch of the unhappy suicide dangling from a beam. A farthing candle, stuck in a bottle neck, shed its feeble light upon the table, which, owing to the provident kindness of Mr. Wood, was much better furnished with eatables than might have been expected, and boasted a loaf, a knuckle of ham, a meat-pie, and a flask of wine.

"You've but a sorry lodging, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, glancing round the chamber as he expanded his palms before the scanty flame.

"It's wretched enough, indeed, sir," rejoined the widow; "but, poor as it is, it's better than the cold stones and open streets."

"Of course—of course," returned Wood hastily; "anything's better than that. But, take a drop of wine," urged he, filling a drinking-horn, and presenting it to her; "it's choice Canary, and'll do you good. And now, come and sit by me, my dear, and let's have a little quiet chat together. When things are at the worst, they'll mend. Take my word for it, your troubles are over."

"I hope they are, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard, with a faint smile, and a doubtful shake of the head, as Wood drew her to a seat beside him, "for I've had my full share of misery. But I don't look for peace on this side the grave."

"Nonsense!" cried Wood: "while there's life, there's hope. Never be down-hearted. Besides,"

added he, opening the shawl in which the infant was wrapped, and throwing the light of the candle full upon its sickly but placid features, "it's sinful to repine while you've a child like this to comfort you. Lord help him! he's the very image of his father. Like carpenter, like chips."

"That likeness is the chief cause of my misery," replied the widow, shuddering. "Were it not for that, he would indeed be a blessing and a comfort to me. He never cries nor frets, as children generally do, but lies at my bosom, or on my knee, as quiet and as gentle as you see him now. But, when I look upon his innocent face, and see how like he is to his father,—when I think of that father's shameful ending, and recollect how free from guilt he once was,—at such times, Mr. Wood, despair will come over me; and, dear as this babe is to me, far dearer than my own wretched life, which I would lay down for him any minute, I have prayed to Heaven to remove him, rather than he should grow up to be a man, and be exposed to his father's temptations—rather than he should live as wickedly and die as disgracefully as his father. And, when I have seen him pining away before my eyes, getting thinner and thinner every day, I have sometimes thought my prayers were heard."

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny," observed Wood, after a pause; "but I trust your child is reserved for a better fate than either, Mrs. Sheppard."

The latter part of this speech was delivered with so much significance of manner, that a by-stander might have inferred that Mr. Wood was not particularly fortunate in his own matrimonial connections.

"Goodness only knows what he's reserved for," rejoined the widow in a desponding tone; "but if Mynheer Van Galgebok, whom I met last night at the Cross Shovels, spoke the truth, little Jack will never die in his bed."

"Save us!" exclaimed Wood. "And who is this Van Gal—Gal—what's his outlandish name?"

"Van Galgebok," replied the widow. "He's the famous Dutch conjurer who foretold King William's accident and death, last February but one, a month before either event happened, and gave out that another prince over the water would soon enjoy his own again; for which he was committed to Newgate, and whipped at the cart's tail. He went by another name then,—Rykhart Scherprechter I think he called himself. His fellow-prisoners nicknamed him the gallows-provider, from a habit he had of picking out all those who were destined to the gibbet. He was never known to err, and was as much dreaded as the gaol-fever in consequence. He singled out my poor husband from a crowd of other felons; and you know how right he was in that case, sir."

"Ay, marry," replied Wood, with a look that seemed to say that he did not think it required any surprising skill in the art of divination to predict the doom of the individual in question; but whatever opinion he might entertain, he contented himself with inquiring into the grounds of the conjuror's evil augury respecting the infant. "What did the old fellow judge from, eh, Joan?" asked he.

"From a black mole under the child's right ear, shaped like a coffin, which is a bad sign; and a deep line just above the middle of the left thumb, meeting round about in the form of a noose, which is a worse," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "To be sure, it's not sur-

prising the poor little thing should be so marked; for, when I lay in the women-felon's ward in Newgate, where he first saw the light, or at least such light as ever finds entrance into that gloomy place, I had nothing, whether sleeping or waking, but halters, and gibbets, and coffins, and such like horrible visions, for ever dancing round me! And then, you know, sir—but perhaps you don't know that little Jack was born a month before his time, on the very day his poor father suffered."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated Wood, "how shocking! No, I did not know that."

"You may see the marks of the child yourself, if you choose, sir," urged the widow.

"See the devil!—not I," cried Wood impatiently. "I didn't think you'd been so easily fooled, Joan."

"Fooled or not," returned Mrs. Sheppard mysteriously, "old Van told me *one* thing which has come true already."

"What's that?" asked Wood with some curiosity.

"He said, by way of comfort, I suppose, after the fright he gave me at first, that the child would find a friend within twenty-four hours, who would stand by him through life."

"A friend is not so soon gained as lost," replied Wood; "but how has the prediction been fulfilled, Joan, eh?"

"I thought you would have guessed, sir," replied the widow, timidly. "I am sure little Jack has but one friend, beside myself, in the world, and that's more than I would have ventured to say for him yesterday. However, I've not told you all: for old Van *did* say something about the child saving his new-found friend's life at the time of meeting; but how that's to happen, I'm sure I can't guess."

"Nor any one else in his senses," rejoined Wood, with a laugh. "It's not very likely that a baby of nine months old will save *my* life, if I'm to be his friend, as you seem to say, Mrs. Sheppard. But I've not promised to stand by him yet; nor will I, unless he turns out an honest lad,—mind that. Of all crafts,—and it was the only craft his poor father, who, to do him justice, was one of the best workmen that ever handled a saw, or drove a nail, could never understand,—of all crafts, I say, to be an honest man is the master-craft. As long as your son observes that precept I'll befriend him, but no longer."

"I don't desire it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, meekly.

"There's an old proverb," continued Wood, rising and walking towards the fire, "which says, 'Put another man's child in your bosom, and he'll creep out at your elbow.' But I don't value that, because I think it applies to one who marries a widow with incumbrances; and that's not my case, you know."

"Well, sir," gasped Mrs. Sheppard.

"Well, my dear, I've a proposal to make in regard to this baby of yours, which may, or may not, be agreeable. All I can say is, it's well meant; and I may add, I'd have made it five minutes ago, if you'd given me the opportunity."

"Pray come to the point, sir," said Mrs. Sheppard, somewhat alarmed by this preamble.

"I am coming to the point, Joan. The more haste, the worse speed—better the feet slip than the tongue. However, to cut a long matter short, my proposal's this:—I've taken a fancy to your bantling, and, as I've no son of my own, if it meets with your concurrence and that of Mrs. Wood, (for I never do anything without consulting my better half,) I'll take the boy, educate him, and bring him up to my own business of a carpenter."

The poor widow hung her head, and pressed her child closer to her breast.

"Well, Joan," said the benevolent mechanic, after he

had looked at her steadfastly for a few moments, "what say you?—silence gives consent, eh?"

Mrs. Sheppard made an effort to speak, but her voice was choked by emotion.

"Shall I take the baby home with me," persisted Wood, in a tone between jest and earnest.

"I cannot part with him," replied the widow, bursting into tears; "indeed, indeed, I cannot."

"So, I've found out the way to move her," thought the carpenter; "those tears will do her some good, at all events. Not part with him!" added he aloud. "Why, you wouldn't stand in the way of his good fortune, surely? I'll be a second father to him, I tell you. Remember what the conjurer said."

"I *do* remember it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, "and am most grateful for your offer. But I dare not accept it."

"Dare not!" echoed the carpenter; "I don't understand you, Joan."

"I mean to say, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard in a troubled voice, "that if I lost my child, I should lose all I have left in the world. I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor husband—I have only *him*."

"If I ask you to part with him, my good woman, it's to better his condition, I suppose, ain't it?" rejoined Wood angrily; for, though he had no serious intention of carrying his proposal into effect, he was rather offended at having it declined. "It's not an offer," continued he, "that I'm likely to make, or you likely to receive, every day in the year."

And muttering some remarks, which we do not care to repeat, reflecting upon the consistency of the sex, he was preparing once more to depart, when Mrs. Sheppard stopped him.

"Give me till to-morrow," implored she, "and if I can bring myself to part with him, you shall have him without another word."

"Take time to consider of it," replied Wood sulkily, "there's no hurry."

"Don't be angry with me, sir," cried the widow, sobbing bitterly, "pray don't. I know I am undeserving of your bounty; but if I were to tell you what hardships I have undergone—to what frightful extremities I have been reduced—and to what infamy I have submitted, to earn a scanty subsistence for this child's sake,—if you could feel what it is to stand alone in the world as I do, bereft of all who have ever loved me, and shunned by all who have ever known me, except the worthless and the wretched,—if you knew (and Heaven grant you may be spared the knowledge!) how much affliction sharpens love, and how much more dear to me my child has become for every sacrifice I have made for him,—if you were told all this, you would, I am sure, pity rather than reproach me, because I cannot at once consent to a separation which I feel would break my heart. But give me till to-morrow—only till to-morrow—I may be able to part with him then."

The worthy carpenter was now far more angry with himself than he had previously been with Mrs. Sheppard; and, as soon as he could command his feelings, which were considerably excited by the mention of her distresses, he squeezed her hand warmly; bestowed a hearty exclamation upon his own inhumanity, and swore he would neither separate her from her child, nor suffer any one else to separate them.

"Plague on't!" added he; "I never meant to take your baby from you. But I'd a mind to try whether you really loved him as much as you pretended. I was to blame to carry the matter so far. However, confession of a fault makes half amends for it. A time *may* come when this little chap may need my aid, and, depend upon it, he shall never want a friend in Owen Wood."

As he said this, the carpenter patted the cheek of the little object of his benevolent professions, and, in so doing, unintentionally aroused him from his slumbers. Opening a pair of large black eyes, the child fixed them for an instant upon Wood, and then alarmed by the light, uttered a low and melancholy cry, which, however, was speedily stilled by the caresses of his mother, towards whom he extended his tiny arms, as if imploring protection.

"I don't think he would leave me, even if I could part with him," observed Mrs. Sheppard, smiling through her tears.

"I don't think he would," acquiesced the carpenter. "No friend like the mother, for the baby knows no other."

"And that's true," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard; "for if I had not been a mother, I would not have survived the day on which I became a widow."

"You mustn't think of that, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, in a soothing tone.

"I can't help thinking of it, sir," answered the widow.

"I can never get poor Tom's last look out of my head, as he stood in the Stone-Hall at Newgate, after his irons had been knocked off, unless I manage to stupify myself somehow. The dismal tolling of Saint Sepulchre's bell is for ever ringing in my ears—oh!"

"If that's the case," observed Wood, "I'm surprised you should like to have such a frightful picture constantly in view as that over the chimney-piece."

"I'd good reasons for placing it there, sir; but don't question me about them now, or you'll drive me mad," returned Mrs. Sheppard wildly.

"Well, well, we'll say no more about it," replied Wood; "and by way of changing the subject, let me advise you on no account to fly to strong waters for consolation, Joan. One nail drives out another, it's true; but the worst nail you can employ is a coffin-nail. Gin Lane's the nearest road to the churchyard."

"It may be; but if it shortens the distance, and lightens the journey, I care not," retorted the widow, who seemed by this reproach to be roused into sudden eloquence. "To those whp, like me, have never been able to get out of the dark and dreary paths of life, the grave is indeed a refuge, and the sooner they reach it the better. The spirit I drink may be poison,—it may kill me,—perhaps it is killing me:—but so would hunger, cold, misery,—so would my own thoughts. I should have gone mad without it. Gin is the poor man's friend,—his sole set-off against the rich man's luxury. It comforts him when he is most forlorn. It may be treacherous, it may lay up a store of future woe; but it insures present happiness, and that is sufficient. When I have traversed the streets a houseless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gate-way where I have sought shelter,—when I have crept into some deserted building, and stretched my wearied limbs upon a bulk, in the vain hope of repose,—or, worse than all, when frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation, and earned a meal in the only way I could earn one,—when I have felt, at times like these, my heart sink within me, I have drunk of this drink, and have at once forgotten my cares, my poverty, my guilt. Old thoughts, old feelings, old faces, and old scenes have returned to me, and I have fancied myself happy,—as happy as I am now." And she burst into a wild hysterical laugh.

"Poor creature!" ejaculated Wood, "Do you call this frantic glee happiness?"

"It's all the happiness I have known for years," returned the widow, becoming suddenly calm, "and it's short-lived enough, as you perceive. I tell you what, Mr. Wood," added she in a hollow voice, and with a ghastly

look, "gin may bring ruin; but as long as poverty, vice, and ill-usage exist, it will be drunk!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Wood fervently; and, as if afraid of prolonging the interview, he added, with some precipitation; "But I must be going: I've stayed here too long already. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Stay!" said Mrs. Sheppard, again arresting his departure. "I've just recollected that my husband left a key with me, which he charged me to give to you when I could find an opportunity."

"A key!" exclaimed Wood eagerly. "I lost a very valuable one some time ago. What's it like, Joan?"

"It's a small key, with curiously-fashioned wards."

"It's mine, I'll be sworn," rejoined Wood. "Well, who'd have thought of finding it in this unexpected way?"

"Don't be too sure till you see it," said the widow. "Shall I fetch it for you, sir?"

"By all means."

"I must trouble you to hold the child, then, for a minute, while I run up to the garret, where I've hidden it for safety," said Mrs. Sheppard. "I think I may trust him with you, sir," added she, taking up the candle.

"Don't leave him, if you are at all fearful, my dear," replied Wood, receiving the little burthen with a laugh. "Poor thing!" muttered he, as the widow departed on her errand, "she's seen better days and better circumstances than she'll ever see again, I'm sure. Strange, I could never learn her history. Tom Sheppard was always a close file, and would never tell whom he married. Of this I'm certain, however, she was much too good for him, and was never meant to be a journeyman carpenter's wife, still less what she is now. Her heart's in the right place, at all events; and since that's the case, the rest may perhaps come round,—that is, if she gets through her present illness. A dry cough's the trumpeter of death. If that's true, she's not long for this world. As to this little fellow, in spite of the Dutchman, who, in my opinion, is more of a Jacobite than a conjurer, and more of a knave than either, he shall never mount a horse foaled by an acorn, if I can help it."

The course of the carpenter's meditations was here interrupted by a loud note of lamentation from the child, who, disturbed by the transfer, and not receiving the gentle solace to which he was ordinarily accustomed, raised his voice to the utmost, and exerted his feeble strength to escape. For a few moments Mr. Wood dandled his little charge to and fro, after the most approved nursery fashion, essaying at the same time the soothing influence of an infantine melody proper to the occasion; but, failing in his design, he soon lost all patience, and being, as we have before hinted, rather irritable, though extremely well-meaning, he lifted the unhappy bantling in the air, and shook him with so much good will, that he had well-nigh silenced him most effectually. A brief calm succeeded. But with returning breath came returning vociferations; and the carpenter, with a faint hope of lessening the clamour by change of scene, took up his lantern, opened the door, and walked out.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD MIST.

Mrs. SHEPPARD'S habitation terminated a row of old ruinous buildings, called Wheeler's Rents; a dirty thoroughfare; part street, and part lane, running from Mint street, through a variety of turnings, and along the brink of a deep kennel, skirted by a number of petty and neglected



gardens in the direction of Saint George's Fields. The neighbouring houses were tenanted by the lowest order of insolvent traders, thieves, mendicants, and other worthless and nefarious characters, who fled thither to escape from their creditors, or to avoid the punishment due to their different offences; for we may observe that the Old Mint, although it had been divested of some of its privileges as a sanctuary by a recent statute passed in the reign of William the Third, still presented a safe asylum to the debtor, and even continued to do so until the middle of the reign of George the First, when the crying nature of the evil called loudly for a remedy, and another and more sweeping enactment entirely took away its immunities. In consequence of the encouragement thus offered to dishonesty, and the security afforded to crime, this quarter of the Borough of Southwark was accounted (at the period of our narrative) the grand receptacle of the superfluous villainy of the metropolis. Infested by every description of vagabond and miscreant, it was, perhaps, a few degrees worse than the rookery near Saint Giles's and the desperate neighbourhood of Saffron Hill in our own time. And yet, on the very site of the sordid tenements and squalid courts we have mentioned, where the felon openly made his dwelling, and the fraudulent debtor laughed the object of his knavery to scorn—on this spot, not two centuries ago, stood the princely residence of Charles Brandon, the chivalrous Duke of Suffolk, whose stout heart was a well of honour, and whose memory breathes of loyalty and valour. Suffolk House, as Brandon's palace was denominated, was subsequently converted into a mint by his royal brother-in-law, Henry the Eighth; and, after its demolition, and the removal of the place of coinage to the Tower, the name was still continued to the district in which it had been situated.

Old and dilapidated, the widow's domicile looked the very picture of desolation and misery. Nothing more forlorn could be conceived. The roof was partially untiled; the chimneys were tottering; the side walls bulged, and were supported by a piece of timber propped against the opposite house; the glass in most of the windows was broken, and its place supplied with paper; while in some cases the very frames of the windows had been destroyed, and the apertures were left free to the air of heaven. On the ground-floor, the shutters were closed, or, to speak more correctly, altogether nailed up, and presented a very singular appearance, being patched all over with the soles of old shoes, rusty hobnails, and bits of iron hoops, the ingenious device of the former occupant of the apartment, Paul Groves, the cobbler, to whom we have before alluded.

It was owing to the untimely end of this poor fellow that Mrs. Sheppard was enabled to take possession of the premises. In a fit of despondency, superinduced by drunkenness, he made away with himself; and when the body was discovered, after a lapse of some months, such was the impression produced by the spectacle—such the alarm occasioned by the crazy state of the building, and, above all, the terror inspired by strange and unearthly noises heard during the night, which were, of course, attributed to the spirit of the suicide, that the place speedily enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, and was, consequently, entirely abandoned. In this state Mrs. Sheppard found it; and, as no one opposed her, she at once took up her abode there; nor was she long in discovering that the dreaded sounds proceeded from the nocturnal gambols of a legion of rats.

A narrow entry, formed by two low walls, communicated with the main thoroughfare; and in this passage, under the cover of a penthouse, stood Wood, with his little burthen, to whom we shall now return.

As Mrs. Sheppard did not make her appearance quite so soon as he expected, the carpenter became a little fidgety,

and, having succeeded in tranquilizing the child, he thought proper to walk so far down the entry as would enable him to reconnoitre the upper windows of the house. A light was visible in the garret, feebly struggling through the damp atmosphere, for the night was raw and overcast. This light did not remain stationary, but could be seen at one moment glimmering through the rents in the roof, and at another shining through the cracks in the wall, or the broken panes of the casement. Wood was unable to discover the figure of the widow, but he recognised her dry, hacking cough, and was about to call her down, if she could not find the key, as he imagined must be case, when a loud noise was heard, as though a chest, or some weighty substance, had fallen upon the floor.

Before Wood had time to inquire into the cause of this sound, his attention was diverted by a man, who rushed past the entry with the swiftness of desperation. This individual apparently met with some impediment to his further progress; for he had not proceeded many steps when he turned suddenly about, and darted up the passage in which Wood stood.

Uttering a few inarticulate ejaculations,—for he was completely out of breath,—the fugitive placed a bundle in the arms of the carpenter; and, regardless of the consternation he excited in the breast of that personage, who was almost stupefied with astonishment, he began to divest himself of a heavy horseman's cloak, which he threw over Wood's shoulders, and, drawing his sword, seemed to listen intently for the approach of his pursuers.

The appearance of the new comer was extremely prepossessing; and, after his trepidation had a little subsided, Wood began to regard him with some degree of interest. Evidently in the flower of his age, he was scarcely less remarkable for symmetry of person than for comeliness of feature; and though his attire was plain and unpretending, it was such as could be worn only by one belonging to the higher ranks of society. His figure was tall and commanding, and the expression of his countenance (though somewhat disturbed by his recent exertion,) was resolute and stern.

At this juncture a cry burst from the child, who, nearly smothered by the weight imposed upon him, only recovered the use of his lungs as Wood altered the position of the bundle. The stranger turned his head at the sound.

"By heaven!" cried he in a tone of surprise, "you have an infant there!"

"To be sure I have," replied Wood angrily; for, finding that the intentions of the stranger were pacific, so far as he was concerned, he thought he might safely venture on a slight display of spirit. "It's very well you haven't crushed the poor little thing to death with this confounded clothes-bag. But some people have no consideration."

"That child may be the means of saving me," muttered the stranger, as if struck by a new idea: "I shall gain time by the expedient. Do you live here?"

"Not exactly," answered the carpenter.

"No matter. The door is open, so it is needless to ask leave to enter. Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, as shouts and other vociferations resounded at no great distance along the thoroughfare, "not a moment is to be lost. Give me that precious charge," he added, snatching the bundle from Wood. "If I escape, I will reward you. Your name?"

"Owen Wood," replied the carpenter; "I've no reason to be ashamed of it. And now, a fair exchange, sir, Yours!"

The stranger hesitated. The shouts drew near, and lights were seen flashing ruddily against the sides and gables of the neighbouring houses.

"My name is Darrell," said the fugitive hastily. "But, if you are discovered, answer no questions, as you value your life. Wrap yourself in my cloak, and keep it. Remember! not a word!"

So saying, he huddled the mantle over Wood's shoulders, dashed the lantern to the ground, and extinguished the light. A moment afterwards, the door was closed and bolted, and the carpenter found himself alone.

"Mercy on us!" cried he, as a thrill of apprehension ran through his frame. "The Dutchman was right after all."

This exclamation had scarcely escaped him, when the discharge of a pistol was heard, and a bullet whizzed past his ears.

"I have him!" cried a voice in triumph.

A man then rushed up the entry, and, seizing the unlucky carpenter by the collar, presented a drawn sword to his throat. This person was speedily followed by half a dozen others, some of whom carried flambeaux.

"Mur—der!" roared Wood, struggling to free himself from his assailant, by whom he was half strangled.

"Damnation!" exclaimed one of the leaders of the party in a furious tone, snatching a torch from an attendant, and throwing its light full upon the face of the carpenter; this is not the villain, Sir Cecil."

"So I find, Rowland," replied the other, in accents of deep disappointment, and at the same time relinquishing his grasp. "I could have sworn I saw him enter this passage. And how comes his cloak on this knave's shoulders?"

"It is his cloak, of a surety," returned Rowland.—"Harkye, sirrah," continued he, haughtily interrogating Wood; "where is the person from whom you received this mantle?"

"Throttling a man isn't the way to make him answer questions," replied the carpenter, doggedly. "You'll get nothing out of me, I promise you, unless you show a little more civility."

"We waste time with this fellow" interposed Sir Cecil, "and may lose the object of our quest, who, beyond doubt, has taken refuge in this building. Let us search it."

Just then, the infant began to sob piteously.

"Hist!" cried Rowland, arresting his comrade. "Do you hear that? We are not wholly at fault. The dog-fox cannot be far off, since the cub is found."

With these words, he tore the mantle from Wood's back, and, perceiving the child, endeavoured to seize it. In this attempt he was, however, foiled by the agility of the carpenter, who managed to retreat to the door, against which he placed his back, kicking the boards vigorously with his heel.

"Joan! Joan!" vociferated he, "open the door, for God's sake, or I shall be murdered, and so will your baby! Open the door quickly, I say!"

"Knock him on the head," thundered Sir Cecil, "or we shall have the watch upon us."

"No fear of that," rejoined Rowland: "such vermin never dare show themselves in this privileged district. All we have to apprehend is a rescue."

The hint was not lost upon Wood. He tried to raise an outcry, but his throat was again forcibly gripped by Rowland.

"Another such attempt," said the latter, "and you are a dead man. Yield up the babe, and I pledge my word you shall remain unmolested."

"I will yield it to no one but its mother," answered Wood.

"'Sdeath! do you trifle with me, sirrah?" cried Rowland fiercely. "Give me the child, or——"

As he spoke the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Sheppard staggered forward. She looked paler than ever; but

her countenance, though bewildered, did not exhibit the alarm which might naturally have been anticipated from the strange and perplexing scene presented to her view.

"Take it," cried Wood, holding the infant towards her; "take it, and fly."

Mrs. Sheppard put out her arms mechanically. But before the child could be committed to her care, it was wrested from the carpenter by Rowland.

"These people are all in league with him," cried the latter. "But don't wait for me, Sir Cecil. Enter the house with your men. I'll dispose of the brat."

This injunction was instantly obeyed. The knight and his followers crossed the threshold, leaving one of the torch-bearers behind them.

"Davies," said Rowland, delivering the babe, with a meaning look, to his attendant.

"I understand, sir," replied Davies, drawing a little aside. And, setting down the link, he proceeded deliberately to untie his cravat.

"My God! will you see your child strangled before your eyes, and not so much as scream for help?" said Wood, staring at the widow with a look of surprise and horror. "Woman, your wits are fled!"

And so it seemed; for all the answer she could make was to murmur distractedly, "I can't find the key."

"Devil take the key!" ejaculated Wood. "They're about to murder your child—your child, I tell you! Do you comprehend what I say, Joan?"

"I've hurt my head," replied Mrs. Sheppard, pressing her hand to her temples.

And then, for the first time, Wood noticed a small stream of blood coursing slowly down her cheek.

At this moment Davies who had completed the preparations, extinguished the torch.

"It's all over," groaned Wood, "and perhaps it's as well her senses are gone. However, I'll make a last effort to save the poor little creature, if it costs me my life."

And, with this generous resolve, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Arrest! arrest! help! help!" seconding the words with a shrill and peculiar cry, well known at the time to the inhabitants of the quarter in which it was uttered.

In reply to this summons a horn was instantly blown at the corner of the street.

"Arrest!" vociferated Wood. "Mint! Mint!"

"Death and hell!" cried Rowland, making a furious pass at the carpenter, who fortunately avoided the thrust in the darkness; "will nothing silence you?"

"Help!" ejaculated Wood, renewing his cries—"Arrest!"

"Jigger closed!" shouted a hoarse voice in reply—"All's bowman, my covey. Fear nothing. We'll be upon the bandogs before they can shake their trotters!"

And the alarm was sounded more loudly than ever. Another horn now resounded from the further extremity of the thoroughfare; this was answered by a third; and presently a fourth, and more remote blast, took up the note of alarm. The whole neighbourhood was disturbed. A garrison called to arms at dead of night on the sudden approach of the enemy, could not have been more expeditiously or effectually aroused. Rattles were sprung; lanterns lighted, and hoisted at the end of poles; windows thrown open; doors unbarred; and, as if by magic, the street was instantaneously filled with a crowd of persons of both sexes, armed with such weapons as came most readily to hand, and dressed in such garments as could be most easily slipped on. Hurrying in the direction of the supposed arrest, they encouraged each other with shouts, and threatened the offending parties with their vengeance.

Regardless as the gentry of the Mint usually were (for, indeed, they had become habituated from their frequent occurrence to such scenes,) of any outrages committed in their streets; deaf, as they had been, to the recent scuffle before Mrs. Sheppard's door, they were always sufficiently on the alert to maintain their privileges, and to assist each other against the attacks of their common enemy—the sheriff's officer. It was only by the adoption of such a course (especially since the late act of suppression, to which we have alluded,) that the inviolability of the asylum could be preserved. Incursions were often made upon its territories by the functionaries of the law; sometimes attended with success, but more frequently with discomfiture; and it rarely happened, unless by stratagem or bribery, that (in the language of the gentleman of the short staff) an important caption could be effected. In order to guard against accidents or surprises, watchmen, or scouts, (as they were styled,) were stationed at the three main outlets of the sanctuary, ready to give the signal in the manner just described: bars were erected, which, in case of emergency, could be immediately stretched across the streets; doors were attached to the alleys, and were never opened without due precautions; gates were affixed to the courts, wickets to the gates, and bolts to the wickets. The back-windows of the houses (where any such existed) were strongly barricaded, and kept constantly shut; and the fortress was, furthermore, defended by high walls and deep ditches in those quarters where it appeared most exposed. There was also a Maze, (the name is still retained in the district,) into which the debtor could run, and through the intricacies of which it was impossible for an officer to follow him, without a clue. Whoever chose to incur the risk of so doing might enter the Mint at any hour; but no one was suffered to depart without giving a satisfactory account of himself, or producing a pass from the Master. In short, every contrivance that ingenuity could devise was resorted to by this horde of reprobates to secure themselves from danger or molestation. Whitefriars' had lost its privileges; Salisbury Court and the Savoy no longer offered places of refuge to the debtor; and it was, therefore, doubly requisite that the Island of Bermuda (as the Mint was termed by its occupants) should uphold its rights, as long as it was able to do so.

Mr. Wood, meantime, had not remained idle. Aware that not a moment was to be lost, if he meant to render any effectual assistance to the child, he ceased shouting, and defending himself in the best way he could from the attacks of Rowland, by whom he was closely pressed, forced his way, in spite of all opposition, to Davies, and dealt him a blow on the head with such good will that, had it not been for the intervention of the wall, the ruffian must have been prostrated. Before he could recover from the stunning effects of the blow, Wood possessed himself of the child; and, untying the noose which had been slipped round its throat, had the satisfaction of hearing it cry lustily.

At this juncture, Sir Cecil and his followers appeared at the threshold.

"He has escaped!" exclaimed the knight; we have searched every corner of the house without finding a trace of him."

"Back!" cried Rowland. "Don't you hear those shouts! Yon fellow's clamour has brought the whole horde of jail-birds and cut-throats that infest this place about our ears. We shall be torn to pieces if we are discovered. Davies!" he added, calling to the attendant, who was menacing Wood with a severe retaliation, "don't heed him; but, if you value a whole skin, come into the house, and bring that woman with you. She may afford us some necessary information."

Davies reluctantly complied; and, dragging Mrs. Sheppard, who made no resistance, along with him, entered the house, the door of which was instantly shut and barricaded.

A moment afterwards, the street was illumined by a blaze of torchlight, and a tumultuous uproar, mixed with the clashing of weapons, and the braying of horns, announced the arrival of the first detachment of Minters.

Mr. Wood rushed instantly to meet them.

"Hurrah!" shouted he, waving his hat triumphantly over his head. "Saved!"

"Ay, ay, it's all bob, my covey! You're safe enough, that's certain!" responded the Minters, baying, yelping, leaping, and howling around him like a pack of hounds when the huntsman is beating cover; "but where are the lurchers?"

"Who?" asked Wood.

"The traps!" responded a bystander.

"The shoulder-clappers!" added a lady, who, in her anxiety to join the party, had unintentionally substituted her husband's nether habiliments for her own petticoats.

"The ban-dogs!" thundered a tall man, whose stature and former avocations had procured him the nickname of "The long drover of the Borough market." "Where are they?"

"Ay, where are they?" chorussed the mob, flourishing their various weapons, and flashing their torches in the air; "we'll serve 'em out."

Mr. Wood trembled. He felt he had raised a storm which it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to allay. He knew not what to say, or what to do; and his confusion was increased by the threatening gestures and furious looks of the ruffians in his immediate vicinity.

"I don't understand you, gentlemen," stammered he, at length.

"What does he say?" roared the long drover.

"He says he don't understand flash," replied the lady in gentleman's attire.

"Cease your confounded clatter!" said a young man, whose swarthy visage, seen in the torch light, struck Wood as being that of a mulatto. "You frighten the cull out of his senses. It's plain he don't understand our lingo; as, how should he? Take pattern by me; and as he said this he strode up to the carpenter, and slapping him on the shoulder, propounded the following questions, accompanying each interrogation with a formidable contortion of countenance: Curse you! where are the bailiffs? Rot you! have you lost your tongue? Devil seize you! you could bawl loud enough a moment ago!"

"Silence, Blue-ekin!" interposed an authoritative voice, immediately behind the ruffian. "Let me have a word with the cull!"

"Ay! ay!" cried several of the bystanders, "Let Jonathan kimbow the cove. He's got the gift of the gab."

The crowd accordingly drew aside, and the individual in whose behalf the movement had been made, immediately stepped forward. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, who, without having any thing remarkable either in dress or appearance, was yet a noticeable person, if only for the indescribable expression of cunning pervading his countenance. His eyes were small and gray; as far apart and as sly-looking as those of a fox. A physiognomist, indeed, would have likened him to that crafty animal, and it must be owned the general formation of his features favoured such a comparison. The nose was long and sharp, the chin pointed, the forehead broad and flat, and connected, without any intervening hollow, with the eyelid; the teeth, when displayed, seemed to reach from ear to ear. Then his beard was of a reddish hue, and his complexion warm and sanguine. Those who had seen him slumbering, averred that he slept with

his eyes open. But this might be merely a figurative mode of describing his customary vigilance. Certain it was, that the slightest sound aroused him. This astute personage was somewhat under the middle size, but fairly proportioned, inclining rather to strength than symmetry, and abounding more in muscle than in flesh.

It would seem, from the attention which he evidently bestowed upon the hidden and complex machinery of the grand system of villainy at work around him, that his chief object in taking up his quarters in the Mint must have been to obtain some private information respecting the habits and practices of its inhabitants, to be turned to account hereafter.

Advancing towards Wood, Jonathan fixed his keen gray eyes upon him, and demanded in a stern tone, whether the persons who had taken refuge in the adjoining house were bailiffs.

"Not that I know of," replied the carpenter, who had in some degree recovered his confidence.

"Then I presume you've not been arrested?"

"I have not," answered Wood, firmly.

"I guessed as much. Perhaps you'll next inform us why you have occasioned this disturbance."

"Because this child's life was threatened by the persons you have mentioned," rejoined Wood.

"An excellent reason if faith!" exclaimed Blueskin, with a roar of surprise and indignation, which was echoed by the whole assemblage. "And so we're to be summoned from our beds and snug firesides, because a kid happens to squall, eh? By the soul of my grandmother, but this is too good!"

"Do you intend to claim the privileges of the Mint?" said Jonathan, calmly pursuing his interrogations amid the uproar. "Is your person in danger?"

"Not from my creditors," replied Wood, significantly.

"Will he post the oke? Will he come down with the dues? Ask him that!" cried Blueskin.

"You hear," pursued Jonathan; "my friend desires to know if you are willing to pay your footing as a member of the ancient and respectable fraternity of debtors?"

"I owe no man a farthing, and my name shall never appear in any such rascally lists," replied Wood angrily. "I don't see why I should be obliged to pay for doing my duty. I tell you this child would have been strangled, the noose was at its throat when I called for help. I knew it was in vain to cry 'murder!' in the Mint, so I had recourse to stratagem."

"Let's have a look at the kitchen-coe, that ought to have been throttled," cried Blueskin, snatching the child from Wood. "My stars! here's a pretty lullaby-cheat to make a fuss about—ho! ho!"

"Deal with me as you think proper, gentlemen," exclaimed Wood; "but, for mercy's sake, don't harm the child! Let it be taken to its mother."

"And who is its mother?" asked Jonathan in an eager whisper. "Tell me frankly, and speak under your breath. Your own safety—the child's safety—depends upon your candour."

While Mr. Wood underwent this examination, Blueskin felt a small and trembling hand placed upon his own, and, turning at the summons, beheld a young female, whose features were partially concealed by a loo, or half mask, standing beside him. Coarse as were the ruffian's notions of feminine beauty, he could not be insensible to the surpassing loveliness of the fair creature, who had thus solicited his attention. Her figure was, in some measure, hidden by a large scarf, and a deep hood drawn over the head contributed to her disguise; still it was evident, from her lofty bearing, that she had nothing in common, except an interest in their proceedings, with the crew by whom she was surrounded.

Whence she came,—who she was,—and what she wanted,—were questions which naturally suggested themselves to Blueskin, and he was about to seek for some explanation when his curiosity was checked by a gesture of silence from the lady.

"Hush," said she in a low but agitated voice; "would you earn this purse?"

"I've no objection," replied Blueskin, in a tone intended to be gentle, but which sounded like the murmuring whine of a playful bear. "How much is there in it?"

"It contains gold," replied the lady; "but I will add this ring."

"What am I to do to earn it?" asked Blueskin with a disgusting leer,— "cut a throat—or throw myself at your feet—eh, my dear?"

"Give me that child," returned the lady, with difficulty overcoming the loathing inspired by the ruffian's familiarity.

"Oh! I see!" replied Blueskin, winking significantly. "Come nearer, or they'll observe us. Don't be afraid—I won't hurt you. I'm always agreeable to the women, bless their kind hearts! Now, slip the purse into my hand. Bravo!—the best cly-faker of 'em all couldn't have done it better. And now for the fawney—the ring I mean. I'm no great judge of these articles, ma'am; but I trust to your honour not to palm off paste upon me."

"It is a diamond," said the lady in an agony of distress,— "the child!"

"A diamond! Here, take the kid," cried Blueskin, slipping the infant adroitly under her scarf. "And so this is a diamond," added he, contemplating the brilliant from the hollow of his hand: "It does sparkle almost as brightly as your ogle. By the by, my dear, I forgot to ask your name—perhaps you will oblige me with it now! Hell and the devil!—gone!"

He looked around in vain. The lady had disappeared.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MASTER OF THE MINT.

JONATHAN, meanwhile, having ascertained the parentage of the child from Wood, proceeded to question him, in an under tone, as to the probable motives of the attempt upon its life; and, though he failed in obtaining any information on this point, he had little difficulty in eliciting such particulars of the mysterious transaction as have already been recounted. When the carpenter concluded his recital, Jonathan was for a moment lost in reflection.

"Devilish strange!" thought he, chuckling to himself; "queer business! Capital trick of the cull in the cloak to make another person's brat stand the brunt for his own—capital! ha! ha! Won't do though. He must be a sly fox, to get out of the mint without my knowledge. I've a shrewd guess where he's taken refuge; but I'll ferret him out. These bloods will pay well for his capture; if not, he'll pay well to get out of their hands; so I'm safe either way—ha! ha! Blueskin," he added aloud, and motioning that worthy, "follow me."

Upon which, he set off in the direction of the entry.—His progress, however, was checked by loud acclamations, announcing the arrival of the Master of the Mint and his train.

Baptist Kettleby (for so was the Master named) was a "goodly portly man, and a corpulent," whose fair round paunch bespoke the affection he entertained for good liquor and good living. He had a quick, shrewd, merry eye, and a look in which duplicity was agreeably

velled by good humour. It was easy to discover that he was a knave, but equally easy to perceive that he was a pleasant fellow; a combination of qualities by no means of rare occurrence. So far as regards his attire, Baptist was not seen to advantage. No great lover of state or state costume at any time, he was generally, towards the close of an evening, completely in dishabille, and in this condition he now presented himself to his subjects. His shirt was unfastened, his vest unbuttoned, his hose ungartered, his feet were stuck into a pair of pantoufles, his arms into a greasy flannel dressing-gown, his head into a thrum-cap, the cap into a tie-periwig, and the wig into a gold-edged hat. A white apron was tied round his waist, and into the apron was thrust a short thick truncheon, which looked very much like a rolling-pin.

The Master of the Mint was accompanied by another gentleman almost as portly as himself, and quite as deliberate in his movements. The costume of this personage was somewhat singular, and might have passed for a masquerading habit, had not the imperturbable gravity of his demeanour forbidden any such supposition. It consisted of a close jerkin of brown frieze, ornamented with a triple row of brass buttons; loose Dutch slops, made very wide in the seat and very tight in the knees; red stockings with black clocks, and a fur cap.

The owner of this dress had a broad, weather-beaten face, small twinkling eyes, and a bushy head, grizzled beard. Though he walked by the side of the governor, he seldom exchanged a word with him, but appeared wholly absorbed in the contemplations inspired by a broad bowled Dutch pipe.

Behind the illustrious personages just described, marched a troop of stalwart fellows, with white badges in their hats, quarter-staves, oaken cudgels, and links in their hands. These were the Master's body-guard.

Advancing towards the Master, and claiming an audience, which was instantly granted, Jonathan, without much circumlocution, related the sum of the strange story he had just learnt from Wood, omitting nothing except a few trifling particulars, which he thought it politic to keep back; and, with this view, he said not a word of there being any probability of capturing the fugitive, but, on the contrary, roundly asserted that his informant had witnessed that person's escape.

The Master listened, with becoming attention, to the narrative, and, at its conclusion, shook his head gravely, applied his thumb to the side of his nose, and, twirling his fingers significantly, winked at his phlegmatic companion. The gentleman appealed to, shook his head in reply, coughed as only a Dutchman can cough, and raising his hand from the bowl of his pipe, went through precisely the same mysterious ceremonial as the Master.

Putting his own construction upon this mute interchange of opinions, Jonathan ventured to observe, that it certainly was a very perplexing case, but that he thought something might be made of it, and, if left to him, he would undertake to manage the matter to the Master's entire satisfaction.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Dutchman, removing the pipe from his mouth, and speaking in a deep guttural voice, "leave the affair to Johannes. He'll settle it bravely. And let ush go back to our brandewyn, and hollaudeche genever. Dese are not schouts, as you faind, but jonkers on a vrolyk; and if dey'd chanahed to keel de vrow Sheppard's pet lamb, dey'd have done her a servish, by shaving it from dat unpleasant complaint, de hempen fever, with which its laatter days are threatened, and of which its poor vader died. Myn God! haanging runs in some families, Muntmeester. It's hereditary, like the jigt, vat you call it—gout—haw! haw!"

"If the child is destined to the gibbet, Van Galgebroke," replied the Master, joining in the laugh, "it'll never be choked by a footman's cravat, that's certain; but,

in regard to going back empty-handed," continued he, altering his tone, and assuming a dignified air, "it's quite out of the question. With Baptist Kettleby, to engage in a matter is to go through with it. Besides, this is an affair which no one but myself can settle. Common offences may be decided upon by deputy; but outrages perpetrated by men of rank, as these appear to be, must be judged by the Master of the Mint in person. These are the decrees of the Island of Bermuda, and I will never suffer its excellent laws to be violated. Gentlemen of the Mint," added he, pointing with his truncheon towards Mrs. Sheppard's house, "forward!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob, and the whole phalanx was put in motion in that direction. At the same moment, a martial flourish, proceeding from cows horns, tin canisters filled with stones, bladders and cat-gut, with other sprightly instruments, was struck up, and, enlivened by this harmonious accompaniment, the troop reached its destination in the best possible spirits for an encounter.

"Let us in," said the Master, rapping his truncheon authoritatively against the boards, "or we'll force an entrance."

But as no answer was returned to this summons, though it was again, and more peremptorily repeated, Baptist seized a mallet from a bystander and burst open the door. Followed by Van Galgebroke and others of his retinue, he then rushed into the room, where Rowland, Sir Cecil, and their attendants stood with drawn swords prepared to receive them.

"Beat down their blades," cried the Master; "no bloodshed."

"Beat out their brains, you mean," rejoined Blueskin with a tremendous imprecation; "no half measures now, Master."

"Haden't you better hold a moment's parley with the gentlemen before proceeding to extremities?" suggested Jonathan.

"Agreed," responded the Master. "Surely," he added, staring at Rowland, "either I'm greatly mistaken, or it is—"

"You are not mistaken, Baptist," returned Rowland with a gesture of silence; "it is your old friend. I'm glad to recognize you."

"And I'm glad your worship's recognition doesn't come too late," observed the Master. "But why didn't you make yourself known at once?"

"I'd forgotten the office you hold in the Mint, Baptist," replied Rowland. "But clear the room of this rabble, if you have sufficient authority over them. I would speak with you."

"There's but one way of clearing it, your worship," said the Master, archly.

"I understand," replied Rowland. "Give them what you please. I'll repay you."

"It's all right, pale," cried Baptist, in a loud tone; "the gentlemen and I have settled matters. No more scuffling."

"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded Sir Cecil. "How have you contrived to still these troubled waters?"

"I've chanced upon an old ally in the Master of the Mint," answered Rowland. "We may trust him," he added in a whisper; "he is a staunch friend of the good cause."

"Blueskin clear the room," cried the Master; "these gentlemen would be private. They've paid for their lodging. Where's Jonathan?"

Inquiries were instantly made after that individual, but he was nowhere to be found.

"Strange!" observed the Master; "I thought he'd been at my elbow all this time. But it don't much matter—though he's a devilish shrewd fellow. and

might have helped me out of a difficulty, had any occurred. Hark ye, Blueskin," continued he, addressing that personage, who, in obedience to his commands, had, with great promptitude, driven out the rabble, and again secured the door, "a word in your ear. What female entered the house with us?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Blueskin, afraid, if he admitted having seen the lady, of being compelled to divide the plunder he had obtained from her among his companions, "how should I know? D'ye suppose I'm always thinking of the petticoats? I observed no female; but if any one *did* join the assault, it must have been either Amazonian Kate, or Fighting Moll."

"The woman I mean did not join the assault," rejoined the Master, "but rather seemed to shun observation; and, from the hasty glimpse I caught of her, appeared to have a child in her arms."

"Then, most probably, it was the widow Sheppard," answered Blueskin sulkily.

"Right," said the Master, "I didn't think of her. And now I've another job for you."

"Propose it," returned Blueskin, inclining his head.

"Square accounts with the rascal who got up the sham arrest; and, if he don't tip the cole without more ado, give him a taste of the pump, that's all."

"He shall go through the whole course," replied Blueskin, with a ferocious grin, "unless he comes down to the last grig. We'll lather him with mud, shave him with a rusty razor, and drench him with *aqua pompaginis*. Master, your humble servant—Gentlemen, your most obsequious trout."

Having effected his object, which was to get rid of Blueskin, Baptist turned to Rowland and Sir Cecil, who had watched his proceedings with much impatience, and remarked, "Now, gentlemen, the coast's clear; we've nothing to interrupt us. I'm entirely at your service."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JONATHAN WILD.

\* LEAVING them to pursue their conference, we shall follow the footsteps of Jonathan, who, as the Master surmised, and as we have intimated, had unquestionably entered the house. But at the beginning of the affray, when he thought every one was too much occupied with his own concerns to remark his absence, he slipped out of the room, not for the purpose of avoiding the engagement, (for cowardice was not one of his failings,) but because he had another object in view. Creeping stealthily up stairs, unmasking a dark lantern, and glancing into each room as he passed, he was startled in one of them by the appearance of Mrs. Sheppard, who seemed to be crouching upon the floor. Satisfied, however, that she did not notice him, Jonathan glided away as noiselessly as he came, and ascended another short flight of stairs leading to the garret. As he crossed this chamber, his foot struck against something on the floor, which nearly threw him down, and stooping to examine the object, he found it was a key. "Never throw away a chance," thought Jonathan. "Who knows but this key may open a golden lock one of these days?" And, picking it up, he thrust it into his pocket.

Arrived beneath an aperture in the broken roof, he was preparing to pass through it, when he observed a little heap of tiles upon the floor, which appeared to have been recently dislodged. "He *has* passed this way," cried Jonathan exultingly; "I have him safe enough." He then closed the lantern, mounted without much difficulty upon the roof, and proceeded cautiously along the tiles.

The night was now profoundly dark. Jonathan had to feel his way. A single false step might have precipitated him into the street; or, if he had trodden upon an unsound part of the roof, he must have fallen through it. He had nothing to guide him; for, though the torches were blazing ruddily below, their gleam fell only on the side of the building. The venturesome climber gazed for a moment at the assemblage beneath, to ascertain that he was not discovered; and, having satisfied himself in this particular, he stepped out more boldly. On gaining a stack of chimneys at the back of the house, he came to a pause, and again unmasked his lantern. Nothing, however, could be discerned, except the crumbling brickwork. "Confusion!" ejaculated Jonathan, "can he have escaped? No. The walls are too high, and the windows too stoutly barricaded in this quarter, to admit such a supposition. He can't be far off. I shall find him yet. Ah! I have it," he added, after a moment's deliberation; "he's there, I'll be sworn." And, once more enveloping himself in darkness, he pursued his course.

He had now reached the adjoining house, and scaling the roof, approached another building, which seemed to be, at least, one story loftier than its neighbours. Apparently, Jonathan was well acquainted with the premises; for, feeling about in the dark, he speedily discovered a ladder, up the steps of which he hurried. Drawing a pistol, and unclosing his lantern with the quickness of thought, he then burst through an open trap-door into a small loft.

The light fell upon the fugitive, who stood before him in an attitude of defence, with the child in his arms.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jonathan, acting upon the information he had obtained from Wood; "I have found you at last. Your servant, Mr. Darrell."

"Who are you?" demanded the fugitive, sternly.

"A friend," replied Jonathan, uncocking the pistol, and placing it in his pocket.

"How do I know you are a friend?" asked Darrell.

"What should I do here alone if I were an enemy? But, come, don't let us waste time in bandying words, when we might employ it so much more profitably. Your life, and that of your child, are in my power. What will you give me to save you from your pursuers?"

"Can you do so?" asked the other, doubtfully.

"I can, and will. Now, the reward?"

"I have but an ill-furnished purse. But if I escape, my gratitude—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Jonathan scornfully. "Your gratitude will vanish with your danger. Pay fools with promises. I must have something in hand."

"You shall have all I have about me," replied Darrell.

"Well—well," grumbled Jonathan, "I suppose I must be content. An ill-lined purse is a poor recompense for the risk I have run. However, come along. I needn't tell you to tread carefully. You know the danger of this breakneck road as well as I do. The light would betray us." So saying, he closed the lantern.

"Harkye, sir," rejoined Darrell; "one word before I move. I know not who you are; and, as I cannot discern

your face, I may be doing you an injustice. But there is something in your voice that makes me distrust you. If you attempt to play the traitor, you will do so at the hazard of your life.

"I have already hazarded my life in this attempt to save you," returned Jonathan boldly, and with apparent frankness; "this ought to be sufficient answer to your doubts. Your pursuers are below. What was to hinder me, if I had been so inclined, from directing them to your retreat?"

"Enough," replied Darrell. "Lead on!"

Followed by Darrell, Jonathan retraced his dangerous path. As he approached the gable of Mrs. Sheppard's house, loud yells and vociferations reached his ears; and, looking downwards, he perceived a great stir amid the mob. The cause of this uproar was soon manifest. Blueskin and the Minters were dragging Wood to the pump. The unfortunate carpenter struggled violently, but ineffectually. His hat was placed upon one pole, his wig on another. His shouts for help were answered by roars of mockery and laughter. He continued alternately to be tossed in the air, or rolled in the kennel until he was borne out of sight. The spectacle seemed to afford as much amusement to Jonathan as to the actors engaged in it. He could not contain his satisfaction, but chuckled, and rubbed his hands with delight.

"By Heaven!" cried Darrell, "it is the poor fellow whom I placed in such jeopardy a short time ago. I am the cause of his ill-usage."

"To be sure you are," replied Jonathan, laughing. "But what of that? It will be a lesson to him in future, and will show him the folly of doing a good natured action!"

But perceiving that his companion did not relish his pleasantry, and fearing that his sympathy for the carpenter's situation might betray him into some act of imprudence, Jonathan, without further remark, and by way of putting an end to the discussion, let himself drop through the roof. His example was followed by Darrell. But, though the latter was somewhat embarrassed by his burthen, he peremptorily declined Jonathan's offer of assistance. Both, however, having safely landed, they cautiously crossed the room, and passed down the first flight of steps in silence. At this moment, a door was opened below; lights gleamed on the walls; and the figures of Rowland and Sir Cecil were distinguished at the foot of the stairs.

Darrell stopped, and drew his sword.

"You have betrayed me," said he, in a deep whisper, to his companion; "but you shall reap the reward of your treachery."

"Be still!" returned Jonathan in the same under tone, and with great self-possession: "I can yet save you. And see!" he added, as the figures drew back, and the lights disappeared; "it's a false alarm. They have retired. However, not a moment is to be lost. Give me your hand."

He then hurried Darrell down another short flight of steps, and entered a small chamber at the back of the house. Closing the door, Jonathan next produced his lantern, and, hastening towards the window, undrew a bolt by which it was fastened. A stout wooden shutter, opening inwardly, being removed, disclosed a grating of iron bars. This obstacle, which appeared to preclude the possibility of egress in that quarter, was speedily got rid of. Withdrawing another bolt, and unhooking a chain suspended from the top of the casement, Jonathan pushed the iron framework outwards. The bars dropped noiselessly and slowly down, till the chain tightened at the staple.

"You are free," said he; "that grating forms a ladder, by which you may descend in safety. I learnt the trick of the place from one Paul Groves, who used to live here,

and who contrived the machine. He used to call it his fire-escape—ha! ha! I've often used the ladder for my own convenience, but I never expected to turn it to such good account. And now, sir, have I kept faith with you?"

"You have," replied Darrell. "Here is my purse; and I trust you will let me know to whom I am indebted for this important service."

"It matters not who I am," replied Jonathan, taking the money. "As I said before, I have little reliance upon professions of gratitude."

"I know not how it is," sighed Darrell, "but I feel an unaccountable misgiving at quitting this place. Something tells me I am rushing on greater danger."

"You know best," replied Jonathan, sneeringly, "but if I were in your place I would take the chance of a future and uncertain risk to avoid a present and certain peril."

"You are right," replied Darrell; "the weakness is past. Which is the nearest way to the river?"

"Why, it's an awkward road to direct you," returned Jonathan. "But if you turn to the right when you reach the ground, and keep close to the Mint wall, you'll speedily arrive at White Cross Street; White Cross Street, if you turn again to the right, will bring you into Queen Street; Queen Street, bearing to the left, will conduct you to Deadman's Place; and Deadman's Place to the water-side, not fifty yards from Saint Saviour's stairs, where you're sure to get a boat."

"The very point I aim at," said Darrell, as he passed through the outlet.

"Stay," said Jonathan, aiding his descent; "you had better take my lantern. It may be useful to you. Perhaps you'll give me in return some token, by which I may remind you of this occurrence, in case we meet again. Your glove will suffice."

"There it is," replied the other, tossing him the glove. "Are you sure these bars touch the ground?"

"They come within a yard of it," answered Jonathan. "Safe!" shouted Darrell, as he effected a secure landing. "Good night!"

"So," muttered Jonathan, "having started the hare, I'll now unleash the hounds."

With this praiseworthy determination, he was hastening down stairs, with the utmost rapidity, when he encountered a female, whom he took, in the darkness, to be Mrs. Sheppard. The person caught hold of his arm, and, in spite of his efforts to disengage himself, detained him.

"Where is he?" asked she, in an agitated whisper. "I heard his voice; but I saw them on the stairs, and durst not approach him, for fear of giving the alarm."

"If you mean the fugitive, Darrell, he has escaped through the back window," replied Jonathan.

"Thank Heaven!" she gasped.

"Well, you women are forgiving creatures, I must say," observed Jonathan, sarcastically. "You thank Heaven for the escape of the man who did his best to get your child's neck twisted."

"What do you mean?" asked the female, in astonishment.

"I mean what I say," replied Jonathan. "Perhaps you don't know that this Darrell so contrived matters, that your child should be mistaken for his own; by which means it had a narrow escape from a tight cravat, I can assure you. However, the scheme answered well enough, for Darrell has got off with his own brat."

"Then this is not my child?" exclaimed she, with increased astonishment.

"If you have a child there, it certainly is not," answered Jonathan, a little surprised; "for I left your brat in the charge of Blueskin, who is still among the crowd in the



street, unless, as is not unlikely, he's gone to see your other friend disciplined at the pump."

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed the female. "Whose child can this be?"

"How the devil should I know?" replied Jonathan gruffly. "I suppose it didn't drop through the ceiling; did it? Are you quite sure it's flesh and blood?" asked he playfully pinching its arm till it cried out with pain.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, rushing from the adjoining room. "Where is it?"

"Are you the mother of this child?" inquired the person who had first spoken, addressing Mrs. Sheppard.

"I am—I am!" cried the widow, snatching the babe, and pressing it to her breast with rapturous delight. "God be thank'd, I have found it!"

"We have both good reason to be grateful," added the lady, with great emotion.

"Sblood!" cried Jonathan, who had listened to the foregoing conversation with angry wonder, "I've been nicely done here. Fool that I was to part with my lantern! But I'll soon set myself straight. What ho!" lights! lights!"

And, shouting as he went, he flung himself down stairs.

"Where shall I fly?" exclaimed the lady, bewildered with terror. "They will kill me, if they find me, as they would have killed my husband and child. Oh God! my limbs fail me."

"Make an effort, madam," cried Mrs. Sheppard, as a storm of furious voices resounded from below, and torches were seen mounting the stairs; "they are coming!—they are coming!—fly!—to the roof! to the roof!"

"No," cried the lady, "this room—I recollect—it has a back window."

"It is shut," said Mrs. Sheppard.

"It is open," replied the lady, rushing towards it, and springing through the outlet.

"Where is she?" thundered Jonathan, who at this moment reached Mrs. Sheppard.

"She has flown up stairs," replied the widow.

"You lie, hussy!" replied Jonathan, rudely pushing her aside, as she vainly endeavoured to oppose his entrance into the room; "she is here. Hist!" cried he, as a scream was heard from without. "By G—! she has missed her footing."

There was a momentary and terrible silence, broken only by a few feeble groans.

Sir Cecil, who with Rowland and some others had entered the room, rushed to the window with a torch.

He held down the light, and a moment afterwards beckoned, with a blanched cheek, to Rowland.

"Your sister is dead," said he in a deep whisper.

"Her blood be upon her own head, then," replied Rowland, sternly. "Why came she here?"

"She could not resist the hand of fate, which drew her hither," replied Sir Cecil, mournfully.

"Descend, and take charge of the body, said Rowland, conquering his emotion by a great effort. "I will join you in a moment. This accident rather confirms than checks my purpose. This stain upon our family is only half effaced: I have sworn the death of the villain and his bastard, and I will keep my oath. Now, sir, headed, turning to Jonathan, as Sir Cecil and his followers obeyed his injunctions, "you say you know the road which the person whom we seek has taken?"

"I do," replied Jonathan. "But I give no information gratis?"

"Speak, then," said Rowland, placing money in his hand.

"You'll find him at Saint Saviour's stairs," answered Jonathan. "He's about to cross the river. You'd better lose no time. He has got five minutes' start of you. But I sent him the longest way about."

The words were scarcely pronounced, when Rowland disappeared.

"And now to see the end of it," said Jonathan, shortly afterwards passing through the window. "Good night, Master."

Three persons only were left in the room. These were the Master of the Mint, Van Galgebok, and Mrs. Sheppard.

"A bad business this, Van," observed Baptist, with a prolonged shake of the head.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Hollander, shaking his head in reply; "very bad—very."

"But then they're staunch supporters of our friend over the water," continued Baptist, winking significantly; "so we must e'en hush it up in the best way we can."

"Ja," answered Van Galgebok. "But—sapperment!—I wish they hadn't broken my pipe."

"JONATHAN WILD promises well," observed the Master, after a pause; "he'll become a great man. Mind, I, Baptist Kettleby, say so."

"He'll be hanged, nevertheless," replied the Hollander, giving his collar an ugly jerk. "Mind, I, Rykhardt Van Galgebok, predict it. And now let's go back to the Shovels, and finish our brandewyn and bier, Muntmeester."

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, relieved by their departure, and giving way to a passionate flood of tears: "were it not for my child, I should wish to be in the place of that unfortunate lady."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DENUNCIATION.

For a short space Mrs. Sheppard remained dissolved in tears. She then dried her eyes, and, laying her child gently upon the floor, knelt down beside him. "Open my heart, Father of Mercy!" she murmured, in a humble tone, and with downcast looks, "and make me sensible of the error of my ways. I have sinned deeply; but I have been sorely tried. Spare me yet a little while, Father! not for my own sake, but for the sake of this poor babe." Her utterance was here choked by sobs. "But, if it is thy will to take me from him," she continued, as soon as her emotion permitted her,—"if he must be left an orphan amid strangers, implant I beseech thee, a mother's feelings in some other bosom, and raise up a friend, who shall be to him what I would have been. Let him not bear the weight of my punishment. Spare him!—pity me!"

With this she arose, and taking up the infant, was about to proceed down stairs, when she was alarmed by hearing the street-door opened, and the sound of heavy footsteps entering the house.

"Halloa, widow!" shouted a rough voice from below. "where the devil are you?"

Mrs. Sheppard returned no answer.

"I've got something to say to you," continued the speaker, rather less harshly; "something to your advantage; so come out o' your hiding-place, and let's have some supper, for I'm infernally hungry.—D'ye hear?"

Still the widow remained silent.

"Well, if you won't come, I shall help myself, and that's unsociable," pursued the speaker, evidently, from the noise he made, suiting the action to the word. "Devilish nice ham you've got here!—capital pie!—and, as I live, a flask of excellent canary. You're a luck to-night, widow. Here's your health in a bumper, and wishing you a better husband than your first. It'll be your own fault if you don't soon get another, and a proper young man into the bargain. Here's his health likewise. What! mum still. You're the first widow I

ever heard of who could withstand that lure. I'll try the effect of a jolly stave." And he struck up the following ballad :

### SAINT GILE'S BOWL.\*

#### I.

Where Saint Gile's Church stands, once a lazar-house stood ;

And, chained to its gates, was a vessel of wood ;  
A broad-bottomed bowl, from which all the fine fellows,  
Who passed by that spot, on their way to the gallows,—

Might tippie strong beer  
Their spirits to cheer,  
And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear !  
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles  
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !

#### II.

By many a highwayman, many a draught  
Of nutty-brown ale at Saint Gile's was quaff,  
Until the old lazar-house chanced to fall down,  
And the broad-bottomed bowl was removed to the Crown.

Where the robber may cheer  
His spirits with beer,  
And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear !  
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles  
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !

#### III.

There MULSACK and SWIFTNECK, both prigs from their birth,

Old MOS and TOM COX took their last draught on earth :  
There RANDAL and SHORTER, and WHITNEY pulled up,  
And jolly JACK JORCE drank his finishing cup !

For a can of ale calms,  
A highwayman's qualms,  
And makes him sing blithely his dolorous psalms !  
And nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles  
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !

"Singing's dry work," observed the stranger, pausing to take a pull at the bottle. "And now, widow," continued he, "attend to the next verse, for it concerns a friend o' yours."

#### IV.

When gallant TOM SHEPPARD to Tyburn was led,—  
"Stop the cart at the Crown—stop a moment," he said.  
He was offered the Bowl, but he left it, and smiled,  
Crying "Keep it till called for by JONATHAN WILD !

"The rascal one day,  
"Will pass by this way.  
"And drink a full measure to moisten his clay !  
"And never will Bowl of Saint Giles have beguiled  
"Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as JONATHAN WILD !"

#### V.

Should it e'er be my lot to ride backwards that way,  
At the door of the Crown I will certainly stay ;  
I'll summon the landlord—I'll call for the Bowl,  
And drink a deep draught to the health of my soul !

Whatever may hap,  
I'll taste of the tap,  
To keep up my spirits when brought to the crap !  
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles  
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles !

"Devil seize the woman," growled the singer, as he brought his ditty to a close ; "will nothing tempt her out. Widow Sheppard, I say," he added, rising. "Don't

be afraid. It's only a gentleman come to offer you his hand. 'He that woos a maid,'—fol-de-rol—(hiccupping,)—I'll soon find you out."

Mrs. Sheppard, whose distress at the consumption of the provisions had been somewhat allayed by the anticipation of the intruder's departure after he had satisfied his appetite, was now terrified in the extreme by seeing a light approach, and hearing footsteps on the stairs. Her first impulse was to fly to the window ; and she was about to pass through it, at the risk of sharing the fate of the unfortunate lady, when her arm was grasped by some one in the act of ascending the ladder from without. Uttering a faint scream, she sank backwards, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the interposition of Blueskin, who, at that moment, staggered into the room with a candle in one hand, and the bottle in the other.

"Oh, you're here, are you !" said the ruffian, with an exulting laugh : "I've been looking for you everywhere." "Let me go," implored Mrs. Sheppard,— "pray let me go. You hurt the child. Don't you hear how you've made it cry ?"

"Throttle the kid !" rejoined blueskin fiercely. "If you don't stop it's squalling, I will. I hate children. And, if I'd my own way, I'd drown 'em all like a litter o' puppies."

Well knowing the savage temper of the person she had to deal with, and how likely he was to put his threat into execution, Mrs. Sheppard did not dare to return any answer ; but, disengaging herself from his embrace, endeavoured meekly to comply with his request.

"And now, widow," continued the ruffian, setting down the candle, and applying his lips to the bottle-neck as he flung his heavy frame upon a bench, "I've a piece o' good news for you."

"Good news will be news to me. What is it ?"

"Guess," rejoined Blueskin, attempting to throw a gallant expression into his forbidding countenance.

Mrs. Sheppard trembled violently ; and though she understood his meaning too well, she answered,— "I can't guess."

"Well, then," returned the ruffian, "to put you out o' suspense, as the topsman remarked to poor Tom Sheppard, afore he turned him off, I'm come to make you an honourable proposal o' marriage. You won't refuse me, I'm sure ; so no more need be said about the matter. To-morrow we'll go to the Fleet and get spliced. Don't shake so. What I said about your brat was all stuff. I don't mean it. It's my way when I'm ruffled. I shall take to him as nat'ral as if he were my own flesh and blood before long.—I'll give him the edication of a prig,—teach him the use of his forks betimes,—and make him, in the end, as clever a cracksmen as his father."

"Never !" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard, "never ! never !"

"Halloo ! what's this ?" demanded Blueskin, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to say that if I support your kid, I shan't bring him up how I please—eh ?

"Don't question me, but leave me," replied the widow wildly ; "—you had better."

"Leave you !" echoed the ruffian, with a contemptuous laugh ; "—not just yet."

"I am not unprotected," replied the poor woman ; "there's some one at the window. Help ! help !"

But her cries were unheeded. And Blueskin, who, for a moment had looked round distrustfully, concluding it was a feint, now laughed louder than ever.

"It won't do, widow," said he, drawing near her, while she shrank from his approach, "so you may spare your breath. Come, come, be reasonable, and listen to me. Your kid has already brought me good luck, and may bring me still more if his edication's attended to. This purse," he added, chinking it in the air, "and this ring were given me for him just now by the lady, who made a false step on leaving your house. If I'd been in the way,

\* At the hospital of Saint Giles for Lazars, the prisoners conveyed from the City of London towards Tyburn, there to be executed for treasons, felonies, or other trespasses, were presented with a Bowl of Ale, thereof to drink, as their last refreshing in this life.—*Strype's Stow. Book ix. ch. liii.*

instead of Jonathan Wild, that accident would not have happened."

As he said this a slight noise was heard without.

"What's that?" ejaculated the ruffian, glancing uneasily towards the window. "Who's there!—Pshaw! it's only the wind."

"It's Jonathan Wild," returned the widow, endeavouring to alarm him. "I told you I was not unprotected."

"He protect you," retorted Blueskin maliciously; "you haven't a worse enemy on the face of the earth than Jonathan Wild. If you'd read your husband's dying speech, you'd know that he laid his death at Jonathan's door,—and with reason too, as I can testify."

"Man!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, with a vehemence that shook even the hardened wretch beside her; "begone, and tempt me not."

"What should I tempt you to?" asked Blueskin in surprise.

"To—to—no matter what," returned the widow distractedly. "Go—go."

"I see what you mean," rejoined Blueskin, tossing a large case-knife, which he took from his pocket, in the air, and catching it dexterously by the haft as it fell; "you owe Jonathan a grudge,—so do I. He hanged your first husband. Just speak the word," he added, drawing the knife significantly across his throat, "and I'll put it out of his power to do the same by your second. But, d—n him! let's talk o' something more agreeable. Look at this ring;—it's a diamond, and worth a mint o' money. It shall be your wedding ring. Look at it, I say. The lady's name's engraved inside, but so small I can scarcely read it. A-L-X-V-A—Aliva—T-R-E-N-C-H-E-R—that's it. Aliva Trencher."

"Aliva Trenchard!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, hastily; "is that the name?"

"Ay, ay, now I look again, it is Trenchard. How came you to know it? Have you heard the name before?"

"I think I have—long, long ago, when I was a child," replied Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hand across her brow; "but my memory is gone—quite gone. Where can I have heard it?"

"Devil knows," rejoined Blueskin. "Let it pass. The ring's yours, and you're mine. Here put it on your finger."

Mrs. Sheppard snatched back her hand from his grasp, and exerted all her force to repel his advances.

"Set down the kid," roared Blueskin, savagely.

"Mercy!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, struggling to escape, and holding the infant at arm's length; "have mercy on this helpless innocent!"

And the child, alarmed by the strife, added its feeble cries to its mother's shrieks.

"Set it down, I tell you," thundered Blueskin, "or I shall do it a mischief."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Sheppard.

Uttering a terrible imprecation, Blueskin placed the knife between his teeth, and endeavoured to seize the poor woman by the throat. In the struggle her cap fell off. The ruffian caught hold of her hair and held her fast. The chamber rang with her shrieks. But her cries, instead of moving her assailant's compassion, only added to his fury. Planting his knee against her side, he pulled her towards him with one hand, while with the other he sought his knife. The child was now within reach; and, in another moment, he would have executed his deadly purpose, if an arm from behind had not felled him to the ground.

When Mrs. Sheppard, who had been stricken down by the blow that prostrated her assailant, looked up, she perceived Jonathan Wild kneeling beside the body of Blue-

skin. He was holding the ring to the light, and narrowly examining the inscription.

"Trenchard," he muttered; "Aliva Trenchard—they were right, then, as to the name. Well, if she survives the accident—as the blood, who styles himself Sir Cecil, fancies she may do—this ring may make my fortune by leading to the discovery of the chief parties concerned in this strange affair."

"Is the poor lady alive?" asked Mrs. Sheppard eagerly.

"S'blood!" exclaimed Jonathan, hastily thrusting the ring into his vest, and taking up a heavy horseman's pistol with which he had felled Blueskin,—“I thought you'd been senseless."

"Is she alive?" repeated the widow.

"What's that to you?" demanded Jonathan, gruffly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," returned Mrs. Sheppard.

"But pray tell me if her husband has escaped."

"Her husband!" echoed Jonathan, scornfully. "A husband has little to fear from his wife's kinsfolk. Her lover, Darrell, has embarked upon the Thames, where, if he's not capsize by the squall, (for it's blowing like the devil,) he stands a good chance of getting his throat cut by his pursuers—ha! ha! I tracked 'em to the banks of the river, and should have followed to see it out, if the watermen had not refused to take me. However, as things have turned up, it's fortunate that I came back."

"It is indeed," replied Mrs. Sheppard; "most fortunate for me."

"For you!" exclaimed Jonathan; "don't flatter yourself that I'm thinking of you. Blueskin might have butchered you and your brat before I'd have lifted a finger to prevent him, if it had not suited my purposes to do so, and he had not incurred my displeasure. I never forgive an injury. Your husband could have told you that."

"How had he offended you?" inquired the widow.

"I'll tell you," answered Jonathan, sternly. "He thwarted my schemes twice. The first time, I overlooked the offence; but the second time, when I had planned to break open the house of his master, the fellow who visited you to-night,—Wood, the carpenter of Wych Street,—he betrayed me. I told him I would bring him to the gallows; and I was as good as my word."

"You were so," replied Mrs. Sheppard; "and for that wicked deed you will one day be brought to the gallows yourself."

"Not before I have conducted your child thither," retorted Jonathan, with a withering look.

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Sheppard, paralysed by the threat.

"If that sickly brat lives to be a man," continued Jonathan, rising, "I'll hang him upon the same tree as his father."

"Pity!" shrieked the widow.

"I'll be his evil genius!" vociferated Jonathan, who seemed to enjoy her torture.

"Begone, wretch!" cried the mother, stung beyond endurance by his taunts; "or I will drive you hence with my curses."

"Curse on and welcome," jeered Wild.

Mrs. Sheppard raised her hand, and the malediction trembled upon her tongue. But ere the words could find utterance her maternal tenderness had overcome her indignation; and, sinking upon her knees, she extended her arms over her infant child.

"A mother's prayers—a mother's blessings," she cried, with a fervour almost of inspiration, "will avail against a fiend's malice."

"We shall see," rejoined Wild, turning carelessly upon his heel.

And, as he quitted the room, the poor widow fell with her face upon the floor.

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE STORM.

As soon as he was liberated by his persecutors, Mr. Wood set off at full speed from the Mint, and, hurrying he scarce knew whither, (for there was such a continual buzzing in his ears and dancing in his eyes, as almost to take away the power of reflection,) he held on at a brisk pace till his strength completely failed him.

On regaining his breath, he began to consider whether chance had led him; and, rubbing his eyes to clear his sight, he perceived a sombre pile, with a lofty tower and broad roof, immediately in front of him. This structure at once satisfied him as to where he stood. He knew it to be Saint Saviour's Church. As he looked up at the massive tower, the clock tolled forth the hour of midnight.

The solemn strokes were immediately answered by a multitude of chimes, sounding across the Thames, amongst which the deep note of Saint Paul's was plainly distinguishable. A feeling of inexplicable awe crept over the carpenter as the sounds died away. He trembled, not from any superstitious dread, but from an undefined sense of approaching danger. The peculiar appearance of the sky was not without some influence in awakening these terrors. Over one of the pinnacles of the tower a speck of pallid light marked the position of the moon, then newly born and newly risen. It was still profoundly dark; but the wind, which had begun to blow with some violence, chased the clouds rapidly across the heavens, and dispersed the vapours hanging nearer the earth. Sometimes, the moon was totally eclipsed; at others, it shed a wan and ghastly glimmer over the masses rolling in the firmament. Not a star could be discerned, but, in their stead, streaks of lurid radiance, whence proceeding it was impossible to determine, shot ever and anon athwart the dusky vault, and added to the ominous and threatening appearance of the night.

Alarmed by these prognostications of a storm, and feeling too much exhausted from his late severe treatment to proceed much further on foot, Wood endeavoured to find a tavern where he might warm, and otherwise refresh himself. With this view he struck off into a narrow street on the left, and soon entered a small ale-house, over the door of which hung the sign of the "Welsh Trumpeter."

"Let me have a glass of brandy," said he, addressing the host,

"Too late master," replied the landlord of the Trumpeter, in a surly tone, for he did not much like the appearance of his customer; "just shut up shop."

"Zounds! David Pugh, don't you know your old friend and countryman?" exclaimed the carpenter.

"Ah! Owen Wood, is it you?" cried David in astonishment. "What the devil makes you out so late? And what has happened to you, man, eh?—you seem in a queer plight."

"Give me the brandy, and I'll tell you," replied Wood.

"Here, wife—hostess—fetch me that bottle from the second shelf in the corner cupboard.—There, Mr. Wood," cried David, pouring out a glass of the spirit, and offering it to the carpenter, "that'll warm the cockles of your heart. Don't be afraid, man,—off with it. It's right Nantz. I keep it for my own drinking," he added in a lower tone.

Mr. Wood having disposed of the brandy, and pronounced himself much better, hurried close to the fire-side, and informed his friend in a few words of the inhospitable treatment he had experienced from the gentlemen of the

Mint; whereupon Mr. Pugh, who, as well as the carpenter, was a descendant of Cadwallader, waxed extremely wroth; gave utterance to a number of fierce-sounding imprecations in the Welsh tongue; and was just beginning to express the utmost anxiety to catch some of the rascals at the Trumpeter, when Mr. Wood cut him short by stating his intention of crossing the river as soon as possible in order to avoid the storm.

"A störm!" exclaimed the landlord. "Gadzooks! I thought something was coming on; for when I looked at the weather-glass an hour ago, it had sunk lower than I ever remember it."

"We shall have a dirty night on it, to a sartinty, landlord," observed an old one-eyed sailor, who sat smoking his pipe by the fire-side. "The glass never sinks in that way d'ye see, without a hurricane follerin'. I've knowed it often do so in the West Injees. Moreover a couple o' porpusses came up with the tide this mornin', and ha' bin flounderin' about i' the Thames above Lunnun Bridge all day long; and them say-monsters, you know, always proves sure fore-runners of a gale."

"Then the sooner I'm off the better," cried Wood; "what's to pay, David?"

"Don't affront me, Owen, by asking such a question," returned the landlord; "had'nt you better stop and finish the bottle?"

"Not a drop more," replied Wood. "Enough's as good as a feast. Good night."

"Well, if you won't be persuaded, and must have a boat, Owen," observed the landlord, "there's a waterman asleep on that bench will help you to as tidy a craft as any on the Thames. Halloa, Ben!" cried he, shaking a broad-backed fellow, equipped in a short-skirted doublet, and having a badge upon his arm,—"scullers wanted."

"Halloa! my hearty," cried Ben, starting to his feet.

"This gentleman wants a pair of oars," said the landlord.

"Where to, master?" asked Ben, touching his woollen cap.

"Arundel Stairs," replied Wood, "the nearest point to Wych Street."

"Come along, master," said the waterman.

"Hark'ee, Ben," said the old sailor, knocking the ashes from his pipe upon the hob, "you may try, but dash my timbers, if you'll ever cross the Thames to-night."

"And why not, old saltwater?" inquired Ben, turning a quid in his mouth.

"'Cause there's a gale a-getting up as'll perwent you, young freshwater," replied the tar.

"It must look sharp then, or I shall give it the slip," laughed Ben: "the gale never yet blowed as could perwent my crossing the Thames. The weather's been foul enough for the last fortnight, but I've never turned my back upon it."

"May be not," replied the old sailor drily: "but you'll find it too stiff for you to-night, anyhow. Howsomdever, if you *should* reach t'other side, take an old feller's advice, and don't be foolhardy enough to venter back again."

"I tell 'ee what saltwater," said Ben, "I'll lay you my fare—and that'll be two shillin'—I'm back in an hour."

"Done!" cried the old sailor. "But vere'll be the use of winning? you von't live to pay me."

"Never fear," replied Ben, gravely; "dead or alive, I'll pay you if I lose. There's my thumb upon it. Come along, master."

"I tell 'ee what, landlord," observed the old sai-

lor, quietly replenishing his pipe from a huge pewter tobacco-box, as the waterman and Wood quitted the house, "you 've said good-bye to your friend."

"Odd's me! do you think so?" cried the host of the Trumpeter. "I'll run and bring him back. He's a Welchman, and I wouldn't for a trifle that any accident befel him."

"Never mind," said the old sailor, taking up a piece of blazing coal with the tongs, and applying it to his pipe; "let 'em try. They'll be back soon enough—or not at all."

Mr. Wood and the waterman, meanwhile, proceeded in the direction of Saint Saviour's stairs. Casting a hasty glance at the old and ruinous prison belonging to the liberty of the Bishop of Winchester, (whose palace formerly adjoined the river,) called the Clink, which gave its name to the street, along which he walked; and noticing, with some uneasiness, the melancholy manner in which the wind whistled through its barred casements, the carpenter followed his companion down an opening to the right, and presently arrived at the water-side.

Moored to the steps, several wherries were dancing in the rushing current, as if impatient of restraint. Into one of these the waterman jumped, and, having assisted Mr. Wood to a seat within it, immediately pushed from land. Ben had scarcely adjusted his oars, when the gleam of a lantern was seen moving towards the bank. A shout was heard at a little distance, and the next moment, a person rushed with breathless haste to the stair-head.

"Boat there!" cried a voice, which Mr. Wood fancied he recognized.

"You 'll find a waterman asleep under his tilt in one of them ere craft, if you look about, sir," replied Ben, backing water as he spoke.

"Can't you take me with you?" urged the voice; "I'll make it well worth your while. I've a child here whom I wish to convey across the water without loss of time."

"A child!" thought Wood; "it must be the fugitive Darrell. Hold hard," cried he, addressing the waterman; "I'll give the gentleman a lift."

"Impossible, master," rejoined Ben; "the tide's running down like a mill-slucice, and the wind's right in our teeth. Old saltwater was right. We shall have a reg'lar squall afore we get across. D'ye hear how the wanes creaks on old Winchester House? We shall have a touch on it ourselves presently. But I shall lose my wager if I stay a moment longer—so here goes." Upon which, he plunged his oars deeply into the stream, and the bark shot from the strand.

Mr. Wood's anxiety respecting the fugitive was speedily relieved by hearing another waterman busy himself in preparation for starting; and, shortly after, the dip of a second pair of oars sounded upon the river.

"Curse me, if I don't think all the world means to cross the Thames this fine night," observed Ben. "One 'ud think it rained fares, as well as blowed great guns. Why, there's another party on the stair-head inquiring arter scullers; and, by the mass! they appear in a greater hurry than any on us."

His attention being thus drawn to the bank, the carpenter beheld three figures, one of whom bore a torch, leap into a wherry of a larger size than the others, which immediately put off from shore. Maned by a couple of watermen, who rowed with great

swiftness, this wherry dashed through the current in the track of the fugitive, of whom it was evidently in pursuit, and upon whom it perceptibly gained. Mr. Wood strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the flying skiff. But he could only discern a black and shapeless mass, floating upon the water at a little distance, which, to his bewildered fancy, appeared absolutely standing still. To the practised eye of the waterman, matters wore a very different air. He perceived clearly enough, that the chase was moving quickly; and he was also aware, from the increased rapidity with which the oars were urged, that every exertion was made on board to get out of the reach of her pursuers. At one moment it seemed as if the flying bark was about to put to shore. But this plan (probably from its danger) was instantly abandoned; not, however, before her momentary hesitation had been taken advantage of by her pursuers, who, redoubling their efforts at this juncture, materially lessened the distance between them.

Ben watched these manoeuvres with great interest, and strained every sinew in his frame to keep ahead of the other boats.

"Them's catchpoles, I suppose, sir, arter the gentleman with a writ?" he observed.

"Something worse, I fear," Wood replied.

"Why, you don't think as how they're crimps, do you?" Ben inquired.

"I don't know what I think," Wood answered sulkily; and he bent his eyes on the water, as if he wished to avert his attention forcibly from the scene.

There is something that inspires a feeling of inexpressible melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames. The sounds that reach the ear, and the objects that meet the eye, are all calculated to awaken a train of sad and serious contemplation. The ripple of the water against the boat, as its keel cleaves through the stream—the darkling current hurrying by—the indistinctly-seen craft of all forms and all sizes, hovering around, and making their way in ghost-like silence, or warning each other of their approach by cries, that, heard from afar, have something doleful in their note—the solemn shadows cast by the bridges—the deeper gloom of the echoing arches—the lights glimmering from the banks—the red reflection thrown upon the waves by a fire kindled on some stationary barge—the tall and fantastic shapes of the houses as discerned through the obscurity; these and other sights and sounds of the same character, give a sombre colour to the thoughts of one who may choose to indulge in meditation at such a time and in such a place.

But it was otherwise with the carpenter. This was no night for the indulgence of dreamy musing. It was a night of storm and terror, which promised each moment to become more stormy and more terrible. Not a bark could be discerned on the river, except those already mentioned. The darkness was almost palpable; and the wind which, hitherto, had been blowing in gusts, was suddenly lulled. It was a dead calm. But this calm was more awful than the previous roaring of the blast.

Amid this portentous hush, the report of a pistol reached the carpenter's ears; and, raising his head at the sound, he beheld a sight which filled him with fresh apprehensions.

By the light of a torch borne at the stern of the hostile wherry, he saw that the pursuers had approach-

ed within a short distance of the object of their quest. The shot had taken effect upon the waterman who rowed the chase. He had abandoned his oars, and the boat was drifting with the stream towards the enemy. Escape was now impossible. Darrel stood erect in the bark, with his drawn sword in hand, prepared to repel the attack of his assailants, who, in their turn, seemed to await with impatience the moment which should deliver him into their power.

They had not to tarry long. In another instant the collision took place. The watermen who manned the larger wherry, immediately shipped their oars, grappled with the drifting skiff, and held it fast. Wood then beheld two persons, one of whom he recognised as Rowland, spring on board the chase. A fierce struggle ensued. There was a shrill cry, instantly succeeded by a deep splash.

"Put about, waterman, for God's sake!" cried Wood, whose humanity got the better of every personal consideration; "some one is overboard. Give way, and let us render what assistance we can to the poor wretch."

"It's all over with him by this time, master," replied Ben, turning the head of his boat, and rowing swiftly towards the scene of strife; "but d——n him, he was the chap as hit poor Bill Thomson just now, and I don't much care if he should be food for fishes."

As Ben spoke, they drew near the opposing parties. The contest was now carried on between Rowland and Darrel. The latter had delivered himself from one of his assailants, the attendant, Davies. Hurling over the sides of the skiff, the ruffian speedily found a watery grave. It was a spring-tide at half-ebb; and the current, which was running fast and furiously, bore him instantly away. While the strife raged between the principals, the watermen in the larger wherry were occupied in stemming the force of the torrent, and endeavouring to keep the boats they had lashed together stationary. Owing to this circumstance, Mr. Wood's boat, impelled alike by oar and tide, shot past the mark at which it aimed; and, before it could be again brought about, the struggle had terminated. For a few minutes, Darrell seemed to have the advantage in the conflict. Neither combatant could use his sword: and in strength the fugitive was evidently superior to his antagonist. The boat rocked violently with the struggle. Had it not been lashed to the adjoining wherry, it must have been upset, and have precipitated the opponents into the water. Rowland felt himself sinking beneath the powerful grasp of his enemy. He called to the other attendant, who held the torch. Understanding the appeal, the man snatched his master's sword from his grasp, and passed it through Darrell's body. The next moment, a heavy plunge told that the fugitive had been consigned to the waves.

Darrell, however, rose again instantly; and, though mortally wounded, made a desperate effort to regain the boat.

"My child!" he groaned faintly.

"Well reminded," answered Rowland, who had witnessed his struggles with a smile of gratified vengeance; "I had forgotten the accursed imp in this confusion. Take it," he cried, lifting the babe from the bottom of the boat, and flinging it towards its unfortunate father.

The child fell within a short distance of Darrell, who hearing the splash, struck out in that direction, and caught

it before it sank. At this juncture, the sound of oars reached his ears, and he perceived Mr. Wood's boat bearing up towards him.

"Here he is, waterman," exclaimed the benevolent carpenter. "I see him!—row for your life!"

"That's the way to miss him, master," replied Ben coolly. "We must keep still. The tide 'll bring him to us fast enough."

Ben judged correctly. Borne along by the current, Darrell was instantly at the boat's side.

"Seize this oar," vociferated the waterman.

"First take the child," cried Darrell, holding up the infant and clinging to the oar with a dying effort.

"Give it me," returned the carpenter; "all's safe. Now, lend me your own hand."

"My strength fails me," gasped the fugitive. "I cannot climb the boat. Take my child to—it is—oh God!—I am sinking—take it—take it!"

"Where?" shouted Wood.

Darrell attempted to reply. But he could only utter an inarticulate exclamation. The next moment, his grasp relaxed, and he sank to rise no more.

Rowland, meantime, alarmed by the voices, snatched a torch from his attendant, and holding it over the side of the wherry, witnessed the incident just described.

"Confusion!" cried he, "there is another boat in our wake. They have rescued the child. Loose the wherry, and stand to your oars—quick—quick!"

These commands were promptly obeyed. The boat was set free, and the men resumed their seats. Rowland's purposes, were, however, defeated in a manner as unexpected as appalling.

During the foregoing occurrences a dead calm prevailed. But as Rowland sprung to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a roar like a volley of ordinance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before, the surface of the stream was black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river; whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. The gale had become a hurricane; that hurricane was the most terrible that ever laid waste our city. Destruction everywhere marked its course. Steeples toppled, and towers reeled beneath its fury. Trees were torn up by the roots; many houses were levelled to the ground; others were unroofed; the leads on the churches were ripped off, and "shrivelled up like scrolls of parchment." Nothing on land or water was spared by the remorseless gale. Most of the vessels lying in the river were driven from their moorings, dashed tumultuously against each other, or blown ashore. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations, and returned to them scared by greater dangers. The end of the world seemed at hand.

At this time of universal havoc and despair,—when all London quaked at the voice of the storm,—the carpenter, who was exposed to its utmost fury, fared better than might have been anticipated. The boat in which he rode was not overset. Fortunately, her course had been shifted immediately after the rescue of the child; and, in consequence of this movement, she received the first shock of the hurricane, which blew from the south-west, upon her stern. Her head dipped deeply into the current, and she narrowly escaped being swamped. Righting, however, instantly afterwards, she scudded with the greatest rapidity over the boiling waves, to whose mercy she was now entirely abandoned. On this fresh outburst of the storm, Wood threw himself instinctively into the

bottom of the boat, and clasping the little orphan to his breast, endeavored to prepare himself to meet his fate.

While he was thus occupied, he felt a rough grasp upon his arm, and presently afterwards Ben's lips approached close to his ear. The waterman sheltered his mouth with his hand while he spoke, or his voice would have been carried away by the violence of the blast.

"It's all up, master," groaned Ben; "nothin' short of a merracle can save us. The boat's sure to run foul o' the bridge; and if she 'scapes stavin' above, she'll be swamped to a sartainty below. There'll be a fall of above twelve foot o' water, and think o' that on a night as 'ud blow a whole fleet to the devil."

Mr. Wood *did* think of it, and groaned aloud.

"Heaven help us!" he exclaimed; "we were mad to neglect the old sailor's advice."

"That's what troubles me," rejoined Ben. "I tell 'ee what, master, if you're more fortunate nor I am, and get ashore, give old saltwater your fare. I pledged my thumb that, dead or alive, I'd pay the wager if I lost; and I should like to be as good as my word."

"I will—I will," replied Wood hastily. "Was that thunder?" he faltered, as a terrible clap was heard overhead.

"No: it's only a fresh gale," Ben returned: "hark! now it comes."

"Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" ejaculated Wood, as a fearful gust dashed the water over the side of the boat, deluging him with spray.

The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale, would have been instantly stifled. Piercing through every crevice in the clothes, it, in some cases, tore them from the wearer's limbs, or from his grasp. It penetrated the skin; benumbed the flesh; paralysed the faculties. The intense darkness added to the terror of the storm. The destroying angel hurried by, shrouded in his gloomiest apparel. None saw, though all felt his presence, and heard the thunder of his voice. Imagination, coloured by the obscurity, peopled the air with phantoms. A thousand steeds appeared to be trampling aloft, charged with the work of devastation. Awful shapes seemed to flit by, borne on the wings of the tempest, animating and directing its fury. The actual danger was lost sight of in these wild apprehensions; and many timorous beings were scared beyond reason's verge by the excess of their fears.

A moment afterwards, he was roused from the stupor of despair into which he had sunk by the voice of Ben, who roared in his ear, "The bridge!—the bridge!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON, at the period of this history, boasted only a single bridge. But that bridge was more remarkable than any the metropolis now possesses. Covered with houses, from one end to the other, this reverend and picturesque structure presented the appearance of a street across the Thames. It was as if Gracechurch Street, with all its shops, its magazines, and ceaseless throng of passengers, were stretched from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore. The houses were older; the shops gloomier; and the thoroughfare narrower, it is true: but the bustle, the crowd, the street-like air was the same. Then the bridge had arched gateways, bristling with spikes, and garnished (as all ancient gateways ought to be,) with the heads of traitors.

In olden days, it boasted a chapel, dedicated to Saint Thomas; beneath which there was a crypt curiously constructed amid the arches, where "was sepulchred Peter the Chaplain of Colechurch, who began the Stone Bridge at London:" and it still boasted an edifice, (though now in rather a tumbledown condition) which had once vied with a palace,—we mean Nonesuch House. The other buildings stood close together in rows; and so valuable was every inch of room accounted, that, in many cases, cellars, and even habitable apartments, were constructed in the solid masonry of the piers.

Old London Bridge (the grandaire of the present erection) was supported on nineteen arches, each of which

Would a Rialto make for depth and height!

The arches stood upon enormous piers; the piers on starlings, or jetties, built far out into the river to break the force of the tide.

Roused by Ben's warning, the carpenter looked up, and could just perceive the dusky outline of the bridge, looming through the darkness, and rendered indistinctly visible by the many lights that twinkled from the windows of the lofty houses. As he gazed at these lights, they suddenly seemed to disappear, and a tremendous shock was felt throughout the frame of the boat. Wood started to his feet. He found that the skiff had been dashed against one of the buttresses of the bridge.

"Jump!" cried Ben, in a voice of thunder.

Wood obeyed. His fears supplied him with unwonted vigour. Though the starling was more than two feet above the level of the water, he alighted with his little charge—which he had never for an instant quitted—in safety upon it.

Poor Ben was not so fortunate. Just as he was preparing to follow, the wherry containing Rowland and his men, which had drifted in their wake, was dashed against his boat. The violence of the collision nearly threw him backwards, and caused him to swerve as he sprang. His foot touched the rounded edge of the starling, and glanced off, precipitating him into the water. As he fell, he caught at the projecting masonry. But the stone was slippery; and the tide, which here began to feel the influence of the fall, was running with frightful velocity. He could not make good his hold. But, uttering a loud cry, he was swept away by the headlong torrent.

Mr. Wood heard the cry. But his own situation was too perilous to admit of his rendering any assistance to the ill-fated waterman. He fancied, indeed, that he beheld a figure spring upon the starling at the moment when the boats came in contact; but as he could perceive no one near him, he concluded he must have been mistaken.

In order to make Mr. Wood's present position, and subsequent proceedings fully intelligible, it may be necessary to give some notion of the shape and structure of the platform on which he had taken refuge. It has been said that the pier of each arch, or lock of Old London Bridge, was defended from the force of the tide by a huge projecting spur called a starling. These starlings varied in width according to the bulk of the pier they surrounded. But they were all pretty nearly of the same length, and built somewhat after the model of a boat, having extremities as sharp and pointed as the keel of a canoe. Cased and ribbed with stone, and braced with horizontal beams of timber, the piles, which formed the foundation of these jetties, had resisted the strong encroachments of the current for centuries. Some of them are now buried at the bottom of the Thames. The starling, on which the carpenter stood, was the fourth from the Surrey shore. It might be three yards in width, and a few more in length; but was covered with ooze and slime, and the waves continually broke over it. The transverse spars before-mentioned were as



slippery as ice; and the hollows between them were filled ankle-deep with water.

The carpenter threw himself flat upon the starling to avoid the fury of the wind. But in this posture he fared worse than ever. If he ran less risk of being blown over, he stood a much greater chance of being washed off or stifled. As he lay on his back, he fancied himself gradually slipping off the platform. Springing to his feet in an ecstasy of terror, he stumbled and had well nigh realized his worst apprehensions. He, next, tried to clamber up the flying buttresses and soffits of the pier, in the hope of reaching some of the windows and other apertures with which, as a man-of-war is studded with port-holes, the sides of the bridge were pierced. But this wild scheme was speedily abandoned; and, nerved by despair, the carpenter resolved to hazard an attempt, from the execution, almost from the contemplation, of which he had hitherto shrunk. This was to pass under the arch, along the narrow ledge of the starling, and, if possible, attain the eastern platform, where, protected by the bridge, he would suffer less from the excessive violence of the gale.

Assured, if he remained much longer where he was, he would inevitably perish, Wood recommended himself to the protection of Heaven, and began his perilous course. Carefully sustaining the child which, even in that terrible extremity, he had not the heart to abandon, he fell upon his knees, and, guiding himself with his right hand, crept slowly on. He had scarcely entered the arch, when the indraught was so violent, and the noise of the wind so dreadful and astounding, that he almost determined to relinquish the undertaking. But the love of life prevailed over his fears. He went on.

The ledge, along which he crawled, was about a foot wide. In length the arch exceeded seventy feet. To the poor carpenter it seemed an endless distance. When by slow and toilsome efforts, he had arrived midway, something obstructed his further progress. It was a huge stone placed there by some workmen occupied in repairing the structure. Cold drops stood upon Wood's brow, as he encountered this obstacle. To return was impossible,—to raise himself certain destruction. He glanced downwards at the impetuous torrent, which he could perceive shooting past him with lightning swiftness in the gloom. He listened to the thunder of the fall now mingling with the roar of the blast; and, driven almost frantic by what he heard and saw, he pushed with all his force against the stone. To his astonishment and delight, it yielded to the pressure, toppled over the ledge, and sank. Such was the hubbub, and tumult around him, that the carpenter could not hear its plunge into the flood. His course, however, was no longer interrupted, and he crept on.

After encountering other dangers, and being twice compelled to fling himself flat upon his face to avoid slipping from the wet and slimy pathway, he was at length about to emerge from the lock when, to his inexpressible horror, he found he had lost the child!

All the blood in his veins rushed to his heart, and he shook in every limb as he made this discovery. A species of vertigo seized him. His brain reeled. He fancied that the whole fabric of the bridge was cracking overhead,—that the arch was tumbling upon him,—that the torrent was swelling around him, whirling him off, and about to bury him in the deafening abyss. He shrieked with agony, and clung with desperate tenacity to the roughened stones. But calmer thoughts quickly succeeded. On taxing his recollection, the whole circumstance rushed to mind with painful distinctness. He remembered that, before he attempted to dislodge the stone, he had placed the child in a cavity of the pier, which the granite mass had been intended to fill. This obstacle being removed, in his eagerness to proceed, he had forgotten to take his little charge with

him. It was still possible the child might be in safety. And so bitterly did the carpenter reproach himself with his neglect, that he resolved, at all risks, to go back in search of it. Acting upon this humane determination, he impelled himself slowly backwards,—for he did not dare to face the blast,—and with incredible labour and fatigue reached the crevice. His perseverance was amply rewarded. The child was still safe. It lay undisturbed in the remotest corner of the recess.

So overjoyed was the carpenter with the successful issue of his undertaking, that he scarcely paused a moment to recruit himself; but, securing the child, set out upon his return. Retracing his steps, he arrived, without further accident, at the eastern platform of the starling. As he anticipated, he was here comparatively screened from the fury of the wind; and when he gazed upon the roaring fall beneath him, visible through the darkness in a glistening sheet of foam, his heart overflowed with gratitude for his providential deliverance.

As he moved about upon the starling, Mr. Wood became sensible that he was not alone. Some one was standing beside him. This, then, must be the person whom he had seen spring upon the western platform at the time of the collision between the boats. The carpenter well knew, from the obstacle which had interfered with his own progress, that the unknown could not have passed through the same lock as himself. But he might have crept along the left side of the pier, and beneath the further arch; whereas, Wood, as we have seen, took his course upon the right. The darkness prevented the carpenter from discerning the features or figure of the stranger; and the ceaseless din precluded the possibility of holding any communication by words with him. Wood, however, made known his presence to the individual by laying his hand upon his shoulder. The stranger started at the touch, and spoke. But his words were borne away by the driving wind.

Finding all attempts at conversation with his companion in misfortune in vain, Wood, in order to distract his thoughts, looked up at the gigantic structure, standing, like a wall of solid darkness, before him. What was his transport on perceiving that a few yards above him a light was burning. The carpenter did not hesitate a moment. He took a handful of the gravelly mud, with which the platform was covered, and threw the small pebbles, one by one, towards the gleam. A pane of glass was shattered by each stone. The signal of distress was evidently understood. The light disappeared. The window was shortly after opened, and a rope ladder, with a lighted horn lantern attached to it, let down.

Wood grasped his companion's arm to attract his attention to this unexpected means of escape. The ladder was now within reach. Both advanced towards it, when, by the light of the lantern, Wood beheld, in the countenance of the stranger, the well-remembered and stern features of Rowland.

The carpenter trembled; for he perceived Rowland's gaze fixed first upon the infant, and then on himself.

"It is her child!" shrieked Rowland, in a voice heard above the howling of the tempest, "risen from this roaring abyss to torment me. Its parents have perished. And shall their wretched offspring live to blight my hopes, and blast my fame? Never!" And, with these words, he grasped Wood by the throat, and despite his resistance, dragged him to the very verge of the platform.

At this juncture, a thundering crash was heard against the side of the bridge. A stack of chimneys on the houses above them, had yielded to the storm, and descended in a shower of bricks and stones.

When the carpenter a moment afterwards stretched out his hand, scarcely knowing whether he was alive or dead, he found himself alone. The fatal shower, from which he and his little charge escaped uninjured, had stricken his assailant, and precipitated him into the boiling gulf.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought the carpenter, turning his attention to the child, whose feeble struggles and cries proclaimed that, as yet, life had not been extinguished by the hardships it had undergone. "Poor little creature!" he muttered, pressing it tenderly to his breast, as he grasped the rope and clambered up to the window: "if thou hast, indeed, lost both thy parents, as that terrible man said just now, thou art not wholly friendless and deserted; for I myself will be a father to thee! And, in memory of this dreadful night, and the death from which I have been the means of preserving thee, thou shalt bear the name of THAMES DARRELL."

No sooner had Wood crept through the window, than nature gave way, and he fainted. On coming to himself, he found he had been wrapped in a blanket and put to bed with a couple of hot bricks to his feet. His first inquiries were concerning the child, and he was delighted to find that it still lived and was doing well. Every care had been taken of it, as well as of himself, by the humane inmates of the house in which he had sought shelter.

About noon next day, he was able to move; and the gale having abated, he set out homewards with his little charge.

The city presented a terrible picture of devastation. London Bridge had suffered a degree less than most places; but it was almost choked up with fallen stacks of chimneys, broken beams of timber, and shattered tiles. The houses overhung in a frightful manner, and looked as if the next gust would precipitate them into the river. With great difficulty, Wood forced a path through the ruins. It was a work of no slight danger, for every instant a wall, or fragment of a building, came crashing to the ground. Thames Street was wholly impassable. Men were going hither and thither with barrows, and ladders, and ropes, removing the rubbish, and trying to support the tottering habitations. Gracechurch Street was entirely deserted, except by a few stragglers, whose curiosity got the better of their fears; or who, like the carpenter, were compelled to proceed along it. The tiles lay a foot thick in the road. In some cases, they were ground almost to powder; in others, driven deeply into the earth, as if discharged from a piece of ordnance. The roofs and gables of many of the houses had been torn off. The signs of the shops were carried to incredible distances. Here and there, a building might be seen with the doors and windows driven in, and all access to it prevented by the heaps of bricks and tiles.

Through this confusion the carpenter struggled on;—now ascending, now descending the different mountains of rubbish that beset his path, at the imminent peril of his life and limbs, until he arrived in Fleet Street. The hurricane appeared to have raged in this quarter with tenfold fury. Mr. Wood scarcely knew where he was. The old aspect of the place was gone. In lieu of the substantial habitations which he had gazed on overnight, he beheld a row of falling scaffolds, for such they seemed.

It was a dismal and depressing sight to see a great city thus suddenly overthrown; and the carpenter was deeply affected by the spectacle. As usual, however, on the occasion of any great calamity, a crowd was traversing the streets, whose sole object was plunder. While involved in this crowd near Temple Bar,—where the thoroughfare was most dangerous from the masses of ruin that impeded

it,—an individual, whose swarthy features recalled to the carpenter one of his tormentors of the previous night, collared him, and, with bitter imprecations, accused him of stealing his child. In vain Wood protested his innocence. The ruffian's companions took his part; and the infant, in all probability, would have been snatched from its preserver, if a portion of the fabric near which they were standing had not, by its sudden fall, dispersed his persecutors, and set him at liberty.

He, then, took to his heels, and never once looked behind him till he reached his own dwelling in Wych Street. His wife met him at the door, and into her hands he delivered his little charge.

END OF THE FIRST EPOCH.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

#### STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE JEWS.

*Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.* By Lord Lindsay.—London, 2 vols. 8vo., 1838.

OUR lot is cast in very wonderful times. We have reached, as it were, Mount Pisgah in our march; and we may discern from its summit the dawn, though certain outlines of coming events. The tide of action seems to be rolling back from the west to the east; a spirit, akin to that of Moses, when he beheld the Land of Promise in faith and joy, is rising up among the nations;—whatever concerns the Holy Land is heard and read with lively interest; its scenery, its antiquities, its past history and future glories engage alike the traveller and the divine—hundreds of strangers now tread the sacred soil for one that visited it in former days; Jerusalem is once more a centre of attraction; the curious and the devout flock annually thither from all parts of America and Europe, accomplishing in their laudable pursuit the promise of God to the beloved City; 'whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.'

It would indeed be surprising if the wide diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the civilized world did not create a wider diffusion of interest for the history and localities of Palestine. All that can delight the eye, and feed the imagination is lavished over its surface; the lovers of scenery can find there every form and variety of landscape; the snowy heights of Lebanon with its cedars, the valley of Jordan, the mountains of Carmel, Tabor, and Hermon, and the waters of Gallilee, are as beautiful as in the days when David sang their praise, and far more interesting by the accumulation of reminiscences. The land, unbroken by the toils of the husbandman, yet 'enjoys her sabbaths;' but Eahcol, Bashan, Sharon, and Gilead are still there, and await but the appointed hour (so we may gather from every narrative) to sustain their millions; to flow, as of old, with milk and honey; to become once more 'a land of brooks of waters, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, and of oil-olive;'† and to resume their ancient and rightful titles, 'the garden of the Lord,' and 'the glory of all lands'. What numberless recollections are crowded upon every footstep of the sacred soil! Since the battle of the five kings against four, recorded in the 14th chapter of Genesis, nearly two thousand years before the time of our Saviour, until the wars of Napoleon, eighteen hundred years after it, this narrow but wonderful region has never ceased to be the stage of remarkable events. If, for the sake of

\* Isaiah lx. 15.

† Deut. viii. 7.

brevery, we omit the enumeration of spots signalised by the exploits of the children of Israel, to which, however, a traveller may be guided by Holy Writ with all the minuteness and accuracy of a road-book, we shall yet be engaged by the scenes of many brilliant and romantic achievements of the ancient and modern world:—Take the plain of Esdraelon alone, the ancient valley of Jezreel, a scanty spot of twenty-five miles long, and varying from six to fourteen in breadth: yet more recollections are called up here than suffice for the annals of many nations. Here by the banks of 'that ancient river, the river Kishon,' 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' the object of the immortal song of Deborah and Barak; and here too is Megiddo, signalised by the death of the 'good Josiah.' Each year, in a long succession of time, brought fresh events; the armies of Antiochus and of Rome, Egyptians, Persians, Turks, and Arabs, the fury of the Saracens, and the mistaken piety of the crusaders, have found, in their turn, the land 'as the garden of Eden before them, and have left it a desolate wilderness.' Nor did it escape the ferocious gripe of the revolutionary war: the arch destroyer of mankind sent his armies thither under the command of General Kleber, and in 1799 gave the last memorial of blood to these devoted plains.

But how small and transitory are all such reminiscences to those which must rivet the attention and feelings of the pious believer! If Johnson could regard that man as little to be envied who could stand unmoved on Iona, or Marathon, or any spot dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue, what must we say of one who cared not to tread Mount Zion or Calvary, or could behold with unmoistened eye,

'Those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross!'

We have heard, indeed, that few persons can contemplate the Holy City for the first time without emotion: not long ago it was brought to our knowledge that two young men, (and they not especially serious) on arriving within sight of its walls and mountains, struck by the *religio loci*, 'How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,' slipped involuntarily from their camels, and fell into an attitude of adoration. Tasso has well seized this characteristic sentiment, and in all the truth of nature, has vividly described the feelings of the crusaders, when their armies came in view of the long desired Jerusalem:

'Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tired thereby,  
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light.  
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
Jerusalem (behold) appeared in sight;  
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,  
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,  
That pleased so the summit of their thought,  
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,  
That reverend fear, and trembling with it brought.  
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread  
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,  
Where for our sins he faultless suffer'd pain,  
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,  
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide,  
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,  
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside,  
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride ally;  
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide.\*

Among the many travellers of modern days, who have contributed to our knowledge of the interesting regions dignified by events recorded in Holy Writ, a prominent place must be assigned to the young nobleman, whose work is mentioned at the head of this article. Lord Lindsay's abilities and accomplishments are of a high order: a spirit of inquiry, and a glowing enthusiasm have been aided by various knowledge, and refined by a sincere piety. He exhibits a considerable store both of ancient and modern learning; but his draughts of Helicon have been abundantly tempered by

'Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God';

having gone out in the perseverance and devotion of a pilgrim, he has felt and recorded what he saw, with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian.

But we are not prepared to recommend the book as faultless, either in composition or reasoning. It does not, in fact, lay claim to any originality in views or discovery. Whenever the noble Lord, following in the track of preceding writers, draws inferences from their collections, he is mostly correct; but deserting the beaten path of received opinion, and entering upon those points of antiquity, which hold out an advantage to the speculatist, (inasmuch as where nothing can be proved or disproved, an audacious theorist can only be contradicted,) he meets with the fate of the mechanician in Rasselas, whose wings, though of no use in the air, sustained him in the water; so Lord Lindsay's learning, though insufficient to waft him through these obscure and inaccessible heights, saves him from the charge of ignorance, or wanton speculation.

The familiarity and ease of domestic correspondence preclude many of the graces and accuracies of composition; and we should be sorry to criticise severely the thoughts and expressions of private life; but we cannot repress a gentle hint that he is vastly too fond of an attitude in his writing: frequently when the time is come for a sentiment, he throws himself, like a dancing master, into the first position, and pours forth a passage, excellent indeed in its spirit and observations, but florid and verbose enough for an Irish reporter. There are 'and oh's' in sufficient number to supply a six months' correspondence, to a whole boarding-school of young ladies. We hope that in all the ensuing editions which this work richly deserves, the noble author will take care that his manly and vigorous thoughts be not attenuated and disgraced by the expressions of a sickly novelist.

The first letter is dated from Gibraltar, in November, 1836: his lordship then proceeded to Egypt, sailed up the Nile, and surveyed every thing that is offered to the notice of the traveller in that land of artificial wonders. He passed afterwards into Arabia, followed the journeying of the children of Israel, ascended Mount Sinai, and traced them through 'that great and terrible wilderness'; visited the gulf of Akaba, and arrived by safe and easy journeys at Mount Seir and the instructive ruins of Petra. His course then lay through Hebron to Jerusalem, successively through every place of note in the Holy Land and the adjacent parts—Palmyra, Baalbec, Lebanon, and Damas-

\* First part of King Henry IV.  
† Gen. xxviii. 17.

\* Fairfax's Tasso, Canto iii. 3. 6. 7.

cus; whence he dates his last letter, in July, 1837, perhaps one of the longest letters upon record, comprising, as it does, all the intermediate pages of an octavo volume, from 60 to 235!

At Alexandria he visited the catacombs: 'over the door-way,' he says, 'we found traces of the orb, or globe, with wings, that Dr. Clarke mentions,' . . . 'we saw the same emblem over both doors of the vestibule,'—(vol. i. p. 30.) This reminded him, he adds, of the address of Isaiah to Ethiopia,—"Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia."\* It is not impossible that the character of the emblem, and the language of the prophet, may be in some manner related; the quotation, at least is aptly applied. This prophecy is confessedly most difficult and obscure, and engaged the vigorous intellect of Bishop Horsley, whose interpretation of it is peculiarly interesting in the present position of eastern politics. The stores of Egypt, however, are not yet exhausted for the illustration and evidence of Holy Writ.

Though the work of Mr. Wilkinson has opened a mine of wisdom to every student of the Sacred Volume, much undoubtedly still remains in darkness; and it is most pleasing and consolatory to believe, in these times of increasing scepticism, that an additional testimony to the truth of His own Book, from the excavations of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—yes, even from the very Mount on which the temple itself once stood, may have been reserved, by a merciful and considerate Providence, against 'a day of trouble, of rebuke, and of blasphemy.'

At Cairo, he was presented to that cross of tiger and fox, Mahommed Ali; of whom so much has been already said and written that we need not detain our readers by any extracts from Lord Lindsay's description of him; we cannot withhold, however, an extract from the remarks of his companion, Mr. Ramsay, a young gentleman evidently of great promise, whose premature death by cholera, at Damascus, Lord Lindsay has recorded with graceful and tender affection:—

'He has,' says Mr. Ramsay, 'drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day.† His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country, within a few years, is said to be extraordinary. Every where the land is falling out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing. He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore, charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and the bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance. He then, in the character of universal land proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and, if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from government at the new rate which the Pasha

\* Isaiah xviii. 1.

† We have now before us an extract from a letter just received, and dated Alexandria. 'The Pasha,' says the writer, 'has completely drained the population to raise an army, which he is unable to pay—it is a very rare thing to see here an *able-bodied man*. The public works are carried on by *little boys and girls*. Self-mutilation has been so resorted to that the Pasha has levied a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.

has fixed for its sale, of course many per cent. dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; e. g. when he has to receive money it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is *vice versa*—he pays after date and gains also upon deaths.

'We have heard much at home of the reforming, enlightened spirit of Mahommed Ali, but what is it founded on? it looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question: it seems not to be far distant.'—vol. i. p. 43.

'Query,' says Dr. Wolfe, in his last published journal, 'is not Mahommed Ali, after all, the cruel lord mentioned in Isaiah as the predicted ruler over Egypt?† If he be not so, woe to the unhappy country; for well may we say to him, like the impoverished servants of Pharaoh. 'Knowest thou not yet that the land of Egypt is destroyed?‡ But Mohammed Ali, and his own ferocious son-in-law, Ibrahim Pasha, though terrible to their own, are mild as sucking doves towards independent Europeans; their savage violence has opened Egypt and Syria to the traveller from distant lands, and rendered his journey easy and secure. How long this state of things may last no one can foresee; but their rule, which has, up to the present time, evidently fulfilled an order of Providence, by unfolding to our view all the scenes and localities of Holy Writ, may, perhaps, be in a course to prepare those regions of the East for other yet wider and more important changes.

We are next introduced to *the magician*—first made known by the oral reports of Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix. 'He succeeded,' says his lordship, 'in the first person we called for, but failed egregiously in all the others.' (p. 64.) . . . 'It is but fair to state,' he adds, 'that our Arab Glendower attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.' Daniel Lambert was summoned, and appeared a thin man, and Miss Biffin rejoiced in arms and legs. It may be very fair to state the alleged reason of his failure; but we cannot quite discern the force of it; unless it be that the magician, conceiving the Ramadan to be universal, believed also that so rigorous a fast would reduce any Mussulman of conscience from the largest to the smallest dimensions. This subject, however, has been so often handled, and by ourselves also—(see the fifty-ninth volume of this journal)—in the review we took of Mr. Lane's work on Modern Egypt, that we shall not dwell upon it here. These unholy practitioners have deceived many not silly men, and beguiled them into a notion of the exercise of supernatural power; but now that inquiry is afloat, their secret will speedily be discovered, and sink from the 'bad eminence' of devilry to the bathos of a conjurer's trick.

Lord Lindsay's acquaintance with *the magician* was a very fit preparation for his acquaintance with Caviglia—both are students of the black art; but this singular man, whose services in antiquarian discovery are fully recorded in our 19th volume, has added to the pursuit of what we may not know, a very zealous pursuit of what we cannot know;—he discerns in the sphinx an emblem of the doctrine of man's regeneration, as explained by our Saviour to Nicodemus in the third chapter of St. John; and on the doctrines of Christianity—

'As a foundation, he has reared a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic (his familiar studies,) its corner stones; while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light,

\* Isaiah xix. 4.

† Exodus x. 7.

invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of Scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubting confidence, in support of his positions.'—p. 84.

Of this singular compound of contradictory principles, his Lordship observes, that—

'Living as he has done, so solitary, I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, "tout a fait pyramidale" in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that in Ceylon there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature, he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious; "As a young man," he told us this evening, "je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jaques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe"—he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, "et maintenant," said he, "je suis tout Biblique."—p. 82.

And Mr. Ramsay adds:

'Caviglia told me that he had pushed his studies in magic, animal magnetism, &c., to an extent which had nearly killed him—to the very verge, he said of what is forbidden to man to know; and it was only the purity of his intentions which saved him. He told me he could have the power of performing all the magical rites formerly practised.'—p. 85.

We cannot repress our surprise that the noble Lord should have ascribed the virtues of humility and religious veneration to a *sorcerer* who had disclosed such a picture of himself:

'I have seldom,' he says, 'met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the saving truths of the gospel . . . he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child.'—p. 84.

'Je suis tout Biblique,' indeed! Lord Lindsay might truly have appropriated that character; but with what eyes can the sorcerer read the awful words of Moses, 'the secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children! (Deut. xxix. 29.) Dr. Wolfe, we think, has classed him more correctly in his last journal:

'It is remarkable that Egypt has been, in several ages, the seat of mystical philosophy; once that of the Es-ones, then Philo the Jew, Pythagoras, and now Caviglia.'—p. 4.

This study of mysticism may make some mad, some infidel, and many foolish, but wisdom it will confer upon no one.

The account of Lord Lindsay's journey to Upper Egypt, and of his visits to all those ancient cities of the Nile, is highly entertaining; the letters are lively and instructive, enriched by notes and copious extracts from various authors, which he has done well to throw into the form of an appendix so as to preserve the narrative in an unbroken tissue. But our time will not allow us to tarry longer in these parts; we must hasten, like the Israelites, to traverse the Red Sea, and share those feelings of enthusiasm which Lord Lindsay thus admirably describes:—

'We crossed in about half an hour. I read the sublime description of the passage of the Israelites, the song of Moses, and the seventy-seventh Psalm, with the scene before my eyes; for it was a little to the south of Suez that they crossed the Gulf. It was a strange and thrilling pleasure to look down on those waters, now so placid, and remember their division—to look up at that azure and spotless sky, and figure to one's-self the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that guided the chosen race to the Land of Promise.'—p. 306.

Along the whole route these ancient events are attested by names which mark the places of the several transactions; the hill near the spot where the Israelites entered the sea, is 'still traditionally remembered in the Arabic name Ataka, or Deliverance;' on the other side a part of the country is called El Tih, 'the desert of the wandering;' and the bitter well of Howara, the water of which Lord Lindsay found to be 'excessively nauseous,' he is convinced must be the Marah of Scripture sweetened by Moses. His guide assured him that, 'there was no other well on the coast, absolutely undrinkable.'

Having arrived at the point where the roads to Mount Sinai diverge, our travellers took the line by Wady Mokatteb, as having been the route of the Israelites—they entered Wady Taibi, and having passed through a forest of tarfa and wild date-trees, came at once on a noble prospect which Lord Lindsay has set before us in a pleasing passage:—

'The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Kharreh, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to "his palace in the occident"—the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the Children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!"—p. 315.

Though the noble lord has examined with learning and acuteness, the *vezata quæstio* of the locality of the Israelitish encampment, and of the 'real' Sinai (pp. 344-359,) we had rather acquiesce ourselves (for the present at least,) and advise our readers to do the same, in long established tradition. We do not undervalue a geographical accuracy, wherever it can be obtained; but here, if it be possible, it is not necessary, for Lord Lindsay has well observed—

'What after all avails the inquiry, if we think merely of the stage and not of the action performed on it? This is the wilderness of Sinai—there can be no doubt of that; and whichever the individual mount was, every hill around heard the thunder, and quaked at the sound of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder as God descended in the cloud.'

The second volume is devoted entirely to an account of his wanderings in the Holy Land and the countries adjacent, inclusive of Petra. Although there may be little that is absolutely new, it is extremely entertaining—and superior, we think, to the first volume, as far more simple and easy. We are not carried away by that Pegasus of speculation and eloquence which here and there is too strong for his amiable master—'We creep slow by the earth,' as is most fitting where the 'place whereon we are standing is holy ground.'

After a visit to Edom, and some of the Bedouin Arabs, which he has very graphically related, his lordship arrived in Judea.

'We were now fairly,' says he, 'in the Land of Promise, described by the spies (who must have entered it nearly by the same road as ourselves) as a land flowing with milk and honey; we had cows' milk that night to our tea.'

A very pleasing illustration, we think, of the bathos (though perhaps more so in the expression than in the fact,) but which is amply redeemed by his picture of the Holy City:

'Of Jerusalem,' he writes, 'I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery: Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once. The Arab village Jilsan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloa still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane—occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at St. Peter's denial of our Saviour—nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loci sancti*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

'There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so,) at or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives; and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow, as they did, when their Divine Instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall—of his second advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming. Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely—a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rotteness within,—

In earth's dark circlet once the precious gem  
Of Living Light—Oh fallen Jerusalem!

But her King, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.'—vol. ii. p. 60.

Jerusalem is despatched in this brief passage much to our regret, as we should have rejoiced to read an ample account of it from the pen of such a traveller; but he hastens in quest of other places signalled in the history of Israel, which by their present situations, may confirm or illustrate the truth of prophecy.

'We were in the neighbourhood of Bethel; I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain. I did not then remember the prophecy, "Seek not Bethel—Bethel shall come to nought" (Amos v. 5). In fact,' he adds, 'not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.'—p. 73.

We shall not, however, make any further extracts from a work, the whole of which is well worthy of diligent perusal by any one who feels an interest in the by-gone glories, and future destiny of the Holy Land. It is no more than just praise to say of Lord Lindsay, that he has given us a book which combines instruction and amusement in a very singular degree—exhibiting notwithstand-

ing the youth of its author, a justness of thought and feeling which would become the experience of maturer years. We infer, from a passage in his first volume (p. 237,) that he has already contemplated a journey to the oriental possessions of the British crown. Although we shall be most happy to receive such a narrative from the pen of the noble writer—'nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit,'—we sincerely hope that he will reserve some portion of his time for the service of his country at home. Great Britain in these days has not 'three hundred as good as he;' she will experience no scarcity of intelligent travellers.

Appended to the second volume is a letter from Mr. Farren, late British Consul General at Damascus. The services of this gentleman we believe to have been exceedingly valuable; most certainly this document bespeaks a high degree of judgment and information. But the contents of it give rise to serious reflection: Syria is wasted by the blundering and ferocious tyranny of Mohammed Ali; the land that once maintained whole nations like the dust of the earth for multitude, is almost emptied of her people; and her soil, already in a state of miserable neglect (unless his violence be checked,) will soon be entirely desolate, without hands to till it. Two great rivals, the Sultan and his rebellious Pacha, are striving for the permanent possession of a country, which misgovernment is rendering utterly worthless. Which of the twain may triumph, if left to themselves, no one can pronounce; and the powers of Europe seem uncertain on which side to bestow their interposition. Mr. Farren points out the importance of the conflict, and inclines the balance in favour of the Sultan: but meanwhile a third claimant; is, constantly though silently, fostering his pretensions to the enjoyment and rule of this ancient land, founding them on a prescription that transcends all history, and clothing them with a sanction, to which the world itself must ultimately do homage.

We have alluded, in the commencement of this article, to the growing interest manifested in behalf of the Holy Land. This interest is not confined to the Christians—it is shared and avowed by the whole body of the Jews, who no longer conceal their hope and their belief that the time is not far distant, when 'the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea; and shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.'—Isaiah xi. 11.

Doubtless, this is no new sentiment among the children of the dispersion. The novelty of the present day does not lie in the indulgence of such a hope by that most venerable people—but in their fearless confession of the hope; and in the approximation of spirit between Christians and Hebrews, to entertain the same belief of the future glories of Israel, to offer up the same prayer, and look forward to the same consummation. In most former periods a development of religious feeling has been followed by a persecution of the ancient people of God; from the days of Constantine to Leo XII.,\* the disciples of Christ

\* By an edict of Leo XII., they were closely confined, to the number of 1500 to 1800, within a certain quarter of the town, called the Ghetto. This place they were not allowed to leave, even for a single day, without a special license; even though furnished with such a license, they were forbidden to dwell, or

have been stimulated to the oppression of the children of Israel; and Heaven alone can know what myriads of that suffering race fell beneath the *piety* of the crusaders, as they marched to recover the sepulchre of their Saviour from the hands of the infidels. But a mighty change has come over the hearts of the Gentiles; they seek now the temporal and eternal peace of the Hebrew people; societies are established in England and Germany to diffuse among them the light of the Gospel; and the increasing accessions to the parent Institution in London attest the public estimation of its principles and services.\*

Encouraged by those proofs of a bettered condition and the sympathy of the Gentiles who so lately despised them, the children of Israel have become far more open to Christian intercourse and reciprocal inquiry. Both from themselves and their converted brethren we learn much of their doings, much of their hopes and fears, that a few years ago would have remained in secret. One of them, who lately, in the true spirit of Moses, went a journey into Poland 'unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens,' (Exod. ii. 11) informs us that 'several thousand Jews of that country and of Russia have recently bound themselves by an oath, that, as soon as the way is open for them to go up to Jerusalem, they will immediately go thither, and there spend their time in fasting and praying unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah.† . . . Although it was,' he continues, 'comparatively a short time since I had intercourse with my brethren according to the flesh, I found a mighty change in their minds and feelings in regard to the nearness of their deliverance. Some assigned one reason, and some another, for the opinion they entertained; but all agreed in thinking that the time is at hand.‡ Large bodies, moreover, have acted on this impulse; we state, on the authority of another gentleman, himself a Jewish Christian, that the number of Jews in Palestine has been multiplied twenty-fold; that, though within the last forty years, scarcely two thousand of that people were to be found there, they amount now to upwards of forty thousand; and we can confirm his statement from other sources, that they are increasing in multitude by large annual additions. A very recent English traveller encountered many Jews on their road to Jerusalem, who invariably replied to his queries, that they were going

even converse familiarly, with Christians.'—*Hirschfeld's Strictures*, p. 64.

\* The Callenberg Institution, which began in 1728 at Halle, in Prussian Saxony, had great success, when we consider the limited extent of its means; it came to an end about the time of the French Revolution.

† Herschel's Brief Sketch (1837), p. 39.

‡ Mr. Davenport, in his report from Inowracław, mentions that, 'in reference to the changes taking place in the Jewish mind, a Jewish schoolmaster remarked to him, "There is a struggle going on of which you can have no idea: we do not know ourselves what we want, or what will be the end of it." He afterwards adds, "In reply to some remark which assumed that he believed his religious creed to be right, he said, "Oh, do not suppose that I am certain; I think I am right, but I am in doubt. You will never find a Jew who will certainly say he is right."'"—*Jewish Records*, September, 1838.

thither 'to die in the land of their fathers.' For many years past this desire had prevailed among the Hebrews; old Sandys has recorded it in his account of Palestine;—but it has been reserved for the present day to see the wish so amply gratified. A variety of motives stimulates the desire; the devout seek to be interred in the soil that they love; the superstitious, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of being rolled under the earth's surface until they arrive in that land on the great morning of the resurrection. But, whatever be the motives of a people now blinded by ignorance, who does not see, in the fact, a dark similitude of the faith which animated the death-beds of the patriarchs; of Jacob and of Joseph (Gen. xlix. 29) who, 'when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones?' (Heb. xi. 22.) In all parts of the earth this extraordinary people, whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren, and those who have none, entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff (Journal, 1838,) heard these sentiments from their lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judæa, and of their belief of a return thither. At Jerusalem they purchase, as it were, one day in the year of their Mussulman rulers; and being assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory. Their prayer is now assuming a more penitential garb; 'Already,'—says Mr. M'Neil, in his excellent lectures on Jewish prophecy (p. 136)—'as we have heard from an eye-witness of the interesting scene, some of them assemble themselves on the eve of their Sabbath, under the walls of Jerusalem, where the abomination of desolation still standeth, and chant in mournful melody the lamentations of their Jeremiah, or sing with something like a dawn of hope,

"Lord, build—Lord, build—  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily.  
Lord, build—Lord, build—  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily."

In Poland,\* the great focus of the Hebrew people, the sentiment is most rife that the time is near at

\* By far the largest concentration of Jews is found in the Russian dominions; their numbers are variously stated, but the calculation lately furnished to us, on which we most rely, estimates them at one million seven hundred thousand souls. Of the geographical distribution of this people we have said but little, as the subject had already been very copiously handled in the 38th volume of our Journal; but since that time the number of Jews in England has increased to about thirty thousand.



hand for the turning of their captivity; oftentimes they meet together in their synagogues for humiliation and fasting; and falling on their knees, like Daniel (vi. 10), with their faces toward Jerusalem, offer these beautiful and touching petitions:—

‘We are more sinful than any other people; we ought to be ashamed more than any nation; the joy of the Lord is gone from us, our hearts are wounded. Why?—because we have sinned against the Lord. The temple is destroyed; there is no Shechinah abiding among us; we are despised and trodden down by all people. The words of the prophets are fulfilled, that Israel is burned on every side, yet he layeth it not to heart. But now, Lord, look down from heaven, Thy holy habitation, and cause the Messiah, son of David, speedily to appear. And, according to thine own promise, sprinkle clean water upon us, and cleanse us from all our filthiness and from all our idols.’\*

What a marvellous thing, that this despised and degraded people, in their suffering and baseness, should yet be minutely observant of the royal supplication which fell from the lips of Solomon in the palmy days of Jerusalem!—

‘If Thy people bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn and pray unto thee in the land of their captivity, saying, we have sinned, we have done amiss, we have dealt wickedly . . . . and pray toward the land which Thou gavest unto their fathers, and toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name; then hear Thou from the heavens, even from Thy dwelling-place, their prayer and supplication, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people which have sinned against Thee.’ (2nd Chron. vi. 37, *et seq.*)

Though they have seen the Temple twice, and the City six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone: for 1800 years the belief has sustained them, without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death: and now in the nineteenth century, in the midst of ‘the march of intellect,’—what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, ‘The year that approaches, Oh bring us to Jerusalem!’ This belief has not been begotten and sustained by rabbinical bigotry; for although a fraction of the reformed Jews have excluded from their liturgy every petition for restoration, and even for the coming of the Messiah, yet it prevails more strongly, if possible, among the converts to Christianity. We have now before us a letter from a Hebrew proselyte, dated but a few weeks ago at Jerusalem, which the writer was visiting for the first time; his heart overflows with patriotism, and the remembrance of his ancestry; he beheld the land of his fathers, to be hereafter his; ‘their’s not by unholy war, nor by stratagem or treachery, but as the gift of Him who is yet to be the glory of his people Israel.’

The reforms, as they are termed, of modern days, have arranged the Hebrews under the two classes, according to their own designation, of old-fashioned

and new-fashioned Jews. The new-fashioned are the ‘liberals’ of Judaism, the old-fashioned are governed by the opposite principle. These reforms, which have so favourably exhibited their intellectual powers, have proved fatal to their sentiments of religion: disregarding or denying the truths on which even the Talmud rested as a basis, they have scorned to purge away its dross; and, having broken from the trammels of Rabbinism, strut about in the false freedom of rationalism and infidelity. The leprosy has not yet spread itself over a large portion of the people; the chief seat of the disease lies, of course, in Germany; but many individuals have caught the contagion in Lemberg, Brody, Warsaw, and other towns of Poland. In Germany they are engaged in the formation of a literature of their own, and wield a portion of the daily and periodical press; new modes of worship are introduced; and the national expectation of a Messiah, being frittered away in figurative applications, is debased, and yet satisfied, by their share in the revolutionary changes in the European states. In France, a kindred sentiment prevails; they desire even to abandon the name of Jews, and assume the appellation of *Frenchmen-Israelites*, or ‘adherents of the Mosaic religion:’ having been emancipated, in the change of policy that followed the revolution in that country, from many burdensome and injurious restrictions, they hail in this ameliorated condition the advent of the Messiah. These principles are asserted in a journal entitled ‘The Regeneration, destined to the improvement, moral and religious, of the Israelitish People,’ and conducted by some of the most able and learned Jews of Paris, Brussels, and Frankfurt.

It is only within the last few years that the Jews, as a body, have been known beyond the circle of curious and abstruse readers. Their pursuits and capacities, it was supposed, were limited to stock-jobbing, money-lending, and orange-stalls; but few believed them to be a people of vigorous intellect, of unrivalled diligence in study, with a long list of ancient and modern writers, whose works—though oftentimes mixed with matter, much of which is useless, and much pernicious, and calculated far more to sharpen than to enrich the understanding—bespeak most singular perseverance and ability. The emancipation of genius, which began under Moses Mendelssohn, about the year 1754, brought them unlooked for fame on the stage of profane literature;—the German which had hitherto been regarded as an unholy language, became the favourite study of the liberalized Hebrews; thence they passed to the pursuit of the various sciences, and of every language, whether living or dead; their commentators and critics, philosophers and historians, condescended to a race with the secular Gentiles, and gave, in their success, an earnest of the fruit that their native powers could reap from a wider field of mental exertion. But the new lights, which shone so brightly on the chiefs of the secession, have done but little to illuminate the body of their followers; popular education, in the strict sense of the term, is still confined to the Rabbinical Jews, who constitute the vast majority of the nation. This class of the Rabbins, notwithstanding the exclusiveness of their studies, must be considered as an educated people, perhaps more so than any other upon earth; they can, almost universally, read the sacred language, and partially

\* ‘This is not one continued prayer,’ says Mr. Herschel, ‘but the substance of several petitions scattered throughout the Jewish Liturgy,’ p. 38.

understand it; the zeal of individuals, even the poorest, prompts them to undertake the office of teachers; and so content are they with small remuneration, that nearly a dozen Melammedins might be maintained by the salary required for one English school-master. Parents and relations will endure the greatest privations to save a sufficient sum for the education of their children; and oftentimes, where the income of a single family is inadequate, five or six will make a common purse to provide the salary of a tutor. The evil is, that an excellent system and an admirable zeal are neutralized and perverted by Rabbinism and superstition. 'If asked to give,' says Dr. M'Caul, \* 'a concise, yet adequate, idea of this system, I should say it is Jewish popery; just as popery may be defined to be Gentile rabbinism.' Talmudical learning, and the power of the Rabbis, the depositories of it, are the ultimate object of Jewish discipline; to increase the one, and dignify the other, their writers have spared neither legend nor falsehood, in which blasphemy and absurdity strive for the pre-eminence: meanwhile, the doctrine inculcated is bitter in its precepts, unscripural in its views, and hostile to mankind; and, though amongst themselves they both teach and practise many social virtues, their state must be considered as exhibiting an awful picture of moral and religious destitution.

That the Jews should be thus degraded and despised is a part of their chastisement, and the fulfilment of prophecy; but, low and abhorred as they still are, we now hail for them the dawn of a better day, a day of regeneration and deliverance, which, raising them alike from neology and rabbinism, shall set them at large in the glorious liberty of the Gospel. This desirable consummation, though still remote, has approached us more rapidly within the last few years. The Societies at Basle, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Berlin, Posen, and Breslau, for promoting Christianity among the Jews, have been eminently prosperous; but the London Society, the first in date, is likewise the first in its magnitude and success.\* This admirable association, long buffeted by the gales of adverse fortune, seems now fairly harboured in public opinion: 'the entire contributions,' says their Report of March, 1838, 'received during the past year, have amounted to the sum of 19,054*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, being an increase of 4,523*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* upon the receipts of the preceding year.' Doubtless their future exertions will be commensurate with their means, and Providence will bless with a larger harvest their increased expenditure and toil. But they have been 'faithful over a few things,' and wrought great effects in the infancy of their fortunes. They have circulated in the last year, besides tracts, Pentateuchs, and other works in great number, nearly 4000 copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew: they have twenty-three stations in Europe and the East; forty-nine missionaries and agents, twenty-four of whom are Jewish converts; and ten schools, two in London, and eight in the duchy of Posen. Although the amount of conversions, relatively to the actual numbers of Israel, has not been large, the spies have

brought back a good account of the land; the sample of its fruit may rival the grapes of Eschol, and stimulate the Church of England to rise and take possession. In almost every considerable town of Germany there are to be found some baptized Jews; we learn, by official accounts from Silesia, that between 1820 and 1834, 455 persons were added to the church; in East and West Prussia 234 in the same time; and from 1830 to 1837, in Berlin alone, no less than 326. In Poland, the average amount of baptisms during the last ten years has been about fifteen annually—exclusive of the great number baptized by the Romanists, to whom the proselytes are attracted by the hope and assurance of temporal support in the event of their conversion. At the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel in London, seven adult converts, and three children, were baptized last year, making a total thereby of 246 baptisms from the commencement, eighty-five of whom were adults; and among the converts in this country may be reckoned four synagogue-readers, of whom two have lately received orders in the Church of England; and six others, who have taken part in its apostolical ministry.\* This is no sudden or uncertain progress; it is no reproduction of the same Jew, like the annual proselyte of Rome at the feast of St. Peter, who is kept, as the dog at the Grotto del Cane, to be victimised for the edification of the curious; a new spur has been given to the advance and establishment of the faith among them, and conversions are greatly on the increase. 'There is rarely an instance,' says our experienced informant, 'of a return to Judaism; and though some fall into sin, and misbehave themselves, their profession of Christianity is lasting, and, I believe, sincere.'

It is a very important feature in the generality of these conversions, that they have taken place among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. We are not to be told that those excellent societies have operated with success on ignorance and poverty, purchasing the one and persuading the other, where either necessity or incapacity lay passive before them. These Jewish converts, like their prototype St. Paul, brought up at the feet of their Gamaliels in all the learning and wisdom of the Hebrews, now 'preach the faith which once they destroyed.' We have already mentioned that several have become ministers of the Church of England; on the Continent we find many among the Lutheran and Reformed clergy; they have also their physicians, lawyers, head and assistant masters of the German Gymnasias; there are three professors and two lecturers, formerly Jews, in the University of Breslau; five professors in Halle: in Petersburg a professor of medicine; in Warsaw Dr. Leo, a convert, is one of the most celebrated physicians; in Erlangen we find Dr. Stahl; and in Berlin Dr. Neander, the celebrated church historian, fully proves that poverty of intellect is not an indispensable preliminary to Jewish conversion.

\* 'Sketches of Judaism,' a work of singular ability, which, together with 'Old Paths,' by the same author, must be read by every one who wishes to attain any knowledge of the existing state of the Jews.

\* Very many Jews have been baptized elsewhere, even in London, but we have no means of ascertaining the number. Mr. Joseph, himself a convert, has in the course of a few years baptised twenty individuals at Liverpool, baptisms have also occurred in Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol, Cheltenham, York, Hull, &c.

But even where the parties have not been fully brought to the belief and profession of the Gospel, a mighty good has resulted from the missionary exertions. Ancient antipathies are abated, and prejudices subdued; the name of Christian is less odious to the ears of a Jew; and many of the nation, adhering still to the faith of their forefathers, have ceased to uphold the Talmudical doctrine, that the Gentiles are beasts created for the purpose of administering to the necessities of Israel. They have conceived a respect for our persons, and a still greater for our intellects; an ardent desire is now manifested by the Jews to hold conversation with the missionaries; along the north coast of Africa, in Palestine, and in Poland, they have visited them in crowds; and many doubtless, have borne away with them the seed which a study of the Scriptures will ripen into conviction.

As a consequence of this more friendly intercourse between Jew and Gentile, we must mention the kinder feelings entertained by the Hebrews towards a converted brother. We have heard, indeed, from the lips of a proselyte, that he had, even within the last four or five years, observed an improvement in this respect among his own relations; and the same fact is most amply attested by the opinion and experience of Mr. Herschel.

We wish we could say that this sentiment was universal; but, alas, we know many and lamentable exceptions. There are Jews in all parts of Europe who dare not avow their Christianity, so great is the fear of public reproach or domestic tyranny. In Constantinople, Tunis, and Turkey generally, where the Jews have a police, and authority over their own body, conversion is as dangerous as in Ireland itself. Whenever a Hebrew is suspected of wavering in his rabbinical allegiance, he is imprisoned and bastinadoed; and no later than January of this year, a young man in Tunis, who had discovered an inclination to the hated faith, was assaulted so violently by his relations, that 'he fainted on the spot,' says the missionary, 'and lingered a few days, when he died.' Nevertheless, conversions even there, as in Ireland, are constantly on the increase; it being still the good pleasure of God that the blood of the martyrs should be the seed of the Church.

A desire, corresponding to this change of sentiment, is manifested to obtain possession of the word of God; and they eagerly demand copies of the Society's editions of the Old Testament in Hebrew. In the last two years 5400 copies have been sold by Mr. Stockfeldt, in the Rhenish provinces; several thousand on the coast of Africa, by Mr. Ewald; and in Königsberg Mr. Berghfelt sells copies to the amount of about one hundred pounds annually. In Poland and Jerusalem the missionaries can dispose of all that are sent; and the last report of the Society informs us that a less additional number than twenty thousand copies would be utterly inadequate to the demands of the Israelites in all parts of the world. It is also very observable that the translation in their vernacular dialect has excited the liveliest interest among the long neglected females of the Hebrew nation. All this indicates a prodigious change; hitherto they have cared little but for the legends of the Talmud and rabbinical preachments; they now betake themselves to the study of Scripture, and will accept the Pentateuch printed and presented by the hands of Christians! This abundant diffusion of the Hebrew Bible has, more than any other cause, contributed to abate prejudice and conciliate affection. Mr. J. D. Marc, in a letter from the Society's station at Offenbach, affirms 'that the conviction the Jews now have, that the Christians offer them the genuine word of God, and even to the poor gratis, makes an unspeakable impression on them, and begins visibly to melt their hearts.' And even in Poland, the very treasure house of rabbinism, a missionary can find easy access, and a patient audience for the truths of the Gospel,

provided he be well supplied with the word of God in its original tongue. Such efforts are felt and estimated far beyond the sphere of their first action; a kindly sympathy is propagated through all the distant limbs of the Jewish body; and traces of the zeal and growing favour of the Gentiles are discernable even in the remotest countries of the East. According to Dr. Wolff, in his several Journals, Bibles and Testaments in Hebrew were found at Ipsahan and Cashan, which he himself had given from his own store at Jerusalem; he heard of them also in Balk, Bokhara, and Afghanistan. In the Himalaya mountains, far beyond the limit of the British dominion, he discovered even a Brahmin, surrounded by crowds of his disciples, reading the Gospel of St. Luke in the Nggree character;\* this last fact, though not immediately bearing upon the Jews, well illustrates the efficacy and success of associations combined for the distribution of the Scriptures.

Efforts like these cannot fail to attain the most important results; for the blindness of Israel is still caused, as it was in the days of our Saviour, by their ignorance of the word of God; 'ye do err not knowing the Scriptures.'† A deeper acquaintance with their own holy books is an indispensable preliminary to general conversion; and we must bestir ourselves to multiply facilities by the widest possible circulation of them. The wiser and more Scriptural method of argument now pursued by the missionaries will advance the work; laying aside their reasoning from the Talmud and the Mishna, and perceiving that, with the Jewish people, a right intelligence and belief of the Old Testament is the only foundation for the belief of the New, they have at last adopted towards their Hebrew disputants the method of the inspired apostle; for 'Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, openly alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ.'‡

But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our Service, and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose; the missionaries are already resident on the spot; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice. Mr. Nicolayson, having received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, has been appointed to the charge; and Mr. Pieritz, a Hebrew convert, is associated in the duty. The Service meanwhile proceeds, though 'the ark of God is under curtains;' and a small but faithful congregation of proselytes hear daily the Evangelical verities of our Church on the mount of the Holy City itself, in the language of the prophets, and in the spirit of the apostles. To any one who reflects on this event, it must appear one of the most striking that have occurred in modern days, perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the Church of Christ. It is well known that for centuries the Greek, the Romanist, the Armenian, and the Turk, have had their places of worship in the city of Jerusalem, and the latitudinarianism of Ibrahim Pacha had lately accorded that privilege to the Jews. The pure doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied and professed in the Church of England, have alone been unrepresented amidst all the corruptions; and Christianity has been contemplated, both by Mussulman and Jew, as a system most hateful to the creed of each, a compound of mimicry and image worship.

\* Journ. 1832. † Acts xvii. 2, 3. ‡ Matth. xxii. 29.

It is surely of vital importance to the cause of our religion, that we should exhibit it in its pure and apostolical form to the children of Israel. We have already mentioned that they are returning in crowds to their ancient land; we must provide for the converts an orthodox and spiritual service, and set before the rest, whether residents or pilgrims, a worship as enjoined by our Saviour himself, 'a worship in spirit and in truth,'\*—its faith will then be spoken of through the whole world. A great benefit of this nature has resulted from the Hebrew services of the London Episcopal Chapel; it has not only afforded instruction and opportunity of worship to the converted Israelite, but has formed a point of attraction to foreign Jews on a visit to this country, and has been largely and eagerly commented on in many of the Hebrew Journals published in Germany. In the purity of our worship they confess our freedom from idolatry; and in the sound of the language of Moses and the prophets, they forget that we are Gentiles. But if this be so in London, what will it be in the Holy City! They will hear the Psalms of David in the very words that fell from his inspired lips, once more chaunted on the Holy Hill of Zion; they will see the whole book of the Law and the Prophets laid before them, and hear it read at the morning and evening oblation; they will admire the Church of England, with all its comprehensive fulness of doctrine, truth, and love, like a pious and humble daughter, doing filial homage to that Church first planted at Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all. Our soul-stirring, and soul satisfying Liturgy—in Hebrew—its deep and tender devotion—the evangelical simplicity of its ritual, will form, in the mind of the Jew, an inviting contrast to the idolatry and superstition of the Latin and Eastern churches; its enlarged charity will affect his heart, and its scriptural character demand his homage. It is surely a high privilege reserved to our Church and nation to plant the true cross on the Holy Hill of Zion; to carry back the faith we thence received by the apostles; and uniting, as it were, the history, the labours, and the blood of the primitive and Protestant martyrs, 'light such a candle in *Jerusalem*, as by God's blessing shall never be put out.'

But this privilege will not be unaccompanied by practical benefits to the character and position of our own establishment. Whatever promotes the study and reverence of the Hebrew Scriptures, promotes, in a similar degree, the honour and stability of the Church of England. Her appointed orders, her liturgical services, her decent splendour, her national endowments, are 'according to the pattern that God showed us in the Mount.' The principle of an establishment then received the august sanction of the Divine Wisdom; and whether we look back to the earliest periods of Jewish history, or forwards to the day of their future glory, as displayed in the concluding chapters of Ezekiel, we shall find that a national and established Church is ever a main portion of the polity of the people of God. The arch-assertants of our Zion are well aware of this truth, and seek, therefore, to disparage the Old Testament by a contemptuously exclusive preference of the New!—irreverently excluding from their 'Christian' catalogue 'the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms;' they ascribe to the Gospels and Epistles alone the title of the *Christian Scriptures*! And they are wise in their generation, perceiving as they do, that the co-ordinate authority and mutual dependence of all parts of the written Word would manifest that the Saviour of Mankind, no less in the temporal than in the spiritual necessities of his Church, 'came not to destroy, but to fulfil.'

\* John iv. 24.

The growing interest manifested for these regions, the larger investment of British capital, and the confluence of British travellers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign, in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September—his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes. The soil and climate of Palestine are singularly adapted to the growth of produce required for the exigencies of Great Britain; the finest cotton may be obtained in almost unlimited abundance; silk and madder are the staple of the country, and olive oil is now as it ever was, the very fatness of the land. Capital and skill are alone required: the presence of a British officer, and the increased security of property which his presence will confer, may invite them from these islands to the cultivation of Palestine; and the Jews, who will betake themselves to agriculture in no other land,\* having found, in the English consul, a mediator between their people and the Pacha, will probably return in yet greater numbers, and become once more the husbandmen of Judæa and Galilee.

This appointment has been conceived and executed in the spirit of true wisdom. Though we cannot often commend the noble Lord's official proceedings, we must not withhold our meed of gratitude for the act, nor of praise for the zeal with which he applied himself to great preliminary difficulties, and the ability with which he overcame them. It is truly a national service: at all times it would have been expedient, but now it is necessary. To pass over commercial advantages—which the country will best perceive in the experience of them—we may discern a manifest benefit to our political position. We have done a deed which the Jews will regard as an honour to their nation; and have thereby conciliated a body of well-wishers in every people under heaven. Throughout the east they nearly monopolize the concerns of traffic and finance, and maintain a secret but uninterrupted intercourse with their brethren in the West. Thousands visit Jerusalem in every year from all parts of the globe, and carry back to their respective bodies, that intelligence which guides their conduct, and influences their sympathies. So rapid and accurate is their mutual communication, that Frederick the Great confessed the earlier and superior intelligence obtained through the Jews of all affairs of moment. Napoleon knew well the value of an Hebrew alliance; and endeavoured to re-produce, in the capital of France, the spectacle of the ancient Sanhedrim, which, basking in the sunshine of imperial favour, might give laws to the whole body of the Jews throughout the habitable world, and aid him, no doubt, in his audacious plans against Poland and the East. His scheme, it is true, proved abortive; for the mass of the Israelites were by no means inclined to merge their hopes in the destinies of the

\* Dr. Henderson says of the Polish Jews—'Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits, have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence possess houses and other immoveable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting with anxious expectation for the arrival of the period when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to, what they still consider, *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine is unconquerable.'—*Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia*, 1828.

Empire—exchange Zion for Montmartre, and Jerusalem for Paris. The few liberal unbelievers whom he attracted to his views ruined his projects with the people by their impious flattery; and averted the whole body of the nation by blending, on the 15th of August, the cipher of Napoleon and Josephine with the unutterable name of Jehovah, and elevating the imperial eagle above the representation of the Ark of the Covenant. A misconception, in fact, of the character of the people has vitiated all the attempts of various Sovereigns to better their condition; they have sought to amalgamate them with the body of their subjects, not knowing, or not regarding the temper of the Hebrews, and the plain language of Scripture, that, 'the people shall dwell alone and shall not be reckoned among the nations.'\*

That which Napoleon designed in his violence and ambition, thinking 'to destroy nations not a few,' we may wisely and legitimately undertake for the maintenance of our Empire. The affairs of the East are lowering on Great Britain—but it is singular and providential that we should at this moment, have executed a measure which will almost assure us the co-operation of the Eastern Jews, and kindle, in our behalf, the sympathies of nearly two millions in the heart of the Russian dominions.† These hopes rest on no airy foundation; but pleasing as they are, we cannot disguise our far greater satisfaction that, in the step just taken, in the appointment just made, England has attained the praise of being the first of the Gentile nations that has ceased 'to tread down Jerusalem!' This is, indeed, no more than justice, since she was the first to set the evil and cruel example of banishing the whole people in a body from her inhospitable bosom. France next, and then Spain, aped our unchristian and foolish precedent. Spain may have exceeded us in barbarity; but we invented the oppression, and preceded her in the infliction of it.

It is matter for very serious reflection that the Christians themselves have cast innumerable stumbling-blocks in the way of Hebrew conversion. To pass over the weak and ignorant methods that men have adopted to persuade the Jews—let us ask whether the Christians have ever afforded to this people an opportunity of testing the divine counsel, 'by their fruits ye shall know them?' What is the record of the Christian period of the second dispersion? A history of insolence, plunder, and blood, that fills even now the heart of every thinking man with indignation and shame! Was this the religion of the true Messiah? Could this be in their eyes the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies that promised security and joy in his happy days; when his 'officers should be peace and his exactors righteousness?' What, too, have they witnessed in the worship and doctrine of Christian state? The idolatry of the Greek and Latin Churches, under which the Hebrews have almost universally lived, the mummeries of their ritual, and the hypocrisy of their precepts, have

\* Numbers xxiii. 9.

† Look to their present state of suffering in Poland and Russia, where they are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside! It not unfrequently happens, that when one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town, not hitherto prohibited, this affords a reason for proscribing them; it is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that part of the city, and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss being given them' . . . . . 'they are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress' . . . . . 'in the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning.'—*Herschel's Sketch*, p. 7.

shocked and averted the Jewish mind. We oftentimes express our surprise at the stubborn resistance they oppose to the reception of Christianity; but Christianity in their view is synonymous with image-worship, and its doctrines with persecution; they believe that, in embracing the dominant faith, they must violate the two first commandments of the Decalogue, and abandon that witness, which they have nobly maintained for 1800 years, to the unity of the God of Israel.

It well imports us to have a care that we no longer persecute or mislead this once-loved nation; they are a people chastened but not utterly cast off; 'in all their affliction He was afflicted.'\* For the oppression of this people there is no warranty in Scripture; nay, the reverse; their oppressors are menaced with stern judgments; 'I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease; for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.'† This is the language of the prophet Zechariah; and we may trace, in the pages of history, the vestiges of this never-slumbering Providence. No sooner had England given shelter to the Jews, under Cromwell and Charles, than she started forward in a commercial career of unrivalled and uninterrupted prosperity; Holland, embracing the principles of the Reformation, threw off the yoke of Philip, opened her cities to the Hebrew people, and obtained an importance far beyond her natural advantages; while Spain, in her furious and bloody expulsion of the race, sealed her own condemnation. 'How deep a wound,' says Mr. Milman, 'was inflicted on the national prosperity by this act of the "most Christian Sovereign," cannot easily be calculated, but it may be reckoned among the most effective causes of the decline of Spanish greatness.'‡

We cordially rejoice that we possess the favourable testimony of the Children of Israel to the justice, respect and kindness they enjoy in this land;§ but our efforts should the more be directed to promote their temporal and eternal welfare. 'They forget,' says the good Archbishop Leighton, 'a main point of the Church's glory, who pray not daily for the conversion of the Jews.'|| We must learn to behold this nation with the eyes of reverence and affection; we must honour in them the remnant of a people which produced poets like Isaiah and Joel; kings like David and Josiah; and ministers like Joseph, Daniel, and Nehemiah; but above all, as that chosen race of men, of whom the Saviour of the world came according to the flesh. Though a people deep¶ in their sentiments of hatred, they are accessible, even when beguiled by neological delusions, to those who address them on their national glory; and many persons living can attest the gratitude of the Hebrews, as of old,\*\* to those who seek the welfare of their nation. They are not less concerned than ourselves to observe the present religious aspect of Europe, and the awful advances of Popery. Doubtless the great and good prince, alike Christian and Protestant, who now sits on the throne of Prussia, will find that his affection and shelter to the Israelitish people will procure him, in the hour of conflict, no insignificant or insincere allies, knowing as they do, that Protestantism, which delivered its

\* Isaiah lxiii. 9.

† Zechariah i. 15. Vide also xiv. 12.

‡ Hist. Jews, vol. iii. 368.

§ Vide Herschel's Sketch, and Rabbi Crool, in his 'Restoration of Israel.'

|| Sermon on Isaiah, lx. 1.

¶ We have now before us the Jewish Almanac for the present year, in which the era of the expulsion from this kingdom is very significantly marked.

\*\* 'For he loveth our nation, and hath built us a Synagogue.' Luke vii. 2—5.

followers from error, has delivered also the Hebrews from insolence and oppression. Nor are our interests in less fearful jeopardy; both as a church and as a nation, we have much to hope for in the welfare of the people of Israel; and—since prosperity is to be the portion of those who pray for the peace of the Holy City—"Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."†

*From the United Service Journal.*

### CIVIL ENGINEERING IN AMERICA.‡

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R. N.

The navigation of the American lakes is a topic of the highest importance to naval men, for though their waters be fresh, and their depths fathomable, they may be truly considered as seas; and in all that relates to the difficulties and dangers of navigation, they are deserving of the respect of seamen who have passed their lives on the ocean. And we shall accordingly advert, presently, to one or two circumstances of considerable importance, which may not be known to many persons whose duty it may become to serve in those regions.

It is interesting, however, to consider in the first place how these mighty lakes have been dove-tailed, as it were, into the sea; on the east with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the south by the Gulf of Mexico. By means of the canal which joins the Ohio with Lake Erie the communication is opened between them and the Mississippi, and thence with the sea; while by means of a short but wide canal, Lake Erie is connected with Lake Ontario, and this again is joined to the river St. Lawrence below its rapids, by means of the Ottawa canal, that of the "Staff Corps," and the "La Chine;" and thus with the Atlantic, which may be said to begin at Quebec. Or if the purposes of commerce require a different route, Lake Erie may be quitted at Buffalo on the American side, and a course pursued along the Great Erie Canal, and down the Hudson, to New York. "That the reader," says Mr. Stevenson, "may be able fully to understand the nature of lines of inland navigation, so enormous, I shall give in detail the route from New York to New Orleans, which is constantly made by persons travelling between those places:—

	Miles.
From New York to Albany, by the river Hudson; the distance is -	150
Albany to Buffalo, by the Erie canal,	363
Buffalo to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, -	210
Cleveland to Portsmouth, by the Ohio canal, -	309
Portsmouth to New Orleans, by the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, -	1670
Total distance,	2702 miles.

This extraordinary inland journey is performed entirely by means of water communication: 672 miles of the journey are performed on canals, and the remaining 2030 miles of the route is river and lake navigation.

It may be well to pause here and reflect upon the vast means which these lines of communication afford for condensing the military resources of the nation at any one

point; and when we superadd the innumerable lateral feeders by which the mighty rivers alluded to are kept in communication with the interior of the country, north, south, east, and west of them, and take into account the canals, roads, and rail-roads which link the whole system together, and cover the land with a network of high-ways, we may form some estimate of the prodigious force which so energetic a people as the Americans might bring to bear against an invading army. It is not likely, indeed, that the United States will ever be invaded, but it is not less our duty to contemplate the difficulties of such an enterprise, and likewise to contemplate, with even more anxiety, the consequences which might attend any very unanimous feeling of hostility on the part of the Americans, directed against Canada. We do not speak of such petty, marauding, and disgraceful incursions as have lately disturbed the tranquility of the frontier, and which, assuredly, found no sympathy in other parts of the Union; but of any vast and simultaneous impulse extending from end to end of that immense confederacy.

Without meaning anything invidious, we may be permitted to speculate professionally on the time when the States, now so firmly united by the bonds of a common interest, may be ranged in hostile array against one another; and we defy the most active imagination to place limits to the extent and variety of military and naval contingencies which not merely may, but must have place in a country so fertile in all the resources by which armies may be raised, maintained, and put in motion. It is the fashion to describe America as an empty country, with a virgin soil, and inexhaustible means of subsistence; but the truth is, that she is rapidly peopling up, and as the best soils are fully occupied, the inhabitants begin to jostle and rub shoulders at some places, very incommodiously; and although we may not, and probably shall none of us, live to see a break up in America, we think it by no means improbable that the present generation may see military demonstrations, and jealous movements of great professional interest; and it is on this account, as well as many others, that we recommend to our professional brethren, of both Services, a more attentive consideration of the internal military resources of the United States than has hitherto been given to them. We allude now exclusively to the physical resources of that country, for it is not our present purpose at all to consider those complicated political relations (such as the slavery question) which, in the opinion of many of America's best friends, threaten to set the nations composing their huge and incongruous confederation by the ears. Our object, however, is chiefly to draw attention to the wonderful capabilities which America presents for every kind of locomotion; and as speed and certainty in such matters are the points of most interest to us in a professional point of view, we shall endeavour to show how well worthy the attention of the United Service the investigation is.

To begin with the great Canada lakes; Mr. Stevenson says, and we can bear witness to the justness of the observation, "that every idea connected with a *fresh-water lake* must be laid aside in considering the different subjects connected with these vast inland sheets of water, which, in fact, in their general appearance, and in the phenomena which influence their navigation, bear a much closer resemblance to the ocean, than the sheltered bays and sounds in which the harbours of the eastern coast of North America are situated, although these estuaries have a direct and short communication with the Atlantic ocean."

The line of coast of the lakes is about 4000 statute miles in extent, and they have all water deep enough throughout their whole extent for the purposes of navigation. It was not, however, till the year 1818, that the navigation of the lake became so extensive and im-

\* Psalm cxvii. 6. Numbers xxiv. 9.

† Isaiah lxii. 7.

‡ The first part of this article, in a former No. of the U. S. Journal, was lost at sea.

portant as to render the erection of light-houses necessary; since then they have been gradually increasing, and there are now about five-and-twenty, besides about thirty beacons and buoys. Various harbours, too, have been formed, and it is a curious and instructive fact, that in consequence of the exposed nature of the lake coasts, the Americans have been obliged to execute these works in a much more expensive and substantial manner than those which they have erected on the shores of the great ocean itself; so that a remarkable contrast meets our eye between the solid stone piers of the lakes, and the wooden wharfs of the sea-board, as they call it, exactly the reverse of what we should expect. At Buffalo, for instance, there are compactly built stone piers, which cost £40,000. At Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, a breakwater has been formed, by sinking a strong wooden frame-work filled with stones. The frame or crib was erected, with the usual ingenuity and active resource for which Jonathan is so well distinguished, during the winter on the ice, over the site which it was intended to occupy. The ice was then broken, and the cribs, being filled with stones, sunk to their resting place in the bottom of the lake. Presque Isle bay, in which the town of Erie stands, is in like manner formed into a splendid anchorage for vessels of the largest size, by two covering breakwaters, measuring, Mr. Stevenson tells us, "respectively 3000 and 4000 feet in length, projecting from the shore, and leaving a space between their outer extremities of 300 feet in breadth, for the ingress and egress of vessels." At Oswego, on Lake Ontario, a piece of solid masonry has been built, at the cost of £20,000. All these, and several others in the Lake Michigan, have been constructed at the expense and under the direction of the United States government. On the English side of the lakes also, the British government have executed works of considerable importance, particularly at Kingston, which is the great naval arsenal, and lies just at the point where the St. Lawrence flows out of the lake.

The size of the vessels navigating the lakes is regulated in a great measure by the dimensions of the canals, and especially of the locks upon them; and hence, by the way, the wisdom of the framers of the Welland canal, which unites Lake Erie and Ontario on the Canada side, and steps round the falls of Niagara. These engineers, taking warning from their opposite brethren, who made the locks on the Great Erie Canal of stone, made theirs of wood, and of much larger dimensions, though at a smaller cost. Independently of the advantage which this superior size gives them at present, they may at any time, and at a small expense, augment the dimensions, whenever the increasing demands of commerce, or the rapidly increasing size of the lake steam boats, require such a change. We have no doubt whatever, from what we have seen and heard on the spot, that had the Great Erie or New York Canal been fitted in the first instance with wooden instead of stone locks, it would long ere this have been converted into a ship canal, instead of being confined, as it now is, to the use of boats.

For the same reasons that the harbours and piers of the lakes are built of substantial masonry to resist the fury of the winds and waves, the steam boats, which ply upon them have far more the character of sea boats than any of their steam boats employed any where else in the Union. On first looking at the lakes, especially in fine summer weather, it is difficult to believe that these distinctions are necessary; but the sight of a lake gale, one of which we have witnessed, impresses the mind with a vast respect for their powers, when raised into action by the violent storms of those regions. We have dwelled rather longer on this particular than we had intended to do, from the importance which is attached to it in an engineering point of view, and from the curious analogies

which Mr. Stevenson suggests between the phenomena of the lakes, and those which are found in such land-locked bodies of water as the Irish Sea, where the waves are so short and sudden in their movements as to prove very destructive to whatever obstacle is opposed to their fury. We recommend, therefore, this part of Mr. Stevenson's work to the attention of our engineering friends, especially that part of the chapter on lake navigation which relates to the winter season.

The river navigation of America has no parallel in Europe, and to the shame of Europe this may be said. The Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, to be sure, are pretty well covered with steam-vessels, and in proportion to their capabilities these rivers may probably be fully as well served with means of conveyance, as the mighty streams of the Western World. But what shall we say to the shabby manner in which the Seine, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, to say nothing of the Tagus and the Ebro, and many other great rivers of the Continent, are furnished with these marvellous means of swift and economical conveyance. It may be said, indeed, and with some truth, that in most of the countries of the Old World through which the rivers in question find their course, the industry of man has *already* provided convenient roads along which the inhabitants have been accustomed for centuries to travel, and which they find so fully sufficient for all their locomotive wants, that they are not stimulated to seek for any other. In America the case is quite different; the roads are few in number, and execrable in quality; and as it would cost fifty times more money to cut tolerable roads through their forests, than to establish excellent conveyances on their rivers, the attention of the new settlers has been vehemently directed, in the first instance, to the improvement of river navigation. The invention of steam-boats came at a good moment for co-operating with this disposition, and as fuel from the forests was almost everywhere at hand, and in abundance, the impulse which the new discovery received was immense. Not only the greater rivers, such as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio in the west, and the Hudson, Delaware, and Chesapeake bays in the east, but a vast multitude of minor streams—minor we mean in comparison to those above mentioned, but gigantic in comparison to those of this country,—became the highways of the respective states through which they passed, and by the agency of steam kept up a constant communication between the outports and the remotest recesses of the interior.

Indeed we have never beheld, in any part of the globe, a more striking sight than is presented at New Orleans, that wonderful emporium, which may well be called a seaport, though it lies one hundred miles from the ocean, and is far above the influence of the tide. There we see all day long vessels arriving from every part of the world, with their sails furled, and towed, two or three at a time, in the train of a diminutive steam-boat, urged into rapid motion by an engine of high pressure, while every evening about sunset, dozens of goodly ships, laden with the return produce of the interior, depart in like manner, under the secure convoy of the same marvellous power. The internal products alluded to, are brought down partly in steam-boats and partly on large rafts called arks, piled high with cargo, which are drifted down the stream from immense distances, never to return. The hardy back-woodsmen who navigate these primitive vessels, having disposed of their wares, and broken up their arks, take shipping immediately on board some one of the steamers which are starting every hour for the upper countries, and in a few days find themselves landed at their own doors, ready to re-embark and re-descend the river—in one eternal round of active profit, sure of a market, sure of their return—



secure in their property, and as free in their thoughts and persons as the wild birds over their heads, or as the ancient denizens of the forest were before them! In old times, these arks dropped down the rivers with just the same facility as at present; but the time and trouble expended in conveying the *return goods* to the interior were enormous; and even the return of the traders themselves was an affair of laborious months, instead of being, as it is now, one of a few luxurious days.

All this is already pretty well known to most of our readers; but we strongly recommend to our professional brethren to take a military glance at the American rivers, and in connexion with them those stupendous canals which have been made either to overcome natural obstacles, such as falls and rapids, which have been cut across whole countries, in order to open communications heretofore not dreamed of by the wildest visionary. In a military point of view, the works of this description which are most worthy of immediate attention are those by which the difficulties on the navigation of the St. Lawrence are evaded, and those by which communication between the Lower and the Upper provinces of Canada are securely kept up by a line of canals, removed at an unassailable distance from the frontier. Besides these (which, though useful for the purposes of commerce, are in their essence purely military works), the Upper Canadians are beginning a gigantic work, close to the St. Lawrence. It is intended for the purpose of overcoming the celebrated Longue Saut Rapid, and is to be 100 feet wide throughout all its length. The Slackwater navigation, as it is technically called, on the Rideau, or Great Military Canal, is well worthy of study. It is formed by damming up the waters of the Rideau river, and several of the lakes connected with it, and so increasing their depth as to fit them for steamers of a large size. The whole length of this most important national work is 185 miles, 70 of which consist of the Slackwater navigation just alluded to.

The severe and protracted winters of Canada, it must always be recollected, put a stop to the navigation and trade of the St. Lawrence, and of all the more northern canals, for four months and a half annually. The same misfortune attends the Erie canal; but from this evil the southern states are exempted. Partly from this cause, and partly from the rocky nature of its bed, and its tendency to spread itself out into lakes strewn with flats and shallows, the river St. Lawrence is far less available than the Mississippi, which is always free, always navigable, always uniform in its width; and by prudent management, as readily ascended as descended at all times and seasons. It is not precisely so with the Ohio, which, though it is not frozen up to the same extent as the St. Lawrence, is seriously embarrassed with shoals during the dry season; and at one place, Louisville in Kentucky, has its course so seriously interrupted by rapids when the water is low, that the inhabitants of that city have been obliged to cut a canal round this obstacle, and a most stupendous and beautiful work it is, being rather more than two miles in length, and excavated in rock nearly throughout its whole extent. It is 68 feet in breadth and 16 feet in depth, affording a passage for all steam-boats under 180 feet in length. The average difference of level in the Ohio at the dry and at the rainy season is upwards of 50 feet; and such is the rapidity of the stream at certain seasons over the rapids,\* that even the most powerful steam-boats are obliged at times to send an anchor a-head, and having brought the warp to their capstan, to drag themselves through by main force. Such things do not

happen on the deep and majestic Mississippi, though we do remember once on that river to have hung for nearly half an hour, without advancing an inch, though the steam was urged to a very high point of pressure. But this was far above the Delta, about 1200 miles or so from the mouth, and at a spot where from the approach of the rocky banks the velocity of the stream became considerably greater than usual.

We are particularly anxious to call the attention of professional men to these inherent distinctions between the great rivers of America, because we are too apt to class them in the imagination as identical in their phenomena; whereas scarcely any two of them which we have examined are so much alike as not to require a different kind of treatment; and nothing, we conceive, can be more instructive to us than to study the manner in which the Americans have overcome the difficulties of their position. We may instance the method of steering in the Ohio steam-boats. It was found that for the purpose of traffic, in the low water season of the river, it was necessary to work with flat-bottomed boats, drawing so little water that they passed along the shoals with only a couple of inches to spare between them and the mud. There was no harm in this, of course, so long as they did not actually touch; but it was found that the usual rudder, however large it was made, would not act at all, owing to the extent of "dead water" which, under such circumstances, the vessel drew after her. The ingenious Americans soon remedied this serious inconvenience by fixing a rudder on each quarter; and by their uniting their two extremities by a bar, the ends of which moved freely on a pivot on the tops of the rudders, and extending the tiller over the stern till it united itself with the centre of this bar, they were enabled to steer with perfect ease in the shallowest water. The manner of this action will be obvious to a sailor, who considers that when the helm under such circumstances is put "a-port," and the rudder on the larboard quarter falls into the "dead water," the rudder on the starboard quarter being turned outwards, has its surface opposed not merely to the stream of the river, but to the current caused by the paddle-wheel on that side, and the effect is immediate on turning her head to starboard.

So many devices of this kind are to be met with in America, that we know not any country where the science of prompt and effectual resource is to be so well taught. Our seamen, indeed, from having the variable elements to contend with, under all the complications of hydrography and warlike contingencies, are trained from their earliest years to the practice of considering that there is a way over, or round, or through every difficulty; but as our military men have not the same constant calls made on their ingenuity, though they are imbued with the self-same spirit, they have not the same means of exercising their zeal and schooling their capacity, so as to be always ready for the occasion. Accordingly, we should venture to recommend a course of American travelling to our young soldiers, fully assured that the petty inconveniences of the journey would be far overbalanced by the habits they might acquire of considering nothing impossible if attacked with energy. Our naval officers, too, by travelling in America, would learn to despise less that freshwater navigation of which they can now know scarcely anything, but with which, in the event of war in those countries, or in fact in any country, they might be called upon to work on the great scale. And we can assure them, that there is a variety and complexity in the navigation of the American rivers which, though they bear but a small ratio to those of the ocean, are nevertheless very embarrassing to strangers; and an ignorance of them might prove highly detrimental to the Service in the event of ex-

\* Stevenson, page 111.

peditions to the interior—a contingency which, if ever we do go to war with America, must be calculated upon.

In treating of the steam navigation of the United States, as compared with that of England, Mr. Stevenson, in the beginning of his Fourth Chapter, makes some valuable remarks on the distinctions, which the nature of things has established between the two cases. "By far the greater number of the American steam-boats," he very justly remarks, "ply on the smooth surfaces of rivers, sheltered bays, or arms of the sea, exposed neither to waves nor to wind; whereas most of the steam-boats in this country go to sea where they encounter as bad weather and as high waves as ordinary sailing vessels. The consequence is, that in America a much more slender build and a more delicate mould give the requisite strength to their vessels; and thus a much greater speed, which essentially depends on these two qualities, is generally obtained. In America, the position of the machinery and of the cabins, which are raised above the deck of the vessels, admit of powerful engines, with an enormous length of stroke being employed to propel them: but this arrangement," he adds, "would be wholly inapplicable to the vessels navigating our coasts, at least to the extent to which it has been carried in America." What follows is still more important; and we extract the passage the more readily from our not having seen the remark so strongly put before:

"But perhaps the strongest proof that the American vessels are very differently circumstanced from those of Europe, and therefore admit of a construction more favourable for the attainment of great speed, is the fact that they are not generally, as in Europe, navigated by persons possessed of a knowledge of seamanship. In this country steam navigation produces hardy seamen; and British steamers being exposed to the open sea in all weathers, are furnished with masts and sails, and must be worked by persons who, in the event of any accident happening to the machinery, are capable of sailing the vessel, and who must therefore be experienced seamen. The case is very different in America, where, with the exception of the vessels navigating the lakes, and one or two of those which ply on the eastern coast, there is not a steamer in the country which has either masts or sails, or is commanded by a professional seaman."

#### CHARLES II. LYING IN STATE.

The following lines, describing the lying in state of our second Charles, are exceedingly vigorous, and have much of the bold imagery and stern disgust of the Roman satirist.

His easy days Charles Stuart—not the First—  
Best of companions, if of kings the worst,  
Whiled gaily, with a witty, merry crew,  
Friends! nay, not courtiers—loving all and true!  
How true, how loving—tell that proving hour  
When death shall lay his clay-cold hand on Power;  
Yea, even before hath ceased the death-bed knell,  
Let many a kingly couch, deserted, tell.

This is a solemn preparation—mirth and jest are already gone—the cold hand, the "clay cold hand" of death has set his seal to a stern hard truth. You sit uneasy as at a theatre of phantasmagoria. The magician draws the curtain—and behold a picture to strike self-love and vanity agast.

The closing hour hath passed, which, soon or late,  
Must pass o'er all; a monarch lies in state;  
In lonely state; for love hath gone, and sorrow,  
To plan the crowning pageant for to-morrow.  
Now, let thy fancy pierce yon glimmering room.  
That coffin's only guard one sordid groom

Mark how, the prowling night rat scarce forbid,  
The varlet snores beside the ready lid.  
And what his dreams? Are they of kingly fame,  
A weeping people, and a world's acclaim?  
Ah, no! he dreams of some contested grace,  
Trapping or plume, his perquisite of place:  
Mutters his greedy discontent, half loud,  
And gropes, with sleep-tied hand, to clutch the shroud!

That is a fine conclusion—yet is not all concluded yet.

Yet, e'en for him, deserted thus who dies,  
Ere long shall statues gleam; shall columns rise;  
And epitaphs Servility shall bring;  
Who lauds dead Kingship, flatters living King.—*Kenyon.*

Those to whom the roughness of satire gives no relish, may walk forth with Mr. Kenyon into the soft moonlight, and find a kindred spirit. But they must bargain for the scene, for in his moonlight excursions he is ubiquitous, and thinks little of a flight from the West Indies to Mola di Gaeta. The tenderness in the following lines is very exquisite, it is evidently engendered by love, and offered in a Poet's worship to the moon; and the moon repays the gift with her lucid quiet, and thrilling influence; felt and acknowledged in

"The silent eye,  
And silent pressure of each linked arm"  
Even lovers are hard-hearted in the broad noon, and have their little differences of opinion. But the rising moon and the quiet night give more than reconciliation. But to those who have never differed, whose all is love, and they all loving, what is such a scene and time as this?

"Such eve,  
Such blessed eve was ours, when last we stood  
Beside the storied shore of Gaeta,  
Breathing its citroned air. Silence more strict  
Was never. The small wave, or ripple rather,  
Scarce lipping up the sand, crept to the ear,  
Sole sound; nor did we break the calm with movement,  
Or sacrilege of word; but stayed in peace,  
Of Thee expectant. And what need had been  
Of voiced language, when the silent eye,  
And silent pressure of each linked arm,  
Spoke more than utterance? Nay, whose tongue might tell  
What hues were garlanding the western sky  
To welcome thy approaching! Purple hues  
With orange wove, and many a floating flake,  
Crimson or rose, with that last tender green  
Which best relieves thy beauty. Who may paint  
How glowed those hills, with depth of ruddy light  
Translucified, and half ethereal made  
For thy white feet to tread on: and, ere long—  
Ere yet those hues had left or sky or hill.  
One peak, with pearly top confess'd thy coming.  
There didst thou pause awhile as inly musing  
O'er realm so fair! And first, thy rays fell partial  
On many a scattered object, here and there;  
Edging or tipping with fantastic gleam,  
The sword-like aloe, or the tent-roofed pine,  
Or adding a yet paler pensiveness  
To the pale olive-tree, or, yet, more near us,  
Were flickering back from wall reticulate  
Of ruin old. But when that orb of thine  
Had clomb to the mid concave, then broad light  
Was flung around o'er all those girding cliffs,  
And groves, and villages, and fortress towers,  
And the far circle of that lake-like sea,  
Till the whole grew to one expanded sense  
Of peacefulness, one atmosphere of love,  
Where the Soul breathed as native, and mere Body  
Sublimed to Spirit."

# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

APRIL, 1839.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, LL.D.* 10 vols. 12mo. London: 1838.

Nearly forty years have now elapsed since it was first our fortune to break a lance with Dr. Southey; he, as author, throwing down his gage in behalf of the new poetical doctrines to which that revolutionary time gave birth; we, as critics and sworn defenders of established principles, as manfully taking it up. To speak, indeed, of conflict and defiance between the armed critic and the defenceless poet, may appear at first sight an abuse of the metaphor. But it is not much out of place in the present instance; because whatever blows we may have deemed it our duty at various times to deal him—and, doubtless, we have often laid about us with right good-will—our antagonist has never failed, in one or another of his multiform compositions, in note or preface, essay or epigram, to give us as good as we brought, either directly or by implication. He and ourselves were alike young in our respective occupations when this contest began; like his own *Thalaba* and the rival sorcerer,

'Adventurers both,  
Each zealous for the hostile power he served'—

and perhaps the many vicissitudes of the long period which has since past, may have induced us both—on questions of mere literary interest at least—to compromise a little of our respective tenets, and to see the possibility of framing terms of communion wide enough for all. Perhaps we may think, too, that some of our battles have been not much more profitable than that of the knights who quarrelled respecting the colour of the two-sided shield;—that a more true and Catholic spirit of criticism would have reconciled us, by pointing out real unity where our eyes dwelt on seeming differences. At least, it appears to us that our enemies, and Dr. Southey amongst the foremost of them, have tacitly dropped of late years, without formally renouncing

them, many of those extreme opinions which they once professed on all occasions, whether needed or not;—just as the successors of the early reformers, in more peaceful times, are apt to leave in decorous repose those favourite points of doctrine for which their ancestors went to the stake with the highest zeal; and we on the other hand have lived, in our corporate capacity, to see English poetry wander at will in many a path of which we knew not, and expatiate through regions of which it was impossible for us to conjecture the extent and variety. But however these things may be, we cannot but look with some degree of melancholy feeling at this collection of poems, of which the names remind us so forcibly of the fresh and ardent enthusiasm of those days. For the public was then as youthful as ourselves; the many-headed monster was in the very act of casting his slough—*mala gramina pastus*, as we then thought—throwing off the ancient coat of opinions and prejudices, in literature as well as other matters, which had grown dull and tarnished by the wear of many generations. '*Thalaba*,' and '*Madoc*,' and '*Christabelle*' were, and still are to us, names instinct with life, and calling up all the associations of an era of discovery and enterprise. Then came, in rapid succession, the poetical miracles of our age: we lent our charmed senses to the witcheries of Scott, the passion of Byron, the high metaphysics of Wordsworth, the wonderful and unearthly melodies of Shelley; and, when the unexampled richness of that period had wasted itself in excess of luxuriance, we still listened for a space to the prolonged echoes of inferior yet sweet minstrelsy. The popularity of the art was maintained, and poetry continued a matter of common literary interest, through the exertions of many who attained not to the first rank, after these had become silent. Those were times in which critics flourished, and bore apart (after their own fashion) in the general prosperity of the commonwealth of the Muses. But they are past, and no visible tokens seem to announce their return. Even while many of our best poets are

yet alive, poetry herself is dead or entranced. Our age produces no 'Odyssey,' or 'Paradise Regained.' It appears as if the extraordinary physical discoveries of late years, by throwing further and further back the boundaries of the world of practical science, and realizing the most visionary conceptions, had rendered cheap and vulgar the wonders of imagination. What are the subjects of thought on which the minds of most men now love to expend that surplus energy which is not absorbed by the ordinary duties and exigencies of their station?—the favourite stuff of our day-dreams? The dominion attained by man over the elements; the wonderful changes in commerce and communication; and all the relations of life depending on them, which are beginning to open upon society. These are topics which exalt and warm the spirits, and render them peculiarly susceptible to rhetorical exaggeration; but they are scarcely poetical. Our fancies are bent on seeking sources of grandeur and power, not in themselves and in the visionary world which they can create, but in new and adventurous combinations of external agencies; and to be recalled from the latter to the former is, for the time, an interruption—almost an unwelcome one—to the course on which they are so zealously set. The star of the engineer, we suspect, must be on the decline, before that of the poet can culminate again. There is one train of thought only, peculiarly remote from the affairs of the world, and least of all disturbed by the whirl and noise of the vast machinery about us, in which sensitive minds now peculiarly love to seek for refreshment—devotional poetry is almost the only species cultivated with success.

That this state of things is to last but for a time, the analogy of all past experience assures us. Spirits will arise which will so assimilate the mechanical temperament of the age to their own genius, that it shall furnish a new and rich fountain of poetry. In the meantime we are forced to content ourselves with reverting to the past, and studying, as fairly as we are able, the achievements of that school of which we have seen the rise, progress, and decay, within the remembrance of the living generation.

'When I add,' (says Dr. Southey, in the preface to this collection, after acknowledging his obligations to predecessors and cotemporaries,) 'what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my time in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unwearably engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which, upon mature consideration, seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be.' How far this species of cloistered education is of advantage to the poet as such, may admit of doubt. That Dr. Southey should regard it

in such a point of view is very natural. His fame as a scholar of most various learning, as an antiquarian in the best sense of the word—that is, one who by his researches has laid open the very heart and spirit of the past, and communicated them to the people of his own time—and as a prose writer of the very highest eminence, is wholly the produce of this unwearied diligence; and to this his reputation as a poet is at best only secondary. His poetical works, he says in his preface, 'have obtained a reputation equal to his wishes.' Such professions from authors are seldom to be taken literally. Yet assuredly no writer can better afford the loss or diminution of one portion of so extended a reputation, if it be true that he is no longer so popular as heretofore in the capacity of a poet. Undoubtedly he has suffered by comparison with the great masters who have succeeded him; many of them to a certain extent, disciples of his own. But, as an original and vigorous writer in his own peculiar vein, his character is well worthy of investigation. And, in studying him, we are naturally led to consider the properties of that class of poets to which he belongs—those, namely, whose genius has been nursed in that school of literary labour which he describes as his own:—

'My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse night and day.

'With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe:  
And, while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

'My thoughts are with the dead, with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

'My hopes are with the dead, anon  
My place with them will be;  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity:  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
Which will not perish in the dust.'

There is a species of poetry which appears to belong exclusively to a period of advanced civilization, and of which, indeed, it is impossible to conceive the existence without it. It is that of which the character consists in the imitation of nature, not as she appears in actual converse with man, or observation of external things, but as she is reflected in books. There are three worlds, so to speak, in each of which all men, of whose occupations literature forms a very serious part, may be said to live by turns—the world of real life—the world of imagination or fancy—the world of

ideas and reflections derived from reading. Now, the second of these, which is the proper region of the poet, derives its substance and colouring chiefly from the first or the third, according to the character of the man, influenced by that of the age in which he lives. To the non-student, real life, with its manifold fields of observation, appears fresh and distinct; the ideas drawn from books are few and faint. In the studious man—that is, the *bona fide* slave of books, of whose waking hours more than half are spent in the strong application of the mind to literary subjects—the very reverse takes place. The colouring of external things grows to him fainter and fainter; his mind becomes more and more unable accurately to seize and define them; the past or the distant, seen through the medium of books, acquires daily more vividness, and becomes at last almost his only reality; unless his mind be forcibly drawn back to more natural objects by the influence of circumstances. Such a book-worm, if he turns poet, may be rich in description, pathetic or humorous, and accurate in delineation of character; but his compositions will always be remarkable for some of that air of artifice which seems almost inevitable in copies—studied, not from nature, but from pictures.

Let us contrast the different modes in which the thoughts and images acquired from reading are employed by poets to whom it is only an auxiliary, and those who use it as a principal source of their inspiration. It is difficult for us to realize to ourselves the progress of a mind such as that of Shakespeare, especially under such circumstances of life as his scanty biography reveals to us. But thus much is plain—that his faculties of observation must have been keen and active, used with the utmost interest, and affording the truest enjoyment; and that his imagination, creative as it is, must have constantly revelled in the production of images and sketches of things far beyond the ordinary limits of nature, yet derived from archetypes seen by him in nature, and never sinning against her fitness and proportion. In the course of his desultory reading he falls with avidity on those narratives of discovery in which the public took such intense delight in that age of eager, half-informed curiosity; the relation of Sir George Somers's trip to the Bermudas; the abridgement of Magellan's voyage in Master Robert Eden's 'History of Travaile,' which tells us of a certain 'very tractable and pleasant gyant' whom the Portuguese navigator encountered on some desolate coast, and of the 'great devyll Setebos,' on whom the aforesaid giant and his fellows continually called. He finds a story ready to his hand in his pages of Turberville—one of the authors whom, in his indolence, he is accustomed to consult, to save the labour of inventing a plot for the Globe or the Rose. The result is the 'Tempest'—that most graceful of all compounds of human interest and supernatural agency.

But how much of this exquisite production is really owing to the studies of its writer? A frame-work—the names and titles of a few personages—and a few hints for the construction of a magical island, and its fiendish aborigines. The rest is all his own—from Ariel, half-incorporated with the element whence he derives his name, to the veriest sons of earth, Trinculo and his sottish confederate,—all are the creatures of his wonderful imagination, or of a perception of dramatic truth more wonderful still.

How different from this is the process by which a modern poet of the studious order manufactures a poem out of the second-hand materials of his inspiration! We will suppose him endowed with a powerful fancy, and an especial taste for that portion of the marvellous which borders on the grotesque. He plunges into the learning of remote and half-romantic ages—the antiquities of Mexico, for instance, and the narratives of the companions of Cortes—or the stores of Eastern fable collected by Sale, D'Herbelot, and other Orientalists, whose praiseworthy labours had till then served for little other purpose than to furnish us with commentaries on the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' He seizes greedily on the matters most suitable to his taste and purpose; and little labour is required to construct a story by way of thread to string together these choice extracts of his commonplace book. If he alters a description or scene from his originals, or amplifies it, which last is more commonly the case, he does so, not by interweaving it with pictures of real things drawn from his own perception, but by tacking to it other minute fragments of his book-learning. He wants characters; but he has none of that dramatic power which can create them; they, too, must be sought for within the walls of his library. He makes them, to suit the necessity of his fiction, Homeric, or Miltonic, or Chivalric—any thing, in short, but real human beings. All this he may adorn with that exalted moral sentiment which heightens poetry; and which, because it appeals to and excites the nobler part of our nature, is often itself mistaken for poetical feeling; and with all the assistance which rhetoric and prosody can furnish. And in this way he may construct a Madoc or a Thalaba—and dozens more of such poems, if his faculties hold out; for the vein is inexhaustible.

It may, perhaps, be thought that we are here running into much unnecessary refinement on the simple distinction between original and imitative poetry. But this is not our meaning. Originality consists, not so much in the source from whence the materials used by a poet are drawn, as in his mode of using them. Virgil is by no means an original poet; yet he is a natural one. A strong sense of the beauty of external nature breathes through his poems; it is described with all the freshness of actual observation; but, from his own

taste, and that of his time, he has clothed his feelings in the phraseology of Greek writers. Ben Jonson, on the other hand, is very far from being a natural writer; his inspiration is wholly redolent of books. Scarcely a character or a trait seems drawn from the life as observed by himself; yet is he original, because a peculiar vein of thought, essentially his own, runs through his compositions. The first derives his matter (a portion of it at least) from nature, but colours it with tints procured from others. The latter draws his matter from books, but the colouring is proper to himself.

This last character appears to us applicable to Southey likewise. Although a very artificial writer, he is nevertheless an original one. His mannerism both of thought (if we may be allowed the use of such an expression) and of diction is very marked, but it belongs to no school. He is never an imitator, seldom even a plagiarist. In the preface to the edition before us, he has set down, very fairly as it appears, the amount of obligation of which he is conscious to brother poets, both of old and modern date. The reader will probably think that he has even overrated it. Notwithstanding the immense extent of his reading, it is singular how little the tone of sentiment, or even the language, of his favourite authors seems to have amalgamated with his own. There is something in his nature which does not easily admit of a mixture with the currents which it is constantly receiving. Probably no writer of our time, for example, has anything like the same extent of acquaintance with early English poetry. Yet, except in one exquisite little piece (the Lines on the 'Holly Tree,' too well-known for insertion here), we cannot at this moment remember any attempt on his part to imitate the species of composition with which he is most familiar. Books are absolutely necessary to set him a-thinking; but he rarely borrows the thoughts or the style which he finds in them.

We trust that, in contrasting the creation of such a master-piece as the 'Tempest' with the manufacture of a Southeyan Epic, we shall not be understood to indulge in an invidious trick of criticism;—comparing our subject with the incomparable, and then pronouncing it deficient as measured by that gigantic standard. Our object was merely to convey as clearly as possible our ideas respecting that class of poets to which our author especially belongs; although it is our honest opinion, that in that class he ranks deservedly high. And the reader is, perhaps, scarcely prepared to discover how very large a portion of the hoarded treasure which his memory preserves is drawn from the stores of this inferior or bastard species of poetry, as he may be tempted at first to consider it. To take an example which may be thought rather a sweeping one; the poetry of the Germans, noble as it is, bears almost universally the tokens of the education of books rather than of nature. Not only is it the product of a

highly literary age, and a studious people; it is the child of that literature and that study. Nature seems in general to have endowed that people, highly gifted in so many respects, but sparingly with the faculty of keen observation; nor have they exhibited, as far as their achievements have yet proceeded, the highest order of creative imagination. On the other hand, they possess a more than ordinary share of the poetical feeling or temperament, and a true-hearted devotion to the study of the ideal in art and literature. Although their most celebrated author has told them that mere study is no legitimate spring of inspiration—

'Das Pergament ist nicht der heilige Bronnen  
Woraus ein Trunk den Durst auf ewig stillt,'

yet the common herd of their writers seem to seek no other fountain; and even their greatest draw from no other with such evident pleasure, or in such abundant draughts. Graceful, quaint, and humorous, as Wieland often is, yet his very grace and nature have a second-hand air; it is plain that without Cervantes and Voltaire he would not have existed. Goëthe has more of the creative faculty, perhaps, than any of his brethren; yet he also often sees the world, both real and ideal, through an artificial medium. Schiller is strictly a poet of the study, and perhaps the greatest of his kind that ever appeared. In his historical drama, for example, the costume is for the most part picturesquely accurate, the thoughts are noble, the characters ably and strongly touched; yet they all have, to us at least, the effect of well-drawn pictures, not of realities. They look life-like and distinct, but they neither breathe nor move. Most striking is the contrast between Schiller and Scott, who owed him so much, and who sought like him so successfully for materials in the records of the past; but to whom, in his better vein at least, his reading furnished the accessories only, while the German drew from it the body of his subject. Wallenstein is the ideal hero of a student, equipped with the truncheon and embroidered mail of a general of the Thirty Years' War. Claverhouse is a living man—slightly sketched indeed, but as true to actual observation as if he were personally known to all of us. This essential difference is singularly traceable, when we follow Scott through the numberless small plagiarisms which he has made from German writers, and from Schiller in particular. The part of Dugald Dalgetty, in the 'Legend of Montrose,' is an absolute cento of borrowed passages, many of them from the latter poet. Yet the 'Rittmeister' is our own familiar acquaintance, the companion whose humour, shrewdness, and vanity, have seasoned the adventures through which we have passed together, until we can scarcely make up our minds to part with him. The German originals from which he is derived are mere figures in highly-wrought artificial compositions. One instance may serve to exhibit the feat of genius by

which this transmutation of lead into gold is effected. In the play of Schiller, when Devereux and Macdonald have agreed with Butler to assassinate Wallenstein, a doubt is started respecting the charmed life which that leader is supposed to bear. We quote from Coleridge's translation.

'M. What avails sword or dagger against him?—  
Safe against shot, and stab, and flash: hard frozen,  
Secured, and warranted by the black art.  
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.'  
'D. In Ingolstadt there was just such another:  
His whole skin was as hard as steel: at last  
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.'

Here we have a characteristic trait of the times, but evidently introduced for no better purpose than to serve as a piece of costume; for the speakers are mere ordinary stage murderers, whose disjointed talk only retards the action of the piece at an interesting point. How does Scott employ it?

'Saxon,' said the dying Highlander, 'hadst thou ever an enemy against whom weapons were of no avail—whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered, and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment? Heardst thou ever of such a foe?'

'Very frequently, when I served in Germany,' replied Sir Dugald, '*There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt*; he was proof both against lead and steel. *The soldiers killed him with the butts of their muskets.*'

Besides the inimitable bathos of this passage, how finely is the naked, vulgar superstition of the mercenary contrasted with the wild enthusiasm of the clansman: the first a character painted with Dutch minuteness, the latter sketched with a few dashing traits, and each after its kind equally exquisite.

While we are thus diverging from our subject to notice the plagiarisms of Scott, we may be allowed to point out one from Southey himself, which has not, as far as we are aware, been remarked before; because it illustrates, still more strongly, if possible, the peculiar power possessed by the Scottish writer of placing what he borrowed in a better light than the original inventor had found for it. Prince Madoc finds the child Hoel 'sporting by the brook.'

'But when he heard  
The horse's tramp, he raised his head and watched  
The prince, who now dismounted and drew nigh;  
The little boy still fixed his eyes on him,  
His bright blue eyes: the wind just moved the curls  
That clustered round his brow: and so he stood,  
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze  
In innocent wonder.'—*Madoc*, Part i. xiv.

'The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph. . . The child set down her waterpitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering "What's your wull?"'  
—*Old Mortality*.

This is a beautiful picture of common peasant-life (it has been selected for the purpose of illustration by

many artists), borrowed by the greatest modern master in that style of description from one who rarely describes common life at all. In the original, it is a detached passage, quite distinct from the ordinary character of the work in which it occurs. The plagiarist adopts and dovetails it with the happiest success into his general workmanship.

To institute a comparison between Schiller and Southey may appear rather an unprofitable exercise of criticism. Yet there are strong points of resemblance between them. Both began their literary career in obscurity (as far as regards advantages of position and fortune), and both, perhaps in part owing to that circumstance, as discontented and zealous reformers of society. Both, when disappointed in their first hopes, and becoming connected by various substantial ties with that world against which they had declaimed, shrank back into the cultivation of ideal beauty and antiquarian research; and became at last infected with a morbid horror of those tendencies of their age which they had once encouraged. In both, the fervour of their early philosophy and the strength of their after prejudice were owing to the same cause;—the pursuit, namely, of their own cloistered thoughts, uncorrected by the discipline of active life. Both display, in their minstrelsy, the same unvarying lofty tone of moral sentiment—*virginibus puerisque* is peculiarly the motto as well of the Englishman as the German. Schiller is a poet whose vivacity of fancy, nourished by thought and study alone, has enabled him to reproduce with wonderful accuracy the characteristics of objects known to him only through books: for example, in 'William Tell,' where the freshness and spirit of Alpine nature are painted with admirable exactness by one who had never seen any thing more magnificent in scenery than the woody ridges of his native Wirtemberg. It is of him especially that Madame de Staël speaks, when she alludes to the 'admirable talent' of the Germans 'for transporting themselves into ages, countries, and characters, wholly different from their own:—admirable indeed, but factitious. Mr. T. Browne, in his 'Thoughts on the *Times*,' (a little work in which the literary criticism always exhibits a cultivated taste, though with some inclination to paradox,) describes the peculiar power of Southey almost in the same words. He 'deserves to be numbered among those poets who have identified their style and feelings so completely with those of the age and country where their scene is laid, that their works might actually have been written by a native author, cotemporary with the events described.' Schiller had considerable, but imperfect dramatic powers; he was equal to the conception both of character and plot, but scarcely possessed the faculty of completing them in an harmonious and artist-like manner; whence, in most of his plays, he is driven to produce effects by contrasts



and surprises, rather than the natural development of the action. Southey has never (except in one very juvenile performance) attempted the theatrical form; but it is not difficult to perceive, from the dramatic portions of his narrative poems, that his deficiencies are of a similar kind. But here our parallel must end. In that refined and tender enthusiasm, which is the soul of Schiller's poetry, and by far the highest of his contributions to the national literature, it is little disparagement to Southey to say that he is wanting; since the whole modern poetry of England affords scarcely any thing resembling it.

Nevertheless, it often appears to the reader of Southey as if he rather wanted the leisure than the faculty for the development of the finer shades of the poetical character. His inconceivable rapidity of composition hurries him onward, without giving him time to refine the current of his thoughts. His only mode of evincing his satisfaction with a favourite idea, or a striking description, is to amplify. Every corner of the picture must be filled up, and every part of it brought out into the same staring prominence. It is observable that this unpleasant peculiarity is not confined to isolated passages or portions of his works. Each of his long narrative poems is nothing more than a prolix *capriccio* on one single note in the poetical gamut. With the most eccentric combinations of groupes, scenes, and personages, there is no variety of style or of ideas. *Thalaba* and *Kehama* are tales of prodigy and mythology; and they consist, accordingly, of nothing but prodigies. No repose—no descent from the clouds to the earth (except in a very few detached episodes) is allowed to the reader. He is inclined to feel like the Arabian hero himself, tired of the unearthly society in which he moves—

'Every where magic! how his soul  
Longed after human intercourse!

and to thank Dr. Southey's propitious stars, which have prevented him from executing the formidable intention declared in one of his prefaces, of 'exhibiting the most remarkable forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the ground-work of a narrative poem!' Conceive a Negro *Thalaba*, waging implacable warfare with *Mumbo Jumbo*—or twenty books of blank verse on the prayer-mill establishment of the *Calmucks*! *Madoc* and *Roderick*, on the other hand, are free from the supernatural, and chiefly conducted in the method of dialogue or narrative;—a dangerous experiment for one whose talent is essentially undramatic. And here the characters prose and preach so unremittingly, that the reader is reduced to wish for the company of an *Afrite* or a *Glendoveer* by way of relief.

This monotony is no doubt a necessary result of the astonishing fertility of one who is said to have burnt more verses, between his twentieth and thirtieth year,

than any other living bard has written in all his days. Were the productions of our author confined to poetry alone, he would fill a respectable place on the shelves even in this prolific age, as the ten closely printed volumes before us evince. But when to this is added the mass of prose which he has contributed to our literature, and the prodigious though desultory studies which he has gone through, in the process of 'reading up' the several subjects on which he has exercised his pen, his exertions border on the incredible. Those of *Voltaire*, and even of *Scott*, both of whom, comparatively speaking, drew from their own imagination and fancy the materials of their voluminous writings, sink to nothing in the comparison. His life has been one incessant course of literary production. The fertile field of his genius has never been left to itself for a single season, to recover strength by such abandonment. On the contrary, it has been wrought from his earliest years under a perpetual system of rotation;—exhausting crops of history, ethics, and polemics, alternating with the lighter produce of poetry, criticism, and biography. *Arthur Young* himself could not have more cordially abhorred a fallow.

We have little space at present to remark on the external circumstances which have fostered this unnatural prodigality of strength, or on the tendency of the present system of literature to drive all popular writers into a similarly ruinous course of exertion. *Scott*, in the full flush of his triumphs, was venturesome enough to defend the over-production of modern authorship, or to assert at least that the good attending it counterbalanced its evil. Later events afforded a sad commentary on his words, when he continued, with the same fatal rapidity as in his best days, to pour forth volume after volume of constantly decreasing interest and value—realising the theory of the political economists, of a perpetually diminishing return to the same expenditure of capital. Popularity, in former times, was a wholesome stimulus to genius. It afforded a moderate gain, and a reputation the more likely to be durable, because its owner was not tempted by the prospect of enormous success to risk it immediately on a fresh adventure. Now, it is the maddening excitement of luck at the gaming-table. The prospect of fame affords a more permanent, and to noble minds a more powerful spring of action; but it has not the same absorbing and engrossing nature as the prospect of profit. As every successive novel or poem issues from the press, the popular author becomes more and more wrapt up in calculations of the return. The collected wealth which lies fit for use in his memory and imagination, is regarded at length only as so much raw material, ready at hand, to be worked up into so many sheets, and fetch so many guineas. The sale and price of the result are ascertained even before the mechanical labour of committing it to writing has been

commenced; and before it is finished, there is the prospect of a new bargain at hand. Who can expect the author to curtail, refine, or compress, when every line that is thus retrenched is so much deducted from his capital—so much of his remuneration abandoned? Thus the nobler impulses of literary ambition are effectually quenched. Avarice, or the hurry to be rich, in a few—the wants of a profuse habit of life, the common folly of genius, in more—blight the fairest promises on which our commonwealth of readers had begun to congratulate itself. These remarks, indeed, are but partially applicable to the case of Dr. Southey. His high reputation has never been attended by popularity of the intoxicating kind here alluded to. He has never been tempted to press on, like a reckless gamester, to improve an ephemeral run of success. But, unfortunately, his very subsistence has depended on almost incessant exertion in one way; while his craving after learning has devoured every moment not thus occupied. He has found amidst his self-imposed toils no moment of leisure for that process of correction and refinement, which his exuberant faculty stands more peculiarly in need. Once and once only—in his 'Life of Nelson'—the happy idea seized him of raising himself to the height of the chivalrous argument he had chosen, by the only true method, that of severe simplicity. And in that Life he will live, when his quarto histories have been superseded by still heavier quartos of more accurate compilers, and his moral and political essays are as much forgotten by posterity as they are neglected (we are sorry to hear) by the thoughtless and radical generation for whose behoof they were written.

Of the greater poems of our author, *Thalaba* continues by far the favourite with us. Nowhere has he lavished so abundantly his singular powers of gorgeous description; and although, as usual, his best passages are often weakened by tedious amplification, yet the nature of the subject, and the Arabian sources from which it is drawn, seem to render the vice less palpable than in other instances. There is a sustained spirit and rapidity of action throughout, very different from the heavy march of his other epics; and the wild measure in which it is composed—though we should be sorry to meet with it in the hands of an imitator—lends itself to the dream-like changes of the scenery and subject with unusual effect. To our mind, portions of the first seven cantos—particularly the description of the ruins of Babylon, in the fifth—and almost the whole of the last three—are not only the very highest efforts of their author of his serious vein, but hold no mean rank in the English poetry of the present century. The character of *Thalaba* is the connecting bond of the whole; and, wanting as Dr. Southey is in the faculty of giving dramatic truth to his personages, it is singular how much of interest attaches to the ad-

ventures of this superhuman hero, whose only characteristics are unvarying piety, unfaltering courage, and absolute unity of purpose—light without shade of any description. Next to *Thalaba* stands, in our estimation, *Roderick*, although a poem of a widely different character: it has much of pathos, much of a stern moral sublimity,—the rough materials of a noble poem; but, alas! it is much easier to admire than to read it. *Madoc* wants interest both in the conception and the details, although some of the poetry would have graced a better chosen subject. The *Curse of Kehama* is perhaps the most unequal of the whole. It contains some of the most brilliant and some of the sweetest passages in all his compositions. The lines on love ('They sin, who tell us love can die'), more frequently called to mind, perhaps, than any thing else their author has written, are alone sufficient to immortalise it; although an imitation (rare with him) of the manner of Scott. Yet, after all, the work is an unsuccessful attempt to turn to poetical use the dullest and coldest of idolatries. It is, besides, too often a spiritless copy of *Thalaba*; and it argues both such careless haste in the execution, and barrenness of dramatic conception, that even minute points in the story are repetitions of passages in the older poem. For example, the interview of *Kehama* and *Ladurlad*, in the eighteenth canto, is the counterpart of that between *Mohareb* and *Thalaba* in prison. The scene of merriment which vexes *Ladurlad* when revisiting his own desolate home, exactly answers to the marriage procession which *Thalaba* encounters under similar affliction. The Hindoo peasant and his daughter form throughout far too close a parallel to *Moath* and *Oneiza*. All the laboured shiftings of the story, the distresses, escapes, and adventures of its most uninteresting *dramatis personæ*, remind us of nothing so much as the events of a Christmas pantomime—the *Rajah* and his dead son *Arvalan*, in the garb of *Pantaloon* and *Clown*, chasing the Hindoo *Columbine* and her betrothed *Harlequin* the *Glendoveer* through all manner of stage transformations, and balked at every turn, with a competent allowance of the thwacks and kicks which theatrical justice annually awards to those celebrated rovers. Those who think differently, may doubtless find good grounds for their opinion in Dr. Southey's new preface to this poem; in which, with the true instinct of an author, who always stands on his defence on the weakest point of his poetical position, he gives abundant reasons why it ought to have been excellent. 'No poem,' says he, 'could have been more deliberately planned, or more carefully composed.'

It was in an unfortunate hour for Dr. Southey's genius that the opportunity was afforded him of inditing the next series of his poems—his *Laureate Odes*, and their kindred compositions. Possessed as he has been from

his earliest youth with a strong desire to dictate orthodoxy to mankind—whether after the creed of Wat Tyler, or that of Sir Thomas More—nothing could have given a more unlucky impulse to the spirit of preaching than the possession of the sort of poetical pulpit thus afforded him. Enfranchised from the servile tenure of former laureates, and permitted to commute their annual rent of odes for such occasional payments as it might suit his fancy to disburse, he voluntarily subjected himself to much severer service than any of his predecessors had undergone. They were usually content, in time of peace, with repeating soft panegyrics on the personal and moral graces of their illustrious patrons and all their kindred: in time of war, with such vague invocations of the Deity of battles, and such gentle solicitations of the Goddess of peace, as they might hazard without committing themselves either in a political or military point of view. He, conceiving that his office formed part of the general police establishment of the empire, treated us to paraphrases of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, the proclamation against vice and immorality, and the greater part of the gazettes of the last war; with a running commentary of anathema against all such as contravened the former and undervalued the latter. By this bold but mistaken usurpation of a new province, where they only succeeded in provoking smiles, he laid himself open to much severer treatment at the hands both of friends and enemies. We have no wish to repeat—it is impossible to retract—our old remarks on the bad taste, the egotism, the dullness of these now almost forgotten productions. There is one, however, which deserves to be rescued from the fate of its companions—the ‘Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte,’ which now first appears in their number. It was first published, we believe, some years ago in one of the ‘Annals.’ This was indeed a subject on which the dullest laureate who ever swallowed sack, could scarcely have failed to be impressive. Yet even here the poet has shown that want of taste and finish which disfigures so many of his happiest efforts. There is no moral connexion between the thoughts which the chronicled sepulchres of St. George’s Chapel call up in his mind: nothing to point and apply them to the mournful solemnity of the day. There are spirited lines on Edward IV. and his battles of the Roses—

‘Cressy was to this but sport,  
Poitiers but a pageant vain,  
And the victory of Spain  
Seemed a strife for pastime meant,  
And the work of Agincourt  
Only like a tournament—  
Half the blood which there was spent  
Had sufficed to win again  
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,  
Normandy and Aquitaine’—

But what have they—or the misfortunes of the ‘murdered monarch’—or the deeds of ‘hateful Henry,’ to

do with the fate of that young ‘Flower of Brunswick,’ by whose hearse the poet is standing. Nothing whatever, except that she is charged to carry to the two first the news of the battle of Waterloo; while the last, being expressly exempted from the benefit of any communication with her, seems brought in by way of gratuitous insult. Had a Whig poet, just at that time, taken the liberty of mentioning Henry VIII. in such terms and such company, he would certainly have exposed himself to the infliction of a page or two of rebuke in the Laureate’s next preface—if not an ex-officio information into the bargain.

But the true character of Southey (as is the case with most authors whose power rather resides in the intellect than the imagination) is not to be sought in his greater poems, nor in the set tasks of his laureate workmanship. These are elaborate studies—exercises of literary skill. The spirit of the poet is to be found in his minor pieces, the more vigorous and less trained offspring of his genius. First and foremost among these are his ballads. In them he is really an original and a creative writer. We speak not so much of his performances in the line of chivalrous romance, although these are assuredly not without their excellence. Queen Orraca and Don Ramiro were Scott’s two favourites among the ballads of his friend belonging to this class—his is no trifling authority on such a subject—and the peculiarly solemn tone of the first, and the freshness and energy of the second, explain and justify his preference. Few more picturesque passages are to be found in the whole range of modern ballad poetry, than the opening stanzas of the latter; few more spirited than the address of Aldonza to the Moorish King, versified as it is, almost word for word, from the old Portuguese chronicler—

‘O Alboazar! then quoth she,  
Weak of heart as weak can be—  
Full of revenge and wiles is he.  
Look at these eyes beneath that brow—  
I know Ramiro better than thou!  
Kill him, for thou hast him now:  
He must die, be sure, or thou.  
Hast thou not heard the history  
How, to the throne that he might rise,  
He plucked out his brother Ordon’s eyes?  
And dost not remember his prowess in fight,  
How often he met thee and put thee to flight,  
And plundered thy country for many a day:  
And how many Moors he has slain in the strife,  
And how many more carried captive away?  
How he came to show friendship—and thou didst believe  
him?  
How he ravish’d thy sister—and wouldst thou forgive  
him?  
And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife,  
And that now by thy side I lie like a bride,  
The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?’

But they both want the true ballad interest. The stories, like many of their author’s, are scarcely intelligible of themselves; and when painfully unravelled by the help of the notes, they only excite the reader’s

wonder at their oddity, and the quaintness of the taste which could have selected them. On the whole, though Southey did much towards introducing the noble Spanish ballad to English taste, Mr. Lookhart, his imitator, has surpassed him in point of execution. But the ballads to which we would refer, as the productions of all others most characteristic of his genius, are those of a comic or semi-serious character, where he plays with the marvellous;—those of which saints, monks, and devils, are the uniform heroes. There is an odd raciness about these productions which it is impossible to describe, and difficult to compare to any thing else in existence. It seems as if the author had toiled all his life in the mines of strange and obsolete knowledge, to extract—not the useful, for which he has a thorough aversion—nor the poetical, for which he has perhaps no especial sensibility—but the grotesque and fantastic. His view of supernatural humour is as completely his own as that of Callot or Hoffmann. 'Take my word for it, sir,' said Mr. Edgeworth, on perusing them, 'the bent of your genius is for comedy.' His extravagances are not only inimitable, but they are scarcely intelligible to the mass of readers; they require a special education; nor can anyone justly relish a genuine joke of the Laureate, who has not a competent acquaintance with the 'Breviary' and the 'Golden Legend.' And so evident is the enjoyment with which the author himself dwells upon them, that we have often suspected, when perusing these *pie hikiaria*, and still more the multitudinous essays, notes, and reviews which he has enriched with the same recondite learning, that the superstitions which he ridicules have a strong and inexplicable hold on his understanding. We do not mean that he believes in the virtues of relics, or the horns and hoofs of the fiend. But such strange food penetrates into a system predisposed for its reception. Dealers in burlesque ghost stories are generally those who have a lurking credulity about apparitions. Even so we doubt whether, under a different dispensation, his favourite monstrosities would not have wrought on his faith as much as they now tickle his fancy. In another age, he would have lent himself with a fearful joy to all the wild suspicions which were engendered in the public mind against obnoxious sects or individuals. He would have firmly believed in the Baphomet-worship and child-sacrifices of the Templars. His name would have appeared as attesting witness to well authenticated tales of witchcraft, demoniacal possession, and vampirism. He would have entertained no doubt that the Jews at their merry-makings crucify children and pierce the Host with their swords; and that they have a peculiar odour in their misbelieving state, which immediately leaves a converted Hebrew at the moment of baptism. Orthodox in the extreme, we doubt whether he would even have shrunk from the practical corollary of these

propositions as to the Templars, witches, and Jews aforesaid. There is a certain organ of destructiveness at work in his composition, notwithstanding all the counteracting influences of a most amiable character;—witness the peculiar gusto with which the Saracens are slaughtered all through the twenty books of Don Roderic—and the magicians in Thalaba—and the 'short way with Bonaparte,' so calmly recommended to the Allies by the Pilgrim to Waterloo. Nay, some have detected hints of even darker propensities in various parts of his works. More timid critics than ourselves have remarked, not without horror, the evident taste with which he lingers over the anthropophagous performances of the Indians of Brazil.

We must, while we are considering this class of our author's poems, decidedly object to the license which he has assumed, in this new edition, to make such alterations in them as may suit his present critical taste. He has given his reasons for doing so, with some solemnity, in his new preface to 'Joan of Arc,' but we cannot admit their validity. We cannot trust our favourites, even in the hands of their own parent, after he has once made a present of them to the public. We do not make this complaint without substantial reason. Writers such as he, who never know when they have enough of a good thing, and whose only mode of retouching a favourite piece or passage is by adding to it afterthought on afterthought, until the point and vigour of the original are utterly lost, should be prohibited for their own sakes from such a misuse of their authority over their offspring. Such has been the fate of that clever *jeu d'esprit*, the 'Devil's Walk,' which had acquired so much popularity for various joint-authors, real and supposed. It is entirely spoilt by the emendations which its owner has now chosen to bestow on it. We do not allude to the changes which change of sentiment on his part has induced him silently to slip into it—although it is amusing to find religion now 'leering' on poor Irving instead of Wilberforce; and that all mention of that famous 'minister' (letters four do form his name), whom Satan erst saw

'Go up into a certain house,  
'With a majority behind,'

is quietly and decently suppressed. But the fraud lies in the introduction of some thirty or forty fresh stanzas, with which, in his delight at the popularity of his grotesque muse, he has thought proper to dilute her first spirited effusion. All the spirit and raciness is now irrecoverably gone. Posterity, of course, will swear by the last and genuine edition; and will marvel how the authorship of such a rapid and prolix affair can have been contested between some half a dozen of the choicest wits and most learned professors of the Georgian era. Similar liberties have been taken; we perceive, with another amusing trifle, the 'March to

Moscow; only that in this case, the additions are of somewhat better quality: indeed, were it not too complimentary to ourselves, we should have certainly extracted it to grace our pages on the present occasion:

But since Dr. Southey has indulged himself, and that pretty liberally, in the license of emendation, there is one species of correction of which we should have been far better pleased to have seen examples. It is not without great reluctance that we touch on the subject at all; and yet, in a general review of the poetical works of one who has exercised, and continues to exercise, so wide an influence in our literary world, it would be want of courage to shrink from averring an opinion respecting it. We allude to the extensive latitude which he has always allowed himself in introducing, not only the phraseology used in olden times, to express their gross and superstitious views of religion,—with which it seems an admitted license for modern wit to sport,—but the most awful language of the great mysteries of faith, both in quaint and serious compositions, for the mere purpose of pointing a story, or adding vigour to a declamation. We dare not use towards one for whom we have an unfeigned respect, the words of the Puritan officer to the cavalier poet, Cleveland. 'Had not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something for laughter! how easily had the expense of your wit been summed up in a nutshell!' A truer charge, perhaps, was that conveyed in Charles Lamb's expostulation,—'You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks think to be so.' Still this friendly rebuke does not exactly convey our meaning. We are not so strait-laced as to deem it sacrilege to touch lightly on the extravagant devices of human self-will and vanity, because their makers may have added to the folly of creating them, the blasphemy of worshipping them. Wholesome mirth may be extracted from the freaks of superstition as well as of other weaknesses originating in pride; although even here, if the pain which an idle word may inflict is to be very accurately measured, it must be remembered that many a blow, launched in good humour at some abuse of devotion, may jar on the feelings of the pious Roman Catholic. But it is altogether a different sentiment with which we see the Treasure-House of the holiest words and thoughts ransacked, for no better purpose, it must in honesty be admitted, than to produce an effect,—to strike or thrill the reader. We need scarcely refer those who require proof of such an accusation, to such poems as 'All for love, or a sinner well saved;' in which the most ludicrous fancies of superstition are strangely mingled with ideas almost too sacred for utterance. Similar passages, at least, will be found

even in the best known works of the author,—as, for instance, in *Don Roderic*; where the solemn language of religious hopes, and fears, and contrition, is introduced so profusely as to amount to an error in poetical taste, even if our objections of another kind should be deemed overstrained. But even here it is not for us to censure or rebuke one who, in more essential matters, has shown himself so true a friend to the best interests of mankind. It is said, in the daring language of Shakespeare, of the ordinary luxuries of the world, that 'where virtue is, these are most virtuous,'—not permitted or indifferent only, but, as it were sanctified by the purity of an unsullied life. Even so, to our apprehension, where religion is truly enshrined in the affections of the utterer, expressions which from a careless heart would appear irreverent, from a profane one offensive, come divested of all such shame and scandal. But we plead for numerous classes of readers, who will not be persuaded by such reasoning, or share in such feelings as these. Dr. Southey has repeated more than once, the boast of a former poet, that he has not written 'one line, when dying, he could wish to blot. He might with justice have assumed a loftier tone of self-congratulation, as one of the few whose efforts in his vocation have been uniformly directed towards the attainment of those objects which all alike deem high and holy; however blindly we may sometimes wander in different directions in pursuit of them. How then can he regard with satisfaction and leave without an attempt at correction, those peculiarities of expression, which must, and do repel from his pages so many of those whose suffrages must appear to him more especially valuable?

But we have said, we fear, too much on this part of our subject; and should any of our remarks be construed to convey any other sentiment respecting these real or imaginary defects, than a sincere regret that they should inevitably produce a distaste,—unreasonable, if the author pleases,—among those most fit and ready to form his audience, we willingly retract them. To such as may find fault with him, on another score, for continuing, in old age, to sport with the same grotesque conceptions which pleased his fancy in youth, we cannot reply so well as by those beautiful stanzas—new, at least to ourselves—which are subjoined to the ballad of the 'Young Dragon of Antioch, and contain his own answer to a similar expostulation. They appear like the paraphrase, in age, of lines from a poem already mentioned, written in early youth:—

1798.

'So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng.  
So would I seem amidst the young and gay  
More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree.

1829.

'That sense which held me back in youth  
 From all intemperate gladness,  
 That same good instinct bids me shun  
 Unprofitable sadness.  
 'Nor marvel you, if I prefer  
 Of playful themes to sing:  
 The October glade hath brighter tints  
 Than summer or than spring.  
 'For o'er the leaves before they fall  
 Such hues hath nature thrown,  
 That the woods wear in sunless days  
 A sunshine of their own.  
 'Why should I seek to call forth tears?  
 The source from whence we weep  
 Too near the surface lies in youth,  
 In age it lies too deep.  
 'Enough of foresight sad, too much  
 Of retrospect have I:  
 And well for me that I sometimes  
 Can put those feelings by.  
 'From public ills; and thoughts that else  
 Might weigh me down to earth,  
 That I can gain some intervals  
 For healthful, hopeful mirth.  
 'That I can sport in tales that suit  
 Young auditors like these,  
 Yet, if I err not, may content  
 The few I seek to please.  
 'I know in what responsive mind  
 My lightest lay will wake  
 A sense of pleasure, for its own,  
 And for its author's sake:  
 'I know the eyes in which the light  
 Of memory will appear,  
 I know the lips which, while they read,  
 Will wear a smile sincere:  
 'The heart to which my sportive song  
 The thought of days will bring,  
 When they and I, whose winter now  
 Comes on, were in our spring.  
 'And I their well-known voices too,  
 Though far away, can hear  
 Distinctly, even as when in dreams  
 They reach the inward ear.  
 "'There speaks the man we knew of yore,"  
 Well pleased I hear them say,  
 "Such was he in his brighter moods,  
 Before our heads were grey.  
 "'Buoyant he was in spirit, quick  
 Of fancy, blithe of heart,  
 And care, and time, and change have left  
 Untouched his better part."  
 'Thus say my morning friends, who now  
 Are in the vale of years,  
 And I, save such as thus may rise,  
 Would draw no other tears.'

From the Quarterly Review.

## RAIL-ROADS.

*Reports of the Commissioners appointed to consider and recommend a General System of Railways for Ireland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1838.*

There is, we humbly think, something impressively appalling in the reflection that every thing in creation

has been immutably fixed, by a strict entail, save and except the march, progressive or retrograde, of human reason.

The velocity of lightning, the sound of thunder, the power of the wind, which still goeth where it listeth, do not increase. The heat of the sun, the blueness of the sky, the freshness of mountain air, the solemn grandeur of the trackless ocean, remain unaltered. The nest of the bird improves no more than its plumage—the habitation of the beaver no more than its fur—the industry of the bee no more than its honey; and, lovely as is the melody of the English lark, yet the unchanged accents of its morning hymn daily proclaim to us from the firmament of heaven, that in the conjugation of the works of Nature there are no distinctions of tenses, for that what is, what was, and what will be, are the same.

But it is not so with human reason. Man alone has the power to amass and bequeath to his posterity whatever knowledge he acquires; and thus our condition on earth may be improved *ad infinitum* by the labour, intelligence, and discoveries of those who have preceded us.

Human reason being, therefore, a fluctuating series, while brute instinct is a fixed quantity, there is something encouraging in reflecting that the high degree of instinct with which animals are gifted, coupled with our promised dominion over every beast of the field, foretells the superior eminence which human intelligence is capable of attaining. For instance, the powerful eye-sight of the eagle might have almost led a philosopher to prophesy the invention of the telescope, by which we have surpassed it—the astonishing instinct of those birds of America, which from the luxury of a southern latitude annually return to a wilderness nearly a thousand miles distant, to build their nests on the very trees upon whose branches they were reared, might have led him to foretell the discovery of the compass, which enables men not only in one direction, but in all directions, to probe their way to the remotest regions of the earth.

The strength and ferocity of the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, might have foretold the invention of fire-arms, which have empowered us, with fearless confidence, to seek rather than avoid every beast of the field.

The immense size of the whale, so fortified by the boisterous element in which it lives, might have led a man to prognosticate the simple apparatus by which it is now captured.

The speed of the horse—the strength of the ox—the acute sense of smell in the dog—the patient endurance of 'the ship of the desert,' the camel—the stupendous power of the elephant—and the swiftness of the carrier-pigeon's wing, have already, by the exertion of the human mind, one after another, been made subservient

to the interests of man, for whose dominion they were created; and, though we cannot deny that, in certain instances, human reason has not yet surpassed brute instinct; yet we should remember that in science, as well as in religion, it has beneficently been declared to us, 'Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

If this train of reasoning had been applied to the sudden discovery of America, as well as to our almost simultaneous acquaintance with other immense uninhabited regions, whose mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, on a scale of stupendous magnificence, totally unsuited to the means we then possessed, had apparently been created altogether too large for us to grapple with—if the same train of reasoning had been applied to the fearful increase of population, simultaneously observable among every nation on the globe—it would surely only have been placing due confidence in the wisdom of that Providence which 'knoweth our necessities before we ask;' had we from these data prophesied the advent among us of some new gigantic power, strong enough to enable us not only to traverse these new countries, but to mingle with their inhabitants with a facility proportionate to the increased wants of the human family.

This new gigantic power has very lately arrived; and, although the distances as well as difficulties we have to contend with have, during the last three centuries greatly increased, yet most true it is that we are at this moment more competent than ever we were before the discovery of America to contend with the dangers which assail us by land and sea. In truth, we have attained more power than at the present moment we have courage to wield; and, instead of being alarmed at the distances which separate us from remote nations, we actually tremble at the means we possess of approaching them, through the sudden subjugation of elements which have hitherto proverbially been invincible. Time and tide once waited for no man—now no one waits for them. Of the long-bewailed tyranny of the winds it may truly be said, 'Le congrès est dissous.' Science has, at last, ended the quarrel which since the beginning had existed between fire and water, and by the union, or *belle alliance*, of these two furious elements, she has created that gigantic power of steam which the subject at present before our mind leads us for a few moments to consider.

I. If the wild tribes of Lake Huron were even at this moment to be told that the white man's receipt for conquering the waves of the great lake before them, was to take up a very small portion of it and boil it—if sixty years ago Dr. Johnson had been told (as, exhausted by a hard day's literary labour, he sat ruminating at his fire-side waiting for his favourite beverage) that the tiny volume of white smoke he was listlessly gazing at, as it issued at the spout of his black iron

tea-kettle, was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and to set even the hurricane at defiance—the red children of nature would listen to the intelligence with no greater astonishment than our venerable lexicographer would have received it.

To credit such a statement, however gravely uttered, would have been almost impossible—for even now how many among us can scarcely bring our minds to believe it, though we see it? Not only at its birth did the vigorous infant run alone, but, quickly breaking the apron-string that tethered it to our side, it fled we hardly know where. Let us, therefore, for a moment endeavour to follow it.

Those who have traversed the Pacific, as well as the great Atlantic and Indian Oceans, have ever been accustomed to observe a small dark line or thread which every here and there perpendicularly connects the clouds with the waters. We need scarcely say, that we allude to water-spouts, which, especially in fine weather, when suddenly summoned into existence, leave the human mind in doubt whether they are messengers descending to us from heaven, or spirits rising from the vasty deep on which we sail. In addition to these symbols, whose antiquity is coeval with creation, a modern hieroglyphic has now become one of the well-known characteristics of the ocean, and on almost every portion of the aqueous globe the appearance of a slight horizontal stain in the atmosphere designates, according to its colour and its form, that a steamer is or has been beneath it.

These vessels have not only made their way round the Cape of Good Hope to India, where the new power is regularly plying on the Ganges, but our readers are aware they have just successfully crossed the Atlantic, in consequence of which, not only are immense vessels—one of them *thirty feet* longer than the largest line-of-battle-ship in the British service—now building on both sides of the water, in order to establish a regular steam communication between the Old World and America, but arrangements have been commenced and companies formed for connecting our trade across the Isthmus of Darien with steamers, which are to ply on the great Pacific Ocean between Valparaiso and Panama, a distance of about 2500 miles;—by which means the voyage round Cape Horn to Lima, which has hitherto occupied our trading-vessels about four months, will, it is said, be reduced to about thirty days.

In the Mediterranean, steam-vessels are used by Christians, Jews, and Turks. Our garrisons of Gibraltar, Malta, and Zante, no longer, as in old times, are doomed to lie becalmed without letters from England, although two or three packets might be due, but to a day, and almost to an hour, they calculate upon the arrival of the welcome messenger; and, whether the wind be too great or too little, whether it be *grogak*



or *ponente*, the prediction in the almanac is verified by the appearance through the telescope of the distant breath of the English postman—we mean of the approaching steamer, which is bringing them their mail.

In 1824, the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, of 411 tons, made four successive voyages between Bombay and Suez; and, notwithstanding the south-west monsoon—  
notwithstanding that the vessel required to be propelled, without her engine being stopped; 3000 miles against a strong wind, heavy sea, and lee-current—the voyage has been made against the monsoon to Suez from Bombay. The intricacy of the passage of the Red Sea—the local and unusual difficulties which characterize it—the savage passions of some of the nations which inhabit its coast—add to the triumph of the ethereal power which has successfully wormed its way through all these dangers; for the sole object of communicating prompt intelligence to those hundred millions of inhabitants who form the eastern portion of the British empire.

The number of steamers which from the port of London alone radiate in almost every direction, is a fact which a few years ago could not have been conceived possible.

The *Leith*, as also the Aberdeen smacks, whose uncertain passage to London was from three days to a fortnight, have now been nearly superseded (as far as passengers are concerned) by steamers, which perform the distance with such regularity, that—whether the wind be fair or foul—families at Edinburgh, when the appointed hour arrives, drive to Newhaven to greet their expected London friends—who if they have not actually arrived, will, they know, almost immediately be seen, perspiring in the offing.

The steamers which ply from England to Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Dieppe, Granville, St. Malo, Dublin, Bordeaux, Rotterdam, Cologne, Mentz, Coblenz, Manheim, and to the various towns and villages on the banks of the Rhine, perform their respective passages with equal punctuality; and especially at the latter places, the hurried ringing of the bell, which announces their close approach to their respective havens, coincides very nearly with the slow striking of the parish clock, which in simple monosyllables informs the little community that the hour appointed for the appearance of their smoke-boat has arrived.

With similar precision do steamers on the continent of Europe (which may almost be said to be girt round with a chain of them) ply to Antwerp, Ostend, Hamburg, Zwolle, Amsterdam, Saardam, Strasburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Lubec, Gothenburg, St. Petersburg, Döbberan, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Schaffhausen;—across the lakes of Constance, Zurich, Waltenstadt, Lucerne, Thun, Neuchâtel, Morat, Lago Maggiore, Como, Garda, &c.;—on the Danube from Gallatz to Pest, Vienna, Linz and Ratibor; on the Save from Belgrade to within 80 miles of Fiume, an

Austrian sea-port on the Adriatic; from Drontheim to Hammerfest, far within the Polar circle, in latitude 70°;—from Stockholm to Upsala, Tornea, (the most northern town in Europe) Abo, Revel, Cronstadt, &c. &c.

In the Thames alone, steamers are plying in all directions. Almost every five minutes throughout the day, a communication is going on between Hungerford Stairs, London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Kew, Richmond, and Twickenham. Below London Bridge, the tortuous course of the river is, during every day of the week, singularly designated by innumerable dashes of horizontal smoke; and, as the steamers from which they have proceeded reckless of wind or tide, and with velocities proportionate to their different horse-powers—pass and re-pass the noble Hospital where the *élite* of our weather-beaten sailors are reposing in peace, one can hardly help reflecting with what astonishment their old admiral, Nelson, if he could be conjured up among them, would gaze upon this wonderful picture of the march and progress of human reason!

The Irish Sea, in various directions, is traversed by steamers; and between Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Donegal, Londonderry, Belfast, Isle of Man, Liverpool, Holyhead, Bristol, &c., there is a never-ceasing communication. In the inland lakes of Ireland, from Shannon Harbour to Athlone, Lough Ree, Carrick, and by Limerick to the sea, these waters are partially navigated for 150 miles by steam-vessels, carrying goods and passengers, or acting as tugs. From below Limerick, steamers now ply to Clare, Kilrush, and Tarbart—the number of passengers between those places having amounted, in the year 1836, to 22,851. In short, so rapid has been the increase in steam-vessels throughout the British empire, at home and abroad, that, although in 1814 we possessed only two, the united tonnage of which was 456 tons, we have now a fleet of 600, whose tonnage amounts to 67,969 tons.

The victory which the power of steam has gained upon the aqueous surface of North America is even greater than that which we have already described. Thirty years ago the United States had but one steamer—they have now between 500 and 600. Mr. David Stevenson, in his late narrative, states that abreast of New Orleans may be seen numerous tiers of steamboats, of gigantic dimensions, just arrived from, or preparing to start for, the upper countries, through which passes the Mississippi, whose tributary streams would, it is said, in length, twice encircle the globe. Mr. Stevenson says—'At every hour, I had almost said at every minute of the day, the magnificent steamboats which convey passengers from New Orleans into the heart of the western country fire off their signal guns, and dash away at a rate which makes me giddy even to think of.' Steamers were first introduced on

Mississippi in 1811; and by 1831, 348 had been built for the navigation of the western waters.

In the very heart of the continent of America, at Pittsburg, may be seen moored in the river Ohio a fleet of thirty or forty steamers, some of which have meandered from New Orleans (about 2000 miles) through the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio. The deck of the St. Louis, which plies on the former of these streams, and carries about 1000 tons, is 230 feet.

On the Hudson River, the passage from Albany to New York is regularly performed at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The steamboats which ply between New York and the ports of Providence and Charleston are of stupendous dimensions. The Narragansett's keel is 210 feet in length. These sea-steamers afford most excellent accommodation, and often contain about 400 berths. The cabins are from 160 to 175 feet in length; and it is not unusual to see nearly 200 people dining together. The power of the engines is proportionably great: that of the Narragansett equals 772 horses—that of the Rochester 748.

The great North American lakes, or rather seas, of fresh water, are so admirably adapted to steamers, that they are there seen, as might be expected, in vast numbers. They are strongly built vessels (furnished with masts and sails), propelled by powerful engines, some of which act on the high pressure and some on the low pressure principle. Lake Erie alone is traversed by between forty and fifty, from 200 to 700 tons register.

The St. Lawrence steamers, all of which are owned by her Majesty's Canadian subjects, are also fine powerful vessels. Mr. Stevenson—from whose book we have extracted much accurate information on these subjects—found the deck of one, the John Bull, to be 210 feet in length. In this vessel he passed from Quebec to Montreal, a distance of 180 miles, in forty hours, against a current averaging three miles an hour. Upon this occasion the John Bull had a fleet of five vessels in tow—one drawing 12 1-2, another 10 1-2, two 9, and one 7 feet of water; and it is not uncommon to see a steamer, with 1200 or 1500 passengers, towing (or as it is termed, *tugging*) through the Scylla and Charybdis difficulties of the St. Lawrence, six of such vessels, against the current of a river which is supposed annually to discharge into the sea 4,277,880 millions of tons of water.

In the various modes of water-conveyance to which the traveller on this globe is subjected, there is perhaps no one more curious than that of descending one of the great rapids of America, in a small bark canoe, under the command, as is customary, of two Indians; and the anxiety to witness this spectacle is perhaps not at all disagreeably spiced by that still, warning voice of reason which gravely admonishes the traveller that his undertaking, interesting as it may be, is not altogether divested of danger.

Besides the rocks, shoals and snags which are to be avoided, unceasing attention must be given to the innumerable logs of hewn timber, which, having been wafted by the lumberers to the commencement of the rapid, are then left to be hurried for eight or nine miles towards their market—sometimes separately, sometimes hustling each other, sometimes floundering, and sometimes, if anything irritates or obstructs their passage, rearing up in the water until they almost reel over. As soon as a berth or clear place is observed between these masses of floating timber, the elder Indian, who is seated at the head of the canoe, his younger comrade being at the stern, and the passenger in the middle, calmly lets go his hold of the bank, and the two Indians, each furnished with a single paddle, immediately standing up, the frail band-box which contains them indolently floats until it reaches the edge or crest of the rapid—which is no sooner passed, than the truth rushes upon the mind of the traveller that all possibility of stopping has ceased, and that this 'bubble-bubble, toil and trouble' must continue until the eight or nine mile of the rapids shall be passed.

In the apparent turmoil of this scene, in which the canoe is preceded, as well as followed, by masses of huge timber, the slightest touch of which would annihilate it—the icy cold judgment of the old Indian—his collected but lightning-like decision—the simplicity and tranquillity of his red, beardless face, thatched over by his bluff-cut, black, lank hair—his total absence of fear or bravado—his immutable presence of mind—and in places of the greatest possible noise and confusion in the waters, the mild tone of voice with which he softly utters to his young comrade the monosyllable that directs him to steer the stern of the canoe in the direction opposite to that which he gives to its head—form altogether a most striking contrast with the boisterous scene, the sudden kaleidoscope changes of which it is utterly impossible to describe—for one danger has no sooner been avoided than, instead of reflecting on it for a moment, the eye is attracted to a second, as suddenly passed and succeeded by a third. Sometimes the canoe rapidly dashes over a sunken rock, or between two barely-covered fragments, which to have touched would have been ruin—in avoiding these a snag is passed, which would have spitted the canoe had it impinged on it—sometimes the middle of the stream is the safest—sometimes the Indian steers close to the steep rocky bank, where it becomes evident the velocity of the current is so great, that if the canoe were to be upset, its passengers, even if they could snatch hold of the bough of a tree, could not hang on it, without being suffocated by the resistance which in that position they would offer to the rushing waters. Sometimes, at a moment when all is apparently prosperous, and the water, on account of its greater depth or breadth, has become comparatively tranquil, some

of the timber a-head, going down end-foremost strikes either against the side, or some sunken rock in the middle of the stream, in which case the tree suddenly halts, and, veering round impedes the rest of the timber until the congregated mass, forcing its way, thus clears the passage, perhaps just before the canoe reaches it. At other times, in traversing the stream to avoid difficulties, the pursuing timber approaches the canoe nearer than is agreeable. In some places the river suddenly narrows, and here, it is said, the waves are not only tremendous, but the whole character of the torrent seems to be changed, for the water apparently ceases altogether to descend the channel, doing nothing but as it were boiling and bubbling up from the bottom. In approaching this cauldron, the case seems hopeless, and often continues so until the canoe is close upon it, when the Indian's eagle eye searches out some little aqueous furrow, through which his nutshell-vessel can pass, and, though his countenance is as tranquil as ever, yet the muscular exertion he makes to attain his passage will not, it is said, easily be forgotten by any passenger whose fortune it has ever been to observe it. As soon as the declivity of the rapids has ended, the water instantly becomes tranquil, the Indians sit down in the canoe, and, on reaching the shore, one of them carries it on his shoulders during the remainder of the day.

It would, of course, be impossible for any person to ascend a torrent similar to that down which, by a digression not uncommon to the traveller in America, our readers have just unexpectedly been precipitated; yet on the St. Lawrence it is not unusual to see a steamer *climb* a rapid of very considerable violence. From the deck of a vessel in this situation, it is very curious to determine, by the relative bearing of fixed objects on shore, the slow but sure conquest which the power of steam makes over the two elements of wind and water, both of which are occasionally seen combining to oppose its progress. In places where the current is the strongest, the ascent for a time is almost imperceptible; every moment it is expected that the engine will be beaten, and that the vigorous strength of the steam will be exhausted by the untiring force of its adversaries; but no—the hot water in the long run beats the cold—the fire conquers the wind—and, though the liquid element is continuously slipping from underneath the vessel, and though the air in close column is unceasingly charging to oppose it, yet—‘at spes infracta’—in spite of all these difficulties, the steamer triumphantly reaches the summit of the rapids, and then merrily glides forward on its course.

Until last year's disturbances in the Canadas it had been considered impracticable for steamers to navigate the great lakes of America in winter. The lakes Huron and Ontario, from their immense depth, are never frozen over; but at that season they are subject to sud-

den and most violent gales of wind, and moreover, as soon as all the rivers, harbours, and bays are frozen hard enough to bear the passage of even artillery, no haven is left in which a vessel can seek refuge from the storm. The coast, which, generally speaking, is in summer of easy access, becomes gradually incrustated with ice; against this barrier the waves break, and, as the water is no deeper, motionless than it freezes, the whole beach gradually becomes a reef of rocky ice of a most forbidding and inhospitable appearance. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the steamers of Upper Canada contrived last winter to navigate the lake until the 4th of February, when after a short respite, they again went out, and patiently continued their services until ‘the sun strengthened and the days lengthened;’ in short, until, their American invaders having been everywhere repulsed, warm peaceable weather arrived.

Nothing, we understand, but the imminent danger which threatened the Canadas from the perfidious conduct of the United States' authorities, in allowing the artillery and munitions of their public arsenals to be hostilely turned against a high-minded, generous nation, with which they were trading under a solemn treaty of peace, could have warranted the desperate experiment of trying to transport arms, artillery and troops during the winter from Kingston to Toronto, Niagara, and Hamilton. It was fully expected, that the paddles would become clogged with ice, that the boilers would burst, and that the vessels would even become water-logged from the weight of the frozen element on their bows; however, trip after trip was effected with impunity, and thus were the important services required from the captains of the steamers manfully performed.

In traversing the lake at this inclement season, the helmsman stood upon the upper deck in a glass lantern or case. Above him was the clear, exhilarating deep blue Canadian sky, into which the suddenly-condensed white steam rapidly disappeared—around him in all directions were waters of the same dark ethereal hue, diversified every here and there with different-sized white patches of floating ice—the American and Canadian shores covered with sparkling snow were bounded by the dark, bristling outline of the pine-forest.

On approaching the points at which the arms or soldiers were to be disembarked, much embarrassment and even danger were caused by the undulating surface of floating ice; but the greatest apparent difficulty was for these steamers, which always during the night became firmly frozen in, to break their fetters in the morning, and regain their liberty. The manner in which this operation was daily effected, was, we understand as follows:—As soon as two or three of the vessels lying close together could get their steam up, the ice was cut away by axes just sufficient to allow the pad-

dies to turn. This having been done, the vessels simultaneously worked their paddles, which by revolving caused such a hubbub and turmoil, that the water, forming into angry waves, wrenched up the ice for a considerable distance. The steamers being thus enabled to get headway, and their bows being shod with iron, they charged the ice, and, by the crew continually running in a body across the deck from starboard to larboard, a rocking motion was created; which, with the impetus of the vessel, enabled it to force its prow through the ice into the clear water.

By these means the lake was not only traversed in winter by day, but on several occasions during the most tempestuous weather by night. With every harbour closed—with the air, the concentrated essence of cold, feeling as if it would freeze the blood in the veins, it may easily be imagined that there must have been something very appalling, even in a calm winter's night passage, (as the red embers of various sizes slowly descended from the invisible top of the funnel, till, on reaching the water, they suddenly vanished) in reflecting that the British steamer was a solitary vessel on the lake. In heavy weather, however, these suggestions were unnoticed, the whole attention of the crew being occupied in searching through the utter darkness for the friendly red shore-light, which no vessel but one under the providential protection of steam could have ventured to approach. As a striking contrast to this scene, let us view the following description of a passage up the Ganges:—

'We have been steaming up the Ganges for about eight days, and we have seventeen more before us. Fancy a set of people belonging to the most civilized nation in the world, surrounded by European luxuries and machinery, living in a little world of itself, which, with its crew of inhabitants, is whizzing along in the torrid zone, for upwards of 600 miles through a perfectly uninhabited country—sometimes traversing a river twice or three times as broad as the Rhine, and sometimes stealing along a creek so narrow that the thick bamboo jungle overhung on both sides of the deck. This tract (the Sunderbund) we have however passed, and we are now huffing up the broad Ganges. The country on each side is cultivated, but as flat as a table, while the banks are constantly crowded with the natives, who rush out to see the fire-ship pass.'

On salt water as well as on fresh—reeking and fuming under the Line, as well as freezing in Canada—on crowded rivers, as well as on those whose shores are desolate—on large streams as well as on small ones—in bays, harbours, friths, estuaries, channels—on the small lakes of Ireland, Scotland, and Switzerland—on the large ones in America—on the Red Sea—on the Black Sea—on the Mediterranean—on the Baltic—in fair weather, in foul weather—in a calm as well as in a hurricane—with the current, or against it,—this power, when tested, has most successfully answered the great purpose for which it was benefi-

cantly created; and it is impossible to reflect on the thousands of human beings who at this moment are being transported by it; it is impossible to summon before the imagination the various steamers, large and small, which in all directions, in spite of wind and weather, are going straight as arrows to their targets—without feeling most deeply that 'after all there is nothing new in the discovery that *the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.*'

II. Although the power of steam has not, geographically speaking, made the same extensive progress on land as on the aqueous surface of the globe, yet in science it has established a simple fact, the utility and importance of which almost surpass the value of the steamer.

Although M'Adam's roads are the best on the globe—although our horses (bone, breeding, and condition being duly considered) are the most powerful in the world—although capital, experience, competition, and an unparalleled propensity among us to travel fast, have, during the lapse of ages, united in creating a system of travelling which, without being accused of national vanity, we may say has nowhere been equalled—and which, with humility we acknowledge, we had often fancied could not be surpassed—yet, by the application of the locomotive engine on the railway, the infant power of steam, by its first earthly stride, has suddenly trebled, even in England, the speed of our ordinary conveyance for travellers, and has more than three times trebled the speed of our heavy goods by the public wagon!

On the nature of the sudden gift, even to ourselves, of this new velocity, it is almost awful to reflect; but when we consider that the rail-road principle is very nearly as applicable to every region of the globe as it is to our own, and consequently that countries which have bad roads, and even that countries which have no roads at all, without passing through the transitionary processes to which we have been subjected, may suddenly travel with this velocity, we cannot but admit that the power of steam on land, as on water, is prodigious.

There are no doubt many of our readers who have yet to receive those commonplace impressions which are made upon the mind of the traveller when for the first time he sees and hears the engine, as from a point in advance on the railway it retrogradingly approaches in order to be hooked on to a train, composed, as on the London and Liverpool line, of eighteen or twenty huge cars, besides private carriages on runners, caravans full of horses, wagons of heavy goods, &c. &c. &c. The immense weight upwards of eighty tons, to be transported at such a pace to such a distance, when compared with the slight neat outline of the engine, the circumference of whose black funnel-pipe would not twice go round the neck of the antelope, and whose

bright copper boiler would not twice equal the girth or barrel of a race-horse, induces the stranger to apprehend for a moment that the approaching power must prove totally inadequate to its task; but the tearing, deafening noise with which this noble animal of man's creation advances to his work satisfactorily demonstrates that it has itself no fear, but comes as a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing, like a giant, to run his course.

If the character of this noble creature be considered for a moment with that of a horse, the comparison is curious. With sufficient coals and water in his manger which, it must be observed, whenever he travels he takes with him, he can, if the aggregate of his day's work be considered, carry every day for ten miles, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, the weight of an army of 21,504 men, of 10 stone 10 lbs. each; whereas a good horse could not, at the same pace, and for the same distance, continue to carry every day more than one such man. For a distance of eighty miles he can carry the weight of 2688 men at a rate (sixteen miles an hour) that neither the hare, the antelope, nor the race-horse could keep up with him. No journey ever tires him; he is never heard to grumble or hiss but for want of work; the faster he goes the more ravenously he feeds; and for two years he can thus travel without medicine or surgery. It requires, however, about 2000*l.* a-year to support him. We might to these observations add the graver reflection, that, as by the invention of the telescope man has extended his vision beyond that of the eagle, so by the invention of the locomotive engine has he now surpassed in speed every quadruped on the globe; we will, however, detain the engine no longer, but for a few moments will, with our readers, accompany the train with which it has now started.

On recovering from the confusion consequent on passing rapidly through the air, one of the most pleasing novelties which first attract the attention of the traveller, as seated in his elbow-chair he joyously skims across the green fields of Harrow, is to see the horses grazing at liberty, in rich pasture; for it reminds him that the power of steam has at last emancipated those noble quadrupeds from the toilsome duties which, in the service of our mails and coaches, they have so long and so gallantly undergone, and that thus, for the first time in his life, he is travelling on land, without the slightest infliction of animal suffering.

Although everybody comprehends perfectly well in theory what moving in a carriage at the rate, occasionally, of twenty-four or thirty miles an hour means, yet, until a person has performed it on a rail-road, he can scarcely conceive the sensation he experiences in practically finding every hour that he is gliding past some place which in ordinary travelling he would scarcely have reached under three or perhaps four

hours' labour. The dashing at full steam-speed into the small black orifices of the tunnels—the midnight darkness that prevails there—the flashes of light which occasionally denote the air-shafts—the sudden return to the joyous sunshine of this world—the figures of the company's green servants, who, as the train whisks past them, stand all in the same attitude, motionless as statues, with white flags (the emblem of safety) in their extended right hands—the occasional shrill plaintive whistle or scream, by which the engine, whenever necessary scares the workmen from the rails—the meteor-like meeting of a return train, of which, *in transitu*, no more is seen than of the coloured figures on one of the long strips of painted glass, which, after slow exhibition before children, are by the showman rapidly drawn across the lens of his magic lantern,—all these sensations unite in making the traveller practically sensible of the astonishing velocity with which not only he and his fellow-passengers, each seated in his arm-chair, but heavy goods, can now be transported.

But let us descend from the train seriously to consider what is the amount of danger attendant upon this new mode of travelling; for there can be no doubt, if it be suicidal, it ought not to be continued.

That death is everywhere—that he levels his shafts at the throne, the beach, and the cottage—that the rich and the poor, the brave and the timid, are alike the victims of his power, no one will be disposed to deny; and it is, perhaps, equally true that, where he is oftenest encountered, he is, generally speaking, the least feared; and that, on the contrary, he is invariably the most dreaded where he is least known. The human mind becomes callous to dangers to which it has been long accustomed, while, on the other hand, it is often oversensitive respecting those which are newly born. We believe that these observations are peculiarly applicable to the dangers attendant upon rail-road travelling, as will appear from the following comparison between it and that to which the public have been hitherto accustomed.

The dangers of travelling in either fashion may be divided into four heads, namely:—

1. The dangers of the road.
2. The dangers of the carriage.
3. The dangers of the locomotive power.
4. The dangers arising from momentum, or from the weight of the burden, multiplied by the velocity at which it is conveyed.

As regards the first of these, we are certainly humbly of opinion that, *ceteris paribus*, a railway must be less dangerous than a high-road; because it is flat instead of hilly; because a surface of iron is smoother than a surface even of broken stones; because the lip of the rail which confines the wheels is an extra security which the common road does not possess; and because

waggons, vans, carts, private carriages, and all other vehicles, as well as horses and cattle, belonging to the public, are rigorously excluded.

As regards the second of these dangers, we submit to our readers, that, *ceteris paribus*, a railway-car must be less dangerous than a stage or mail coach, because its centre of gravity, when empty, is low instead of high; because its passengers sit low instead of high, inside and not outside—because its axles, receiving no jerks, are less liable to break—and consequently because altogether it is less liable to overset.

As regards the third of these dangers, we conceive there can be no doubt, whatever, that, *ceteris paribus*, a locomotive engine must be less dangerous than four horses, because it is not liable to run away, tumble down, or shy at strange objects or noises—because it has no vice in it—because it is not, like a horse, retained and guided by numberless straps and buckles, the breaking of any one of which would make it take fright. And, lastly, because by the opening of a valve its restless enterprising spirit can, at any moment, be turned adrift, leaving nothing behind it but a dull, harmless, empty copper vessel.

It is true that it is possible for the boiler to explode, yet, as the safety-valve is the line of least resistance, that accident with mathematical certainty can be so easily provided against, that it is not now apprehended; and even if, contrary to philosophical calculations, it should happen, the sudden annihilation of the locomotive power would injure scarcely any but those firemen or engineers answerable to the public for their neglect which had occasioned the misfortune, while, to the great bulk of the passengers, it would create no inconvenience, except a gradual halt of the train.

With respect to the fourth of these dangers, it must be admitted, that both the speed and the weight of a railway train are infinitely greater than the momentum of a mail or stage-coach; yet if the latter, in case of serious accidents, be sufficient to cause the death of the passengers, it might be suggested that the former can do no more; just as it is practically argued by old soldiers, when they rebuke recruits for dreading artillery, that a musket-ball kills a man as dead as a cannon-shot. If a railway-train, at full speed, were to run against the solid brick-work of the tunnel, or to go over one of the steep embankments, the effect would mechanically be infinitely greater, but perhaps not more fatal to the passengers, than if the mail, at its common pace, were to do the same: besides which it must always be remembered, that, though the stage may profess to travel at the safe lukewarm pace of eight miles an hour, yet any accident suddenly accelerates or boils up its speed to that of the rail-road, under which circumstance the carriage is ungovernable.

In going down hill, if a link of the pole-chains break—if the reins snap—or if the tongue of a little buckle bends, the scared cattle run away—and it is this catastrophe, it is the latent passion, and not the ordinary appearance of the horses, which should be fairly considered, when a comparison is made between rail-road and common road travelling; for surely there is infinitely less danger in riding a horse that obeys the bridle at twenty miles an hour, than there is in sitting demurely trotting, at the rate of eight miles an hour, on a runaway brute, that is only waiting for the shade of the shadow of an excuse to place his rider in a predicament almost as unenviable as Mazeppa's.

There is nothing, we understand, at all either dangerous or disagreeable in going what is vulgarly termed '*fast*,' if no object intervenes mechanically to oppose the progress; and thus, not only at this moment do the crows, heavily as they appear to us to fly, go faster than we travel on the rail-road, but every little bird that hops out of the hedge as the train passes (without conceiving that he is incurring danger) leaves it behind him. Now, we have already shown, that the obstructions which exist on a rail-road are infinitely less than those which exist on a high road—inasmuch as from the former every human being, animal, and vehicle is excluded, excepting those safely included in the train. It is true that, in case of an unforeseen obstruction, a coach can pull up, say in twenty yards, while a train at full speed cannot be stopped in less than say two hundred; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that, assisted by the signal-men, who by flags or bugles (especially in a fog, at which time as '*dans la nuit tous les chats sont gris*') can communicate, like telegraphs, one with another, the conductor of a train may be said to see considerably more than ten times farther before him than the driver of a mail-coach, and therefore he is better able to avoid the obstruction. Indeed, if any one would take the trouble to watch the simultaneous departure from the London Post-office of our mails, in a foggy or snowy winter's night, he would almost feel that nothing short of a miracle could enable the men and horses, against wind and weather, as well as in defiance of all obstructions on the road, to keep their time; and, with these ideas in his mind, he would probably feel that the danger of travelling by such a conveyance was infinitely greater than in a rail-road train, flying along the iron groove of its well-protected orbit.

So much for theory; in practice, the precise amount of the danger of rail-road travelling, even at the commencement of the experiment, will at once appear from the following official reports, to have been about *ten passengers* killed out of more than *forty-four millions!*

Name of Railway.	DATE.		Number of Miles.	Number of Passengers.	Number of Accidents.
	From	To			
London and Birmingham, Grand Junction,	July 30, 1837,	Nov. 5, 1838,	19,119,455	541,360	3 cases of contusions, no death. (1)
Bolton & Leigh, and Kenyon & Leigh,	July 4, 1837,	June 10, 1838,	97½	214,064	3 cases of slight do. do. (2)
Newcastle and Carlisle,	June 13, 1831,	Oct. 1, 1838,	3,923,012	508,763	3 deaths, 3 slight contusions. (3)
Edinburgh and Dalkeith,	March 9, 1836,	Oct. 1, 1838,	1	8,540,759	5 deaths, 4 fractures. (4)
Stockton and Darlington,	Summer of 1832,	Sept. 30, 1838,	7	1,557,642	1 arm broken. (5)
Great Western,	October 10, 1836,	Oct. 10, 1838,	2,213,681	357,205	None.
Liverpool and Manchester,	June 4, 1838,	Nov. 1838,	4,109,538	289,408	None.
Dublin and Kingstown,	Sept. 10, 1830,	Sept. 28, 1838,	30	3,524,820	8 deaths, no fractures. (6)
London and Greenwich,	Nov. 14, 1836,	Sept. 1, 1838,	1	26,410,152	5 deaths, and 3 contusions to passengers.
	Dec. 14, 1836,	Nov. 5, 1838,	484,000	2,880,417	1 passenger slightly bruised.

(1) None of these accidents occurred to actual passengers.

(2) Do. do. do.

(3) None of the persons killed were passengers.

(4) One of the persons killed was a passenger.

(5) The whole of these were passengers; one of them a sergeant in charge of a deserter who jumped off the carriage whilst in motion; the sergeant jumped after him to retake him, but was so much injured that he died; 3 others got out and walked on the road, and were killed; the rest suffered by collision of two trains, at different times. These include all the casualties from the very commencement of the working of the Line.

Our readers have now, we conceive, sufficient data to enable them to form their own conclusions on the comparative danger between rail-road and high-road travelling; and as our immediate object is to denote the progress which the power of steam on railways has made in our own country, as well as the miraculous safety with which it has transported, at a velocity hitherto unknown to mankind, so many millions of passengers, we will extract the following remarkable statements from the Second Report of the Railway Commissioners from Ireland:—

‘The degree to which intercourse is not merely promoted, but actually created by the facility of accomplishing it, could be scarcely credited, but for the numerous and authentic examples which establish the fact. The omnibus traffic of modern introduction, between different parts of London and its principal suburbs, is a familiar instance which immediately suggests itself. There is a constant succession of those conveyances, to and fro, through all the leading avenues and streets of the metropolis, and their number is increasing daily; yet, in addition to these frequent means of transfer from east to west, small steamers are continually plying between Westminster Bridge, Hungerford Market, Dyer’s Wharf, and the Surrey side of London Bridge—by which many thousand persons are withdrawn every day from the omnibus traffic; while below London Bridge the number of passengers, by steam-vessels, down the Thames—also an introduction of recent date—amounts to several millions in the year.

‘We learn that each of the two Greenwich steam-packet companies carried last year, about 400,000 passengers—that the Woolwich Old Company, calling at Greenwich, carried more than 160,000 Greenwich passengers, besides 192,000 to Woolwich—and the New Woolwich Company carried nearly 100,000 passengers between Woolwich, Blackwall, and London Bridge. To these are to be added the many thousands who pass those places to Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, Southend, Dover, Herne Bay, &c. &c.; and above all the multitudes, greatly exceeded one million, who, during the last year, passed by the railway to Greenwich,

while the public conveyances on the high-road scarcely appeared diminished in number or in the frequency of their journeys.

‘We believe it to be a fact, that thirty years back, the only public mode of conveyance between Woolwich and London was by coach; and two coaches, each leaving and returning twice in the day, were then deemed sufficient for the whole passenger traffic of that place. There are now omnibuses leaving twenty-four times, and returning as often, in the day; and a still greater number of vans and single horse coaches, running, as they fill, to Greenwich only, whence most of the passengers proceed by railway, steamboat, or omnibus, to London.’—p. 86.

Respecting our northern and western rail-roads, the Commissioners state:—

‘On the Stockton and Darlington line the passengers traffic, prior to the establishment of the railway, amounted to only 4000 persons in the year; it now exceeds 16,000. On the Bolton line the average weekly number of passengers is 2500, whereas the number of coach journeys, out and in per week, which the railway has superseded, amounted only to 28, carrying, perhaps, on a weekly average, about 280 or 300 persons.

‘On the Newcastle and Carlisle road, prior to the railway, the whole number of persons the public coaches were licensed to carry in a week, was 843, or both ways, 686; now the average daily number of passengers by the railway, for the whole length—viz. 47½ miles—is 228, or 1596 in the week.

‘The number of passengers on the Dundee and Newtyle line exceeds at this time 60,000 annually; the estimated number of persons who performed the same journey previous to the opening of the railway having been 4000.

‘Previous to the opening of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester, there were about 400 passengers per day, or 146,000 a-year, travelling between those places by coaches; whereas the present number by railway alone exceeds 500,000.’—p. 87.

‘It appears, by a letter received from Peter Sinclair, Esq., treasurer and engineer, that on the Bolton, Leigh, and Kenyon lines, the number of passengers carried in six months, ending October 16th, 1838, amounted to



between 50,000 and 60,000, or about 10,000 per month, although the rail-road has only superseded one stage-coach, which ran daily out and in, and four others which ran each one day in the week only. The traffic in goods has been considerable—amounting in merchandise to about 130 tons, and coal between 200 and 300 tons daily.—p. 99.

The only existing rail-road in Ireland is but six miles in length. The Commissioners report of it as follows:—

‘The Dublin and Kingstown railway has been in operation for three years only. The prices are not lower than those of the ordinary road conveyances; and the line being a very short one, no considerable saving is effected in point of time; yet it has more traffic than ever was known to be on the high road, while the latter is still frequented to a great extent, with carriages, horses, and foot passengers. The owners of hackney cars, who had derived all their support from the intercourse between Dublin and Kingstown, and feared that they would be thrown out of bread by the railway, have actually experienced an improvement in their business—not all, indeed, being employed upon the same line as before—but finding the deficit amply made up by calls to places not directly in the line of railway, and in journeys and excursions to and from its several stations.’—p. 89.

‘From the opening of the railway, on the 17th of December, 1834, to the 1st of March, 1836—a period of one year and seventy-three days—there were 31,890 single journeys by trains, each trip 5½ miles. The total number of passengers conveyed was 1,247,800.’—p. 103.

The Commissioners give the following account of the success of the Great Belgian Railway:—

‘The number of persons who usually passed by the road between Brussels and Antwerp was 75,000 in the year; but since the rail-road has been opened from the former place to Malines, it has increased to 500,000; and since it was carried all through to Antwerp, the number has exceeded a million. The opening of a branch from Malines to Termonde appears to have added 200,000 to the latter number: so that the passenger traffic of that rail-road, superseding a road traffic of only 75,000 persons, now amounts to 1,200,000.’—p. 87.

In France, the railway from Paris to St. Germain, and a small portion of that which runs from Lyons to St. Etienne, are the only roads on which locomotive engines have been established. Respecting the latter, we possess no account of its traffic; but as regards the former, it has been stated that the number of passengers who lately went on a Sunday by the rail-road from Paris to St. Cloud, according to the returns of the octroi officers, amounted to 13,955; and of those to St. Germain, 9,630. These who stopped at the intermediate stations being added, it appears that the total number of persons conveyed by the two branches may be calculated at 24,000 within twenty-four hours!

In the United States of America, the locomotive power of steam on land has to a great extent been ingeniously adapted to the peculiar circumstances which

characterize that intelligent people, and that flourishing portion of the globe.

The intense cold in winter of the northern districts of the United States—its splitting effect upon stone imbedded in the ground—the scarcity in many places of that material—the superabundance of timber of peculiar qualities—and the price of labour being more than double what it is in England, are all reasons for the substitution of wood for stone in the construction of the American railways; besides which, this temporary, and consequently economical mode of operation, is also better adapted than expensive permanent works to the political, as well as statistical, condition of the country.

The irregular and astonishing manner in which a healthy young country not only annually increases in general wealth, but at the same time grows and expands in all its parts, makes it, even if it be under a fixed permanent government, imprudent for a capitalist hastily to embark in any work constructed, as it is commonly termed in England, ‘to last for ever.’ Not only does immigration from the old world, the facility of providing for children, and the immense elbow-room for all, tend every where to thicken the population in an astonishing degree, but, from its peculiar circumstances, the said population assumes a mercurial character—it is, in fact, so constantly shifting that in any given point it would be almost as unsafe to trust to its permanency, as it would be to build a substantial mansion on a moving quicksand. The opening of a road, the projection of a town, the elevation of a church, the formation of a harbour, the creation of a saw-mill, or even the establishment of a post-office, trifling as such circumstances appear to us, tend to draw people, who with their young families are only hanging by a single anchor, from one part of a new country to another. In any great undertaking, therefore, in which such a community may combine, immediate benefits and immediate profits are very naturally deemed of more importance than to seek for more permanent advantages which may never be realized; and if this be the feeling which exists in our own colonies under the protection of a fixed powerful government, it is easy to imagine how much more strongly it must act in the republican states of America, where every man, whatever be his politics, sees and practically feels that the ark of the society in which he lives, laws, securities, private engagements, public treaties, religion, morality, and all, float upon the uncertain will and irresistible passions of the multitude.

Without discussing the merits or demerits of this state of society, we merely describe it because it explains the sound arguments which, together with the engineering reasons we have given, induce reflecting men of capital in the United States to project their rail-roads on a temporary rather than on a permanent

foundations: an example which it would not be prudent for us to follow, seeing that in England the same necessities do not exist.

From the late accounts published by Mr. David Stephenson, it appears that there are already completed and in full operation in the United States fifty-seven railways, (on which the usual rate of travelling is fifteen miles an hour,) whose aggregate length exceeds 1600 miles, and that thirty-three others are in progress, which when completed will amount to 2900 miles. Besides these, there have been incorporated more than 150 railway companies, many of which will very shortly be in action.

The Commissioners annex to their Report the following statement of the traffic on the Hudson and Mohawk Rail-road, for the years 1833 and 1834:—

1833, passengers departing from		
Albany,	from	59,599
" ditto	from	
Schenectady,		56,155
		115,754
1834, passengers departing from		
Albany,	from	78,188
" ditto	from	
Schenectady,		65,290
		143,478
Increase,		27,724.

The enormous number of passengers who in Europe and America have, in consequence of the increased facility in conveyance, been transported by railways, when viewed in the aggregate, is perfectly astonishing. The second report of the Railway Commissioners for Ireland contains, besides the quotations we have inserted, some very valuable information on the subject.

Although, as we have already admitted, the locomotive power of steam has not made so extensive a progress on the terrestrial as on the aqueous surface of the globe, our readers will nevertheless have remarked that wherever the rail-road has been tried, the experiment, in point of science, has been eminently successful. In France, as well as in Belgium, in Prussia, in England, Ireland and America, in climates dry, humid, extremely hot, as well as extremely cold, whether constructed on stone blocks or wooden sleepers, on a permanent or on a temporary plan, the career of the locomotive engine has been triumphant; and with these unquestioned facts before the mind, if the rail-road be considered in conjunction with its twin brother the steamer, it is impossible to deny the awful truth that a new gigantic power has been created by which the human family will, whether for good or evil, henceforward be made to mingle together with a facility, and to migrate with a velocity, which it may truly be said it had never entered into the heart of our ancestors to imagine or conceive.

III. *What will be the ultimate result?—What will*

be the advantages and disadvantages to mankind of this new power, we submit that is impossible for philosophy accurately to define, for the simple reason that the power in question is undetermined.

When Archimedes in his study had calculated, 1st, the quantity of power he possessed, and 2nd, the weight of the world, he did not fear to declare that with sufficient lever and fulcrum he could move the globe; he would not however have said this had the amount of his power been, as is termed in mathematics, an unknown quantity. In this latter predicament we stand; for though we see the existence of our newborn power, we have yet to learn what is its real strength.

Mr. Booth, (secretary to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company,) whose very sensible letter to the Irish Railway Commissioners has been inserted in the appendix to their report, observes that a speed of thirty miles an hour, with the luxury of the smoothest motion which springs and cushions can afford, is considered by many as merely our starting point. We ourselves humbly believe that that rate will ere long be doubled; and if travellers can fly backwards and forwards at the rate of sixty miles, one can hardly say why infinitely lighter engines (on the tooth and piston system for instance) might not, with larger driving-wheels, travel on this iron orbit at the rate of 100 miles an hour; for, to return to the old argument, an accident at that pace could hardly do a passenger more mischief than at the rate to which we are already accustomed.

It will be evident that the first effect of this increasing series is the gradual annihilation, approaching almost to the final extinction, of that space and of those distances which have hitherto been supposed unalterably to separate the various nations of the globe; and that in proportion as this shall be effected, the centralisation, whether for weal or woe, of the human family, must be accomplished. For instance, supposing that rail-roads, even at our present simmering rate of travelling, were to be suddenly established all over England, the whole population of the country would, speaking metaphorically, at once advance *en masse*, and place their chairs nearer to the fire-side of their metropolis by two-thirds of the time which now separates them from it; they would also sit nearer to one another by two-thirds of the time which now respectively alienates them. If the rate were to be again sufficiently accelerated, this process would be repeated; our harbours, our dock-yards, our towns, the whole of our rural population, would again not only draw nearer to each other by two-thirds, but all would proportionally approach the national hearth. As distances were thus annihilated, the surface of our country would, as it were, shrivel in size until it became not much bigger than one immense city, and yet by a sort of miracle,

every man's field would be found not only *where* it always was, but *as large* as ever it was!

This magic process would be as applicable to all other countries as to our own. In Germany, for instance, where from time out of mind, men as well as mile-posts have been reared up under the idea that a league and an hour are synonymous,\* if rail-roads at the rate of thirty miles an hour, were suddenly to be established, the small family of one hour (*eine stunde*) men, who now live not exceeding sixty minutes from their metropolis, or from any great city, or from one another, would suddenly be fraternally increased by the two-hour, three-hour, and four-hour men, with whom they had been but very distantly connected; in short, circles being to each other as the squares of their diameters, the one-hour area would, as a hen gathers her chickens, collect within its circumference all the men and all the mile-posts of sixteen times its original space.

While this Birnham-wood-coming-to-Dunsinane process was gradually congregating the population of each particular country on earth into a national family, our steamers, by the same process, would unite into one huge society all the nations of the globe.

Since the brown leaves, now rustling on the ground, burst into verdant existence, we have seen the power of steam suddenly dry up the great Atlantic ocean to less than half its breadth, and thus, to the British as well as to the American merchant, who for the advantage of communicating with each other have hitherto paid to Neptune his customary charge of thirty-five days passage, Science has proclaimed, '*For thirty-five, write sixteen!*' Our communication with India has received the same blessing. The Indian ocean is not only infinitely smaller than it used to be, but the Indian mail, under the guidance of steam, has been granted almost a miraculous passage through the waters of the Red Sea. The Mediterranean, which is now only a week from us, has before our eyes shrunk into a lake; our British and Irish channels are scarcely broader than the old Frith of Forth: the Rhine, the Danube, the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Shannon, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Ganges, &c., have contracted their streams to infinitely less than half their lengths and breadths, and the great lakes of the world are rapidly drying into ponds!

The ideas which rush into the mind when it attempts to contemplate this astonishing congregation of the human race, are so vast and overpowering, that it is almost impossible to think of the future but as an undiscovered country totally beyond our ken; and as children feel disposed to be frightened whenever they

\* In some parts of Germany distances are expressed by the number of pipes which it has invariably taken men to smoke in going from place to place,—thus the midwife is said to live 'two pipes off,' the doctor 'three pipes,' and so on.

are in the dark, so it would not be difficult to conjure up in this new region apparitions of a ghastly and terrific figure. We entertain, however, a firm reliance that so great a power as steam would not have been let loose upon us but for our advantage. When a congregation of cannon balls of various sizes, each covered not only with mud and dirt of different countries, but with the rust and scoria which are common to all, are shut up, and made very quickly to revolve together in a large hollow iron-lined cylinder, the operation, though rude, rough, and productive of no little noise and internal confusion, invariably ends by their quietly coming forth to the world clean as from the hands of the founder. It is impossible to deny that man is capable of being polished by a similar process, and though the prescription may or may not be agreeable, yet we own there is nothing we hold dear in our institutions that we should tremble to see subjected to that state of the world in which it has been prophesied by Daniel, that '*men shall run to and fro and knowledge shall increase.*'

The disadvantages we notoriously labour under from national ignorance no one can be more anxious to see removed than ourselves, and as we believe nothing can be more true than that a people will never accept the advantages of experience until they have purchased them for themselves, at their full cost, we hail rather than apprehend that salutary intercourse with our fellow creatures which the power of steam is about to introduce.

Those even who have written on dress and finery have not failed to remark that, though the inhabitants of our great empire all eventually adopt the same costume, yet the fashion travels but slowly in proportion to the rate of those who wear it.

In like manner the evidence of individuals from abroad has always been dully received, whenever they have offered us gratuitously any truths which the public had not yet dearly purchased for themselves: for instance, when this country, cheered on by its cleverest minister, undertook from sheer ignorance, in the bubble year 1825, not only to lend money by millions to Lilliputian states in South America, whose position the public was ignorant of, and whose hard names the Jew on the Stock Exchange could not even pronounce—but also to throw broad-cast upon mines millions, which the natives with open laughter at our folly were preparing by every species of imposition to collect—if the power of steam had existed, sufficient evidence would have reached us to have warned our capitalists of the breakers there were a-head, and we should thus not have been kept in ignorance of the danger until it was at last announced in the Gazette that—(the shares having been successfully transferred to the poor widow and the orphan) the speculations one after another had foundered upon the rocks.

Again, from the United States of America how many of our travellers, one after another, have returned to us heavily laden with the important intelligence that the great republican experiment which has been trying there has already turned out a complete failure!

Although democratic institutions answered more admirably in America, so long as all men there were as they professed to be really *equal*, yet, so soon as they became *not equal*, or in other words, as soon as industry, intelligence, and honesty, by amassing and bequeathing hard-earned wealth, divided society into the same two very unequal compartments, which are indigenous to every country on the globe, namely, the small portion who have made their fortunes, and the very large portion who have their fortunes to make, it was discovered that the fine sounding theory of the 'rights of philosophers' was practically incompatible with good government, the real definition of which is the art or mystery of protecting the honestly earned property of the few from the rapacious plunder of the many.

Although men of property and intelligence, in the great cities of the United States, do not dare openly to utter a word of complaint against their tyrannical masters, the people, (a considerable proportion of whom in New York are our hard-hitting Irish labourers,) yet in talking of the said 'people' they do not hesitate in private to acknowledge to any intelligent English traveller that they are afraid publicly either to write their sentiments or to speak their mind—that their property is insecure—that they cannot luxuriously spend it as they like, or bequeath it in any way contrary to the mode approved of by the 'people;' for though their bequest might be perfectly legal, yet, that the jury would be sure to overrule it, as has been customary in such cases, by a verdict of 'INSANITY!'

Suffering under this tyranny it is quite easy to perceive that they look with secret admiration and envy on those noble British institutions which openly protect the property of the few from the Briarean fingers of the many, by boldly promulgating that the revered laws of the land are stronger than either the passions or the will of the people. They see that under this system no man in England is afraid to write or speak his mind—that property may be spent or bequeathed as its owner chooses—that neither the British judge nor the British jury fear anything but the guilt of *injustice*—that, strange to say, the bowie knife is unknown throughout the British empire—and, after all, that if this admirable British Constitution were to be broken to pieces, and its power distributed among the population—though an immense sacred fabric would have been levelled to the dust—the particle of it which each farmer, yeoman, manufacturer, merchant, independent private gentleman, and nobleman would, in

lieu of all his property, receive as his share, when placed in his hand, would be utterly valueless to him, and without the assistance of a microscope would absolutely be almost imperceptible.

This is the evidence which the few of our travellers who have visited America have consecutively described to us in vain; but the corroborative facts are too large for any private individual to bring over. By practical men it has long been lamented that heavy truths sink in crossing the Atlantic; and even if it were not so, the cargo we allude to is, alas! considered contraband by our government, and as such must not be landed.

Again, if we look to Ireland, the mismanagement of which has been notorious, we find ourselves, by all practical men, constantly taunted with our ignorance of that country. We do not allude to the opinions of the party opposed to the present administration; but we will take the deliberate verdict of their own servants, selected and appointed by themselves.

The Railway Commissioners for Ireland, in their second report, addressed 'to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,' and 'by command of her Majesty presented to both Houses of Parliament,' after minutely examining the moral, statistical, and political state of the country, boldly address her Majesty as follows (see page 92):—

*'Ireland, though for years past a subject of anxious attention and discussion in public, is REALLY VERY LITTLE KNOWN TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE; and the disadvantage to both countries, arising from that circumstance, is much greater than is generally supposed.'*

Again, let us for one moment look to the population of the British North American colonies, who, excepting a French faction in Lower Canada, have, at the point of the bayonet, lately indignantly driven from their land, in every direction, those American sympathisers who volunteered to obtain for them what anarchists presumptuously call 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' or, in other words, a purely democratical system of government.

The filial attachments of these colonists to their mother-country has, in a moral point of view, been as deeply affecting, as their reverence for British institutions and their loyalty to the British throne have indisputably been proved; and yet with a debt of eight hundred millions, incurred in resisting republicanism in Europe, staring us in the face, have we not, under a species of political inconsistency, amounting almost to insanity, done everything in our power to entice the British population of our North American colonies ingeniously to furnish us with anything like the shadow of an excuse for declaring that concessions to democracy in America are unavoidable, and that '*as liberal men*,' we ought not to withhold them? Under this infatuation, have we not pulled down, one after another, every public servant who in any of these colonies has

dared to stand against our suicidal policy? Have we not driven the loyal British population of the Canadas to despair, and almost to desperation, by the cruel systematic preferment above them of notorious traitors?

By plain honest men, can language be concocted stronger than the following extract from the last two printed reports of the Legislative Council and of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada on this subject!—

'Let any one,' it is indignantly observed by these brave loyal senators, 'who will submit to the disgusting drudgery, read through the ninety-two resolutions passed by the Assembly of Lower Canada; let him then consider that the known and avowed author of these resolutions was taken from the Assembly by my Lord Gosford, and placed, reeking, upon the bench of the highest court in the colony—there to administer justice in the name of the King of England; let him then imagine some one of the many poor deluded wretches who have been lately taken in arms against their sovereign, brought before this judge to answer for the treason;—Why should he not say boldly to the author of the ninety-two resolutions, "*Show me what I have done that you did not incite and ADVISE and ENCOURAGE me to do? If I am guilty of treason—a crime in which all that are concerned are principals—how can you be less so, who urged me to the act?*"'

And, lastly, after this solemn appeal had been made to her Majesty and to her Majesty's Government, and to both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, was it not astonishing—was it not heart-breaking—and, in sorrow rather than in anger, we add, was it not degrading to the British name that when the eyes of the civilized world were fixed upon us, my Lord Durham should be sent from the mother-country to the Canadas, with orders to continue to be, in spite of this unanswerable language, what is called *liberal*? And that, accordingly, under these fatal orders, his lordship instead of placing himself at once at the head of those who last winter with arms in their hands gallantly maintained in practice the loyal theory of their whole lives—instead of openly discountenancing the rebel faction who had barbarously murdered Colonel Moodie and Lieutenant Weir—instead of announcing in calm dignified language the Queen's disapprobation at the conduct of our American allies for having in their attack on her Majesty's island of Point Pelée shot down thirty of our gallant soldiers of the 32nd Regiment\*—instead of expressing indignation at

\* Among the most infamous depredations committed last winter upon the Queen's unoffending loyal Canadian subjects, was the attack upon the British Island of Point Pelée by an organized body of about 500 Americans, who, regularly officered, and generally armed with their own government muskets, not only drove from her Majesty's island into the United States all the horses and cattle they could collect, but grossly maltreated the inhabitants, all of whom who had anything worth plundering were, just as it will be in England, voted to be Tories, and robbed accordingly.

Intelligence of this invasion and occupation of her Majesty's island having reached the Honourable Colonel

the wholesale robberies committed by citizens of the United States on Canadian property—instead of arresting these proceedings by paternally telling our American progeny that as civilized men they ought to be ashamed of themselves, his lordship felt himself constrained not only, excluding the well-trying loyal inhabitants, to appoint to his council certain strange gentlemen, who shall for the present be nameless, but openly to show the most marked attention to the American sympathisers whom he publicly feasted, for the almost avowed object of promulgating to the North American colonies that her Majesty's representative belonged to no party, and that, as Napoleon said of the Bourbons, '*Ils n'ont rien appris et tout oublié,*' so the

Maitland, it appears by the public journals that he left Amherstburg at midnight with five companies, two guns, and thirty of the Canada militia to attack the invaders.

After marching twenty miles across the ice, his little force reached the island at daybreak, and two companies under Captain Brown having been detached to the American end of the island to cut off their retreat, Colonel Maitland with his three companies and thirty militiamen advanced upon the enemy, who were in the bush. Although the organized American force consisted of 500 men, they retreated before Colonel Maitland, and being well acquainted with the paths through the wood, they completely escaped from him, and came in sight of Captain Brown's detachment, who were formed on the ice, about 100 yards from the island. Instead of rushing forwards to annihilate this little force, the Americans availed themselves of the broken ice on the edge of the lake, deliberately laid down behind it, and then opened a fire upon the British, which was, of course, ineffectually returned. Captain Brown's men fell in all directions, and had his decision vacillated for a moment, his force would have been so weakened, that these American 'precursors' would at once have rushed forwards and despatched the remainder.

Under these desperate circumstances, Captain Brown, instead of attempting to *conciliate*, most nobly gave orders to his men to charge, which with three cheers they no sooner obeyed, than the Americans rose *en masse* to receive them, their colonel exclaiming 'Charge and be d-d to you!'—which elegant words were scarcely uttered before a musket-bullet passed through his forehead.

The British continued to advance until they drove before them the whole American force, who, although they had the bush to retire to, deserted their flag, on which was inscribed the word 'Liberty,' and leaving their colonel, their major, and two of their captains dead on the field, never rallied for a moment.

In this affray thirty of our gallant fellows fell; and though we know that it is not deemed 'liberal' in politics to mourn over the untimely murder of British soldiers when they oppose republican institutions, yet we may be permitted to quote the following affecting passage from Colonel Maitland's despatch:—'I sincerely regret the loss of so many brave soldiers, and I feel it the more when I reflect that they did not fall before an honourable enemy, but under the fire of a desperate gang of murderers and marauders.'

It was in consequence of this feeling, which was ardently responded to by the Canada militia, that when Lord Durham not only publicly entertained the American sympathisers at Niagara, but nearly opposite Navy Island openly proposed, before Brock's monument, and in presence of the Canada militia, the health of the President of the United States, murmurs we have been credibly informed, were heard—such murmurs as we must decline to repeat.

policy of the mother-country continued to deem it '*liberal*,' to see no distinction whatever between the loyal, the disloyal, and our perfidious foreign invaders?

His lordship then made his brief summer's tour amidst the acclamations of a brave and loyal people, and the hour of his sudden retirement having arrived, he boldly censured the judicial conduct of all former rulers, and then frankly acknowledged to the free population of our North American colonies, that though he had only seen the summer-side of the Canadas, he was enabled to declare, (just as the Railway Commissioners had simultaneously declared to her Majesty respecting Ireland,) that when he left London he knew but little of the subject of his mission, and that the people in England knew still less!

The reason why my Lord Durham, when he left England, 'knew but little of our North American colonies,'—the reason why his Lordship feared to select as his council men distinguished not only for staunch, well-tryed attachment to the British constitution, but for unalterable hatred of Republican institutions,—the reason why his lordship (like the good-natured man in the fable, who endeavoured to please everybody) publicly fed our American assailants with warm, savoury soup,—and finally, the reasons why people in England, at this moment, 'know still less' of our colonies than even Lord Durham did on landing at Quebec, are the identical reasons we have already given for our national ignorance of the fatal results of democracy as they are already strikingly exemplified in the United States.

The facts are too heavy for individuals to bring across the waves of the Atlantic, and, as in certain trials, the testimony of the single witness is insufficient for conviction.

Under these appalling circumstances, if it be asked by what means, under Heaven, then, can these real truths be imported to this country, we unhesitatingly reply—by the magic power of steam! The communication it has lately opened with America, will, undoubtedly, dissipate the ignorance which my Lord Durham has so manfully acknowledged, and our farmers, yeomen, manufacturers—all our fellow subjects who by honesty and industry have amassed little fortunes—will (thanks to the Great Western, the Royal William, and the British Queen!) soon perceive that there is nothing really '*liberal*' in being bullied by our farm-servants, labourers, and mechanics—in short, they will be brought into contact with republican institutions, and then judge for themselves. This is all we desire—we most ardently seek the comparison, and await the country's verdict without the slightest apprehension of the result.

We might offer many other instances of the general advantages which society is likely to derive from the application of this new-born power of steam; but if our readers will only reflect on the immense improvement

which, since the last peace, has taken place in the manners of our countrymen, who, within these few years only, have left off hard drinking, attending prize-fights, bull-baits, wearing Belcher neck-cloths, affecting to dress, nod, spit, and meet each other like stage-coachmen, &c. &c. &c.—they may calculate for themselves the aggregate advantages which the whole world will derive when, by the power of steam, every nation is enabled to see, without flattery, its own faults clearly reflected in its neighbour's mirror.

Among the various problems of minor importance which have arisen from a consideration of the general results of railroads, it is constantly asked—in *what manner will they affect our metropolis?* There are many who argue that the facility with which people who are now immured in London will be enabled to get into the country must have the effect of diminishing the population of the metropolis. We must, however, acknowledge that we differ from this opinion.

As travelling has been found by the Irish Rail-road Commissioners invariably to increase in proportion to the facility with which it can be effected, it would follow, that so many rail-roads, converging upon London as a centre, must, at all events, daily bring thither large crowds of passengers; besides which the rail-roads would import provisions in such quantities that their price would inevitably fall. On looking at those statistical tables which show the prices of provisions all over the United Kingdom, it is very curious to observe with what exactness these prices decline on the different roads, in proportion to the distance from the capital—so that, if a man with these tables in his pocket were to fall from the clouds upon any given road, by simply asking the first person he met to tell him the price of butter, for instance, and by then looking at his tables, he would be able to determine very nearly his precise distance from the metropolis. Now, when London, instead of being supplied with expensive milk, fruits, and vegetables, produced on land and gardens of an exorbitant rent, can be readily furnished with these articles from a distance—when bullocks, instead of being driven at great expense, 'larding the lean earth' as they proceed, can be killed 100 or 200 miles off, and be thus despatched to, instead of in, the metropolis—and when all sorts of provisions can be forwarded thither with equal facility, it must, we conceive, follow that the prices of these commodities will be more equally adjusted throughout the country than they hitherto have been. London must thus become a place of much cheaper residence, and we think there can be no doubt that, in proportion as the objections to living in it are removed, its population must increase. When a powder-magazine by exploding creates a vacuum in the atmosphere, the windows of the adjacent houses are not, as most people would be led to expect, forced *inwards*, but the air within their rooms breaks

the glass *outwards* in rushing to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. On similar principles, the population of the country will, we conceive, rush towards the London markets, whenever by any commercial convulsion the price of provisions is suddenly lowered; and thus will the effect of the rail-roads upon the metropolis be, we conceive, centripetal, and not, as has been supposed by many, centrifugal.

It is true that the twenty minutes, thirty minutes, and sixty minutes city-men (we mean those gentlemen whose affluent fortunes allow them now to live those periods of time from the metropolis) will, instead of residing at Hackney, Putney, and other such retreats, rush away to Maidenhead, Watford, and places from ten to thirty miles from London; but the number of these will not only comparatively be few, but the houses they abandon, falling in rent, will attract a new description of men—besides which, as, where a man's treasure is there is generally his heart, so, wherever these gentlemen may sleep they will still *bonâ fide* be actual inhabitants of the metropolis; indeed, instead of deserting the metropolis, it may be justly said they will carry it with them, and that the real limits of London will become, as indeed they now are, that radius to which its population can at night conveniently retire to their pillows.

If our object was to advocate the rail-road and steam-boat system, we should now conclude our imperfect observations, but, as our sole desire is to bring the important subject fairly before the consideration of our readers, it is necessary that, in the words of Portia, we should say, '*Tarry a little, there is something yet!*'

'Your lordship will observe,' (wrote the Duke of Wellington in his celebrated despatch from the field of Waterloo,) 'that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages gained, without great loss, and I am sorry to add that our's has been immense.' In science, as in warfare, victories, however brilliant they may appear to the public, invariably leave behind them anguish and misery which even the flourish of the trumpets cannot conceal from our ears. The invention of any new machinery in our manufactories has always, more or less, been productive of such results, but the power of steam is about to produce effects which it is not only painful but absolutely fearful to contemplate. The wooden walls of old England (we mean our navy as it floated in the days of Nelson) do not afford the same protection to our island, since the invention of vessels which, against wind and tide, and especially in calm weather, can penetrate our fogs for the purpose of invasion. Our insular defence, which during the reign of Napoleon amounted, in round numbers, precisely to the quantum of difficulty that then existed in a fleet's crossing the British Channel, has of course been suddenly weakened exactly in the same ratio as that difficulty has been immensely diminished; and

when we recall to mind with what confidence we have been accustomed to look to the British navy for defence, it is melancholy to reflect that men-of-war whose names in letters brighter than gold are most gloriously recorded in the naval annals of our country, might now, in a dead calm, hear the cannon of our assailants—without the power of peering into them in return British broadsides, in the old boatswain's phraseology, 'as hot as they could suck 'em.' We shall of course, be driven, indeed we have much too long neglected, to make the construction and application of the steam-engine one of the principal subjects of examination in the promotion of our rising generation of naval officers;—and we have no doubt, if the Lords of the Admiralty will but require and encourage them to do so, they will eventually display and maintain in the new science the ability and character which distinguished their predecessors in the old. Still, however, the maritime defences of the country must be weakened, and we own, accustomed as our brave sailors have been to the pure fresh breezes of the ocean, it is with a painful sensation that we read in Captain Austin's report upon a steam-sloop (as published by the Irish Railway Commissioners), 'that there has been taken from the Medea's flues, after a week's steaming, sixty bushels of soot!'

On shore not only will the merry face of old England be seared and furrowed by railways, resembling the straight crossbarred lines tattooed across the countenance of a New Zealander, but some of our noblest establishments have already received what may almost be termed their sentence of death.

The first among these is our mail-coach establishment, so long our just pride, and still the admiration and wonder of all other countries. Those well-built carriages which have hitherto with unerring accuracy conveyed our correspondence to the remotest points of the United Kingdom—those skilful coachmen, who against all weathers and in all seasons, have with rarely an exception kept their respective times—those guards who with unpretended courage have faithfully protected the commercial treasure committed to their charge, must, it is foreseen, be soon cast aside. Our immense stage system, with all its coaches, coachmen, horses, and horsekeepers, is nearly also on its last legs. Our posting system, with its expensive hotels, built at convenient sleeping-places, by enterprising people for the comfort and luxury of travellers, post-houses, post-horses, and postilions, is, we apprehend, in nearly equal danger. Our public roads, as well as our private roads, have scarcely, at an enormous expense, been brought to a state of perfection, when it is notified to us that the M'Adam system has been supplanted by a new power which, by attraction, is to leave it deserted. It is estimated that there are about 20,000 commercial travellers—this intelligent body of



men will be considerably injured. The communication from London to Leith and Aberdeen by smacks, which, at great expense, had been fitted up for public conveyance, is already superseded by the power of steam; and those noble American packets, so beautifully built, so liberally provided, and so ably navigated, are now about to make way for steamers, in the building of which the Bristol, Liverpool, and New York merchants are all emulously combined against the 'old liner,' that faithful and veteran servant who has hitherto in all weathers transacted their business with credit and success.

IV. We will now proceed to endeavour to apply the whole of the foregoing general observations on the power, progress, add probable effects of steam, to a useful and practical result.

Civilization has never been granted an opportunity of suddenly making such an immense step, or rather such an incalculable stride as is now offered; but it is humiliating to reflect how little apprehension we have shown for the heavenly gift which has been imparted to us—how strongly our conduct respecting it exemplifies the observation, 'Nescis, mi fili, quantalâ sapientiâ gubernatur mundus!'

In private life a man would be considered almost insane who should begin to build for himself a house before he had settled upon its plan, but we have scarcely become acquainted with the locomotive power of steam on land, than we have at once jumped upon its bare back, riding it rough-shod in all directions before the breadth of the rails has been determined, or before we have settled, or even considered, upon what scientific principles these immense new works ought to be constructed.

In order to form some sort of notion of the responsibility which we are thus taking on us, let us for a moment, by multiplying the work in a single rail-road by the number which are to be constructed, roughly estimate the quantum of expense which either has been or is about to be incurred. Mr. David Stephenson says—

'The Americans now number among their many wonderful artificial lines of communication a mountain railway, which in boldness of design and difficulty of execution, I can compare to no modern work I have ever seen, excepting perhaps the passes of the Simplon and Mont Cenis, but even these remarkable passes, viewed as engineering works, did not strike me as being more wonderful than the Alleghany railway in the United States.'

Mr. Lecount, civil engineer, speaking of an undertaking to which he has from the first been professionally connected, writes as follows:—

'The London and Birmingham Railway is unquestionably the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on

it, perhaps the Great Chinese Wall might compete with it, but when we consider the immediate outlay of capital which it has required,—the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress,—together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome,—the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks totally into the shade.

'It may be amusing to some readers, who are unacquainted with the magnitude of such an undertaking as the London and Birmingham Railway, if we give one or two illustrations of the above assertion. The great Pyramid of Egypt, that stupendous monument which seems likely to exist to the end of all time, will afford a comparison.

'After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, &c., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three million cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by three thousand men, and it required for its execution twenty years.

'If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one common denomination, the result is twenty-five thousand million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years.

'From the above calculation have been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, wagons, &c.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

'As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and thirty-four hundredths wide, it will be found that these pence laid together so that they all touch would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the equator.

'As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and thirty million feet. Then as there are about four hundred and thirty million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the Railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to any thing else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the equator.

We have lying before us descriptions more or less inflated of the Liverpool and Birmingham, of the Great Western, of the Brussels and Antwerp railways, &c., &c., but the two sketches we have just given will probably be deemed sufficient as multiplicands; and with these before the reader we will proceed to show by what immense figures they are about to be multiplied.

In the United States, we have already stated, that there were, in the year 1837, no less than fifty-seven

railways completed and in full operation, whose aggregate length amounted to upwards of 1,600 miles; that thirty-three railways were in progress, which, when completed, would amount to 2,800 miles; and that, in addition to this, upwards of one hundred and fifty railway companies had been incorporated.

In Great Britain, the Irish Railway Commissioners state, that the amount of capital authorized to be raised for making railways, under acts passed in 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836, was 29,000,000*l.* The estimate for those for which bills were petitioned in 1837 was very near 31,000,000*l.* In France, the government, on the 15th of February, 1838, proposed, in the Chamber of Deputies, bills for a general system of rail-roads, which was to extend, in aggregate length, to the enormous distance of 1,100 leagues of railway, without reckoning the branch roads. The estimated expense amounted to 40,000,000*l.* sterling; the railways to be constructed on the *English system*—as adopted on the lines from Liverpool to Manchester; Birmingham to Manchester; London to Birmingham; and the Great Western Railway. In Belgium, it is proposed to throw a net-work of rail-roads over the whole surface of the country; and vast projects are in contemplation in Holland, Prussia, and in various other countries in Europe.

In this enormous new undertaking, which is to compress the world quite as much as, by a novel application of power, we compress our hay and cotton for exportation, it cannot, we conceive, be denied, that the British nation, whether for good or for evil, is pre-eminently leading the way.

We do not mean, by this observation, to withhold from the Americans the well-earned applause due to them for the activity and enterprise which in their rail-road undertakings have distinguished that shrewd and industrious people; but we have already shown that their rail-road system is one adapted only to their own peculiar political situation, and that, between their course and ours, there exists the same important difference as between field and permanent fortification; and as it is our permanent, and not their temporary system, which is adapted to Europe, it would be with pride, if we could record that we were able, or even to the best of our ability, performing the duties of the high station which we have been called upon before the world to occupy?

It is, however, with feelings of humiliation and regret, we must acknowledge, that we have failed to receive the new power which has lately visited the earth with the attention due to its importance. If an illustrious stranger had landed on our shores, considerable expenses would have been incurred, and deliberate arrangements would have been made to have imparted to our guest the honors suited to his rank—but this great mechanical power which, without metaphor, we

may say has lately descended from Heaven permanently to reside with us on earth, has been most culpably neglected. Against prejudice and ignorance it was at first left to contend, unassisted and unattended; and even when, having trampled both these enemies under its feet, it was seen in all directions moving triumphantly among us, by the legislature as well as by the government, it was suffered for a considerable time to exist totally unnoticed.

If we be gravely asked, before the world, upon what system and upon what principles the various English rail-road bills have passed into laws, with shame we have to confess that neither system nor principle has been considered. In the animal frame, Nature has not only, by great arteries, projected from the heart to every part of the body, however remote, nourishment exactly proportionate to its support, but, by astonishing foresight and reflection, she has placed these arteries in sheltered situations, in which they are admirably protected from outward accidents—the good of every part has been scrupulously attended to, and yet, in no instance, has the general welfare of the whole been neglected. In the arterial system of our rail-roads, no such considerations have for a single moment been attended to. Disregarding all private suffering, the legislature has, on the face and surface of the country, made incisions here, and circumeisions there, of the most serious and lasting consequences. Unguided by science, and without due attention to the general anatomy of the country, we have decreed that a little artery shall diagonally flow here, and a large one there—one longitudinally in this place, another latitudinally almost at right angles in that. 'It would be a good thing,' argues one company of speculators before the legislature, 'to grant us a rail-road here:'—'It would be a very fine thing, indeed,' argues another self-interested body of engineers and attorneys, 'to give us one there:'—the prayers of both are conceded! And thus have monopolies been granted for ever to different inexperienced joint-stock zig-zag companies, who, strange to say, are to settle at what hours the British public is to travel—at what rate it is to travel—and, up to a certain point, at what price it is to travel!

The details have been as little regarded as the outline or building-plan. The width between the rails of one of our rail-roads is four feet eight inches and a half; of another, five feet; of another, four feet six inches; of another, six feet; and of another, seven feet. In the line from London to Liverpool, the space between the double sets of rails is four feet eight inches and a half for the Liverpool and Manchester Company, and six feet for the rest of the distance belonging to the other two brother companies. Again, the driving wheels of the engines of one company are four feet, of another four feet six inches, of another five feet, of

another six, of another seven, and ten feet in diameter. In short, village lawyers, country surveyors, and speculators of all descriptions, who knew but *little* of the great principles upon which rail-roads should be constructed, have appeared before the legislature, who knew *less*, to advocate the interest of the public, who, taken collectively, absolutely knew *nothing at all* on the subject. \*

That the blind have thus, not only in Europe but in America, been led by the blind, will appear from the following statement:—

On the 8th of May, 1837, the French government brought forward six bills for six rail-roads, whose united length amounted to two hundred and thirty leagues, all planned on the most different and inconsistent principles; and on the 15th of February, 1838, a general system was proposed, *copying the British*. In Belgium various projects are in embryo. In the United States, Mr. Stevenson says that no two rail-roads are constructed alike. The fish-bellied rails of some, weighing forty pounds per lineal yard, rest upon cast-iron chairs weighing sixteen pounds each; in others, plate rails of malleable iron, two and a half inches broad and half an inch thick, are fixed by iron spikes, to wooden rafters which rest upon wooden sleepers; in others, a plate rail is spiked down to treenails of oak or locust-wood driven into jumper holes bored in the stone curb; in others, longitudinal wooden runners, one foot in breadth and from three to four inches in thickness, are embedded in broken stone or gravel—on these runners are placed transverse sleepers, formed of round timber with the bark left on—and wrought-iron rails are fixed to the sleepers by long spikes, the heads of which are countersunk in the rail; in others, round piles of timber, about twelve inches in diameter, are driven into the ground as far as they will go, about three feet apart; the tops are then cross-cut, and the rails are spiked to them.

The cost of the American railways, having generally only a single pair of rails, which are almost everywhere of *British manufacture*, was from 6000*l.* a mile to 1800*l.*

The cost of the Liverpool and Manchester was 30,000*l.*, of the Dublin and Kingston 40,000*l.*; the estimated cost of the French is about, 15,000*l.*; of those to be made in Ireland about 10,000*l.*

This conflicting system was at last carried to an extent which, as our readers must perceive, became truly alarming. Our unconnected projects received the sanction of parliament, and yet, during the scrutiny which ought to have sifted these undertakings, there existed no master-mind, no disinterested scientific authority whose duty it was to collect and record the important facts which experience was daily eliciting, or to give to the government, to the legislature, or to the

public, such scientific information or such sound advice as it might be deemed advisable to require.

The House of Lords, becoming at last fully sensible of the imminent danger of the course which had been pursued, resolutions and an address were moved by the Marquis of Lansdown, in accordance with which his late majesty was pleased, on the 20th of October, 1836, to appoint a commission 'to inquire into the manner in which railway communication could be most advantageously promoted,' and 'to consider and recommend a general system of railways in Ireland.'

The commissioners thus appointed delivered their first report on the 11th of March, 1837; and their second and final report on the 13th of July, 1838. The recommendations contained in these important documents are as follows:

1. The commissioners 'come to the conclusion that the two great lines which would open the country in the most advantageous manner, confer the most extensive accommodation at the smallest outlay, and afford the greatest return on capital, would be—

A. A railway from Dublin to Cork by Maryborough, near which a branch is to be thrown off nearly south to Kilkenny, and through Holy Cross, at which point a west branch is to be thrown out to Limerick, and an east branch to Waterford.

B. A railway from Dublin to Navan, at which point the said railway is to fork into two directions, the one through Castleblany and Armagh to Belfast; the other through Kells, Virginia, and Cavan, to Enniskillen.

2. The commissioners consider that a uniform breadth should exist between the rails of the railway lines in Ireland, and they recommend that this breadth be six feet two inches.

The commissioners state as their opinion, that if the utmost economy be observed—that if no unnecessary expense be admitted for the mere attainment of an ideal perfection—that if single lines of way be adopted till increased traffic shall call for increased accommodation—that if provision be made by the legislature for reducing the great expense hitherto commonly incurred in obtaining railway bills—and if some legislative enactment be provided granting only a just and reasonable compensation to the Irish proprietors, in Ireland 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* a mile may be generally made to cover all the charges of construction and appointments on the two lines they have recommended.

The commissioners estimate that, under these circumstances, the main trunk line from Dublin to Cork would give a dividend of from 4.83 per cent. to 5.18 per cent.; that the Kilkenny branch of twenty-six miles and a half would give a dividend of only two per cent.; that the Limerick branch of thirty-five miles and a half would give only 7-10 per cent. Total dividend of the

main trunk line and of these two branches 3 1-2 percent. Ditto of the Waterford and Limerick branch 3.8 per cent.

As regards the great north line the commissioners estimate that the dividend would be on an average about 4.75 per cent.

3. The commissioners consider that, under present circumstances, Cork will answer every purpose for which a winter-port can be required to promote a steam communication with America; and with this object in view, they recommend most strongly that every encouragement be given to the completion of the lines of railway from Dublin to Cork, on the best system, and under such arrangements as shall prevent private or partial interests from having a power to check a perfect co-operation between these means of transport and the most improved and rapid railway and packet communication between London and Dublin.

4. The commissioners calculate, that if from the Birmingham and Liverpool a branch rail-road was to be established to Holyhead or to Porth Dyllaen, the mails might be conveyed from the London post office to that of Dublin in eighteen hours, allowing one half hour from the post office in London to starting on railway; twenty-seven miles per hour for the railway; thirty minutes for embarkation; ten miles an hour for steamboat voyage; thirty minutes from Irish port to Dublin, including landing; two hours additional for return to allow for occasional long passages by sea; hour of leaving London eight P. M., hour of arrival in London seven A. M.

5. In reporting on the present condition of the population of Ireland, the commissioners state, that whilst that island is making a visible and steady progress in improvement, and whilst signs of increasing wealth present themselves on all sides, the labouring population derive no proportionate benefit from the growing prosperity around them; indeed, that in many places their condition is even worse than it used to be. The commissioners consider as the main cause of this anomaly, the remarkable and accelerated increase of the population which took place from the year 1793, in consequence of the act which then passed for conferring the elective franchise on that class of voters known as the forty shilling freeholders. In 1791 the numbers were 4,206,612; in 1821 they were found to have increased to 6,801,827; in 1831 to 7,767,401, and they now amount to more than eight and a half millions.

Among the effects of this rapid increase of population without a corresponding increase of remunerative employment, the most alarming, though perhaps the most obviously to be expected, is a deterioration of the food of the peasantry.

The commissioners declare that the vice and the base of the people of Ireland is idleness, and they observe that if the Irish peasantry were placed in point

of comfort on a par with those of Great Britain, the result to the public revenue would be an annual increase of six millions in the article of excise.

The Commissioners, after minutely explaining the influence of railways in developing the resources of a country, and the extraordinary increase in the communication with Ireland which has already been effected by steam vessels, state as their opinion, 'that a well-arranged system of railways in Ireland would have the effect of continuing and extending throughout the country the benefits which the outports have thus obtained by the introduction of steam vessels.'

6. The Commissioners having at very great length examined the great principles by which a general system of railways in Ireland should be regulated, and having laid down the line which, in their opinion, would be most beneficial to the country, offer very important suggestions as to the means and the manner of carrying these projects, either altogether or in part, into execution, and some sensible observations upon the principles on which railway bills should be framed for the common benefit of the public and the companies, which we regret our limits do not allow us to extract.

The Commissioners, after exposing several of the serious errors which have been committed, as regards the privileges granted to rail-road companies in England conclude their report as follows:—

'It might be well to look to the proceedings of other countries, in reference to this important matter. In France the main lines have been laid out under the immediate direction of the government, and the conditions made known, on which private companies will be empowered to construct and work them. America, as might be expected, from its separate and independent jurisdictions, has proceeded less systematically; but the several states have, in general, become shareholders to a large amount, and have thus acquired great influence in the direction of the railways undertaken within their respective limits.

'In England alone, the main lines of communication have been committed to the direction of individuals, almost unconditionally, and without control. We believe this has arisen, in a great measure, from the suddenness with which this invention burst upon the country, and the imperfect view which has as yet been taken of its extraordinary power, as well as of the extent to which the public interests are involved in its just application and management.'

'But to whatever cause this may be attributed, we have deemed it our duty before closing our Report, to urge these important considerations on public attention. In the earnest hope, that in Ireland, where the ground is yet untrodden, every precaution may be taken, and every measure adopted, which can contribute, on the one hand, to the encouragement of the capitalist, and on the other, to secure to the country the full and permanent benefit which the railway system is capable of affording.'

Copies of this 'Second and Final Report' (Dublin, 13th July, 1838) having been printed, and by command of Her Majesty presented to both Houses -

Parliament, it has followed, as might have been expected, that the Commissioners' statements and opinions have excited, especially in Ireland, considerable attention. It was natural to anticipate that those private interests and projects which the Commissioners have openly opposed in this Report, should, as soon as it appeared before the bar of public opinion, angrily rise up in judgment against them. On the whole, however, we must say that we think the public, with creditable forbearance, have not factiously joined with this party; at the same time, those who are most deeply interested, as well as those who have most seriously reflected upon the important subject involved in this Report, feel that the recommendations contained in it are of such vital moment, that it becomes the duty of all prudent men cautiously to consider what amount of weight ought to be given to opinions and to locomotive projects, which not only irrevocably must affect our commercial interests, but our character before the world; for there can be no doubt that a sensible explanation of the great principles upon which railways should be constructed, is as much wanted throughout Europe as in Ireland; that already without such a report, our system, or rather our want of system, has been copied on the Continent; and that, as in the government of the new element of steam it appears we are unavoidably obliged to take the lead, it is evident that if we were to adopt false principles, they would immediately be extensively inoculated throughout almost every country in Europe.

With such important interests at stake, we therefore, as a duty which we owe to science, call upon our readers to unite with us in casting aside party feeling and political animosity, while we endeavour very briefly to review the subject before us.

We conceive the principal question in this inquiry to be,—*Does the Report emanate from persons possessing in the opinion of Europe requisite qualifications?* We have accordingly taken some pains to inform ourselves on this subject.

The first on the list of the Irish Railway Commissioners is Lt. Thomas Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, in which corps it appears that he has served upwards of twenty years. We understand that he left the military academy at Woolwich with the character of being an unusually good mathematician, and accordingly he was appointed to the great trigonometrical survey on which he was employed ten years. In consequence of his acknowledged abilities and of his scientific acquirements, he was entrusted by Colonel Colby with the chief subordinate direction of measuring the great base in Ireland, one of the finest operations of the sort ever performed. In carrying from his base the Ordinance triangulation over Ireland, the application of the instruments and telescopes became of course limited by the curvature of the earth and

atmospheric haze. The former obstruction was to a certain degree remedied by taking up stations on elevated mountains; but the latter was so difficult to be overcome, that months were passed on the mountain tops of Ireland, vainly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the distant stations. It was in this situation and under these circumstances that Lt. Drummond ingeniously applied, rather than invented, the hydro-oxygen light which bears his name, and also constructed an instrument which he called the Heliostat, for obtaining a reflection from the sun's rays, by which means distances exceeding 100 miles have been observed. These inventions having brought Lt. Drummond into some degree of notice, he was employed by government in the calculations which the new modelling of our representative system required; afterwards he was appointed private secretary to Lord Althorp, and during the last two or three years he has held the office of under-secretary for Ireland. In this last capacity he has shown strong political sentiments, with which we do not accord; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that his mathematical information, coupled with the general knowledge of Ireland, which in his professional avocations he must have had an opportunity of acquiring, entitle him as an Irish Railway Commissioner to the confidence of the country; and that dark as may be his political principles, he shines in science by his own light.

The second Commissioner is Colonel Sir John Burgoyne, an officer of about thirty years service in the Royal Engineers, a considerable portion of which was before the enemy in Egypt, Spain, America, and France. In his professional acquirements we have been informed that he stands second to no one in his corps, and we learn it was in consequence of his strict integrity of character that he was selected to be chief commissioner and chairman to the Board of Public Works in Ireland; in which capacity (as appears from the printed Parliamentary Reports relating to that Board) Sir John's attention has for the last six years been principally directed to the management of a fund of 550,000*l.* for loans and grants to public works; to the inland navigations—the roads and bridges—the harbours and the fisheries of Ireland.

Besides opening several communications through the waste districts in Ireland, by roads made by Government, and now under the charge of the Board of Works, Colonel Burgoyne's attention must have been especially directed to the practical operation and importance of the Dublin and Kingston Railway, as it appears (by the Parliamentary Reports) that the sum of 75,000*l.* has been loaned to that undertaking by the said Board.

The third Commissioner, Mr. Barlow, professor of mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, is well known as the author of several works,

and detached articles, connected with abstract mathematical inquiries, as also for the application of those theories to scientific and engineering subjects. His first essay, made with a view of combining theory with practice, was his work on the strength of materials, founded on a series of experiments made by permission of the Admiralty in the dockyard at Woolwich, on all the different woods contained in that arsenal. These experiments were afterwards extended to others, in connection with the late Mr. Telford, on the strength of iron bars, principally with a view of obtaining data for the construction of the Menai bridge. This work has passed through several editions, has been translated into the French and German languages, and is considered by engineers, both foreign and English, as a text-book for the subjects on which it treats. Mr. Barlow was also associated with Mr. Telford, in experiments on the tides, relative to the removal of the late London bridge; which experiments, as well as some others on the motion of steam-vessels, were conducted under the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty. Mr. Barlow afterwards published a large work on the machinery and manufactures of Great Britain—showing the revenue derivable from them, and their influence on the population, wealth, and prosperity of the British empire. On the first proposition for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, Mr. Barlow was employed to estimate the comparative advantages of railways and canals, for the transfer of heavy goods; and he was afterwards appointed, in connection with two eminent engineers, to decide the merits of the communications of the several candidates for the prizes proposed by the London and Birmingham Railway Company relative to the construction of that great work. This led to a new set of experiments on the strength of railway bars, and on the strength of locomotive engines when in rapid motion; afterwards published in two distinct reports addressed to the directors of that company. Subsequently, Mr. Barlow has been consulted on various questions connected with the subject of railways and steam navigation by several companies, both English and foreign, principally on disputed points of practice.

Another important inquiry on which he was engaged, although not connected with the present matter, appears to have been the practical correction of the compass on ship-board. The success which attended his researches on this subject entitled him to the parliamentary reward established by the longitude act. He was also in consequence elected a member of the Institute of France, and of other societies—received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, and several other flattering marks of distinction.

Mr. Griffith, the fourth and last of the commissioners, is a civil engineer, who has been very extensively employed in the laying out and construction of roads

in Ireland. He has the character of being a scientific man, especially in geology—and many years ago was the leading person employed in the surveys and operations connected with the well-known bog reports. For many years Mr. Griffith has been exclusively employed by Government, and is now at the head of the boundary department with which the Ordnance survey of Ireland is connected.

The undoubtedly very accomplished and experienced individuals composing the Irish Railway Commission having now hastily passed in review before us, it is proper that we should consider the materials with which they furnished their Report.

The first assistance they appear to have received was from the Master-General of the Ordnance, who, being impressed with the public importance of the commission, granted to it the aid of such officers of the corps of engineers as were deemed best competent to the task. accordingly Major H. D. Jones, R. E., an intelligent officer and steady man of business, was appointed secretary to the commission, and a subaltern officer of ten years standing, Lt. Harness, R. E., was selected to analyse and condense the statistical information, on account of his peculiar ability for that duty.

In addition to these officers of the Ordnance corps, the commission enlisted into its service Mr. Vignolles, grandson of the late Dr. Charles Hutton, professor of mathematics to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. In consequence of his mathematical acquirements, Mr. Vignolles was engaged in engineering and trigonometrical operations in South Carolina for the State Government; also in Florida, at the time of the cession of that territory by Spain to the United States. Since that time Mr. Vignolles has acted as assistant to several of the principal engineers of this country, was engaged by Messrs. Rennie to prepare the parliamentary plan and sections for the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and has been more or less employed on the following railways, either in their construction, or as consulting-engineer of the companies, or as engineer consulted by the two houses of parliament—the St. Helen's, the Wigan branch, Dublin and Kingston, North Union, Sheffield and Manchester, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Eastern Counties, the Erydon, the Grand Junction, the Great Western, the Southampton, the Brunswick and Hamburg, &c.; besides which Mr. Vignolles had been much engaged in other branches of engineering, and has laid out some roads and canals both in England and Ireland.

In the north of Ireland the Commissioners employed Mr. Macneill, a favourite *élève* of the late Mr. Telford. It appears that this gentleman was selected on account of his general merit and reputation as a civil engineer, and principally because he had already been engaged in similar researches in that part of Ireland in which the commissioners especially required his assistance.

The Boards of Customs and Excise were directed by their chairmen to prepare for the commissioners certain returns relative to the trade of the country. The Constabulary, under the direction of Colonel Shaw Kennedy, procured for the commissioners very valuable information respecting the inland traffic in most parts of Ireland. The Post-office, and Messrs. Purcell, Bowne, and Bianconi, the principal proprietors of public conveyances in Ireland, furnished the commissioners with the requisite details respecting the number of passengers travelling by coaches and cars, thus showing the precise increase of intercourse which has followed increased facility, and diminished expense of communication. The Ordnance Survey Department for Ireland, under Colonel Colby, at the request of the commissioners, caused to be made from the great triangulation a diagram of the whole of Ireland, and a map was especially compiled from the already completed portion of the Ordnance Survey, and the last county maps, the imperfections of which were corrected by means of the fixed points of the great triangulation. The preparation of these valuable documents was entrusted by Colonel Colby to his principal assistant, Lieutenant Larcom, of the Royal Engineers.

The principal engineers and promoters of railway undertakings residing in Dublin, very liberally furnished the commissioners with the plans and reports explanatory of their respective projects; and the principal railway companies in England readily afforded much valuable information, as well as many useful suggestions.

With this powerful assistance the commissioners proceeded to the execution of the task imposed upon them, namely, to consider and recommend a general system of railways for Ireland, and the result of these labours has been the publication of the two reports under our notice.

It would of course have been possible, and there can be no doubt it would have been the safer course, for the commissioners to have contented themselves with giving their opinions, or, as it may be termed, passing their judgment, on conflicting railway interests, without revealing to the public the high-roads and by-roads through which they had arrived at their decisions. They, however, determined on the opposite course, and although giving reasons for difficult decisions is always attended with danger, especially where the verdict has been influenced by moral circumstances, which it is generally almost impossible to describe, yet they determined to throw before the public, without reserve, if not all, as many of their data as could possibly be collected. With this view they appended to their report the following original documents, respecting which, as we enumerate them, we will make our observations that may occur to us:—

1. A map of Ireland, showing the different lines laid

down under the direction of the commissioners, and those proposed by private parties.

2. A map of Ireland, showing, by the varieties of shading, the comparative density of the population.

(We consider this map to be a most valuable statistical document. The amount of the population, in 1831, of each town in Ireland, as also the average population per square mile, are not only marked in figures, but the strong lights and deep shadows which characterize the map, appear at first sight as if they were intended to distinguish those parts of the country which are high and dry from the different gradations of land, damp, wet, swampy, and boggy. Under this impression, without any previous acquaintance with the country, the eye at once determines that, in order to dry the country, the main drain should be cut through the blackest shadows; but on closer observation it turns out that, in this map, the light are the desolate, and the deep shadows the densely populated, regions of Ireland. And thus is the mind led to reflect that tapping the stagnant population of a country by a rail-road is an operation which should be performed on very nearly the same principles as draining wet land—we mean that the rail-road should pierce the country wherever the population is the densest, just as main drains are cut wherever the region is the wettest.)

3. A map of Ireland, showing the relative quantities of traffic in different directions.

(This map not only shows the quantity of traffic which upstart railway companies, looking to nothing but their own interests, would of course naturally desire to draw to themselves, but it also shows that large proportion of traffic on well regulated canals, which, in a poor, young country like Ireland, it would be highly impolitic for the parliament to ruin.)

4. A map of Ireland, showing the relative number of passengers in different directions by regular public conveyances.

(This map, by giving a picture of the present arterial circulation of passengers from the capital to the remotest extremities of Ireland, enables the mind to determine very nearly mechanically—as the public roads cannot be superseded by as many rail-roads—what lines of railway, by preserving a mean course, will be best adapted, not to the selfish and partial interest of any particular place, but to the uninterrupted health and general prosperity of the whole body of the country.)

5. A geological map of Ireland.

(This map, which, like Joseph's coat, is of many colours, denotes, by its different gaudy hues, the various rocks of Ireland; and as, in a bird's eye view of the continent of North America in autumn, the deep black pine, the bright red beech, and the yellow seared oak-trees, denote the poverty or richness of the soils



from which they respectively proceed, so do the geological formations of Ireland designate the relative fertility of their respective districts. But it moreover appears that the carboniferous limestone, which form about two-thirds of Ireland, not only are the richest districts in it, but, from being also the flattest, are consequently the best adapted for railway communication, especially in those places where they pass, as is shown in this map, between districts of coal—and thus is the reader led to observe how beneficently the greatest population of the country have been made to coincide with the easiest lines of rail-road communication.)

6. A map of England and Ireland, explanatory of that part of the report of the Railway Commissioners which relates to the communication between London and Dublin, and other parts of Ireland.

(On this map are denoted, 1. the railways which have been completed, and for which Acts of Parliament have been obtained. 2. The proposed railways. 3. The lines of railways laid down under the direction of the railway commissioners.)

Besides these maps, which, as we have shown, speak very clearly for themselves, the commissioners have annexed to their report, in the form of an appendix, consisting of two hundred and eighty-one pages, a mass of new statistical information, most of which they have, it appears, very diligently obtained from indisputable authorities. Abstruse as many of these investigations are, it was nevertheless absolutely necessary that they should be duly considered by the commissioners before they promulgated (after twenty months' labour) their ultimate decisions; and although the printing of these documents has subjected them to be blamed for having wandered into inquiries which many have deemed irrelevant to the subject, yet we must confess we think they have acted openly and honestly in delivering up to the public the whole of that evidence, whether relevant or irrelevant, which, having been officially collected under powers granted by an Act of Parliament, became, whatever it might be worth, virtually the property of the public.

We have no desire, and even if we had, it would altogether exceed our limits, to attempt a discussion of the various local objections which have been raised against the recommendations of the commissioners by those whose latent expectations they have disappointed, as well as by those whose private speculations they have in their report openly opposed. Without personally alluding to any of these complaints, we will simply observe, that one might as well expect that a deep incision could be made in the human body without the infliction of pain, as that any public line of rail-road could possibly be projected which would not give excruciating anguish in some private direction or other; indeed, the more lustily selfish theorists are heard to cry out, the greater reason is there for by-standers

calmly to infer that the interest of the public is alone receiving attention. The Commissioners have been blamed, especially by speculators in railways, for estimating the dividend to be produced by the lines of railways they have themselves recommended (which of course in *their* estimation, are the most favourable that could be selected) at the low amount of 3 1-2 or 4 per cent. If the commissioners had felt themselves authorized to indulge in even their own *El Dorado* anticipations, they would probably have raised this dividend to a higher figure; but as men of sense and as public servants, it was undoubtedly their stern duty, in the storm of speculation that was raging around them, to describe no more than they could clearly see; and if, under this conscientious feeling, they confined their calculations to plain black and white, whoever may be dissatisfied is of course at full liberty to colour their Indian-ink drawing as highly and as gladly as he may choose.

Time alone will show whether the commissioners have really underrated the profits of the great Irish rail-roads or not. In the meanwhile we have no hesitation in saying that, in our humble opinion, the anticipated profit of our English rail-roads is 'a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.'

Against the commissioners' report there have been raised many other objections, to which we have given due attention. On a consideration of the whole, however, we own that we feel disposed to approve of the two great lines which they have proposed; and our reasons for doing so are positive and negative:—First, they appear to us to be supported by facts and calculations which are unanswerable, and by arguments and observations sensible, and apparently disinterested. Secondly, we feel that as no individual can be in possession of as much general information, united to as much local knowledge of the subject in question, as the commission collectively has amassed, bad as may be its opinion, that is nevertheless, in our present circumstances, the best light we can possibly obtain. Thirdly, we feel that we should appear before the civilized world in a most extraordinary predicament were we to continue, as we hitherto have done, to proceed on our railway career in utter darkness; not because, as formerly, our want of light was unavoidable, but because, when Science had presented to us her lamp, we no sooner received it than we wilfully blew it out and cast it from us!

The country may go wrong in following the two lines of railways recommended by the commissioners, and it may go wrong in *not* following them (one only of these catastrophes can happen); but even supposing the chance equal, yet, in the opinion of the present age, as well as in history, there would be powerful excuse for the first error, none whatever for the second. If a man-of-war, groping its way through strange

waters on a voyage of discovery, were to run upon rocks during a night, when all on board were in utter darkness, by all liberal men would the captain be acquitted; but if it were proved that he had wilfully prosecuted his course, after the man he himself had sent to the mast-head had sung out, in clear daylight, '*breakers a-head!*' the commander's character, like his vessel, would be wrecked.

Although, however, we are disposed to approve of the professional recommendations of the commissioners, so far as the two lines of railways are concerned, yet after having received from them the calculation of the dividend likely, in their opinion, to be produced from these works, we certainly feel that their recommendations respecting what amount of assistance ought or ought not to be granted by parliament to the undertaking—or their opinions whether the work should be private or public property—are questions extra-judicial: we mean they are political rather than scientific; and this being the case, we consider that the commissioners' opinion can claim no more value, when placed in the balance of public discussion, than may be found to be intrinsically its worth. We therefore beg leave to join with the public in freely discussing these important questions.

There can be no doubt that the interference of Government in any *speculation* should be the exception rather than the rule.

The objections which are raised against its interference with the Irish rail-roads, as proposed by the commissioners, will be sufficiently explained by the following extract from a mass of pamphlets and newspaper articles on this subject now before us:—

'However valuable the labours of the commissioners may have been as the collectors of general information—where that information did not interfere with any pre-conceived plans of their own—we believe that on the whole this commission has given a blow to enterprise in Ireland, from which it will not soon or easily recover. The favourite project of the commissioners is to unite all railways in Ireland into "a combined and judicious system, in which the joint traffic of many places and districts should pass to a great extent over one common line." To this project, we must add, everything has been made subservient; and those lines already projected, which interfere with this darling plan, have been unfairly dealt with.

'We are anxious to meet this question broadly on its merits. We waive all allusion to the body of capitalists, who might be supposed to be favoured: we take up the question as an abstract one of economy and statistics—without caring who are the parties to whom the general system of railways is to be entrusted; and we simply inquire whether it be wise, or prudent, or consistent with the maxims of enlightened economy, to lay down a general and complicated system of railways through Ireland, and condemn the efforts of every private company who do not choose to spend their money in obedience to the commands of the commissioners?

'The plain common sense way of proceeding was to leave each proposed line of railway to be determined on its own merits, and each body of capitalists to choose for themselves the mode in which they would lay out their money, under the check imposed by the rules of the House of Commons, which, previous to the passing of the act, required that the likelihood of a fair return for the capital expended should be shown. This, we submit, is the plain common sense way of dealing with the subject—to try each proposed line of railway simply by itself—and if it should appear a useful and a profitable speculation, to permit it to proceed on the assurance, that when the capitalists gain the country cannot lose.

'If this plan had been followed, railways would, no doubt, have been found in many parts of the country. Men would have subscribed their capital, and judged for themselves what lines would afford the most profitable return; and those common principles which regulate all commercial enterprise, would have secured that the capitalist, in consulting his own profit, would have contributed to the good of the country at large. It pleased, however, our government to think otherwise. A commission was appointed to drill the capital of the country into a uniform and regular system of expenditure—to lay down a vast and comprehensive system of railways—the merits of which confessedly rests on its execution as an entire—and in the mean time to compel those who wish to embark their money in railway speculations to take up detached portions of this great system—which its authors only allege to be profitable when complete. This is the germ of all the practical suggestions of the report; and we hold that never was there a more absurd or mischievous attempt than thus to stretch mercantile enterprise on a Procrustean bed—we scarcely use the language of figure: if we do, it is of a figure which is unavoidably suggested by a single glance at one of the maps as it is intersected by the lines prepared by the commissioners. The dotted lines, the black lines, and the red lines crossing each other in every direction, seem almost like the diagram of a rack upon which the commissioners are to bind and torture the enterprise of Ireland. Prometheus upon his rocky bed was not bound in more rigid fetters: and, perhaps, to complete the simile, there is not wanting the emblem of the vulture that preyed upon his vitals.'

It is perfectly true that a wise government should encourage, rather than presume to contend with, that daring spirit which has so remarkably characterized British capitalists; for whenever there appears the slightest opening to a new discovery, there are always among us to be found monied men ready to lead on the forlorn hope, and, without metaphor, to 'place their fortunes on a cast, and stand the hazard of the die.' To check, to suppress, or to compete with this enterprising spirit, would not only involve the government in difficulty, but the nation in ruin; and we can conceive nothing more distasteful to our great capitalists, than to be told that they can never embark in a voyage of speculative discovery until they shall have received from the government its '*passé-avant*.'

But besides this being theoretically a maxim in political economy, it is a known fact that a government

has that dull, heavy, lumbering gait about it, that, in pursuit of small objects, it is practically incompetent to move with the activity or nimbleness of private speculators. It is true that my Lord Melbourne may good-humouredly boast, that, on retiring from Pimlico at night, he now no sooner vociferates the monosyllable, 'Cab!' than he hears Mr. Whittle Harvey's voice, (*vide* Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, vol. i. Chap. 2.) replying, through the fog, '*Here you are, sir! now, then, first cab!*'—but if the government had also undertaken to *horse* the cabs, and feed the horses, the Hackney Coach act, instead of being, as, without exception, it undoubtedly is, the noblest measure of the present administration, would have proved a complete failure.

In short, nothing but a most violent competition between man and man could have so lowered the prices, and so hastened the pace at which the British public had hitherto travelled. If any single capitalist had, a few years ago, been offered by government the exclusive privilege of carrying heavy people, every five minutes, from Paddington to the Bank for sixpence, he would most surely have conceived that the secret object of the government was to ruin him; and if alone he had accepted the undertaking, there can be no doubt he would have been ruined: but when all our horse-keepers and coach proprietors were encouraged openly to compete for the job, such a variety of economical arrangements were collected in a focus, that the speculation has answered, and the London public has so materially benefited by it, that it is now truly observed, 'It has become cheaper to ride than to walk.'

Again; as regards the sea, how justly would the public complain, if the government were to attempt to monopolise, or even to interfere with, the transport of our merchandise and of our passengers? Not only in theory would it be argued that British enterprise had better be left to itself, but it would indignantly be observed, what could not be denied, namely, that the British merchants' steam vessel had practically crossed the Atlantic before any government steamer had dared to do so. If, therefore, the power of steam, elicited by private enterprise, has just performed such a wonder on the aqueous surface of the globe, why, it may be boldly asked, should it not be permitted to proceed equally free and unfettered on land? With no object in view, but to arrive, if possible, at a just conclusion, we will endeavour to answer this important question.

If our present locomotive engines were like steam vessels, or like carriages, public or private, there could be adduced no more reason for government interfering with the former than with the latter: but the cases are widely different. If steam vessels are badly constructed, the public cease to embark in them. If they are mis-suited to one water, they can sail to another, just as the Sirius steamer, when found too small for the New York passage, was despatched to St. Peters-

burg. As new inventions arise, this process can be extended—vessels which are now on the ocean may ply in any channels—those on channels may retire into rivers, and even if they were all suddenly to vanish, the noble element on which they had moved would be left uninjured, trackless, and unaltered.

Again, if any description of *land* conveyance be found to be dangerous, it can be avoided—if stages on any particular road are no longer required, they, and their horses, and their horse-keepers, may go where they are wanted, or, in simpler terms, where they choose—if our omnibuses should be superseded by a better conveyance, the public can at once leave them to be sold or destroyed, as their proprietors think best. The Strand, Oxford Street, and Cheapside, would remain, however, as they were; and even if every public carriage in England, in consequence of some new invention, were to be suddenly removed, housed, and the horses turned out to grass, there would, after the first shower, be left on the roads scarcely a mark of the tires of the wheels, or an impression of the horses' iron-shod feet. In all these changes the public would continue, as they ever ought to continue, on sea and land, the lords and masters of the way on which they travel; this right being unsundered, the competition of capitalists would always, as we have shown, be made subservient to the interest, and arbitrarily subject to the sovereign will and pleasure of the community;—and if steam carriages could contend with mails and stages on our *public roads*, they would in like manner take their chance of being either patronised or condemned, as the public might think proper. But on railways the case, as regards the public, is essentially different;—and it is with pain we reflect that when our English railway bills were brought forward, the legislature as completely neglected to calculate what was to be the real result of the simple sounding petition before them, as in common life we constantly see two young people, barely able to provide for themselves, come before the altar hand in hand, without ever having reflected how fearfully their marriage will probably multiply their wants.

Those persons who applied for an act of parliament in favour of their rail-road, were obliged openly to avow their desire to possess themselves of whatever private property might stand in their way;—but they did not avow, nor did the country appear to perceive, that, in addition to this request, the projectors hoped, expected, and indeed perfectly well knew that they would draw all the passenger traffic to their line—or, in other words, that they would ruin every mail-coach, stage-coach, chaise, and public carriage in the neighbourhood; in short, that they were about to supersede the M'Adam road, which, for aught they cared, might be again 'peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants.'

Now let us suppose for a moment that twenty years

ago any body of speculators, however respectable, had obtained from the legislature an act by which the property in all the leading *roads* in the country, with all the horses, carriages, wagons, and other means of conveyance whatsoever, had been consigned to them to be dealt with as they might think proper—that the public were to travel on the said roads, which were to be kept in whatever condition the company pleased, at such pace as it pleased, at such hours only as it pleased, and very nearly at such price as it pleased—that this monopoly was to last not ten years, or for twenty years, or for a hundred years, but for ever and ever; should we not now most reasonably complain of the improvidence and injustice of this act? Yet this is precisely what will take place, so soon as the English rail-roads shall have superseded, as from their nature they *must* supersede, all other modes of travelling on the lines where they are established.

Again, suppose that on the discovery of some new system of paving, the property in *streets* which had hitherto belonged to the public, had also by act of Parliament been surrendered in like manner to the profit, caprice, and exaction of companies of capitalists, we should now be at the mercy of the said companies to get out of our houses—just as we shall be at the mercy of rail-road companies to get out of our towns.

If our English railway companies had petitioned Parliament to be allowed to avail themselves of an *invention*, the whole and sole product of their own brains, still we maintain that for no pecuniary advantage whatever should the public have been directly or indirectly deprived by Parliament of their right of way, which by competent legal authorities has been thus defined:—‘every way from town to town may be called a highway, because it is *common to all the king’s subjects*; the freehold of the highway is in him that hath the freehold of the soil; but the free passage is for all the king’s liege people.’—(1 Haw. c. 76, § 1.) Again ‘In books of the best authority a river common to all men is called a highway.’—(1 Russ, 448.) But the great discovery, we mean the locomotive power of steam, which has secured to the English railway companies an absolute monopoly of ‘*the way from town to town*,’ was not their property, but the property of the public, the gift of Heaven to mankind; and the legislature might as well have granted to a London company the exclusive use of the compass, or to a Birmingham company the exclusive use of daylight, as have granted to a railway company privileges over private property amounting in fact to the exclusive use of the locomotive power of steam;—and yet it has been and still is gravely argued, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, that because open competition on the road has hitherto invariably been found to succeed, these private rail-road monopolies ought to be established! In every point of view the contradiction is monstrous.

We are told that, to make way for a rail-road, private property of every description must be sacrificed and surrendered to the public, and yet seizing this property under false pretences, we no sooner possess it, than by a mis-translation of the word *respublica*, we hand it over to a company of *private* individuals, whose undisguised object in obtaining it, is to deprive by it the public of their most ancient right; in short, to make the public the servants instead of the masters of the high road or ‘way from town to town.’

It is rumoured that some of these rail-road companies already talk (whether they are right or wrong we do not argue) of not allowing the public to travel on Sundays. Now suppose that one of the three railways between London and Manchester were to become the property of wealthy Jews, who, under the same conscientious feeling, were to declare that they could not think of allowing the British public to travel on Saturdays—could any of us plead that a Jew’s sabbath ought not to be as sacred to him as a Christian’s? And if it were attempted by force to persuade him to the contrary, might he not, in demanding his right to stop the public, exclaim with Shylock,—

‘If you deny me, fie upon your laws!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice!’

Under such circumstances, in what a predicament would the public be placed, and what would become of the commercial correspondence of the country; or, in moments of emergency, of the transport of our troops? A company of high-spirited sporting young men might take a pride in hurrying the mails and the public along infinitely faster than was safe; a company of old gentlemen might, from over-caution, convey them too slowly;—and if the extremity of a long line were to be found not to be profitable in winter, any company might merely continue to work the rich portion of their lode, and for half the year leave the poorer vein untouched.

But let us suppose that all these conjectures are visionary, and that the railway companies, although there is no locomotive power to compete with them, will honestly carry the public as fast, as safely, and as cheaply as they can afford to do, still it is necessary to consider what compensation the public can receive for the loss of their *right* of way?

The advocates of our English monopolies answer this question very shortly by saying that the travelling community will be carried *cheaper* by what they oddly enough term ‘public competition,’ than they could be carried if the rail-roads were, as they are in Belgium (*where the fares are excessively low and the accommodation most admirable*), the property of the public; but when our readers consider that (thanks to the power of steam) nothing can compete with the rail-road, say from London to Liverpool, and that this line is governed by three sets of directors, who, with

infinitely more respectability than experience, may meet perhaps but for a few hours every week—sometimes one set of wealthy individuals, sometimes another—without responsibility or control—and well knowing that whatever may be the expenses they incur, they can most luxuriously make the public pay for them all—it must surely be evident that a network of rail-roads, under such a variety of systems, must in the end be infinitely more expensive to the public, than if it were placed under the control of scientific persons selected for the purpose, having no other business to attend to, no interest to consider but that of the traveller, and responsible to government, the legislature, and public opinion for the safety, comfort, economy, and speed of the conveyance.

If the right of way thus belonged, as it ought to do, to the public, and if a control over the creation as well as the management of our great arterial rail-roads were thus vested, as in law it surely ought to be, in the government, as large, and perhaps a much larger field for real competition might be opened to enterprising capitalists by these railways being made, maintained, and worked by public tender. We fully acknowledge that the less government meddle with the details of these undertakings the better: all we desire is, that the great arterial rail-roads of the country should be the property of the public—we mean that they should be the Queen's and not the Company's highways, and that, for the protection of life and limb, they should be scientifically controlled by a responsible authority.

If all the great rail-roads in the country, instead of being disjointed into separate interests, belonged to one great body of capitalists, the latter desideratum, namely, their scientific management and responsible government, might be, perhaps, as perfect as if they were the property of the state; but it appears to us that one might as well expect that our blood, instead of receiving one noble impulse from the heart, could be healthily propelled throughout our body by a variety of little independent zig-zag forwarding authorities, as that the mail and passenger traffic of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland can be successfully transported by a vertebration of rail-roads, no one bone of which professes even to think of any broader object, interest, or profit, than its own marrow.

There can be no doubt that the public ought to be made to pay a fair remunerating price for the luxury of travelling, or rather of flying, by rail-roads; and if these gigantic concerns were under the supervision of one authority, this price might everywhere be settled, if not to the satisfaction, at least for the interest, of the public; but if it be left to a series of disjointed authorities, those who by act of parliament have cunningly got possession of the great towns with all their restless inhabitants, will be as much overpaid, as more remote, unpeopled districts will be underpaid; and if

it should happen, as it probably will, that the unprofitable portions must eventually be purchased and worked by the government, shall we not then deeply regret the narrow-sighted policy which has incautiously alienated from the public to the Stock Exchange the profitable portions of our rail-roads for ever?

Again, in answer to those who strangely argue that the interests of the public and of private monopolists *must* be identical, we beg leave to observe that a toll is abstractedly a very imperfect measure of the public utility of an undertaking, and, consequently, that a rail-road, though it does 'not' pay its proprietors, may be productive of immense revenue to the country.

Even common roads may be enormously beneficial to the public, without being remunerative to those who make them—for instance, a mile gained by cutting through, say Highgate hill, is a mile gained not only to the inhabitants of Barnet, &c.—who pay for it, but to all the inhabitants of every town and village between London and John-o'-Groat's. Waterloo bridge, as far as the speculation affects its proprietors, has hitherto proved a total failure; but let any one who recollects the swamps and desolate places which existed on the Surrey side of the Thames, compare that picture with the wide handsome streets and lofty buildings which in all directions have undeniably been created by the project of the new bridge, and he will admit that the noble undertaking, though as yet unfortunate for the proprietors, has in fact been highly beneficial to the public. And if the addition of one bridge to half-a-dozen—if the opening of a communication of a few hundred yards has been productive of this immense benefit, how overwhelming are the ideas which rush into the mind of the incalculable advantages which the public might derive from a scientific, well-organized system of railways throughout the United Kingdom—never mind whether they everywhere paid their proprietors or not!

The trifling example of Waterloo Bridge might, we are aware, possibly induce a person without reflection to argue that 'as fools build houses that wise men may live in them,' so we should allow capitalists to ruin themselves in making rail-roads for the public use. We might answer that, though Waterloo Bridge has not yet paid, it is nevertheless firmly retained by its proprietors, who would be enabled to obtain for it almost any price, if all the other bridges (like our M'Adam's roads) could be suddenly ruined:—But, after all, the cases are not identical, for, however poor might be the proprietors of a rail-road, and however inadequate their funds might be to continue to work their line, yet there are plenty of long-headed people on the Stock Exchange, who know very well that rail-road shareholders can always hold out, or rather stand still, longer than the public—that for the public to go to parliament for a second parallel rail-road would be

hopeless—that, having once tasted the speed of the locomotive engine, however fiercely they might threaten it, they would never relish returning to their old roads—and, consequently, that every company which found their speculation did not answer, could always, with apparent fairness, sell it to the country 'for no more than it had cost.' And thus would every item of fraud, extortion, improvidence and ignorance, in all our rail-road undertakings throughout the empire, be eventually saddled upon the public at prime cost, while all that was really profitable on the different lines would be irrevocably withheld from them;—by which system, not only would the general price of travelling on our rail-roads be raised, but, as it appears from a very sensible letter addressed by Mr. Loch, M. P., to Lord Morpeth,\* that high rates are repellant, and low rates powerfully attractive, it would follow that the country would lose by the friction of high fares a very large proportion of the immense fiscal advantages which the establishment of the *cheapest possible system* would have obtained for it.

For the foregoing reasons, we must say we cordially agree with the Irish Railway Commissioners in their recommendations that the two arterial lines of railway they propose should be treated as one great concern, and that no monopoly of the most productive portions only should be bestowed upon any party. We must also confess our opinion, that although the execution and even the working of these two lines should, as much as possible, be offered to capitalists, yet the property and control of these Irish rail-roads should, instead of being taxed by an annual profit to private companies, be vested in the state, for the sole benefit and protection of the public.

Having now laid before our readers the reflections which have occurred to us during an attentive perusal of the Reports of the Rail-road Commissioners for Ireland, we shall conclude our notice of these two public documents by endeavouring to extract from them a useful moral.

V. No one, we think, can read the many voluminous Reports of the parliamentary committees on rail-road bills, without appreciating the anxiety which both Houses have evinced to investigate as deeply as possible the new power suddenly forced upon their attention; but the masses of evidence to which we allude, demonstrate that much delusive, as well as irrelevant matter, was artfully made the subject of reiterated discussions.

The enormous expenses (exceeding in many instances 1000*l.* a-mile) which rail-road companies have incurred before parliament, by the conflicting statements and opinions of individuals, more or less professionally interested in the struggle—the repetition of

these expenses in consequence of a separate investigation being required before each House—the heavy bribes which (concealed by a fictitious valuation of the property required for the rail-road) have been paid to people of large property in order to secure their support—the unconscionable demands for compensation which have been awarded—the fictitious opposition, got up by interested parties, under the names of landowners caring nothing about the matter\*—the illusory lines got up as competition lines without any intention of ever being made—the common habit of landowners disputing and even opposing a rail-road merely for the sake of getting an excessive price for their land, notwithstanding the measure may be calculated to confer great benefits on their property—the erroneous estimates which, though 'proven' before parliament, have turned out (in one instance by more than a million and a half) to be deficient—the extravagant haste with which rail-roads have occasionally been constructed—all these unnecessary expenses must, it is evident, in the form of a tax which to the poorest classes will almost amount to prohibition, eventually fall as heavily upon the public, as the responsibility of these measures must in history rest upon the parliament which sanctioned them.

The experience gained on rail-roads which are actually to be paid for by public traffic, surely ought to be national property; whereas Mr. Joseph Pease, M. P., in his honest letter to the Irish Rail-road Commissioners respecting the Stockton and Darlington railway, states, 'As public attention has been so closely turned to the subject of railway communication, the reports, plans, and acts of parliament have long ago disappeared, having been bought up at extravagant prices. Whither to go to find them I should not know, though I have belonged to the undertaking since the first prospectus. I am literally stripped of these documents.'

To conclude:—under this miserable want of *system* must the public suffer, so long as our parliamentary committees shall continue to be unreasonably saddled with the whole responsibility of deciding upon rail-road bills without the assistance of an Official Board, competent (like the establishment of the 'Ponts et Chaussées' in France) to afford to the country such professional information and reports as new measures may require. Not only does our national character require that we should scientifically, instead of ignorantly, govern and direct the new power which has been bestowed upon us; but as rail-road scars cannot easily be obliterated, surely it is our duty to save the surface of our country from being barbarously disfigured by any more rude unskilful incisions. We desire not the creation of irresponsible power; but feeling confident that, under sound legislation, the public

\* Appendix A. to the Second Report from the Railway Commissioners, Ireland, page 78.

\* See letter from Peter Sinclair, Esq. App. 84.

would be in favour of, instead of being prejudiced against railways—that public spirited landowners would, under a sensible honest system, come forward to assist rather than to oppose them—and that the revenue would be enormously increased if the public, in utter disregard of profits to private companies and such petty interests, were, under the ægis of science, to be conveyed in the cheapest, safest, and quickest possible manner—we feel it our duty to urge the absolute necessity of constituting, without further delay, a Department, or Board of Government officers, in Downing-street, which may, among other duties, exercise cautiously, firmly, and scientifically, such control over the rail-roads of the empire, as the Imperial Parliament from time to time may think proper to direct.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

#### DESPATCHES OF LA MOTHE-FÉNELON.

*Recueil des Dépêches, Rapports, Instructions et Mémoires des Ambassadeurs de France en Angleterre et en Ecosse, pendant le XVI. Siècle, conservés aux Archives du Royaume, à la Bibliothèque du Roi, etc. et publiés pour la première fois, sous la Direction de M. Charles Purton Cooper. Paris et London, 1838. (Correspondance Diplomatique de Bertrand de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénélon, Ambassadeur de France en Angleterre, de 1568 à 1575. Vols. 1 and 2.) 8vo.*

There is no period of English history which has been viewed in so many different lights as the reign of Elizabeth. The bitter personal hatred, engendered by the violence of religious discord, has covered the memory of the great men of that age with a slur of calumny and scandal which, hardened and inrooted by the prejudices of those through whom their characters have been handed down to us, has scarcely been eradicated by the severe historical studies of the present day. In addition to this cause of much misrepresentation, the many dark and intricate plots of the contending parties, which the publication of various original documents is now beginning to unravel, gave scope on every side to the wildest conjecture. The wretched dynasty which succeeded Elizabeth, willingly saw decried the reign whose glory and prosperity formed no advantageous contrast with their own meanness and imbecility, and they had also family prejudices which gave a false colouring that has been perpetuated more or less in all the histories previous to our own time.

The present age is peculiarly favourable to historical research, not only in England but throughout Europe. We hear every where of Record Commissions and Historical Societies. We have had frequent occasions to comment on the exertions of the French

government in publishing the monuments of their national history, and to the noble collection of documents which it has produced and is producing. Our own government we are ashamed to say it—has allowed our Record Commission, which had already done much good, to fall a sacrifice to the jealousies of those who were employed under it. We have still our State Paper Office Commission, and we esteem highly the volumes it has already published; though it might, certainly, be made somewhat more efficient. But the few volumes which our government has given to the historian are a small compensation for the mass of invaluable matter which is still suffered to lie neglected in the dust of our record offices. There is, indeed, much to be done, and at present, we fear, little inclination to do it.

Whilst we lament the neglect which with us the great cause of historical research has experienced from the government, we receive from time to time some consolation in the scattered contributions which are made by the exertions of individuals. It is thus that we owe to the disinterested zeal of the able secretary of the late Record Commission the publication of the despatches of La Mothe-Fénélon. There are periods when the correspondence of the foreign ambassadors are eminently important, and none more so than the reign of our first *maiden Queen*. It is this correspondence principally which can throw some light on the extensive ramifications, both internal and external, of the great plots which so long menaced her life and throne, and which aimed at the extinction of Protestantism; for the grand conspirators in them were the foreign ambassadors, acting under the orders of the very monarchs who at the same time were reiterating their professions of friendship towards the Queen of England. Unfortunately, much of this correspondence is lost, and more still of their deeper intrigues were probably never committed to paper, even under the security of private ciphers, but were transacted orally by trusty agents, who were devoted to the cause of Catholicism. Enough, however, remains to give us an extensive insight into these dark transactions.

Bertrand de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénélon, a brother of the direct ancestor of the famous Archbishop of Cambrai, was one of the most distinguished diplomatists of the reign of Charles IX., well skilled in the intriguing and treacherous policy which then characterized the dealings of the courts of France and Spain. He had distinguished himself in various embassies previous to his being chosen for the resident ambassador in England, in 1568. The period of his arrival in London was one of great interest and difficulty. He had left his own country involved in intestine broils; and he found the English cabinet embarrassed by the presence of Mary Queen of Scots, who, after losing her crown and the affections of her subjects by her own



crimes and imprudences, had been driven to seek shelter in England just six months before. Indeed one of the chief objects of his embassy was to support the party and cause of the Scottish Queen, as involving in no slight degree the interests of his own religious party; the others were, as he states them himself, to hinder the English from aiding the French Protestants, to counteract as far as he could the intrigues of the Spaniards when they were opposed to the interests of his master, and to aid in cheating the Queen of her rights to Calais. La Mothe-Fénélon had his first audience of Elizabeth at Hampton Court on the 14th of November.

From the beginning of her reign up to this period, Elizabeth had been gradually acting more decidedly and boldly in support of the Protestant interests. At first, the known feelings of the court of France, with Mary Stuart in their hands, and of Spain, ever ready, in spite of their jealousy of their neighbours, to promote the general interests of the Catholics, rendered the situation of Elizabeth critical, and obliged her to act with extreme caution. The proceedings connected with the siege of Leith served at once to lay open the views of the French, and to show how unscrupulous they were in seizing upon any occasion of forwarding them, while, by the check they then experienced, they were themselves taught to act with more caution in future. The conduct of Mary on her accession to the Scottish crown, showed that Elizabeth's foreign enemies were constantly awake; and the activity of the English agents brought various matters to light, which revealed glimpses of the danger, while they pointed out the steps to be taken in order to avert it. That there had been made a great and formidable coalition for the entire destruction of the Protestants, there can now be no doubt; and it seems equally certain that the chosen instrument on which it all turned, was the Queen of Scots. But a principal aim of the conspirators was the subjugation of England under a popish prince, and they severally, calculating on the prey even before they had entered into action, began in their own minds to quarrel about the division of the spoils. It was soon perceived by Elizabeth's counsellors that the jealousies of her enemies were her greatest safeguard. They, however, were anxious in their turn to form a strong defensive league amongst the Protestants, which should have more unanimity because the parties who composed it were the persecuted and not the persecutors. By this measure, the hatred which the principal Catholic powers bore towards the Protestants was increased, and shown more openly in the persecution of that part of their subjects who professed the new religion; and the latter, strong themselves, and encouraged by the sympathy and movement of their fellows, began to arm in their own defence. The result was a long series of desultory

but savage warfare, which diminished the resources, and effectually put a check on the projects, of Elizabeth's enemies. At the same time the ill conduct of the Queen of Scots rendered her unfit, as an active agent, for the great cause with which she had been identified.

The foreign Catholics, finding their hands full at home, sought to effect their original purpose by stirring up domestic seditions in England, and unfortunately there were but too many who were ready to join in their treacherous plans. The heads of the Catholic party in England were the chief representatives of the old feudal aristocracy which had been broken down by the dynasty of the Tudors. They were jealous of the present government less because it was opposed to the Catholics, than because the able ministers who surrounded the throne were men who had risen up in and been formed by the circumstances in which they were placed;—because in fact they had been chosen from among the gentry and not among the old nobility of England. The bait which caught them, was the hope of being restored to their old influence by the overthrow of the Protestant government, and in this expectation they joined their counsels with Elizabeth's bitterest enemies. In her wish to conciliate all parties of her subjects, Elizabeth had allowed to remain or admitted several of these nobles on her council, and they scrupled not to use the privilege she had granted them against their mistress. It happened, however, that their influence lay chiefly in the northern and north-eastern parts of the kingdom, which were more convenient for communicating with the Spaniards than the French. The jealousy of the latter was soon excited, and their ambassador was employed, not to counteract and overthrow the intrigues of the English conspirators, but to outwit the Spaniard, and turn his plots to their own advantage. The detention of Mary in England afforded an opportunity of carrying on their multifarious intrigues with more vigour and perseverance than even while she was seated on the throne of Scotland.

The year included in the first volumes of La Mothe-Fénélon's despatches, formed one of the most critical periods of Elizabeth's reign. They open with the embarrassments created by the affairs of the Queen of Scots, and after letting us into much of the secrets of the conspiracy which was headed by the Duke of Norfolk, and the intrigues connected with it, close with the suppression of the northern rebellion under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in the end of the year 1569. At the time of the ambassador's arrival the Commission of York was assembled to hear the complaints of the Scots against their fallen queen. In one of his earliest despatches, he mentions a rumour which had reached the ear of Elizabeth, that the Duke of Norfolk, who was president of the Commission,

was secretly serving the cause of Mary, and that he had already formed the project of marrying her, and that this, combined with some partiality which he showed openly to her cause, had induced the Queen to prorogue the Commission to Hampton Court, where its proceedings might be carried on under her own immediate eye. Every one knows the result; and though the letters give many interesting details and notices of the affairs of the Scottish Queen at this period, they do not throw any new light on this transaction. Indeed nothing strikes us more, in the perusal of Fénelon's despatches, than the extreme darkness in which the mind of the cunning ambassador seems to have been as to the real designs and character of Elizabeth and her ministers. His accounts of the domestic affairs of England are often very incoherent, and the hearsays on which he founds his opinions sometimes perfectly absurd: but he was acquainted to a certain degree with the secrets of a party, and on its intentions and proceedings his correspondence gives us much information. His interviews with the Queen are also highly characteristic.

It was the policy of Elizabeth to serve her party abroad more by the hopes and fears which her apparent irresolution was calculated to excite, than by an open and perhaps only half-efficient aid, which would have caused their enemies to act more unitedly and more vigorously.\* The despatches which carried to the French court the continued professions of Elizabeth's friendship, are full of indefinite suspicions and indications of levies and preparations whose object is often not even guessed. The Queen herself, from time to time, mixed her friendly conversation with threats that kept alive the ambassador's apprehensions, without affording him any substantial object on which to fix them. There is no doubt that she secretly gave important aid to the French Protestants; but she ever held firm to the conscientious distinction between aiding the Protestants against the oppressions of the Catholics and the aiding of subjects in rebellion against their sovereign. Her aim was confined to the saving from destruction the party in France who were in reality the bulwark which kept off the storm from her own threshold: but she never sought more than a peace which might protect them, and she was always willing and ready to negotiate between them and their enemies.

We leave, however, the ambassador's complaints and expostulations on this subject, to enter upon the more important transactions which mark the eventful year 1569. Very soon after his arrival, we find La

\* On one occasion (vol. i. p. 340) La Mothe-Fénelon alludes to a complaint of the Marechal de Cosse that his despatches left them in as much dark as ever whether they were to look for war or peace from the Queen of England, thus creating an extreme embarrassment, and almost tying up their hands.

Mothe-Fénelon engaged in the most culpable intrigues against the government to which he was sent. Nares, in his *Life of Burghley*, has collected all the different allusions to a plot for the ruin of Secretary Cecil at the beginning of the year above mentioned, which involved an attempt on the minister's life; but it required our ambassador's despatches to clear up the vague account which he has made out of them.

The feelings of the old nobility to which we have alluded, were especially mortified by the favour bestowed on the reputed upstart Sir William Cecil, and their hatred towards him was increased by a belief that he was the main support of the Protestant cause, and the author of all the measures against the Catholics and the Queen of Scots. It seems not quite clear whether the plot against him was first suggested by the Spanish ambassador, or whether it had already been talked of amongst the Catholic nobles, and had been seized upon and pushed forward by the agents of foreign intrigue. Certain it is, that the Spanish ambassador is the first person mentioned as concerned in it. On the 28th of December, 1568, La Mothe-Fénelon writes in a secret letter to the queen-mother—

"The aforesaid ambassador of Spain came to treat with me of matters here which might concern the common service of our masters, and particularly two things which he considers very important, and almost necessary for the welfare of Christendom. The one is, that knowing, as he says, no greater heretic in this world, nor more adverse to the Catholic religion, than is Mr. Cecil, I ought, for my part, in the name of your very Christian Majesties, as well as he for his part in the name of the Catholic King, to labour to make him lose that place, and that favour and credit, which he has with the Queen his mistress. To which I made answer, that I shall be always ready to serve the cause of the Catholic religion in every manner possible, and we must consider the best manner of setting this matter a-going; for the said lady had entirely committed all her affairs to the said Cecil, and no prince would easily be induced to change such a privy minister, when she was satisfied with him. He answered, that he had already begun by putting a good hand to the business, having so managed that a part of his affairs are managed by another secretary, and that I should not forget to strike my blow, when I saw the advantage of it."

He adds soon after in the same letter, fearful apparently that the advantage would all fall to the share of the Spaniard.

"As to Mr. Cecil, it is true they say he is a zealous friend of the new religion, and that it is to be desired a more moderate person held the chief place with his mistress; but I do not see that it would be easy to deprive him of it; and I am told that he dissuades his mistress from war with France, and that he is a close friend of the Earl of Leicester, who professes to be your servant."

Soon after broke out the dispute between Elizabeth and the Duke of Alba, the goods of Spaniards were seized, and their ambassador himself placed under ar-

rest; whereupon, as La Mothe-Fénelon informs us, the Spanish ambassador endeavoured to injure the reputation of Cecil by sending letters addressed to the Duke of Alva, which he knew would be intercepted, and filling them with matter calculated to throw blame on the Secretary, so that "I have been told," says La Mothe, "several of the principal lords of the council met last Thursday at Nonsuch, in the chamber of the Earl of Arundel, on this affair, and the said Cecil was not called." The place of meeting, combined with other things, seems to show that this Assembly had some connection with the great plot. That it had not been given up is clear, for, after several allusions to the attempts of certain lords of the council to place Cecil in a false position by throwing on him the blame of different mischances which had happened, or, as they expected, would happen, Fénelon writes at last, on the 8th of March, 1569, as follows:—

"That some of the greatest and principal lords of England being enraged at the form of the government of the kingdom, conducted by Secretary Cecil alone, who has assumed the authority of ordering all things at his own sole pleasure; and seeing that he is now doing his best to make the Queen his mistress enter unnecessarily into the war of these troubles which are at present in Christendom, and to make a beginning by provoking without cause the King and the Catholic King by favouring those who stir up war against them in their own countries; which has been the cause of these seizures at Rouen and in the Low Countries, to the great discontent of all this kingdom; they think there is now an opportunity of being able, by strong representations of things belonging to the dignity and greatness of this Queen, and to the good and honour of her crown, to unseat the said Cecil, and recover for themselves the authority and management of the state.

"And although several had long entertained this design, yet, as they had come to no understanding on the subject, and had not dared to open themselves to each other, no one had hitherto undertaken it, and the most noble and those who had the greatest interest in the kingdom waited till the people, knowing their intention, should be the party which, by the multiplicity of disorders and necessities that would arise out of these things, would begin to cry out, and so it has now happened that upon the said seizures, and to carry the trade of this place to some other spot than Antwerp, the merchants and *bourgeois* of this city have been to make remonstrances to this Queen; and some also, very notable personages, and of respect, have been accused for matters of religion, others have been imprisoned for the affair of the Spanish ambassador, others have complained of the fraud of the lottery, and the mayor and officers of this city have been taxed by the said Cecil, in the presence of the said lady, of not doing their duty to chastise those who speak irreverently and detractingly of her and of the lords of the council.

"By which the said lady seeing that it was necessary to look promptly to these things, which concerned the tranquillity of her kingdom, and that she must also resolve on peace or war with the King, and similarly with the Catholic King, and that the affairs of the Scottish Queen and the Scots needed settling, as well as those of Ireland, and that also the Cardinal de Châtil-

lon solicited a hearing and answer for the Sieur du Doict, she caused the lords of the council to be summoned to settle their matters, this same Cecil perceiving by the coldness and countenances of these lords, that he could not order them alone. But they pretended to be ill in their chambers, and the said lady has not been able by any means to get them together since she has been in this city. And the Earl of Leicester having also been drawn to this party, he likewise took advantage of a slight cold to excuse himself from attending at the hours of meeting of the council. Wherefore, on Ash-Wednesday having come expressly for this purpose a little before supper into the chamber of the said lady, when the said Cecil was there, and the Duke of Norfolk, the principal of them all, being by, he was very glad that the said lady, in the presence of the said Cecil, began to discourse of her affairs, and to grieve that all these lords would not come to the council to determine what ought to be done; and, after having, with great humility and respect, prayed very humbly the said lady to excuse him if, for the duty and infinite obligation which he had to her service, he told her, as a good and honourable knight, that the best and principal part of her subjects saw affairs so ill conducted, and so much against their inclination, that they feared, either that the state would incur some danger, or that the said Cecil would have to render an account at the risk of his head of the things which had hitherto passed. At which speech the said Cecil being much troubled and the said lady moved, she fell into a great anger against the said earl; whereupon the duke, who was at some distance, addressing the Marquis of Northampton, who as yet was not one in the conspiracy, tolerably loud—"See, my lord," said he, "how the Earl of Leicester, when he followed and approved the opinions of the Secretary, has been favoured and welcomed by the Queen; and now that he would virtuously remonstrate his good reasons against those of the other, she shows him a very ill countenance, and would send him to the Tower: no, no; he shall not go to the Tower alone!"—To which the said Marquis of Northampton replied, "I praise God that you, who are the principal subject of this kingdom, will at last show your virtue, which I am ready to follow and aid as far as is possible, for I also am come to complain."

"And thus the most part of the nobility are come to an understanding, and are united, and have required that the said Cecil should show the true state of affairs, and how he has conducted them during the last eight years."

He then goes on to tell how Cecil had attempted in vain to detach Leicester from the conspiracy. But his information seems to have remained very vague and uncertain till two or three days later. Between the 8th and 13th of March, the conspirators had made a formal communication to the French ambassador, and his private letter of the latter date lets us into the secret of the views of the conspirators and extent of the plot. The grand mover was the same Roberto Ridolfi, a Florentine and envoy of the Pope, whose name occurs so often in the plots which followed. He had applied to the Earl of Arundel and Lord Lumley, "whom he found very well disposed to his design, (of establishing the Catholic religion by the overthrow of the present government,) but not bold enough to undertake any-

thing, unless the Duke of Norfolk joined in the plot, who has been very difficult to gain; but being at length persuaded, he now takes the matter more to heart even than the other two did."\* The ambassador goes on to say that they had persuaded the Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, Pembroke and Northumberland, to join them, with several of the less zealous of the Protestants; and that, having come to the resolution, in conjunction with Ridolfi, that it was necessary first to effect the overthrow of Cecil and his party, they had for this purpose worked upon the Earl of Leicester, and gained him over to the attempt against the Secretary, without telling him anything of their further designs. La Mothe himself avows, that so soon as he discovered what was going on, he knew too well what was for the service of his master, not to put his hand vigorously to the wheel. Ridolfi was sent back to Rome to get a bull of the Pope, which the conspirators, who expected to be in full power on his return, were to put in force.

This is the last direct notice of the plot against Cecil in the despatches. One thing seems clear throughout, that in this, as in most of the other conspiracies during this reign, each person encouraged the other by the grossest misrepresentations of the numbers concerned and the success they had already obtained, until at last the project failed through their own mutual mistrust. It seems certain also that the Duke of Norfolk was engaged in the most culpable designs. How far Leicester really compromised himself is not easy to say; we find him just before and immediately after in terms of apparently perfect friendship with Cecil. He seems to have acted an intriguing part, without any very criminal design, except that of raising his own importance by unworthy means; and the other conspirators, thinking to deceive and use him, were deceived themselves.† La Mothe-Fénélon, after throwing so much light on the plan and object of this conspiracy, is perfectly silent as to its termination. Our other authorities, however, though they leave us in the dark as to its prime cause, and its connection with the grand Catholic conspiracy, fill up the deficiency in the account which we have from the ambassador. The Queen stood firm to her Secretary, and the conspira-

\* The ambassador was so anxious to preserve the secret of the persons engaged in this plot, that even in the copy-book of his despatches, his secretary has left blanks for their names, which are inserted by the ambassador's own hand. The conspirators introduced continually persons' names who had no connection with them, to compromise those persons, and gain over others who were thereby encouraged to join them.

† Nares gives all that was previously known concerning this plot, which is very unsatisfactory. He and his authorities agree in representing Leicester as "at the head of the principals" in it, and the Duke of Norfolk as one of those "who were wrought upon," and became dupes to it. The revelations of La Mothe-Fénélon show that the real state of the case was exactly the reverse.

tors, unable to move her by their representations, determined to call a council unknown to her, to frame there a charge, and commit Cecil to the Tower on their own authority; and then they said, when he was not present to defend himself, they would easily make out some accusation to ruin him. But the Queen received information of their design, and disconcerted them at the moment when they were preparing to put it into execution.

The failure of the plot against Cecil does not seem to have discouraged the conspirators. Their enmity towards the minister ceased not, though it was often covered by the cloak of outward friendship, or exhibited only in a vexatious opposition to his councils. A secret report of the French ambassador, on the 30th of April, informs the French court that the English Catholics were already contemplating a rebellion against the Protestant government; that they had taken courage from the recent successes of the Catholic party in France; that they had stipulated with the Duke of Alva to land Spanish troops in England; and that, after having used their utmost exertions to thwart the measures laid before the council, the lords of the Catholic party had retreated from it altogether. The ambassador describes the part which the Duke of Alva had taken in the great conspiracy, and recommends to the king and queen-mother, that they should take four measures for securing themselves the same advantages as were sought by the Spaniards.—

"First, that they make a strong representation to the ambassador of this Queen of their complaints against England for things done to them and their subjects since the beginning of these troubles: the second, that, as the Duke of Alva intends to demand millions for hundreds of all that has been taken, and even Ireland as a reparation for the injuries he has sustained, that they also make various great demands as well for satisfaction to themselves as for the affair of the Queen of Scots: the third, that they publish an ordinance similar to that of the said duke, prohibiting all trade between France and England: and the fourth, that they move to the coast of Normandy and Picardy the people of the Pope and the Italians who are come into France, in order to give courage to the Catholics here, and to intimidate the Protestants."

The ambassador, while he advises for the present the greatest moderation and prudence, lest they should themselves only fall into a trap of the Spaniards, makes no secret of his having done all in his power to encourage the Catholics in their design, and of his conversing secretly with them and with "a prudent and well-advised gentleman, who aids, in the name of the Pope, to conduct this enterprise here." On the 23d of May, we hear again of the opposition of some of the council to Cecil, with the endeavours of the Catholics to calumniate him in the ears of his royal mistress, and of the able conduct of the Secretary in weathering the storm, who, according to La Mothe-Féné-

lon, had even caused the Duke of Norfolk in fall council to accuse the Queen of Scots of having made over her claims upon the English crown to the Duke of Anjou. It is not easy to conceive what might be Norfolk's aim in this proceeding, unless it were to lull suspicion as to his own secret designs, and furnish an additional argument for the advantage of her marriage to himself as a means of shutting out all foreign alliances. The Catholics gained over the duke by feeding his weak ambition with the prospect of such a marriage; and we are inclined to believe that that nobleman at least sometimes nourished the hope of being able to clear himself in the end from the direct charge of treason, by obtaining, if he could, Elizabeth's consent to a marriage which was to be effected by the intrigues of her enemies, and then leaving them. Thus all the parties concerned in this conspiracy attempted to outwit each other, from the ambassadors of the foreign states to its most intimate agents. The Spaniards were anxious at all risks to obtain the greatest advantages themselves; the French sought to hinder them from getting too much; the Earl of Leicester had been drawn into a collateral plot by the hope of obtaining the chief place in the cabinet, if Cecil were *unseated*; the Duke of Norfolk was led by the hope of marrying the Scottish Queen, and at least causing her to be restored to Scotland and proclaimed next in succession to the crown of England: and the Pope and his emissaries would only be satisfied by sending Elizabeth as a prisoner to Rome, or putting her to death, if she resisted, placing Mary on her throne, and extirpating heresy.

During the summer of this year, the Queen excited much alarm in the mind of the ambassador by her strong remonstrations against the continuance of the civil war in France, and her declaration to him that she knew there was a league against the reformed religion, that she had formed a counter-league amongst the Protestants, and that, if the king did not soon grant a pacification, she would interfere much more openly and actively. Towards the end of June another matter occurred to take away for a moment La Mothe-Fénélon's taste for conspiracies, by exciting hopes of another kind, well calculated to overthrow all the designs of the Spaniards. He had received some hint that Elizabeth was again inclined to turn her thoughts to a foreign marriage, and that the King of France, or his brother the Duke of Anjou, were the persons most likely to succeed. On the 28th of June he had an audience of the Queen, who, after other matters had been debated, turned the conversation to the rumoured marriage of the two daughters of the emperor to the kings of France and Spain, and paid some compliments to the persons of the former monarch and his brother. The ambassador seems to have considered this as an opening of the affair he had at heart, took it up eagerly, made Elizabeth some handsome compliments in

return, and pressed the advantages of a match between her and the king. Her answer is made in a tone of railleury, and she ends with a cutting bit of satire on the queen-mother.

"I told her," says La Mothe-Fénélon, "that in truth every body is astonished at the wrong she did to the great qualities, which God had given her, of beauty, knowledge, virtue, and greatness of condition, in not desiring to leave after her some fair posterity to succeed to them. That no one ought to take it ill if she gave it a mature consideration, since God had given her room enough for choice, for there was no prince who would not esteem himself very fortunate to be chosen; and that I thought the choice ought now to come from herself, as I fancied that hereafter no one would venture to offer of his own motion; but that I would say, to make a good and right election, I saw nothing better or more desirable in all Christendom, for princesses to marry, than these three princes of France, sons of King Henry, of whom the eldest was the very worthy King, true successor of his father, the second so very royal in all sorts that he only wanted a crown, and the third would without doubt resemble the other two.

"She answered, that the King would not accept her, and that he would be quite ashamed to show, at an entry into Paris, a Queen for his wife who appeared so old as she did, and that she was no longer of an age to quit her country, as the Queen of Scotland had done, when they carried her very young into France.

"I said that, when such a marriage or a similar one happened, there would commence the most illustrious lineage that had been for a thousand years in the world, of the extraction of the two most noble and most ancient crowns in Christendom, and that it seemed to me she was joking, after having before spoken against the years of the King [who was very young], to speak now against her own. But that, as she bore her years well [she was now thirty-six years old], so as they had in no degree diminished her beauty, the King and the Prince on the other hand had so much improved by theirs, that they had acquired beauty, strength, and stature, so that as men they were perfect.

"And that the said lady ought to desire nothing more than to make an entry into Paris, for she would there be the most honoured, and welcomed, and blessed, by that good and great people and by all the nobility of France, of any other place in the world; and, if she did not like to pass the sea, perhaps some one would undertake to make so happy a voyage hither that she would reap great pleasure and content from it.

"I don't know," said she, "how the queen would be pleased, for perhaps she would like to have a daughter-in-law so young that she might order her at her will." — "I know," I replied, "that the queen is so benign, and of such a gentle and gracious conversation, that you would both love above all other things to be in each other's company, and to please one another; witness the honour and respect which she has always borne to the Queen of Scotland, and which she still bears to her."

The grand conspiracy was still in motion. In a memoir sent with the letter just quoted, La Mothe-Fénélon alludes to the secret advances which were making for a marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots, which was to be brought about

whether Elizabeth liked it or not. The Spanish ambassador was also engaged in this intrigue. By this time, however, some intimations of their proceedings seem to have reached the ears of the Queen, and in an interview with the ambassador, of which he gives an account, on the 22nd of August, she complained heavily of the secret practices of Mary, and told him that some of her own counsellors and nobles were pursuing a course that was likely to cost them their heads (*et menassa les plus habilles et les plus grandz de leur faire trancher la teste.*) On the 1st of September, the ambassador writes a secret letter to the queen-mother, with an express desire that she should immediately burn it, in which he tells her that by his interference and management the duke and the Scottish Queen had mutually agreed to the marriage, the conditions being that the duke should immediately cause her to be released and restored to the throne of Scotland. Norfolk himself had been with the ambassador, and had commissioned him to ask in his name the favour and assistance of the French Queen and the Guises to the undertaking, desiring him at the same time to recommend that they should speak boldly to Norris, the English ambassador in France, for the release of Mary, and to urge them above all to send secretly a party of soldiers to Dumbarton, to hold out the place against Murray and the English party, promising that he would do his best to thwart the English government, in case this measure should irritate Elizabeth against France. A few days after this, the projected marriage was discovered to Elizabeth, who signified her displeasure to Norfolk in various "*grosses paroles.*" The duke, who had been trying to strengthen himself against her by the friendship of foreign princes, her enemies, and was doing his utmost to cross her counsels, even by causing foreign troops to land in Scotland, had the face to assert that he had never aimed at anything which was not agreeable to her, or for her service: and at the same time he was thinking, if we believe the French ambassador, of effecting Mary's escape, concealing her in some other part of the kingdom, and absenting himself from the court. A letter of the 23d of September conveys the intelligence that the duke had put in practice the latter part of this design, and that he had retired into the country.

There can be no doubt, from various important documents which have been lately discovered, that this was a critical period in the conspiracy. The duke seems to have hesitated at the brink of the precipice over which he stood: the foreign ambassadors, and those who were in the conspiracy, exhorted him to proceed, and wished the plot to be put at once in movement; the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were ready to rise with him; and it seems certain that he was on the point of performing the other part of the design above alluded to, in carrying off Mary by a

sudden *coup-de-main*, raising a rebellion of the Catholics, and calling in the Spaniards. But some of Norfolk's friends who were not acquainted with these ulterior designs, and saw his conduct in no other light than as an attempt to marry without the Queen's consent, counselled him to return to London, in the confidence that the Queen's anger would blow over; and to their counsel his weakness led him to listen. During the period when he was absent from the court, the French ambassador writes a secret letter informing the queen-mother that the nation was on the eve of a civil war; and we learn that Vitelli, Marquis of Catena, an experienced Italian commander, was hastening over from Flanders, ostensibly to negotiate with Elizabeth, but really, as we find from other sources, to direct the motions of the insurgents.

The departure of the Duke of Norfolk caused no little emotion in the court and in the capital: the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, with Lord Lumley, Norfolk's intimate friends, were put under arrest; the seaports were closed, so that even the ambassadors were not allowed to send despatches to their several courts, and Vitelli was himself delayed on the road. An incident occurred at this time which shows how unscrupulous all parties were as to the means by which they arrived at each other's secrets.

"Sire," writes La Mothe-Fénélon to the King on the 3d of October, "having written you a despatch on the 27th of last month, and the bearer having obtained his passport of Lord Cobham, which only delayed him an hour and a half, when he had proceeded on his road about three miles beyond Lord Cobham's house, and was passing a wood, some men, better mounted than himself, with their faces masked, (though not so carefully as to hinder one of them from being recognised,) attacked him with their swords, and threw him down with such violence that he rolled under the feet of their horses. They immediately demanded his French letters, and having obtained them, they bound him and tied him to a tree, and so left him."\*

It appears that, fortunately for the ambassador, his despatches of that day contained nothing that was calculated to compromise him; and the Queen made an excuse for the violence as having been done entirely without the knowledge of herself or the council, promising to punish severely the authors of it, if they could be discovered. The ambassador of Spain was also closely watched, but he cautiously abstained from sending any letters out of England.

On the 7th of October the ambassador writes, "I hear that the Duke of Norfolk will arrive at court to-day, although I have done, and have caused his chief relations and friends to do, all that was possible to him."

\* We learn from a letter of a later date, that the packet of despatches were afterwards found unopened in the area of the ambassador's house, with a note saying that the persons in whose possession they were had been compelled to get rid of them by the activity of the officers in search of the offender.

der him from coming, we all believing that, on his arrival, he will be sent, with the other lords who are under arrest, to the Tower." He goes on to say that he knows not what could have induced him to take such a step, "unless it be that he is fated to be beheaded, and cannot help it, because he is come of a family who are naturally given that way:"\* and he adds that he had used every precaution, in order that the part which he had played in this affair should not be discovered by Norfolk's seizure. Accordingly, as soon as he could obtain an interview of the Queen after the duke was committed to the Tower, our honest ambassador asserted most resolutely, according to his own avowal, that he had never heard a word of the duke's project, until *she* had now made him acquainted with it by her own mouth. The Queen professed herself satisfied, but gave him clearly to understand that she was well aware of the intrigues of the ambassador of Spain.

The slight information given by the ambassador on the proceedings relating to the examination of the nobles who had been imprisoned and put under arrest, is of no importance when compared with the state documents which have been published in England. Among the other persons who were arrested and examined, were Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and the same Roberto Ridolfi, who has been already mentioned as an active agent of the Pope. However, measures had been so well taken to preserve secrecy with regard to the more important aims of the conspiracy, that Norfolk's trial passed by without doing more than exciting vague suspicions: and he satisfied Elizabeth for the present by a written declaration that he would never again communicate with the Queen of Scots, unless by her permission, while he secretly wrote a letter to the Bishop of Ross, assuring him that he had done it only to blind the Queen, whilst it was his fixed intention to proceed in his former practices.†

The suspicions of the English government were turned towards the northern counties, where signs of excitement were observed in the beginning of October. Elizabeth seems to have been aware that Norfolk, or at least some of those who were connected with him, aimed at carrying off the Queen of Scots by

force, and accordingly Mary was placed under great restraint, and measures were taken to prevent any attempt at releasing her. No serious insurrection appears to have been foreseen at this time, although orders had been sent to the sheriffs, &c. in the northern counties, to hinder all assemblies of people, and to take away from them, as *graciously* as possible, all arms, to give diligent notice to the Queen of the least novelty that might happen, and more particularly to keep a sharp eye upon the Catholics. At the same time the presence of the Marquis of Catena (Vitelli) caused great mistrust, and he and the Spanish ambassador were carefully watched. At the beginning of November further precautions were taken, and an extraordinary watch was held night and day in the streets of London.

Recently discovered documents show that at the period of Norfolk's arrest, the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland were already preparing to arm their tenantry and dependants in support of the grand conspiracy, and that they had offered to rise with him, if he would act at once instead of returning to court. A letter of the French ambassador, dated November 18, (after the rebellion had actually broken out,) mentions the continued excitement in the north, and shows that Elizabeth looked upon it as having some connection with the duke's practices.

"I was told two or three days ago, that the Queen of England, being a little more favourable towards the lords who are in prison, intended to allow the Duke of Norfolk to remove to the quarter of the said lady in the Tower, which is spacious and large, because he felt some inconvenience from want of air in that where he is, which is small, and is the very place where his father was confined before his execution; and that she will grant to Lady Lumley the enlargement of her father the Earl of Arundel, and of her husband Lord Lumley. But I understand that when matters were at this point, there came a letter from the president of the North (the Earl of Sussex), who writes that he has great difficulty in restraining the people of those parts from open rebellion, whereupon the aforesaid orders for these lords are countermanded, until it be discovered whence this uneasiness proceeds, and a remedy be found for it."

At the same time orders had been sent to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland to make their appearance at court, and many English Catholics sought passports of La Mothe-Fénélon, in order to retire into France from the inconveniences to which they were under these circumstances subjected by the jealous eyes of the English court. On the 22nd of November he writes, "that rumours are afloat in London of the northern Catholics being in arms, and the suspicion runs strong against the said marquis (Vitelli), because of these troubles, which seemed to have taken more consistency since his arrival, which may perhaps, it is true, have given some warmth to them; but

\* His father, the Earl of Surrey, had been beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.

† The ambassador, who had denied in Elizabeth's presence, that he had had the least knowledge of Norfolk's affair, boasts that the duke was held steady in his purpose chiefly by his exhortations. "Nevertheless," says he, "the said duke having been weak enough to return, he was immediately placed in arrest in his house under a strict guard; where, however, I found means, by the Bishop of Ross, to inform him of their Very Christian Majesties' support in the matter of the marriage, which has so encouraged him that he is resolved to persevere in it to death."—vol. ii. p. 301.



in my opinion the excitement comes from another cause." (vol. ii. p. 432.) In fact, the French ambassador was kept as much as possible in the dark with regard to the intrigues of the Spaniards until when, nearly ready for action, they thought it necessary to assure themselves of the support of the King of France, and he would fain have it believed that the spirits of the English Catholics were raised or depressed solely by the vicissitudes of the civil war in France, their activity at present being a simple result of the victory of Moncontour. However, three days after this despatch, on the 25th of November, he had received certain information of the breaking out of the rebellion; the English Catholics had applied to him for aid from the king his master, and he was enabled to speak more positively of the part the Spaniards had been playing, which tended not a little to excite the jealousy of France:

The two northern earls had refused to appear at court in obedience to the Queen's orders. They were the only two representatives of that older feudal aristocracy, when each baron summoned his vassals at his beck to march either against prince or subject, whenever he saw cause of offence against him; and the despatch of an herald to arrest them, drove them to raise at once the storm which it was otherwise their intention to delay till the spring. The ambassador found that the rebels were in a secret understanding with the Catholics throughout the kingdom; and that they had long negotiated with the Duke of Alva and the Spaniards. He declares his suspicions that the latter were contemplating some grand enterprise upon this kingdom, in which the rebels were to be instrumental, and mentions their intrigues to break off the treaty which had been made between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, for the purpose of forming a Spanish alliance. He describes the rebellion as promising to be no less serious in its results than the civil war which then raged in France, and informs the king and queen-mother that the rebels had applied to him for their aid (particularly for money), which he had promised as far as he could venture before having received further orders, that he was using his utmost skill to break the Spanish intrigues with the Scottish Queen, and he adds—

"Some others have told me that they desire your majesties to cause some show and preparations to be made in Normandy and Brittany, under colour of shutting up the sea against those of Rochelle, which will give courage to the Catholics of Cornwall and all the west country, who are no less staunch than those of the north, and they all consider that this will be a great help to them. In truth, I think that such a demonstration, by holding this Queen in fear and the others in hope, will be more for your service at home, under present circumstances, than if you acted more decidedly."

The fate of the rebellion of 1569 is known to all our readers. The two earls having raised considerable forces, marched towards the south as far as Clifford Moor, where they mustered their men, and remained for a moment in suspense whether they should push on towards the south, and liberate the Scottish Queen, or turn to York to attack the Earl of Sussex, whose army was not yet assembled. Other counsels, however, prevailed. Some of Elizabeth's staunch adherents had been levying forces in their rear, and they returned to form the siege of Barnard Castle, where Sir George Bowes had established himself. After a gallant defence, Barnard Castle surrendered, but the session had already shown itself in the rebel ranks and Sussex was now marching towards them. The result was, that the earls retreated a short distance with part of their army, then broke it up and fled over the Scottish border.

The letters of the French ambassador during this period are extremely curious. On the last day of November he writes that the rebels had marched from Durham to the neighbourhood of York, that it was reported they had defeated and taken prisoner the Earl of Hunsdon, and that the Earl of Bedford had been sent into Wales to hinder a rebellion which was threatened there; that troops were raising on all sides to go against the rebels, and that as yet there was much uncertainty as to whom of her nobles the Queen could place her trust. The Queen of Scots was moved into a place of greater security, and there was talk of sending her to Kenilworth, or even bringing her to Windsor. The Queen of England at the same time had expressed strong suspicions that the foreign ambassadors were at the bottom of these troubles, and shut up her seaports more closely than ever. On the 5th of December he adds, that Lord Hunsdon and Sir Ralph Sadler having been joined with the Earl of Sussex, (against whom some evil reports had been raised), they had sent favourable news to court, that the earls having advanced to the neighbourhood of Pomfret, with the intention of sending 800 horse to surprise Tutbury and liberate the Queen of Scots, they had been disappointed by the sudden measures taken by the Earl of Shrewsbury, and had retired towards the north in some dissatisfaction with one another; that some had told him in secret that the danger which Elizabeth stood was much greater than it was represented. On the 10th of December he informs the French court that the rebels were entire masters of the north; that their forces were increased to 15,000 men, of which 4000 were horse; and that they were about to besiege Sussex, Hunsdon, and Sadler in York. At the same time the Duke of Alva, who was assembling forces in Zealand, was eyed with great suspicion. La Mothe-Fénélon himself was evidently as yet un-

\* In fact, they were never much more than a thin number regularly armed.

scious how far the Duke of Alva was concerned in the insurrection.

On the 17th of December, La Mothe-Fénélon writes that he had had an audience of the Queen; that *he had offered her the king's service against her revolted subjects*, but that she seemed not to think much of it, declaring "that it gave her very little uneasiness, and that she had intentionally allowed the two earls to break out so far, without using any great force against them at first, in the expectation of what has since happened, namely, that they and all who aided them are already tired of their folly, and are breaking up of themselves; and that if it were not for her honour so to do, she would not send a single soldier to put them down; yet to provide against all chances, she had already sent such sufficient forces, that she hoped in four days to have a satisfactory account of it all." At this time the ambassador again alludes to the suspicions against the Duke of Alva, and the preparations he was making; reports that the forces of the rebels were reduced to 6000 foot, and 1500 horse; mentions the siege of Barnard Castle, and speaks of a general pardon sent to the rebels, excepting only twelve persons. In the despatch of the 21st of the same month, we have very little information, except that the rebels were still confident, and a postscript announces the capture of Barnard Castle.

The despatch of the 27th of December (the last yet printed), is the most important of all those relating to the northern troubles. After having reported to the King the rumours as to the motions of the rebels, and the daily expectation of a battle, he sends secret communications to the queen-mother, which he begs her to communicate to none but her son. It seems that the rebels, having been disappointed in the promises of the Spaaiards, had come to a resolution of seeking directly the aid of the French, and some of their agents had been with the ambassador. From them he had learnt, that the first design of the two earls was to march direct to London, after having liberated the Queen of Scots, and to seize the towns of York and Newcastle; that they expected a *million of Catholics* would rise and join them on the way, and that the nobles who had been in intelligence with them, would appear with them, or at least aid them with men or money.

"However, having suddenly enough marched thirty miles beyond the city of York, the Queen of Scots was instantly removed, and, although the lower classes might have followed them, none of the lords appeared, stirred, or sent towards them; whereupon, not thinking that they had enough money to conduct their troops to London, because they would not live upon the people, nor that they would be able to get possession of that city immediately upon their arrival, because it is powerful and well furnished with arms, and they could not expect there any movement in their favour, they went back towards York, which profited them still less, be-

cause that city being well furnished with soldiers by the care of the Earl of Sussex, they were obliged to return towards the quarter from whence they came."

They had informed him that their men were by no means diminished or discouraged, but, on the contrary, that they were strengthening themselves; that most of the nobles concerned in the conspiracy had refused to join them because they had risen before the time agreed upon, "which the said earls seemed to confess, but excused themselves on account of the pressing summons to appear at court, and the fear of being seized one by one in their houses by a simple sergeant." He now reckoned their forces at twenty thousand men, and informs the queen-mother that Vitelli was still lingering in London. In a second report, in cypher, he says that the two earls having been led to this undertaking by the prospect of aid from Spain and France, had now represented to him that they were sufficiently strong in men, but in great want of money, and begged urgently that the king would send some to Calais or Boulogne, from whence they would take it.

"As to the ambassador of Spain, although he made them great promises, and they have even a letter under his hand, which he of Northumberland always carries about him, and although before the rising he urged them to take up arms immediately, by offers of great and present aid of arquebuziers, coralets, cavalry, and a hundred thousand crowns, yet now that they are in arms and in want of money, the said ambassador having the means of providing them with eight thousand crowns by two merchants of this city, who offer to advance them on his word, they are much dispirited by his not only refusing to do so, 'because,' he says, 'he has no express commission of the Duke of Alva for it,' but also by his showing a coldness in regard to the rest of the succours promised, saying that they must not expect that the Duke will come forward to give them, unless some one of the greatest and chief among them go to him to agree on what conditions they are to be given and received.

"By which, I have no doubt that, seeing them at this time far advanced and in need of him, he wants to draw them into his own plans, and, among others, into his grand project of a marriage between the Queen of Scots and Don John, who is to have secured to him her claim on the succession of this country; to which the Earl of Northumberland has always shown himself very favourable; and that he will also engage them in an agreement not to lay down their arms, or make any treaty, without him.

"And it is clear enough that this coldness is only an artifice; for I know that the said Duke was much disappointed, because Viscount Montagu did not pass over to him as he promised,\* for which purpose the ambassador had already given him a letter, and the said Duke has sent directions to persuade the said Montagu, or some other lord of quality in the kingdom, to go to him.

"Which the said ambassador uses all his persuasions to do. And moreover, as he and the Marquis of Catena

\* In a former letter (of the 5th of December) the ambassador says that he had understood the Earl of Southampton and Viscount Montagu were gone over to the Duke of Alva, on the part of the rebels: but on the 10th of the same month he had learnt that they had determined to stand by the Queen.

have not been able to obtain a passport to write into Flanders, they have so contrived it, that the Sieur Barbarini, a Florentine gentleman of the troop of the said Marquis, having, under pretence that it was necessary for his health to repass the sea, obtained his leave, though without being able to carry any letters, they gave him secretly these four words, '*believe entirely the bearer*,' signed with their names, and written on so small a piece of paper, that he was able to conceal it in a secret part of his person. The message intrusted to him was, that there being no hope of according the difference about the prizes, although the said Marquis had offered to this government the most gracious, in fact humble, conditions that he could, but they showing themselves obstinate in not listening to them, they pray the Duke of Alva to delay no longer doing the worst he can to them as inveterate enemies, and recommend that he hasten to undertake something against them, while these troubles in the north are warm, lest he never again find so fair an occasion. And since the departure of the said Barbarini, another English gentleman has been sent to the Duke by the said Montagu, who, because he intended to land in France, applied to me for a passport; and besides this, I understand that those of the north have sent over to him the 'Sieur of Marconville,' who is the most able and sufficient man among them."

However, as it happened, the expectations of the French ambassador, and the designs of the Spaniards, were suddenly disappointed and frustrated, for in a letter written on the same day, but after these despatches were made up, he informs the king that Elizabeth had herself sent him intelligence of the final dispersal of the rebels, and their flight into Scotland, though he still professes to hesitate in believing it.

The vacillating and inaccurate intelligence given from time to time by La Mothe-Fénélon on the proceedings of the rebels, points out pretty clearly from whence he obtained no small part of it—no doubt, the aisles of St. Paul's, the great resort of newsmongers in those days—and it forms a remarkable illustration of a passage in a tract by Thomas Norton against this same rebellion.\* These letters also, by affording the dates when different news, or sometimes mere rumours, reached the court and the metropolis, give us a striking proof of the slowness with which the most important intelligence then travelled. On the 22nd of November, the ambassador received the first hint of the rebellion, which had been formally opened at Durham on the 15th. On the day he received this intelligence (November 22) the rebel army was mustered on Clifford Moor, the most southern point which they reached on their intended expedition to Tutbury and London: this is the latest intelligence which the ambassador had received on the 5th of December. On the 10th of this latter month, he reports their removal from "the neighbourhood of Pomfret" (Clifford Moor) to the environs of York; whereas they passed thence by

Richmond the 25th of November, to Barnard Castle, which was besieged on the last day of the same month. He received the first news of this siege on the 17th of December, and at the same time announces their occupation of Hartlepool. Late on the 21st of December he received intelligence of the capitulation of the former place, an event which occurred on the 10th of that month. On the 27th he remains in good hopes of the progress of the rebels, until after he has finished his despatches he receives information from the Queen of their final dispersal on the 18th; and as he professes not to put entire faith in this intelligence, it seems clear that on that day it had not reached London, although we learn from a letter of Sir Henry Ratcliffe that his brother's letter bringing this important news reached the court at Windsor on the 26th.\* From these dates it would appear that even the despatches of the army or reached London from Yorkshire in seven or eight days, and that ordinary news was still slower in its movement.

The foregoing may serve as a specimen of the lights which these two interesting volumes throw upon this critical period of Elizabeth's reign. They leave no room to doubt that a great plot had been formed by the agency of foreign intrigue for the overthrow of the Protestant government of England—that it did not actually gain a consistency until the Duke of Norfolk was drawn into it—that the first overt act was the partial plot against Cecil, into which the Earl of Leicester had been drawn—that the eagerness of the Duke of Norfolk in pursuing his design to marry the Scottish Queen had risked its explosion or discovery—that the northern rebellion was a great (and untimely) explosion of the same grand conspiracy, where the foreign intriguers deserted their friends the moment they found that they were not likely to succeed. By the suppression of this conspiracy the strength of the Catholics in England was broken, and the English government received a great accession of moral strength: from henceforth the domestic plots were more partial, and of less moment. Yet such plots were continually fomented by foreign agency, and Jesuitic propagandism: the execution of Mary, the great blow given to the Spaniards in eighty-eight, the decline of the Spanish power in the Netherlands, and the accession of Henry IV. in France, gave peace to Elizabeth's declining years.

History is much indebted to Mr. Parton Cooper for these two volumes, and we hope, in fact, we have no doubt, that they will be so well received as to encourage him to proceed in his most laudable undertaking. We confess that we are very curious to see the continuation—to hear La Mothe-Fénélon's account of what he heard and saw during the succeeding years until his recall in 1575. We need only add, that

\* See this curious passage quoted in Wright's "*Queen Elizabeth and her Times*," 8vo. Colburn, 1838. Vol. i. p. 346-7.

\* *Queen Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. i. p. 39

work is carefully edited by M. Alexandre Tenlet, a scholar employed in the archives at the Hôtel Soubise.

This work is not the only new contribution to the history of the period of which we have been speaking—we expect much satisfactory and valuable information from a volume of documents on the Northern Rebellion and the events connected with it, edited by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, which we are happy to be able to state is now drawing fast towards a conclusion. Sir Cuthbert has not only had the use of a vast mass of original correspondence, &c. relating to these events preserved in the private archives of those who were intimately engaged in them, and which have been hitherto unknown, but he has made extensive researches among the stores of the British Museum and the State Paper Office, and in the various archives of Paris and Brussels.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS.

The entrance of Spenser and Shakspeare on the scene of English literature immeasurably elevated the standard by which its performances were to be judged; and in now reviewing one department of that literature, we feel that a very different allowance is to be made for the writers who preceded and for those who followed them. In the earlier class, we may admit the plea that the poetry of this country was yet in her nonage—that her attempts were more deserving of praise than her failures of condemnation—and that her irregular and tentative efforts afforded the best hope of attaining a perfect knowledge and command of noble thoughts and appropriate language. But no excuses of this kind can be received after the period when the mighty masters we have mentioned displayed their perfections. It was not to be tolerated that, from their strains of heavenly harmony, the ear should be distracted by the empty jingle or grating discords of those who could offer for its delight neither power of sentiment nor elegance of execution. An example had now been afforded in which the most exquisite poetry was made the vehicle of the purest virtue and the profoundest wisdom. A proof had been given that, in our native language, we possessed an instrument whose compass and diversity of tone could give expression to every variety of feeling, whether lofty or refined, tender or terrible. Those, then, who had not something to say, that was worth saying, and who could not present it in a shape that was calculated to please, were bound to remain silent, and leave the national taste to satisfy itself in that inexhaustible supply of delight and instruction which the works of true genius had placed at its command.

Yet the production of such sublime compositions, though calculated to raise the standard of ideal perfection, and in a particular manner to purify the taste, was by no means incompatible with the encouragement of minor effusions, if possessing relatively and after their own kind an appropriate merit in matter and in manner. In the human heart, as in a nobler domain, there are many mansions—many varieties of susceptibility—many degrees of delight. A sound and enlightened judgment may see in the works of man, as in those of nature, an unlimited variety of beauty and goodness, extending from the most immense to the most minute. In productions of the most opposite characters as to dignity or magnitude, an analogous if not an equal degree of excellence may be recognized, if there be symmetry of proportion and propriety of purpose. In the pursuit, whether of science or of taste, the presence of truth or loveliness is alike perceptible through every link and at either extremity of the chain of existence. An admiration for the umbrageous majesty of the giants of the forest does not wean our affections from the little wild flowers that lie at our feet: the contemplation of the orbs and systems of the heavens themselves does not teach us to look with scorn or indifference on the crystal spherelets that linger in the morning grass. We even find an additional pleasure in tracing the same laws and the same relations in objects that appear in some respects to be so different. In like manner the sincere sentiments of an humble heart, when fittingly expressed, will be equally sure to please, though they will not please in an equal degree, with the sublime emotions or the most exquisite conceptions of genius. The great cause of disgust or contempt in literature is not simplicity, but affectation—not the lowliness of the sentiment, but the absence of any sentiment whatever—not the poverty of the subject, but the disparity between the subject and the execution—between the attempt and the success. The works of Shakspeare and Spenser, therefore, still left ample room for the exertions of very inferior powers, if judiciously employed; and they who have the highest admiration for these masterpieces of art, will probably be the most easily pleased with humbler efforts which present, however feebly, a faithful reflection of nature and virtue.

We do not find among the works of Spenser any minor pieces that fall within the range of our present aim. But we may borrow from his great contemporary two exquisite jewels for our cabinet: two fragments in which, in a less degree, we may see the power of that mighty mirror which was held up to nature by her favourite son and servant. The beauty of the song which we are to quote, were we not all familiar with it, would be somewhat impaired by its separation from the drama with whose sylyan scenery and romantic sentiment it so fitly harmonizes; yet it tells its own

story with a force and clearness that need no comment, and which condense into a few lines whole volumes of misanthropic declamation. The verse that follows, and which we have separated from a companion of inferior merit with which it is united in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, seems to us to run over the topics of beauty's fragility with a most melancholly sweetness:—

## 1.

"Blow, blow thou winter wind:  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

## 2.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky:  
Thou dost not bite so high.  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friends remembered not.

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

We have now to offer some extracts from the poetry of Thomas Lodge, which we believe, however, should have been introduced at an earlier stage of this essay, as the work from which they are taken seems to have been first published in 1589. The admirers of Lodge have, in their eulogiums upon him, indulged in a good deal of that exaggeration which generally results from the unexpected discovery even of moderate merit. It cannot be denied that his versification is generally smooth, and his diction often shining. But all is not gold that glitters. His verses have more of the form of poetry than of the power, and his deficiencies in taste, correctness, and judgment, are not redeemed by either strong feeling or solid thought. We select some stanzas of a moral tone, which afford, as we think, rather an unfavourable specimen of his productions. The structure of the verse in the first example is peculiar, but not unpleasing as a vehicle of sober or elegiac sentiment.

## IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY LIFE.

"Most happy, blest the man that midst his country bow-  
ers,

Without suspect of hate or dread of envious tongue,  
May dwell among his own, not dreading fortune's low'rs,  
Far from those public plagues that mighty men hath  
stung;  
Whose liberty and peace is never sold for gain,  
Whose words do never sooth a wanton prince's vein.

"His will, restrained by wit, is never forced awry;  
Vain hopes and fatal fears, the courtier's common foes,  
Afraid by his foresight, do shun his piercing eye,  
And nought but true delight acquaints him where he  
goes;

No high attempts to win, but humble thoughts and deeds,  
The very fruits and flowers that spring from virtue's  
seeds.

"O! Deities divine, your godheads I adore,  
That haunt the hills, the fields, the forests, and the  
springs:  
That make my quiet thoughts contented with my store,  
And fix my thoughts on heaven, and not on earthly  
things.  
That drive me from desires, in view of courtly strife,  
And draw me to commend the fields and country life.

"Although my bidding home be not imbost with gold,  
And that with cunning skill my chambers are not  
dress'd,  
Whereas the curious eye may sundry sights behold,  
Yet feeds my quiet looks on thousand flowers at least,  
The treasures of the plain, the beauties of the spring,  
Made rich with roses sweet and every pleasant thing.

"I like and make some love, but yet in such a sort  
That nought but true delight my certain suit pursues:  
My liberty remains, and yet I reap the sport,  
Nor can the snares of love my heedful thoughts abuse;  
But when I would forego I have the power to fly,  
And stand aloof and laugh, while others starve and die.

"My sweet and tender flocks, my faithful field compeers;  
You forest, holts, and groves, you meads and moun-  
tains high,  
Be you the witnesses of my contented years,  
And you, O! sacred powers, vouchsafe my humble cry:  
And during all my days do not these joys estrange,  
But let them still remain and grant no other change."

## IN COMMENDATION OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

"See where the babes of memory are laid,  
Under the shadow of Apollo's tree,  
That plait their garlands fresh, and well apaid,  
And breathe forth lines of dainty poesy:  
Ah! world, farewell! the sight hereof doth tell  
That true content doth in the desert dwell.

"See where a cave presents itself to eye,  
By nature's hand enforced in marble veins;  
Where climbing cedars with their shades deny  
The eye of day to see what there remains;  
A couch of moss, a brook of silver clear,  
And more, for food a flock of savage deer.

"Then here, kind Muse, vouchsafe to dwell with me,  
My velvet robe shall be a weed of grey;  
And lest my heart by tongue betrayed be,  
For idle talk I will go fast and pray:  
No sooner said and thought, but that my heart  
His true suppos'd content 'gain thus impart.

"Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,  
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,  
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,  
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight,  
In thee no wanton ears to win with words,  
Nor lurking toys, which city life affords.

"At peep of day when, in her crimson pride,  
The morn bespreads with roses all the way,  
Where Phœbus' coach with radiant course must glide,  
The hermit bends his humble knees to pray;  
Blessing that God whose bounty did bestow  
Such beauties on the earthly things below.

"Whether with solace tripping through the trees  
He sees the citizens of forest sport,  
Or 'midst the wither'd oak beholds the bees  
Intend their labour with a kind consort;  
Down drop his tears to think how they agree  
Where men alone with hate inflamed be.

"Taste he the fruits that spring from Tellus' womb,  
Or drink he of the crystal spring that flows,  
He thanks his God, and sighs their cursed doom  
That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestows;  
And with Saint Jerome saith, the desert is  
A paradise of solace, joy, and bliss.

"Father of light, thou maker of the heaven,  
From whom my being, and well-being springs,  
Bring to effect this my desired heaven,  
That I may leave the thoughts of worldly things:  
Then in my troubles will I bless the time  
My Muse vouchsafed me such a lucky rhyme."

We shall conclude our quotations from Lodge with "The Contents of the Schedule which Sir John of Bourdeaux gave to his Sons," extracted from his pastoral romance of *Rosalind*, from which Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of his *As You Like It*. Literature certainly owes more to Lodge for that suggestion than for any direct obligation that his own poetry has imposed. But here, as in other instances, the suggestion is almost the whole merit that belongs to the original author, and nowhere is the powerful alchemy of genius more conspicuous in transmuting a piece of very inferior metal into fine gold. The play of Shakspeare, while it exquisitely represents the true charm and uses of sylvan solitude, as a contrast and cure to the opposite tendencies of a life of painted pomp, affords no sanction either to the sickly sentiment or the presumptuous misanthropy which form the exclusive theme of inferior writers on similar subjects.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCHEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN OF  
BOURDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONS.

"My sons, behold what portion I do give,  
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost;  
I leave advice to school you how to live;  
I leave you wit, but won with little cost:  
But keep it well, for counsel still is won  
When father, friends, and worldly good are gone.

"In choice of thrift, let honour be your game;  
Win it by virtue, and by manly might:  
In doing good, esteem thy toil no pain;  
Protect the fatherless and widow's right:  
Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king—  
For why? this thrift will prove a blessed thing.

"In choice of wife, prefer the modest, chaste,  
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell:  
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,  
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well:  
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,  
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

"In choice of friends, beware of light belief;  
A painted tongue may shroud a subtle heart:  
The siren's tears do threaten meikle grief!  
Foresee, my sons, for fear of sudden smart;  
Choose in your wants, and he that friends you then,  
When richer grown, befriend you him again.

"Learn, with the ant, in summer to provide,  
Drive, with the bee, the drone from out the hive;  
Build, like the swallow, in the summer tide;  
Spare not too much, my sons, but sparing thrive:  
Be poor in folly, rich in all but sin,  
So by your death your glory shall begin."

The next moral author on our list is Robert Southwell, a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, but (if it is not illiberal to contrast things that are not incompatible) a pious man and a blameless writer. He was executed in 1595, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, a victim to Protestant retaliation for Papal cruelty. His poetry, though not of a high order, deserves the praise of the purest intentions, and is often successful in recommending religious and moral thoughts by neat language and simple illustration. The principle on which he writes is thus explained in an address prefixed to his collected pieces in the edition of 1636:—"Poets, by abusing their talents, and making the follies and feignings of love the customary subjects of their base endeavours, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover, and a liar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of man cannot counterpoise the authority of God, who, delivering many parts of Scripture in verse, and, by his apostle, willing us to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual songs, warranteth the art to be good and the use allowable. But the devil," he continues, "as he affecteth deity, and seeketh to have all the compliments of divine honour applied to his service, so hath he, among the rest, possessed also most poets with his idle fancies. For, in lieu of solemn and devout matter, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they now busy themselves in expressing such passions as only serve for testimonies to how unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. And because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together."

The more ambitious attempts of Southwell are not well sustained, and are disfigured by forced conceits and excess of alliterations; and, in truth, his most creditable performances are those shorter verses by which his reputation was first revived in Mr. Headley's *Selections*. These little poems are formed on the plan of working out a simple idea by a variety of analogies or comparisons, shortly developed, and strung together by no thread of connexion but the similarity of principle which pervades them. Yet the vein of thought is so pure and gentle, and the illustrations are often so apposite, agreeable, and pointedly expressed, that the effect is, on the whole, extremely pleasing. As the works of Southwell are rare, we shall here bring together what we consider to be the best pieces or passages falling within our plan.

## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:  
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.  
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;  
Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day:  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon ally.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
That net that holds no great, takes little fish:  
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least hath some, who most hath never all."

## SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

"Where wards are weak and foes encountering strong,  
Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,  
And silent sees that speech could not amend;  
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine—  
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

"While pike doth range the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,  
These fleet aloft, while those do fill the dish:  
There is a time even for the worms to creep  
And suck the dew, while all their foes do sleep.

"The merlin cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race—  
He that high growth on cedars did bestow  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

"In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,  
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe:  
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,  
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives' go—  
We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,  
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away."

## CONTENT AND RICH.

"Sith sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear,  
I bear so low and small a sail  
As freeth me from fear.

"I wrestle not with rage  
While fury's flame doth burn;  
It is in vain to stop the stream  
Until the tide doth turn.

"But when the flame is out  
And ebbing wrath doth end,  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Into a quiet friend.

"And taught with often proof,  
A tempered calm I find,  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.

"Spare diet is my fare,  
My clothes more fit than fine:  
I know, I feed and clothe a foe  
That pampered would repine.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No change of fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down:  
When fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown.

"And when in froward mood  
She proved an angry foe,  
Small gain I found to let her come,  
Less loss to let her go."

The collection of poems entitled *England's Helicon*, was first printed in 1600, and was followed by David-son's *Poetical Rhapsody*, in 1602. These two miscellanies, the latest, we may say, which combine the attraction of antiquity with that of intrinsic interest, supply very few contributions for our present object. *England's Helicon* consists almost entirely of Pastoral Poems, and, in these, with scarcely an exception, the pleasures, and much more frequently the pangs of love, are the only feelings in the shepherd's heart that are deemed worthy to prompt the song. We select one verse of a moral composition, which, although of no great merit, may be thought curious, as an early example of those common-places of comparison by which the shortness and vanity of life and its enjoyments have been so often shadowed forth.

"As withereth the primrose by the river,  
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,  
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,  
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:  
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers  
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow  
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),  
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy!  
The withered primrose by the morning river,  
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,  
The light blown bubble, vanished for ever,  
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,  
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,  
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

The *Rhapsody* is somewhat more multifarious in its contents; but here, too, though arrayed in a more courtly costume, Cupid is still the leading character of the Drama. We confess we have but little sympathy or admiration for the effusions of our amatory poets in general, who appear to have felt the passion more in their head than in their heart, or to have chosen this theme as a schoolboy might do, that they might exercise their ingenuity or display their learning. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound," is the remark of the enamoured Romeo on the merry and mocking Mercutio. But the persons to whom we have referred seem to have reversed the proverb, and to have affect-



ed the most acute agonies, and the most desperate extremities of suffering, without having ever received a scratch. We find the following moral verses in the *Rhapsody* without the name of any author:—

## RHAPSODY 67.

"The virtuous man is free, tho' bound in chains;  
Tho' poor, content; tho' banished, yet no stranger:  
Tho' sick in health of mind, secure in danger;  
And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

"Nor good haps, proud—nor bad, dejected make him;  
To God's, not to man's will, he frames each action:  
He seeks no fame, but inward satisfaction;  
And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes shake him."

We believe that the two collections we have just mentioned, are the earliest publications which contain any number of the poetical compositions of Raleigh. That this remarkable person wrote several poems of merit is unquestionable; but it seems difficult to determine either what are his genuine productions, or at what period of his life they were written. A late elegant, but somewhat fanciful critic and antiquary, has been pleased to invest him with somewhat like manorial privileges over the outskirts of Parnassus, and to have appropriated to him all the waifs and strays that were worth seizing. The collection of Raleigh's Poems first printed at the Lee Priory Press, has enlarged a very small nucleus to a very respectable bulk, by ascribing to him a variety of pieces, as to which there is no evidence whatever that he was the writer. *The Lie, or the Soul's Errand*, is there given as his, not upon any satisfactory authority, but on the very questionable footing, "that, though the date ascribed to this poem is demonstrably wrong," the editor knows "no author so capable of writing it as Raleigh." Another poem is assigned to him with an equal absence of proof, and simply, because it is "not unbecoming the vigorous mind, the worldly experience, and the severe disappointments of Raleigh." A considerable class of these poems is attributed to him, on no other authority than this supposition, that the signature of Ignoto affixed to them belongs exclusively to Raleigh, which indisputably it does not, having been attached to pieces supposed to be written by Shakespeare and other contributors to the *Helicon*, and having probably no meaning, except simply that of 'Unknown.' The inference as to identity of authorship arising from this subscription, seems, indeed, to be not much more correct than that of the old lady who was struck with the number of works that were written by Finis. Without, however, examining very critically into this question, we shall here notice such real or reputed poems of Raleigh as fall within our present province. These, it is singular to observe, are to be found not in the contemporaneous compilations of the *Helicon* or *Rhapsody*, but in a work which had no existence for thirty years after Raleigh's death—we mean the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*,

published by Isaac Walton, in 1651. The pieces we refer to, bear the signature of *Ignoto*, and are printed along with Sir Henry Wotton's own compositions, among other poems said by Walton to have been found among Sir Henry's papers. We are certainly not authorized to conclude that they are Wotton's, but there is still less ground for ascribing them to any one else; and it seems to be probable, that if Ignoto was known as the exclusive signature of Raleigh, Walton would have mentioned him as the author, as he has done in other instances, both in his *Angler* and in the *Reliquiæ*. The first that we shall select, appears to us to be extremely beautiful.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

"Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to courts,  
Fly to fond worldling's sports,  
Where strained Sardonic smiles are growing still,  
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;  
Where mirth's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be.

"Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troops of human misery.  
Come, serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to see  
The rich attendance on our poverty;  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

"Abused mortals, did you know,  
Where joy, hearts' ease, and comforts grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make.  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

"Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,  
But of our kids that frisk and prance;  
Nor wars are seen  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

"Here are no entrapping baits  
To hasten to too hasty fates,  
Unless it be  
The fond credulity  
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:  
Nor envy, unless among  
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

"Go let the diving negro seek  
For gems hid in some forlorn creek:  
We all pearls scorn,  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass:  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

"Blest silent groves, oh may you be  
For ever mirth's best nursery!

May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tints  
Upon these downs, these meads, these moun-  
tains,  
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains:  
Which we may every year  
Meet when we come a-fishing here."

It may be thought that some of the points here brought out are of the nature of conceits, in which fanciful, and sometimes merely verbal contrasts, are exhibited between the delights of the country and the troubles or vanities of the world. Yet surely the images and ideas introduced are beautiful and pleasing, and are neither forced nor far fetched. These are, we conceive, moods of feeling in which trains of thought of this precise character are naturally suggested to the mind; and no occasion is more favourable for such contemplations than when the comparison here drawn is instituted by those who, dissatisfied with their experience of artificial life, are enjoying, in all its freshness, the pleasures of a change to nature and simplicity. No strong passions are at work, in such a situation, to fix the feelings and imagination on some great and engrossing object. The heart is light and at ease, and the fancy is at liberty to sport with the successive images that attract its attention, and to exert even some ingenuity in moulding them to suit its favourite inclination. Such, though more fantastic and querulous, was the spirit in which the melancholy Jacques moralised, by the river's side, the spectacle of the sobbing deer into a thousand similies, and found in it matter for invective against all the modes of human life.

Let us add, from Wotton, another of Raleigh's or Ignoto's moralities, which is more in Jacques's vein, though, if it was written posterior to *As You Like it*, we may think that it might as well have been let alone.

## DE MORTE.

"Man's life's a tragedy: his mother's womb  
(From which he enters) is the tiring room;  
This spacious earth the theatre; and the stage  
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,  
Folly, and Vice are actors. The first cry  
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.  
The former act consisteth of dumb show;  
The second, he to more perfection grows;  
I' th' third, he is a Man, and doth begin  
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin:  
I' th' fourth, declines; i' th' fifth, diseases clog  
And trouble him; then Death's his epilogue."

Another speaker follows on the same side, whose voice, if it were genuine, would be worth listening to. The verses now to be quoted bear, in the *Reliquiz*, the signature of Francis Lord Bacon, though we do not remember that any poetry has ever found admission into his collected works, except some translations of psalms. What we are here to give is not very poetical, and would scarcely turn the balance against the prose wisdom of one of the immortal *Essays, Civil and*

*Moral.* Perhaps, however, these lines have some touches characteristic of their nominal author, and would, at least, hold a respectable place in any anthology gathered from the effusions of lawyers or lord chancellors. They are obviously copied from some of the Greek epigrams on the same subject.

## THE WORLD.

"The world's a bubble: and the life of man  
Less than a span.  
In his conception wretched; from the womb,  
So to the tomb.  
Nurst from his cradle, and brought up to years  
With cares and fears.  
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns on water, or but writes on dust.

"Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,  
What life is best?  
Courts are but only superficial schools,  
To dandle fools:  
The rural part is turned into a den  
Of savage men:  
And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

"Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pain his head:  
Those who live single take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse:  
These would have children, those that have them, none,  
Or wish them gone:  
What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,  
But single thralldom, or a double strife?

"Our own affections still at home to please  
Is a disease.  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil.  
Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease  
We're worse in peace.  
What then remains, but that we still should cry  
For being born, and being born to die?"

Francis Lord Bacon.

These extracts from the *Reliquiz* naturally lead us to the undoubted compositions of the eminent man who has given a name to the whole collection. Who can speak of Sir Henry Wotton without love and admiration?—of him whose life has, in the hands of his amiable and attached biographer, been rendered as interesting as a romance and as instructive as a sermon;—an accomplished and liberal traveller, yet a firm favourer of his own country—a man of the world, yet a lover of letters and retirement—a practised diplomatist, yet retaining among protocols and politics a gallantry and enthusiasm that would have become an old chevalier, and a purity and piety that would have done honour to a divine. Were there nothing else to commend him, it ought to be enough to perpetuate the memory of Wotton that he was among the earliest, and was probably the most authoritative, of those friends who encouraged the rising genius of Milton—to whom, in 1638, when sending him abroad with the memorable advice, "I pensieri stretti e il viso sciolto," he wrote, expressing the singular delight he had received from that

"dainty piece of entertainment," the *Musk of Comus*, "wherein," he says, "I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doriquedelicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language; *ipsa mollities*." May we be allowed to conjecture whether Milton, or the other hand, had not, in the final passage of his *Penseroso*, meant somewhat to shadow out that venerable retirement of Wotton as provost of Eton College, by which he exchanged the task of rolling the restless stone of state employment for the sweet contemplation and holy thoughts of a calm and cloister-like seclusion?

"And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain."

Be this as it may, the interchange of courtesies and kindnesses which at this time passed between these great, though not equally great, men, was worthy both of the young poet and the old ambassador.

All of us know the exquisite song beginning, "Ye meaner beauties of the night," written by Wotton, upon his admired and unfortunate mistress, the Princess Elizabeth; and which some senseless clippers and coiners of poetry, in our own country, have recast into an eulogium upon the Scottish Queen Mary. The other little poem with which Wotton's name is most frequently connected, has certainly not so much poetical beauty; but it has also considerable merit, and is altogether, bating a little want of method and connexion, a very favourable specimen of the species of composition which we are now considering.

#### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

"How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

"Whose passions, not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

"Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

"Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin, make oppressors great.

"Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

"This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all."

To Wotton, also, has been attributed, on the authority of a doubtful opinion expressed in Walton's *Angler*, a "Farewell to the vanities of the world," which is not to be found in the *Reliquiæ*. Mr. Ellis assigns it to Sir Kenelm Digby, who is said to be given as the author in the *Wit's Interpreter*, in 1671. But, as it was before published in the complete *Angler*, less authority seems due to this secondary opinion. The lines, however, appear too diffuse and careless in their composition to be the production of Wotton; and it is not unlikely that they were Walton's own, as he seems to have carried into literary life some of the innocent "treachery" which he so successfully practised on the silly tenants of the brook. The name of John Chalkhill, "an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser," under which Walton presented to the public the pastoral *History of Theolana and Clearchus*, is now generally understood to have been employed by him as a harmless bait to attract attention and disguise his own handiwork. As to the lines we are now to quote, we shall not quarrel with Walton's criticism on them, that, "let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composition." They are certainly very unequal, but some of them are excellent.

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;  
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!  
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;  
Honour the darling but of one short day;  
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;  
State but a golden prison to live in,  
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains  
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;  
And blood allied to greatness, is alone  
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:  
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

"I would be great, but that the sun doth still  
Level his rays against the rising hill:  
I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
Most subject to the rending thunderstroke:  
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,  
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind (?):  
I would be wise, but that I often see  
The fox suspected, whilst the goose goes free:  
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,  
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:  
I would be poor, but know the humble grass  
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:  
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;  
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.  
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither  
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

"Would the world now adopt me for her heir,  
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,  
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie  
Angels with India; with a speaking eye

Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb,  
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue  
To stones by epitaphs; be called great master  
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster:  
Could I be, more than any man that lives,  
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:  
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,  
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;  
And hold one minute of this holy leisure  
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

"Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;  
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.  
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing  
My cheerful anthems to the glad some spring:  
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,  
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.  
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,  
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:  
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my lost love's folly,  
And learn to affect an holy melancholy;  
And if contentment be a stranger then,  
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again."

The name of Raleigh, and the connexion of his supposed signature with the *Reliquia*, has led us somewhat out of our chronology; but, indeed, it is not easy to follow a strict order in this respect, where there is a close succession of poets whose lives overlap each other, and whose literary eras do not always correspond in the relative periods of their natural existence. Retracing our steps, we shall make a quotation from Daniel, who died in 1619, a writer who is always sensible and sound, often pathetic, and sometimes poetical. His well-known dialogue between Ulysses and the Siren, which seems nearest to our purpose, is smoothly versified, and contains, under the disguise of fable, a good deal of wholesome philosophy; yet it holds but an inferior place in his compositions, compared with his *Muscophilus*, the best passages of his *Civil Wars*, or the happiest of his Sonnets.

## SIREN.

"Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come;  
Possess these shores with me:  
The winds and seas are troublesome,  
And here we may be free.  
Here may we sit and view their toil  
That travail in the deep,  
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,  
And spend the night in sleep."

## ULYSSES.

"Fair nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attained with ease,  
Then would I come and rest me there,  
And leave such toils as these;  
But here it dwells, and here must I,  
With danger seek it forth:  
To spend the time luxuriously,  
Becomes not men of worth."

## SIREN.

"Ulysses, O be not deceived  
With that unreal name:  
This honour is a thing conceived,  
And rests on other's fame:

Begotten only to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile,  
The best thing of our life, our rest,  
And give us up to toil."

## ULYSSES.

"Delicious nymph, suppose there were  
Nor honour nor report,  
Yet manliness would scorn to wear  
The time in idle sport:  
For toil doth give a better touch  
To make us feel our joy;  
And ease finds tediousness as much  
As labour yields annoy."

## SIREN.

"Then pleasure likewise seems the shore  
Whereto tends all your toil;  
Which you forego to make it more,  
And perish off the while.  
Who may disport them diversely  
Find never tedious day;  
And ease may have variety  
As well as action may."

## ULYSSES.

"But natures of the noblest frame  
These toils and dangers please;  
And they take comfort in the same,  
As much as you in ease;  
And with the thought of actions past  
Are recreated still:  
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,  
To show that it was ill."

\* \* \* \*

## SIREN.

"Well, well, Ulysses, then I see  
I shall not have thee here:  
And therefore I will come to thee,  
And take my fortune there.  
I must be won that cannot win,  
Yet lost were I not won:  
For beauty hath created been  
To undo or be undone."

We know not if we are quite justified in embracing within our plan the elegant song from the *Nice Valour* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which must have afforded the germ to Milton's *Penseroso*. If we are exceeding our limits, let the liquid numbers, tender images, and apt expressions of this little composition plead our apology.

"Hence all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly;  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If men were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy,  
Oh, sweetest melancholy.

"Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes;  
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;  
A look that's fastened to the ground;  
A tongue chained up without a sound.

"Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves;  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.

A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon.  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

An attempt of the present kind would be very incomplete, if we omitted from our selection those two noble lyrics of Shirley's which preserved his memory at a time when the merits of his excellent dramas were forgotten. They have much dignity, and some delicacy of thought; the versification is pleasing and suitable, and the diction generally good and sometimes elegant.

FROM "CUPID AND DEATH."—A MASQUE.

"Victorious men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are;  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
As night or day;  
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

"Devouring famine, plague and war,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are:  
Nor to these alone confined,  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart."

FROM THE "CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES."

"The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things:  
There is no armour against fate:  
Death lays his icy hands on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:  
Upon death's purple altar now,  
See where the victor-victim bleeds!  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb.  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Some verses from a little poem of the same writer entitled the *Garden*, seem also to deserve a place among our extracts. They are melodious and pathetic.

"Give me a little plot of ground,  
Where, might I with the sun agree,  
Though every day he walk the round,  
My garden he should seldom see.

"Those tulips, that such wealth display  
To court my eye, shall lose their name,  
Though now they listen, as if they  
Expected I should praise their name.

"But I would see myself appear  
Within the violet's drooping head,  
On which a melancholy tear  
The discontented morn hath shed.

"Within their buds let roses sleep,  
And virgin lilies on their stem,  
Full sighs from lovers glide, and creep  
Into their leaves to open them.

"T' th' centre of my ground, compose  
Of bays and yew my summer room,  
Which may, so oft as I repose,  
Present my labour, and my tomb.

"No birds shall live within my pale  
To charm me with their shames of art,  
Unless some wandering nightingale  
Come here to sing and break her heart;

"Upon whose death I'll try to write  
An epitaph in some funeral stone,  
So sad and true, it may invite  
Myself to die, and prove mine own."

Among the poems of Francis Beaumont, are to be found some pleasing and well known lines on the *Life of Man*, which are also attributed to Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, a poet of some merit, but with a strong tendency to conceits, such as would well entitle him to the paternity of one of the ideas in these verses, representing the light of man's life as a loan of money called in and paid up on a very short notice.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

"Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood—  
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past,—and man forgot."

These lines seem to have suggested another and more expanded form of the same idea, which has also considerable sweetness. The piece we now refer to is attributed by Mr. Ellis to Simon Wastell, and is stated to be extracted from an edition of his *Microbiblion*, published in 1629. They are commonly, however, assigned to Quarles, and are printed in some editions of his *Argalus and Parthenia*, with the Virgilian vindication of his right to them: "*Hec ego versiculos feci.*" We should be sorry to think that the pious author of the *Emblems* and *Divine Fancies* had in this respect preferred a dishonest claim.

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

"Like as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning to the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—  
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blazeth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies.

"Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearly dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan—  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"

The other and more authentic pieces of Quarles, and of writers who greatly surpass him in his own department, would lead us into another field which we have all along purposely avoided, and which deserves to be considered separately, and in a more solemn and reverent tone than is due to mere morality.

Having brought down our review of miscellaneous moral poetry to the reign of Charles I., we shall not pursue the subject further, or enter on a period when so great a change was brought about, in taste as well as in manners and opinions, and which belongs in its character more nearly to the modern than to the early age of our literature. In what we have done we are conscious that we must have made many omissions, and we may have bestowed undue importance on some compositions or topics of inferior interest. Yet, altogether, we feel that we have brought into a condensed form a great deal of true English poetry of a peculiar and valuable class, closely allied, as we believe, with the best virtues of the national character, and which, in various ways, has helped to cultivate a style of native thought and expression, capable of becoming the vehicle of wisdom and virtue among the less learned classes to an extent even greater perhaps than we have yet witnessed.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

#### DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

*Excerpta from a Private Journal kept by Mr. Nicolas Witsen, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, in the year 1689, during his Residence in London as Member of a Deputation from the States of Holland, and subsequently as Ambassador at the British Court.*

[We are enabled by the kindness of a Correspondent to lay before our readers a translation of the following curious document. We give the introduction in our Correspondent's own words, and have only to add that the authenticity of the Journal is unimpeachable.]

It has been the concurrent opinion of all who read the history of Holland with more than common atten-

tion, that our judicious historian, Wagenaar, has been particularly successful in relating the events connected with the great revolution which took place in England in the year 1688, and terminated in the elevation of William the Third, Prince of Orange, to the throne of that kingdom.

The fulness and accuracy of the account which he has given of the occurrences of that important period may be chiefly attributed to the information he derived from two very interesting documents, to which he was fortunate enough to have access, viz:—

1st. The notes taken by Burgomaster Nicolas Witsen, of Amsterdam, in his own handwriting, and called by him "A relation of every thing that happened to me during my Journey to England in the year 1688."

2ndly. A private journal, kept by him of all the occurrences relating to the deputation and subsequent embassy to England in the year 1689; in which, according to his own declaration, he committed to paper every thing that occurred while it was fresh in his memory, with the same scrupulous regard to truth as if he were called upon to attest it by a solemn oath.

Both these documents are repeatedly referred to by Wagenaar, in the sixtieth and sixty-first books of his history, and the friends of historical research have long been desirous to see the whole of these interesting records.

In the year 1817, I had reason to hope that I should have an opportunity of inspecting the papers of the learned and patriotic magistrate and statesman De Witsen, a considerable collection of which were preserved, till within these few years, in three chests; and I then flattered myself that I should find those interesting documents; but I was disappointed in my hopes, and I was assured soon after, that all those writings had been lost. Not long ago, however, some extracts of them fell into my hands, which had been taken in April and May of the year 1756, by Mr. Johannes Stael, pensionary of the city of Amsterdam, who had been intrusted with the original manuscript by the secretary, Mr. Nicolas Witsen, a nephew of the ambassador.

I shall only add that I copied them literally, omitting only the figures which indicated the numbers of the paragraphs, as also of the pages and of the columns on each; the former amounting to 185 and the pages to 225, with four columns on each.

It was inscribed, "A private Journal relating to the Deputation and subsequent Embassy in England, in the year 1689, at which I assisted.

(Signed) N. WITSEN."

Here follow the extracts above alluded to, in the order in which they were copied.

In the beginning of the month of January, 1689, his highness requested that three deputies might be sent to

England; pointing out as members of the deputation, Messrs. Witsen, Van Odyk (William Count of Nassau, Lord of Odyk), and Dykveld (Everhard Van Weede, Lord of Dykveld). Witsen was with difficulty prevailed upon. The deputies arrived at Harwich, after having experienced a violent storm at sea.

On the 18th of January, they had a conference with his highness, who inquired, "What do they say now in Amsterdam? Are they pleased now that you advised me to this undertaking? Did they expect it would turn out so well?" Shortly after he added, "Now they cry 'Hosannah!' here; perhaps they will soon cry 'Crucify him.'"

Witsen put the prince in mind of this observation on the 11th of February, when things went cross in the convention.

When King-James returned to Whitehall, his highness sent him an intimation to withdraw. The king was asleep when the messenger arrived, and he complained much of being disturbed. Captain Wik led him away. He trusted the Dutch more than his own soldiers.

In the palace at Whitehall he had an index in his apartment communicating with a weathercock on the roof, so that he could always see whether the wind was fair for the prince before he landed.

The English lords begin already to complain that the prince is not sufficiently conversable and familiar, contrary to the custom of English monarchs; likewise that he does not spend money enough. Mordaunt and others requested Witsen to exhort the prince on this head.

Dykveld had arranged every thing for the expedition during his former embassy; and in January, likewise he exerted himself very zealously to get the prince raised to the throne.

On the 23d his highness corrected the letters from the deputies to their high mightinesses.

The prince related that, when he landed in the west; more than fifty women fell at his feet, supplicating him to deliver the chancellor into their hands, because he had caused their husbands to be hung on account of Monmouth's rebellion.

Witsen visited the apartment in which the prince of Wales was said to have been born; and he observed that there were several private doors in it, communicating with secret staircases.

At the prince's desire, Odyk got a resolution carried through in Holland, to have deputies from the admiralities sent over to England, in order to treat concerning the number of ships which were to join the fleet, contrary to the opinion of Witsen, who thought that De Wildt was quite competent to manage that affair alone.

The prince observed facetiously to Witsen, that, when he used the term "we," he did not know

whether he meant England or Holland, as the sovereign authority in England had at this time been vested in him *pro interim*.

In a pasquil which was spread about London, it was said that the prince strove to restore in England the liberties and rights, which he treated with very little respect in Holland; and that, though a presbyterian in his heart, he wished to protect the bishops.

Witsen urged the prince, on several occasions, to get the Act of Navigation repealed; but his highness lent a deaf ear to this.

When the Spanish ambassador's hotel was plundered, after the prince was landed, the French ambassador saved his by drinking the prince's health, and throwing money to be scrambled for by the populace.

Witsen complains that time hangs heavy on his hands in England, as he is no courtier, does not understand the language, and finds that he is of little use there. He soon discovered that he had been appointed with no other view than to make a display before the people of England of the perfect unanimity which prevailed between the prince and the city of Amsterdam.

When King James was caught endeavouring to make his escape, he laughed at the people's taking a short man for Father Peters, as the latter was a very large man. This was related by an eyewitness.

The prince observed, to Witsen, that it depended greatly upon the city of Amsterdam whether the war could be carried on for two or three years. When King James was arrested, a stout dark-looking fellow carried him on shore from the small vessel, and, upon somebody calling out to this man not to let him fall, he answered, "Never fear, I could carry him and the Pope together." His majesty, who was taken for a priest, was searched to his very shirt, and was robbed of every thing about him.

When he was at Rochester, he inquired, through a third and fourth hand, whether it was the prince's intention to detain him and to keep him in custody. The prince had at first given directions to this effect; but he afterwards sent orders, through Mr. Schaap, to connive at his escape. A report having reached King James's ears that the prince had appointed four judges, he became greatly alarmed, recollecting his father's fate; and he immediately fled from Rochester. No judges, however, had been appointed.

On the 1st of February the convention met, and printed notes were distributed at the entrance of the hall where the members assembled, recommending certain resolutions to be adopted.

A part of the English soldiery having been cashiered by the prince, they became so discontented, that they drank openly to the confusion of his highness.

King James was highly displeased with Van Oitters, on account of the false assurances he had repeatedly



given him of the favourable sentiments entertained towards him both by the States and the prince.

During the meeting of the convention, the prince remained perfectly quiet, without attempting to influence the members by promises or otherwise, as many persons expected he would do.

When King James returned to London after his first escape, the bells were rung, and the people called out God bless the king. Witsen was of opinion, that this was what induced the prince to get him out of the way.

Captain Matthews, having formerly been admitted a burger of Amsterdam by Witsen, called upon him, on the 3d of February, to thank him.

Burnet remarked at table, that Dykvelt deserved to have a monument erected to him in England for the services he had rendered to the state.

Witsen expresses his surprise, that every body in England knew of his having been intrusted by the prince with the secret of his expedition.

On the 11th, the prince had a private interview with Dykvelt, who immediately after went and conferred with the lords of the convention: the prince, however, makes no demand hitherto, nor does he promise or threaten any thing, but his friends are active. He advises Witsen not to make any mention, in his letters to Holland, of the differences in the convention.

The House of Commons is desirous to raise the prince to the throne,—the House of Lords wish him to be appointed regent, and the princess to be queen. Some wish to recall James, others to establish a republic, which it is thought would infallibly take place if the prince were named regent.

The populace having risen at the instigation of Lord Lovelace, sent in a petition, desiring that the prince might be declared king; his highness prohibits all popular tumult.

Witsen and the others represent to the prince on the 17th that tar is not an article of contraband, and therefore that a certain French vessel in the Scilly Islands cannot be legally detained on that pretext. This made the prince very angry: such an opinion, he said, was absurd; and he expressed his surprise that Witsen knew so better; but, he added, "seamen know nothing of politics." This cut Witsen to the quick.

One of the lords asked Witsen whether the prince could sign any thing as stadtholder of Holland after he had been raised to the throne of England. Witsen answered, that he still retained the former dignity, which the other considered rather derogatory in a king of England.

Some of the lords are desirous of retaining Dykvelt in England, and naturalizing him.

Witsen now discovers, that the correspondence which had been carried on with England, consisted of two branches, viz., one for the deliverance of the king-

dom, and the other relating to the crown, the knowledge of the latter having been withheld from several of the leading men.

Ferguson, who had resided long in Amsterdam, called upon Witsen, and, in the course of conversation he related, that the sheriff of that city had always given him notice privately when he had orders to arrest him; he added, that king James had offered him pardon, and a large sum of money, if he would desert his party, but that he had always refused to comply.

On the 19th every thing was prepared for the coronation, but a solemn engagement for the maintenance of the laws was required of the prince, which Bentinck, it was said, positively refused. This created suspicion and discontent. Application was made to Witsen to speak to the prince, and to give him better counsel; but he writes "I shall take care not to interfere, as I well know how punctilious he is." Dykvelt however spoke to the prince on the subject, and he soon after consented to it.

Witsen is informed that an apartment was preparing for Bentinck at Whitehall, with a door opening into the king's cabinet.

Every thing that had occurred in Amsterdam relating to the election of the *schepens* (aldermen) was known in London, as also how every member of the *vroedschap* (common council) had voted. Witsen was the object of much raillery at table on this account, but the king was displeased at it, of which Bentinck informed Witsen.

On the 24th, Witsen congratulates the king, wishing him the wisdom of Solomon, the good fortune of David, and the years of Methuselah.

On the 25th, King William desires that the deputies may be appointed ambassadors extraordinary, Witsen, whose residence in England was attended with much vexation, and who spoke French imperfectly, was very averse to this; it was however carried into effect afterwards.

Satirical ballads were sung about the streets, "The Butterboxes have sent us a King."

King William read his first speech to the parliament, though he had been accustomed in Holland to make very long speeches extempore.

On the 1st of March, a baggar, to whom Witsen gave a piece of money with the effigy of the pretended prince of Wales on it, returned it, saying, "That's a bad coin, God bless king William;" and the ambassador was obliged to give him another piece in lieu of it. Witsen found that the king lost his temper when he met with the least opposition.

On an occasion when some Englishmen were extolling the king highly for what he had done, he answered, that the states had done much more, as they had put to hazard their lives and fortunes, and ought therefore now to be assisted.

It is worthy of notice that the throne was declared vacant by a majority of three votes only in the House of Lords.

On the 11th the king asserts that advices have reached him of a secret understanding with the French, which was suspected to exist in Holland, and that bergomaster Appelman, of Amsterdam, was implicated in it. Bentinck observed to Witsen on the same day, that matters could not go on in this way in Amsterdam; that it would not do to be friends by halves: he likewise refused to inform him who had been appointed alderman there. Witsen now remarked that Bentinck had long corresponded with the court, and had continually written to Fagel in cipher.

The English lords complain of Bentinck, whom they accuse of carrying every thing through by violence, treating them with contempt, and being difficult of access. Some of them observed that the nation objected greatly to the king's having a favourite.

The king proposes to Witsen to take a trip to Holland, in order to keep the disposition of the Amsterdammers in the right track. Witsen neither said yes nor no, but merely answered, in general terms, that his services were always at his majesty's disposal. Van Hekeren had expressed, in a letter to Dykvelt, his earnest desire that Witsen might be sent back; and it was from hence that the proposal originated.

On the 13th, De Wildt, secretary of the admiralty at Amsterdam, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to use his influence with the king, in order that both men and money might be sent to Holland, without which matters could not go on properly there, as some people would probably turn their attention towards France, if favourable conditions were offered in that quarter. Witsen answered, that he had already applied to the king on the subject, but in vain.

The king expressed his sincerest good will towards the state, and even declared that he would abandon every thing in England, and leave matters to take their own course there, rather than see our country ruined.

Much jealousy was excited by the province of Zealand's having obtained, probably through Van Odyk's influence, the largest share of the money sent over by the king.

On the 18th, application was made to the king on the subject of certain treaties to be concluded: he promises to appoint commissioners.

The king assures Witsen that the schepens of Amsterdam had been elected by him, although the nomination had not been referred directly to him, as he thought it ought to have been; but he had passed over two gentlemen, strongly recommended by Witsen, and whose names had been marked for election. Their high mightinesses had now appointed Witsen and four others ambassadors extraordinary, and commissioned

them to urge the king to break with France and to support the States.

It is publicly asserted that most of those who invited the prince over, entertained no idea of raising him to the throne, and that they would have held back if they had at all imagined that this was the object in view. It must, however, be acknowledged that the prince never made any demand whatever.

The queen declared to one of the ladies at court, that she looked back with regret to the peaceful life she had led in Holland—that her best days were past—that she was not at liberty here, and could not please those around her; she shed tears when she said this.

On the 24th, the ambassadors addressed the king in favour of the Piedmontese. They afterwards repeated their application, but in vain.

A mutiny has broken out in the regiment which first joined the king in the west.

On the other side of the Thames, within a musket shot of Whitehall, they will not pray in the churches otherwise than for William and Mary, our governors.

The king has lost eighty thousand adherents in London alone, by his proposal for a union between the episcopalians and presbyterians.

On Good Friday their majesties refused to wash the feet of twelve poor men and twelve poor women, according to custom; it was accordingly done by the bishop of London, but this occasioned some murmuring.

The king dined that day with Bentinck and the ambassadors, though it was a fast day; but he said, that he neither would nor could keep the fast.

The king intends to raise Bentinck to an earldom, and then he can wear a gold coronet on his head at the coronation.

It was through Dykvelt's exertions that the princess was raised to the throne as well as the prince, though very active endeavours had been made in a certain quarter (probably by Bentinck) to elect the prince alone.

Van Oyen, lord of Engelenburg, was appointed one of the ambassadors extraordinary through the intervention of Witsen, and he became the spokesman of the embassy, because Witsen thought himself unfit for the office, on account both of his diffidence and of his imperfect knowledge of the French language.

Witsen conferred with Nottingham on the subject of commercial arrangements, but he soon discovered that no advantages were to be expected by us from the English.

He complains of the detention of so many Dutch ships in France, in consequence of his not having dared to divulge the secret of the expedition to England, with which he was well acquainted.

A conference was held between the ambassadors and the royal commissioners concerning the union of the

Dutch and English fleets; the point of precedence in councils of war gave rise to much wrangling. Witsen insisted strongly on alternate votes.

On the 18th he received a letter from Hop, the ambassador at Vienna, stating that the emperor would not acknowledge king William, unless he broke with France and entered into an alliance with him.

On the 25th, Witsen conversed with the king, at Hampton Court, where he was very kindly received by him. He assured his majesty that the inhabitants of Amsterdam were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in a war against France. The king asked him whether he had seen the farce of the coronation, and what he thought of these foolish old popish ceremonies.

Several members of parliament desire him to prevail upon the magistrates of Amsterdam to sell them the arms belonging to the city, as there was a great scarcity of arms in the kingdom.

None of the foreign powers had hitherto returned any answer to the letters addressed to them by the king, announcing his accession to the throne.

Bentinck refuses to apply to the king on the subject of the dispute concerning the point of precedence in the council of war; he says that it is all nonsense. The king urged Temple's son to continue in the office of secretary to the militia, but he refused this, and immediately went and drowned himself; leaving a note addressed to the king, in which he stated that he had quitted the world because an office was forced upon him which he was incapable of filling. According to intelligence from Holland, some of the States maintained that it was not yet the time to urge in England the point of free trade, but that it should be deferred till the kingdom was settled. The members of the Dutch government (Witsen writes) seem to be daily more timid, so that they dare not venture to take any step without the approbation of the king our stadtholder. The members of the Dutch admiralty, who came over to England for the conclusion of the treaty, returned home, leaving the work unfinished; in order (Witsen thought) to avoid the odium of the dispute about precedence in the councils of war:—"They are people," he adds, "who assume a great deal of consequence." "Many very unpleasant circumstances occur to me here," says Witsen (alluding probably to Dykvelt), "and I possess very little credit or influence with the king."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

*From the Amaranth, 1839.*

### THE MYRTLE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Dark-Green and gemmed with flowers of snow,  
With close uncrowded branches spread,  
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,  
A graceful myrtle reared its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf

Seemed in my contemplative mood,—

Like silent joy or patient grief,—

The symbol of pure quietude.

*Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree!*

Then plucked a sprig; and, while I mused,

With idle hands, unconsciously,

The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, by my rude touch set free,

Escaped from all their secret cells;

*Quick life, I cried, is thine fair tree!*

In thee a soul of fragrance dwells,—

Which outrage, wrongs, nor death destroy,

*These* wake its sweetness from repose;

Ah! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ,

Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose

In health, with unpretending grace,

In wealth, with meekness, and with fear,

Through every season, wear on face,

And be in truth what I appear!

Then,—should affliction's chastening rod

Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart,—

*Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,*

Out-breathed like incense, would depart.

The Captain of Salvation thus

When as a lamb to slaughter led,

Was, by the Father's will, for us,

Himself, through suffering, perfected!

### THE OAKS OF ENGLAND.

BY M. A. STODART.

The noble oaks of England, their mighty fronts they rear,

Which have hail'd the sun, and brav'd the storm, through many a changing year;

And deep and far their roots extend, and wide their branches spread,

And high in greenwood majesty they lift their stately head.

We look upon the forest kings which met our father's gaze,

And spirit-stirring feelings rush with thoughts of other days;

Slowly they've ris'n to giant growth, and now they proudly stand

As if they were the bulwarks and the guardians of our land.

The matchless oaks of England! we ill can brook the sight,

When the forest-axe invades their bound, and strikes against their might!

When the trees which brav'd the winter-winds, as wild they whistled round,

Bow to the strength of puny man, and thunder on the ground.

But deeper sorrow fills our heart, and glistens in our eye,  
As 'gainst our laws and liberties we hear the spoiler's cry!

The laws, the rights, our fathers lov'd, for which their blood was spilt—

O shall we stand to see them fall through base and shameful guilt?

We used to deem our church and state as stable as our oaks;

But mightiest things, we see, can bend to small and frequent strokes;

Then, let us stand, with heart and hand, for the blessings God has giv'n,

And the pray'r which springs from English hearts will rise with pow'r to heav'n.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

# GERMAN MANUFACTURES AND ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

The rise and growth of manufactures in Germany, to an extent of prosperity which enable the Germans not only to supply the chief demand for home consumption, but also to compete successfully with England in the markets of the United States, Cuba, and South America, and also by smuggling into Russia and Austria, and by transit to the East, form a subject of most valuable inquiry at the present moment, when assertions, unsupported by facts, are advanced by those who are opposed to freedom of commerce, and especially to the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The union of several German States with Prussia, adopting the tariff of the latter for the whole, has been asserted or assumed by the press, and by advocates of certain trading interests, as the chief cause of the prosperity of German manufactures. It has also been contended, that the tariff of Prussia, and its adoption by Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, Baden, and the smaller States, was the result of a deliberately planned design against the use of English manufactures and British colonial produce.

We have travelled over the various States of the Union at different times, before and since the formation, in 1833, of this celebrated league, which may be termed the *real German Confederation*,—we have witnessed the progress towards extraordinary prosperity, of the cotton, woollen, and hardware manufactures of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Berlin, and Silesia, of Saxony, and of those more recently established upon a vast scale, with the most improved machinery, in Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden,—we have made ourselves acquainted with the origin and the motives which originated this great political as well as material confederation,—and we have found that its design and policy has not been adopted in hostility to British

trade, but that its spirit and object have been, and are, entirely German. That is, to unite and strengthen Germany as one great nation, by throwing down those barricades of material warfare, and of international intercourse, the numerous lines of customs and custom officers, which previously belted every large and petty State in Germany, and the removal of which has laid open an uninterrupted intercourse from the frontiers of France and Belgium to those of Austria and Russia—from the Alps to the Baltic.

These States have therefore established a free trade among themselves. The commodities of the one are interchanged for those of the other, without the payment of duties; and more than all, the free opportunity of interchanging ideas, and of receiving intelligence, is afforded and promoted, when passing to and fro for the purpose of interchanging commodities.

By these means the Union has not only extended great facilities and benefits to manufacturing industry, but it has also shed over Germany, probably, the greatest blessing ever enjoyed by the German people.

As to the effects of the tariff of Prussia being adopted by the other States of the Union, on the use of home, to the exclusion of foreign manufactures, we will now show the actual change made by this famous piece of fiscal and commercial legislation, which has been hung over England to terrify her merchants and her manufacturers.

On heavy cotton and woollen goods of cheap value, the duty, being levied by weight, is enormous, from 40 to 85 per cent. *ad valorem*: but it must also not be forgotten that the other States levied duties, some of them even higher than Prussia did, on woollens and cottons; and that nearly 20,000,000 of the 25,325,000 inhabitants of those States were subjected, as will appear from the following table, to duties about as high as those of Prussia, on woven manufactures.

The duties on cottons and woollens in the tariffs of the several States of the League, previous to, and since the union, were as follows:—

States.	Woollens.			Cottons.		
	Former.	Present.	Difference.	Former.	Present.	Difference.
Prussia, per centner, before first reduction,	£ s. d. 4 10 0	£ s. d. 4 10 0	—	£ s. d. 8 5 0	£ s. d. 7 10 0	£ s. d. 0 15 0
Bavaria, raised at different times before the union,	4 10 0	4 10 0	—	1 <i>l.</i> 19 <i>s.</i> plain 3 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 11 0 3 15 0
Saxony, . . . . .	2 <i>s.</i> common 3 <i>s.</i> in general 6 <i>s.</i> fine	4 10	4 8 0 4 7 0 4 4 0	1 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> plain 3 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 15 0 3 15 0
Würtemberg, . . . . .	5 2 0	4 10 0	0 12 0	1 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> plain 5 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 15 0 2 8 0
Baden, . . . . .	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4
Hesse Darmstadt, . . .	0 17 8 1 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> free	4 10 0 4 10 0	3 12 4 2 15 0			
Hesse Electoral (Cassel) . .	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4	2 <i>h.</i> th. 15 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i> plain 18 <i>l.</i> 19 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> printed	7 10 0	11 9 8
Nassau, . . . . .	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4

Therefore in regard to woollens, the duty was the same previous to the union.

	Inhabitants.
In Prussia, with	13,800,126
In Bavaria, with	4,252,813
In Würtemberg (12s. higher than at present), with	1,631,779
That is, as high duties as at present for a population of	19,684,718
While the low duties extended only to	5,639,950
Total	25,324,668

From the above number of - - - 5,639,950

We may deduct the population of Saxony, who have long manufactured woollens, fine and coarse, cheaper than, and who have never used, those of England - 1,595,668

Leaving only a population of - 4,033,982 who have been, to any extent, affected as buyers and consumers of British woollens.

In respect to cottons, the duty has been lowered in the tariffs of Prussia and of Hesse-Cassel, and augmented in the other States of the League: but the difference in regard to the most populous,—those of Bavaria and Würtemberg,—cannot, when the facilities of transit and bonding are taken into account, amount to much exclusion.

Saxony, also, manufactured not only her own cottons, but exported extensively before the union white and printed cottons to other countries.

It will appear, again, on the other hand, from the following statistical extracts, that our exportations to the States of the Germanic Union have not decreased or increased to any great amount.

Declared Value of British Produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, during the following years:

Years.	Germany.	Holland.	Belgium.
	£	£	
1829	4,662,566	2,050,014	
1830	4,641,528	2,022,458	
1831	3,835,768	2,082,536	
1832	5,327,553	2,789,598	
1833	4,499,727	2,181,893	886,429
1834	4,683,589	2,470,267	750,059
1835	4,791,239	2,648,403	818,487
1836	3,624,451	2,509,623	839,276
1837	5,029,552	3,040,029	804,917
1838			

Quantity in Yards and declared Value of British Woven Cotton Goods exported to Germany and to all Countries in each of the following years:—

Years.	Germany.		All Countries	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Yards.	£	Yards.	£
1829	41,037,377	1,138,049	402,517,196	12,516,247
1830	43,817,226	1,174,633	444,578,498	14,119,770
1831	46,522,072	940,521	421,285,303	12,163,513
1832	51,479,811	1,152,899	461,045,503	11,500,630
1833	49,534,158	1,186,534	496,352,095	12,451,060
1834	50,532,106	1,293,837	555,705,809	14,127,359
1835	43,571,983	1,409,303	557,515,701	16,421,715
1836	37,458,457	1,172,065	637,667,627	18,511,692
1837	43,171,229	1,170,412	531,373,663	13,640,181
1838				

\* Holland and Belgium are added, as goods of con-

Quantity in Lbs. and Declared Value of British Cotton Twist exported to Germany and all Countries in each of the following years:—

Years.	Germany.		All Countries.	
	Quarter.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Lbs.	£	Lbs.	£
1829	24,098,301	1,590,771	61,441,351	3,976,874
1830	21,771,701	1,452,891	64,645,342	4,133,741
1831	20,454,890	1,197,274	63,821,440	3,975,619
1832	29,985,668	1,798,998	75,667,150	4,172,759
1833	23,674,911	1,600,159	70,626,161	4,704,024
1834	26,517,232	1,795,475	76,478,468	5,211,015
1835	27,882,766	1,748,321	83,214,198	5,706,589
1836	31,329,223	1,961,502	88,191,046	6,120,366
1837	34,277,531	2,178,325	103,455,138	6,955,942
1838				

A portion of the above cotton twist finds its way into Bohemia from Leipzig.

Declared Value of Woollen Manufactures, including Woollen, Small Wares, and Hosiery, exported to Germany and to all Countries in the following years:—

Years.	Germany.	All Countries.
	£	£
1829	613,812	4,661,350
1830	583,796	4,820,097
1831	425,384	5,231,963
1832	817,346	5,244,479
1833	635,066	6,294,422
1834	566,257	5,736,861
1835	631,414	6,840,511
1836	582,063	7,639,353
1837	725,699	4,655,377
1838		

We do not, however, assert that the consumption of British manufactures is equal in amount and value to what it was within Germany; for it is well known that a very great proportion of the cotton and woollen goods imported into Germany from England, are afterwards sold, chiefly at the fairs of Leipzig, to be passed in transit and smuggled into Austria, Poland, and Russia. The Jews of Brody in Galizia are the most extensively engaged in the contraband traffic; in which the premium of insurance effected at Leipzig, as to delivery and guarantee against seizure, varies from 10 to 14 per cent.

Extending the Prussian duties on colonial produce to the other States of the Union, was argued by various interests as another proof of hostility against English trade. It is true that the Prussian duties on sugar were objected to by Bavaria, Würtemberg, and some other States, on the ground of raising the price; but the more flattering prospect of enhancing the value of land, and the gains promised as certain to be derived from the cultivation of beet root, removed all objections, and the following scale of Russian duties was adopted, viz.—

considerable value pass through those countries in transit to Germany.

Sugar unrefined	at 5	0	0	15	0	per 113½ lbs.
— refined	11	0	1	13	0	do.
Spirits, distilled,						
all kinds	6	21	0	2	8	per Eng. gall.
Coffee	6	20	1	0	0	per 113½ lbs.
Indigo and all dyestuffs	0	15	0	1	6	do.
Tea, all kinds, from						
China	11	0	1	13	0	do.
Tobacco leaf	5	15	0	16	6	do.
— manufactured	11	0	1	13	0	do.

Let those who declaim against the foregoing duties, compare them with the following in the tariff of England, and then let them cease to murmur until we, by reducing and equalising the duties from the East and West-Indies, allow an abundant supply of coffee, tea, and sugar to be imported for the cheaper consumption of our population.

	<i>British Duty.</i>					
Sugars, raw	L3	3	0	the	112	lbs.
— refined white candied	8	8	0	do.		
— candy, brown	5	5	0	do.		
— raw, from British East						
Indies	1	4	0	do.		
— from British West Indies	1	4	0	do.		
Molasses	1	3	9	do.		
— from West Indies	0	9	0	do.		
Distilled spirits	1	2	6	per gallon.		
— from West Indies	0	9	0	do.		
Coffee	7	0	0	per cwt		
— from British East Indies	2	16	0	do.		
— from do. West Indies	2	16	0	do.		
Tea (2s. 6d. per lb.) or	11	13	4	do.		
Indigo	1	17	6	do.		
— from British possessions	1	8	0	do.		
Tobacco	16	16	0	do.		

The Prussian duties on iron and iron manufactures, to the finest polished cutlery, varies from 1 thaler to 10 thalers the cwt.—that is, from about 2 to 5 per cent. *ad valorem*. All other duties in the tariff are also moderate. The Prussian tariff throughout is far more liberal than that of England, while those of Russia and France prohibit nearly every article of British manufacture or British colonial produce.

The tariff of the Germanic Union of Customs is not, therefore, the alarming declaration of material warfare against British manufactures and trade which it has been so industriously reported; and it is equally evident that its adoption by the other States of the League cannot, of itself, to any very important extent, occasion a greater exclusion than formerly of British manufactures from consumption within Germany, nor yet in any extraordinary degree be considered as the cause which has promoted the prosperity of German manufactures. Let us inquire by what means these fabrics have risen and thriven.

We find only an examination of facts to solve the question.

The soil and climate of Germany are such, that the labour of its population, when not engaged in war, was, and is, if applied to agriculture, sufficient to raise more than double the quantity of corn the whole popu-

lation could eat. The surplus quantity of corn required a market, in order to pay direct taxes on land, and to pay rent and various other taxes upon agricultural industry, which are very high in Germany, especially in Prussia.

Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal did not want corn. Nearly all those countries yielded more than their consumption required. Holland did; but the quantity her population wanted over that yielded by the soil was small. Flanders, and those States of Germany nearest to Holland, and not yet within the Union, supplied this trifling demand. Sweden purchased a small quantity of grain from Germany; and some, chiefly baked into biscuit or ship-bread, was exported from the Hanse Towns to supply the North American fisheries and the West Indies.

France has generally raised sufficient bread for her population; and when she did not, her people were compelled, by the corn laws of that country, to eat vegetables, or some other subsistence, in place of the different qualities of bread.

England was therefore the only country which really wanted corn; but the duties on this commodity, which forms the "staff of life" in all countries called civilised, except wretched Ireland, have for several years amounted to prohibition, except in the face of nearly absolute dearth.

Germany, therefore, would not rely upon our being visited with such a calamity; and as the people of that country had not mines of gold and silver to buy our manufactures—and as they had in Silesia and in her Rhenish provinces, iron and coal, and abundance of water power, and timber, and stone for building—the surplus labour not required, was gradually directed to manufactures, until the cloths, cottons, hosiery, and hardwares of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Cologne, Silesia, Berlin, Würtemberg, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Chermintz, and other towns in Saxony, are not only now produced of as good quality, and often cheaper than those of England, for the supply of the home markets, but for those of foreign countries.

Germany has long afforded a ready market, and the quickest payments of any for British fabrics. Are we to lose the advantage of interchange with Germany? Are the manufacturers of that country to rival, and to a great extent supplant, ours, in furnishing the same kind of fine and coarse woollens, cottons, linens, and hardwares, which the United States of America, the Spanish and Dutch colonies, Mexico, and the whole of South America, Turkey, Egypt, Asia Minor, &c. have hitherto received, chiefly from England?

The solution of these questions will be found in answers to inquiries, and in observations, which we have made at the numerous seats of German manufactures.

We have asked, "What do the people employed at

your factories pay for their bread and butchers' meat, cost of lodgings, &c. taking an average of five years, in Westphalia, Silesia, &c.?" The answers we received gave prices:—

For bread, about half the cost at Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, and Dundee.

For butchers' meat, not half the price in England.

For vegetables, which enter also largely into food in Germany, about one fourth the price in England.

For house rent, from one fifth to one half, or on an average of about one third the charge in England.

The wages of labour, again, in Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, Eupen, Verviers, Baden, &c., average about, or somewhat more than, one half the wages paid in England.

In Saxony the wages are usually much less than one half the wages in England, while the price of bread and animal food is somewhat higher than in other parts of Germany.

The Saxon people, again, live more economically, and work harder than other Germans. In many fabrics they are also more skilful. Generally, however, all manufacturing labourers are more economical than in England. They are certainly more regular, and in far better circumstances. They do not drink so much spirits; and what they do drink costs not more than a third of the price in England. Beer, again, of which a great deal is drunk, especially in Bavaria, is sold of the very best quality at 1 l. 1 s. 2 d. a quart.

Another, and a very great advantage, which German manufacturers have over those of England, is the proportionably smaller capital sunk in erecting the buildings required for factories.

Timber, one of the most expensive materials in England, costs in Germany from one sixth, to one third less. Stone or brick a little more than one third: in many places not one third. Masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths are paid not half the wages given in England.

Iron and coal alone are more expensive; but the latter is now obtained cheap in the Rhenish provinces, in the neighbourhood of Liège, and of the cloth factories at Verviers, in Silesia, and in great abundance near the seats of the cotton and cloth factories of Bohemia.

Machinery was for a long time rendered exceedingly expensive on the Continent, by its exportation from England being prohibited;—a most useless act of legislation. Our most ingenious, useful, and complicated machinery for carding, hackling, spinning, weaving, and dressing, have been extensively imported, chiefly as models, in pieces, at different times, and by different routes, into France, Belgium, Germany, the Austrian dominions, and Russia. In all these countries, manufactories of machinery, on a large scale, are now established. English workmen, as foremen, are found

in most of them. In others, Germans and Alsaciens, who have served their time or have worked in England, direct the operations. The cost of machinery made in France is, according to evidence taken before the Committees of Commercial and Manufacturing Inquiry, about 20 per cent. higher than in England. Several of these, at Paris, Amiens, Dunkirk, Lille, and also at Malines, were established by means of British capital.

Iron being the most expensive material, and the French foolishly persisting in levying a duty on all but pig iron, nearly equivalent to a prohibition, an English house, possessors of coal and iron mines in Wales, have lately established branches at Paris and Rouen, where they have large *dépôts* of coal and pig iron, and are now erecting furnaces, &c., with the machinery for rolling the pig iron they import. Their outlay of capital, in ground and works, is stated at not less than 100,000*l.*

The machinery of the large factories for spinning and weaving cotton lately established at Edingen, near Baden, was made at Mulhausen. The two manufactories of machinery for hackling, carding, and spinning flax and hemp, established by De Coster in the suburbs of Paris, furnish exactly the same machinery as that used at Leeds and Dundee, at 20 per cent. higher price. De Coster, in his evidence before the Committee on Linen Yarns, says the higher price on coal and iron alone prevents him from being able to manufacture machinery lower than in England.

At Liège, Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, in various parts of Bohemia, and Vienna, machinery is made much in the same way.

Now it is clear, that if all those countries go on *progressing*, as the Americans say, in manufacturing, with food, and all materials except iron and coal, and cotton wool, at less than half the prices in England and Scotland, British manufactures must, under the present British Corn Laws, duties on timber, and some other raw materials, be excluded nearly altogether from Germany; and the demand in America and other countries, instead of greatly increasing, must greatly diminish.

Of all the people on earth, the citizens of the United States are not only the soonest to discover the regions where profit can be realised, but the most speculative adventurers in commercial enterprises. They have for the last few years appeared at the fairs and factories of Belgium, Frankfurt, Westphalia, Leipzig, Berlin, Silesia, and Vienna; and the American ships which have carried cotton wool, sugars, and coffee to Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, and Trieste, have carried back, to be sold in the United States and South America, the fine and coarse woollen cloths, the white, printed, striped, and checkered calicoes, and the hardwares of Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, and Austria.



These are facts which we state from our own knowledge.

It has been long a favourite argument among the continental advocates of high duties on, or the prohibition of, foreign manufactures, that England, in manufactures, commerce, and wealth, owed her prosperity to her legislature restricting or prohibiting the importation of foreign manufactures.

They never considered that England attained her prosperity, not by the aid, but in defiance of, her illiberal system of commercial legislation; that England owed her wealth and power, and even her liberty, to her geographical position, to her many commanding harbours, to the vast power of production yielded by her mines of coal and iron, interstratified and conveniently disposed for cheap use and transport, and to the enterprising and industrious character of her people. England also escaped on her own soil the perpetual wars which devastated, and prevented the manufacturing industry of the continental states of Europe; and although her taxation and her public debt have been carried to an incredible height, and her people compelled to pay far higher for maintaining existence than those of any other country, yet her earlier invention of more perfect machinery—especially of the steam engine and spinning jenny—and circumstances which existed during war, enabled her, in defiance of Napoleon's wars and decrees—of high taxation and dear bread—to enrich herself so as to pay all burdens, and her people to pay her prices for bread and butchers' meat, which served to yield high rents to the landlords of the United Kingdom; and all this by a most profitable carrying trade, and by throwing her manufactures, with great gain, into all the markets of the world.

When peace was restored to Europe, it required many years for continental nations to remove their position; and men who had led the life of soldiers, did not readily become skilful husbandmen or ingenious mechanics.

The manufacturers of England and Scotland very soon discovered that the secret of securing, for the utmost length of time possible, their accustomed markets, was to send forth their fabrics in great quantities at the lowest prices: but as there is a point below which prices cannot fall without ruin to the manufacturers; and as that price is regulated by the price of food, and of raw materials; and as twenty-three years of peace have allowed the labour of continental nations to be directed to industrious pursuits; and, as the available labour of the Continent is equal to produce about double the amount of corn which, when made into bread, the people of those countries could eat;—a large amount of surplus labour was thus left to be applied to manufactures; and, being fed at half the price of British labour, the fabrics produced are now furnished and sent forth into the markets of the world, at prices

below which those of Great Britain cannot be sold without a ruinous loss to the manufacturer.

What, then, will be the natural consequences of ruin to our manufacturers?

*First.* Those whose capitals are now fixed or employed, must either abide the result of such ruin, or they must remove their capital, ingenuity, and enterprise to countries where bread and other necessities are, comparatively to the prices of England, cheap.

*Second.* Labourers in British factories will be thrown out of employment. Those who can find their way to other countries,—and such will be the most skilful,—will carry their manufacturing abilities with them; and those who cannot, must, for want of employment and necessities, have recourse to the poor rates.

*Third.* As the rents of lands have risen in much the same proportion as the ratio in which manufactures have flourished, so will the rents of lands fall with the decline of manufactures. What would have been the rents of lands, for example, in the counties in which Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, &c. are situated, if manufactures had not grown up and thriven? Not one fifth, probably, of their present amount.

Now, in conclusion, as to the maintenance of our manufactures, we are persuaded that the following changes in our legislation are indispensable:—

*First.* A repeal of the Corn Laws.

*Second.* A very great reduction of the duty on timber.

*Third.* A general reduction of all duties on articles of consumption, so as only to be imposed for the necessary purposes of revenue.

*Fourth.* All raw materials for the use of manufacturers to be, as far as fiscal circumstances will allow, admitted duty free.

The consequences we augur from such legislative changes, would be—

*First.* Imparting life and vigour to our manufactures, navigation, and trade.

*Second.* No consequent diminution in the rents of land; or if there should, which we do not admit, the expenditure of the landlord would be diminished by more than a corresponding fall in the prices of every article of necessity and luxury which he would require.

*Third.* Constant employment, cheaper food, and more of it, better lodging, and more comfortable raiment to the labouring population, with a proportionate decrease of poor rates.

*Fourth.* No lands now yielding corn would go out of cultivation, except such as have been forced into, and continued in, such cultivation by the aid of those high prices which have taxed the whole population; while lands thus thrown out of cultivation would pay as high rents as they should, or at least as much in value for the amount of rent as they now do.

*Fifth.* That the revenue of the nation would not be diminished, but rather increased, by such changes.

We are quite prepared to go into full explanation and proof of these consequences, but we are limited for time and room, and must conclude by merely adverting to other points which we are also able to show by statistical facts:—

• That neither the lands of England, nor yet agricultural industry, are taxed at a rate half so high as those of France, Austria, Russia, and Holland.

That tenants are not so highly taxed in England as in other countries, except, like others, directly on the commodities which they actually consume—and

That, consequently, neither landlords nor tenants would be injured by a repeal of the Corn Laws.

And, finally, that with the geographical position, harbours, capital, and natural resources of England, especially her minerals, we might continue to go on prospering to an extent so great as not to be calculated, in our trade, manufactures, agriculture, navigation, and fiscal resources, by merely freeing our own commerce from all restrictions, and reducing, not the duties on every article in the present long and vexatious British tariff, but reducing the whole number of articles subject to duty to less than TWENTY.

This seems paradoxical; but let those who dispute the fact examine our customs' accounts, and they will discover that *fourteen articles pay twenty millions of the whole twenty-one to twenty-two millions revenue derived from the customs.\**

Let us in England but so legislate, and we shall have no occasion for commercial treaties with, nor fear the high tariffs and prohibitions of foreign nations.

*From the Examiner.*

*English Poets.* Vol. I. By Robert Bell, Esq., Author of "A History of Russia." (The Hundred and Twelfth Volume of "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.") Longman and Co.

This is a pleasant book about poetry and poets—a subject that can never be unwelcome. Its materials are amusing or interesting anecdote, good old literary gossip, and, now and then, capital criticism. Under the head of Drayton we have various notices of the ancient laureates, of Quarles, Sir John Beaumont, Kidley, Robert Hayman, Tom Coryate, Daniel, and others, writers or critics of his time. In the same way, but from the midst of a more brilliant constellation, Cowley's star shines forth, for Mr. Bell has summoned around his good-natured memory the quaint and pleasant shapes of Donne and Crashaw, of Suckling, Herrick, and Carew. Waller and Butler are separate-

ly treated, and the most important position in the volume is of right assumed by Milton, who here, as in all places else, dwells apart majestically—dignifying our author's vein of gossip into something like the eloquent strain of history.

Mr. Bell's estimate of the elder poets is generally correct and fair, but we think he somewhat underrates both Carew and Crashaw,—and this, in the case of Crashaw at least, from that imperfect acquaintance with his works which is candidly avowed. Cowley is admirably discriminated, but we must take exception to a remark which occurs on the mention of the poet's funeral, where, it will be recollected, gorgeous magnificence was wasted on the dead, by way of compensating (after the English fashion) for gross neglect of the living.

Here Mr. Bell says—

"In a country like England, where wealth and hereditary titles occupy so large a space of vulgar homage and individual ambition, it is hopeless to expect that mere merit, unsustained by the one or the other, can ever climb to an equality with the upper ranks, or keep itself there, if any oblique accident should cast it so high. Nor is it desirable that such an association should be rendered easy or common. The lofty mission of genius can be effectually pursued only through a course of independence: the virtues of communities, the liberties of nations, the maintenance of justice, and the sacred defence of truth, depend upon the freedom, and perhaps too something on the sufferings, of those whose talents place them in advance of their age. It is enough for nobility, now and then, to acknowledge the power and supremacy of mind, even if it be over the 'new made grave:' much more is not likely to be obtained, except at a greater cost than martyrdom itself; and less would impeach the equity of the providence that made men what they are."

This looks like the toleration of a most unworthy prejudice, which we would be far from attributing to our author. To argue from the assumption that things must remain as they are is not the wisest method of determining what would make them better. To suppose that because Genius can discharge its lofty functions in spite of worldly disadvantages, it would not work yet more effectively for us all with the world in its favour,—or to imagine that independence of spirit may not consist with independence of purse,—seems neither generous nor just. It is too much by this style of reasoning, well-intentioned as it may be, that the world's neglect of its greatest benefactors is excused or kept in countenance. Why should it be hopeless for merit to achieve an equality with fortune? Why should wealth or even hereditary titles be the exclusive prey of "vulgar homage or individual ambition?" The answer simply is—so it has been, and so it must be. Because neglect, and suffering, and distress have not been sufficient to restrain the divine strength of Genius—it is hastily concluded that they are essential to its health and growth. We are of opinion, indeed,

\* See, in support of this, Mr. Porter's most instructive and valuable work on the "Progress of the Nation."

that in all circumstances and conditions of men the God that is within them will find a voice—but that poverty is as little likely to force its utterance, as wealth would be to drive it back. Burns was poor, yet he did not write poetry because he was so—Bacon was rich, yet he did not the less write wisdom and philosophy. We cannot be at a loss to determine which is the noblest and most pleasurable object of contemplation—Dante crouching in the dark suburbs of Florence; and holding forth his trembling hand for charity, or Petrarch in the Capitol surrounded by the Lords of Rome.

The sketch of Waller is done with spirit and excellent principle. Too much, it may be, is said of his politics, and too little of his poetry, but the one is not defended, nor is there any depreciation of the other. On the whole, the "inspired Gentleman Usher" is set very clearly before us.

POETICAL JUSTICE.

"Finding himself deserted by Sacharissa, without being successful with Amoret, he settled quietly down into a second marriage. It is a curious illustration of the immortality conferred by poetry upon a sentimental attachment, while the actual affairs of life are suffered to fade into oblivion, that Sacharissa is still remembered in her pride, her beauty, and her fortunes, while nothing more is known of Waller's wife but that her name was Bresse or Breaux, and that she brought her husband a large family of children."

THE WATER-DRINKING DAYS OF WALLER.

"All the authorities concur in describing Waller, as one of the most celebrated wits of the day. This was no easy reputation for a man of seventy to sustain in such society as composed the circle of that licentious court. The vivacity of his conversation was unflagging; and while Buckingham and the others indulged freely in wine, he, confining himself to water, was equal to the highest pitch of their festivity. He was the only water-drinker of that roistering company; and Saville used to say that Ned Waller was the only man in England he would allow to sit with him without drinking. Clarendon bears frank testimony to his sprightliness, St. Evremond certifies to his social and poetical renown, and Burnet records some of his *bon mots*."

The best writing in the volume is, as it ought to be, in the notice of Milton. Nothing is added, however, to the sum of information we before possessed, nor, within the writer's narrow limits, could novelty have fairly been expected. The just and well considered criticism that is scattered through it might be shown in many extracts, but a brief specimen will serve, in which Mr. Bell glances at the want of precision in argument apparent through some portions of the prose works of the poet.

The Areopagitica for instance—

"It is all a fine burst of eloquence, in which facts derived from all nations and historians are clustered together in impetuous disorder, with scraps of allegory and passages from ancient authors, shreds from the poets to confirm some important truth, and antique pro-

verbs to prove its use and universality; the whole resembling an edifice of great general solidity, and not wanting in incidental graces, but so irregular and eccentric, that you must not be surprised to find the door in the roof, or the staircase outside the walls, if, indeed, you find either one or the other.

"Treatises of this kind are the love-children of Reason and Imagination, and generally betray the ardent characteristics of their birth."

One or two other extracts we may take at random.

A PORTRAIT OF MILTON, BY HIMSELF.

"I do not believe that I was ever once noted for deformity, by any one who ever saw me; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Yet what if it were diminutive, when so many men illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same? And how can that be called diminutive, which is great enough for every virtuous achievement? Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the sword, as long as it comported with my habits and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself a match for any one, though stronger than myself; and I felt perfectly secure against the assault of any open enemy. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes; yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will. My face, which is said to indicate a total privation of blood, is of a complexion entirely opposite to the pale and cadaverous; so that, though I am more than forty years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am; and the smoothness of my skin is not, in the least, affected by the wrinkles of age."

MILTON'S DAUGHTER DEBORAH.

"Deborah, though in straitened circumstances, appears always to have been respectable. Queen Caroline sent her a purse of fifty guineas. She spoke of her father, according to Richardson, with great tenderness, and exclaimed on seeing his picture for the first time, thirty years after his death, 'Oh, my father, my dear father!' and described him to have been delightful company and the life of conversation, not only by a flow of subjects, but by unaffected cheerfulness and civility. Vertue, the engraver (whose portraits of Milton are next in value to the original by Faithorne), showed her a crayon-drawing of her father by Faithorne, when she exclaimed, 'O Lord! that is the picture of my father! how came you by it!' and stroking down the hair of her forehead, she said, 'Just so my father wore his hair.'"

This Deborah was the widow of a poor Spitalfields weaver! her daughter (Mrs. Forster) kept a chandler's shop in Shoreditch, and was only saved from starvation by the timely subscription of a hundred and thirty pounds on the performance of *Comus*! These were the last descendants of Milton. Truly, our good countrymen had need to believe in the doctrine, that Genius's only proper or just inheritance is misery, poverty, and neglect!

We recommend to the attention of some wise and wealthy bookseller (taking it for granted that such exist,) Mr. Bell's description of Dr. Hill's manuscript collections respecting Milton. Assuming the correctness of the judgment that is passed upon them, it will be a disgrace to the bookselling-craft, if they are long withheld from publication.

From the same.

*The History of Napoleon.* From the French of Norvins, Laurent (de l'Ardèche), Bourienne, Las Casas, the Duke of Rovigo, Lucien Bonaparte, &c. With abstracts from the Works of Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Sir Walter Scott. Edited by R. H. Horne, Esq., Author of "Cosmo de' Medici," "The Death of Marlowe," &c. Richly illustrated with many hundred Engravings on Wood, after Designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacque, &c. Part I. Tyas.

This is the first time the English public have had a life of Napoleon free from manifest partialities, and yet written in no spirit of indifference. Mr. Horne brings to his task a liberal regard for opinions of all kinds, provided they are worth attending to,—a natural sympathy with the hero of the great story, so far as he possessed great qualities and influenced his times,—but above all, that paramount respect for the interests and elevation of the whole human race, which cares no more for individual qualities in the comparison, than individuals like his hero are apt to care for humanity when their own supposed petty interests come to clash with its advancement. We have here therefore the benefit of the various biographies of Napoleon, English and foreign, without their drawbacks. The editor keeps the peace of the coming generations between the conflicting accounts of Tories, Radicals, and French glorification; and for the first time we sit apart from the hubbub of what we behold, and hear a calm story told by a competent relater.

Nor does the work, in other respects, want the interest thrown over modern publications by spirited booksellers, and the contributions of art. It is one of the phenomena of cheap illustration, being filled full of designs executed for a like contemporaneous work in Paris by the first artists among our neighbours. To these designs, of course, the nature of the subjects gives almost as deep an interest in any corner of England as of France, and it is, moreover, truly curious and pleasant to see in them both the advancement which the French have made in their book-prints in point of force and expression since the days of round little mouths and unmeaning faces, and the singular and emphatical difference between the personal character of the impulsive French people and their sedate-looking Italian commander. We beg the reader to

turn, for example, to the print (page 14) of the famous first acquaintance of Napoleon with Junot, and observe the lively, gesticulative, forward, voluble-featured address of the aspiring grenadier, contrasted with the apparent coldness, reticence, and deliberate yet instinctive superiority of the listening young colonel. This distinction is properly maintained throughout the designs, not, however, we must fairly add, without something of a theatrical intention. Napoleon is always made so very self-possessed, gentlemanly, and abstract, so "thin and genteel," and calmly aware of his advantages, that he looks as if he were standing for his portrait to posterity. In all other respects the designs are very clever indeed, and as spiritedly engraved. Among them is what would seem to be a portrait of his "first love," a Mademoiselle de Colombier, and looking not too handsome to be genuine. The love, it appears, on both sides, was divided with that of "cherries,"—to the deglutition of which, and walking about some gardens, their mutual felicity was confined.

Napoleon does not appear to have been very amiable when young, though he was superior to petty exercises of power and vulgar spites. Neither did his abilities, great as they were, and superior to the common-places about him, indicate more than that amount of intellectual energy which would stop short, as it did, of the universality and far-sightedness of a man greatly beyond his time. One of his teachers thought he would make a "good seaman." In short, the military genius was great in him—the mind and eye for great physical results, or a proportionate field of action; and fame and prosperity attended him accordingly, as long as mere force was wanted against less intelligent force. But he never legislated beyond what was suitable to his own individual views. Want of heart, and therefore, proportionate want of head, hindered him from having even a good opinion enough of mankind to wish to do them any lasting benefit incompatible with the ascendancy of himself and his *dynasty* (a miserable speculation for such a man!), and while his military education, as well as instincts, give him all possible excuse, he ultimately failed, for want of that very belief which he thought a weakness, and was evidently, at all times, a merely retrospective, and not a prospective man—a worshipper of the Cæsars and Alexanders of old, whom he successfully emulated—not an Alexander or Cæsar of a totally new cast, such as the coming ages required, and such as would have kept him, *now this minute*, at the top of the globe, ordaining with ease what we are all doing with difficulty.

All this, nevertheless, does not hinder him from having been a most interesting and extraordinary individual, nor Mr. Horne's publication from promising to be as entertaining as a romance, yet one of the soundest and most instructive of histories.

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

## CHAPTER I.

*The Idle Apprentice.*

TWELVE YEARS! How many events have occurred during that long interval! how many changes have taken place! The whole aspect of things is altered. The child has sprung into a youth; the youth has become a man; the man has already begun to feel the advances of age. Beauty has bloomed and faded. Fresh flowers of loveliness have budded, expanded, died. The fashions of the day have become antiquated. New customs have prevailed over the old. Parties, politics, and popular opinions have changed. The crown has passed from the brow of one monarch to that of another. Habits and tastes are no longer the same. We, ourselves, are scarcely the same we were twelve years ago.

Twelve years ago! It is an awful retrospect. Dare we look back upon the darkened vista, and, in imagination, retrace the path we have trod? With how many vain hopes is it shaded! with how many good resolutions, never fulfilled, is it paved! Where are the dreams of ambition in which, twelve years ago, we indulged? Where are the aspirations that fired us—the passions that consumed us then? Has our success in life been commensurate with our own desires—with the anticipations formed of us by others? Or, are we not blighted in heart, as in ambition? Has not the loved one been estranged by doubt, or snatched from us by the cold hand of death? Is not the goal, towards which we pressed, further off than ever—the prospect before us cheerless as the blank behind!—Enough of this. Let us proceed with our tale.

Twelve years, then, have elapsed since the date of the occurrences detailed in the preceding division of this history. At that time we were beneath the sway of Anne: we are now at the commencement of the reign of George the First. Passing at a glance over the whole of the intervening period; leaving, in the words of the poet,

— The growth untried  
Of that wide gap—

we shall resume our narrative at the beginning of June, 1715.

One Friday afternoon, in this pleasant month, it chanced that Mr. Wood, who had been absent on

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business during the greater part of the day, returned (perhaps not altogether undesignedly) at an earlier hour than was expected, to his dwelling in Wyeh Street, Drury Lane; and was about to enter his workshop, when, not hearing any sound of labour issue from within, he began to suspect that an apprentice, of whose habits of industry he entertained some doubt; was neglecting his employment. Impressed with this idea, he paused for a moment to listen. But finding all continue silent, he cautiously lifted the latch, and crept into the room, resolved to punish the offender in case his suspicions should prove correct.

The chamber into which he stole, like all carpenter's workshops, was crowded with the implements and materials of that ancient and honourable art. Saws, hammers, planes, axes, augers, adzes, chisels, gimlets, and an endless variety of tools were ranged, like a stand of martial weapons at an armoury, in racks against the walls. Over these hung levels, bevels, squares, and other instruments of measurement. Amid a litter of nails without heads, screws without worms, and locks without wards, lay a glue-pot and an oilstone, two articles which their owner was wont to term "his right hand and his left." On a shelf was placed a row of paint-jars; the contents of which had been daubed in rainbow streaks upon the adjacent closet and window sill. Divers plans and figures were chalked upon the walls; and the spaces between them were filled up with an almanack for the year; a godly ballad, adorned with a rude wood-cut, purporting to be "*The History of Chaste Susannah*," an old print of the Seven Golden Candlesticks; an abstract of the various Acts of Parliament against drinking, swearing, and all manner of profaneness; and a view of the interior of Doctor Daniel Burgess's Presbyterian meeting-house in Russell Court, with portraits of the reverend gentleman and the principal members of his flock. The floor was thickly strewn with sawdust and shavings; and across the room ran a long and wide bench, furnished at one end with a powerful vice; next to which three nails driven into the boards served, it would appear from the lump of unconsumed tallow left in their custody, as a substitute for a candlestick. On the bench was set a quartern measure of gin, a crust of bread, and a slice of cheese. Attracted by the odour of the latter dainty, a hungry cat had contrived to scratch open the paper in which it was wrapped, displaying the following words in large characters:—"THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS, OR CHILD'S BEST GUIDE TO THE GALLOWES." And, as if to make the moral more obvious, a dirty pack of cards was scattered, underneath, upon the sawdust. Near the door stood a pile of deal planks, behind which the carpenter ensconced himself, in order to reconnoitre, unobserved, the proceedings of his idle apprentice.

Standing on tiptoe, on a joint-stool, placed upon the bench, with his back to the door, and a clasp-knife in his hand, this youngster, instead of executing his appointed task, was occupied in carving his name upon a beam, overhead. Boys, at the time of which we write, were attired like men of their own day, or certain charity-children of ours; and the stripling in question was dressed in black plush breeches, and a gray drugged waistcoat, with immoderately long pockets, both of which were evidently the cast-off clothes of some one considerably his senior. Coat, on the present occasion, he had none, it being more convenient, as well as agreeable to him, to pursue his avocations in his shirt-sleeves; but, when fully equipped, he wore a large cuffed, long-skirted garment, which had once been the property of his master.

In concealing himself behind the timber, Mr. Wood could not avoid making a slight shuffling sound. The noise startled the apprentice, who instantly suspended his labour, and gazed anxiously in the direction whence he supposed it proceeded. His face was that of a quick, intelligent-looking boy, with fine hazel eyes, and a clear olive complexion. His figure was uncommonly slim even for his age, which could not be more than thirteen; and the looseness of his garb made him appear thinner than he was in reality. But if his frame was immature, his looks were not so. He seemed to possess a penetration and cunning beyond his years—to hide a man's judgment under a boy's mask. The glance, which he threw at the door, was singularly expressive of his character: it was a mixture of alarm, effrontery, and resolution. In the end, resolution triumphed, as it was sure to do, over the weaker emotions, and he laughed at his fears. The only part of his otherwise interesting countenance, to which one could decidedly object, was the mouth; a feature that, more than any other, is conceived to betray the animal propensities of the possessor. If this is true, it must be owned that the boy's mouth showed a strong tendency on his part to coarse indulgence. The eyes, too, though large and bright, and shaded by long lashes, seemed to betoken, as hazel eyes generally do in men, a faithless and uncertain disposition. The cheek bones were prominent; the nose slightly depressed, with rather wide nostrils; the chin narrow, but well formed; the forehead broad and lofty; and he possessed such an extraordinary flexibility of muscle in this region, that he could elevate his eye-brows at pleasure up to the very verge of his sleek and shining black hair, which, being closely cropped, to admit of his occasionally wearing a wig, gave a singular bullet-shape to his head. Taken altogether, his physiognomy resembled one of those vagabond heads which Murillo delighted to paint, and for which Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, or Estevanillo

Gonzalez might have sat:—faces that almost make one in love with roguery, they seem so full of vivacity and enjoyment. There was all the knavery, and more than all the drollery of a Spanish picaroon in the laughing eyes of the English apprentice; and, with a little more warmth and sunniness of skin on the side of the latter, the resemblance between them would have been complete.

Satisfied, as he thought, that he had nothing to apprehend, the boy resumed his task, chanting, as he plied his knife with redoubled assiduity, the following—not inappropriate strains:—

#### THE NEWGATE STONE.

When Claude du Val was in Newgate thrown,  
He carved his name on the dungeon stone;  
Quoth a dubsman, who gazed on the shattered wall,  
"You have carved your epitaph, Claude du Val,  
*With your chisel so fine, tra la!*"

"This S wants a little deepening," mused the apprentice, retouching the letter in question; 'ay, that's better.

Du Val was hang'd, and the next who came  
On the selfsame stone inscribed his name:  
"Aha!" quoth the dubsman, with devilish glee,  
"Tom Waters, your doom is the triple tree!  
*With your chisel so fine, tra la!*"

"Tut, tut, tut," he cried, "what a fool I am to be sure! I ought to have cut John, not Jack. However, it don't signify. Nobody ever called me John, that I recollect. So I dare say I was christened Jack. Deuce take it! I was very near spelling my name with one P.

Within that dungeon lay Captain Bew,  
Rumbold and Whitney—a jolly crew!  
All carved their names on the stone, and all  
Share the fate of the brave Du Val!  
*With their chisels so fine, tra la!*

"Save us!" continued the apprentice, "I hope this beam doesn't resemble the Newgate stone; or I may chance, like the great men the song speaks of, to awing on the Tyburn tree for my pains. No fear o' that!—Though if my name should become as famous as theirs, it wouldn't much matter. The prospect of the gallows would never deter me from taking to the road, if I were so inclined.

Full twenty highwaymen blithe and bold,  
Rattled their chains in that dungeon old;  
Of all that number there 'scaped not one,  
Who carved his name on the Newgate Stone,  
*With his chisel so fine, tra la!*

"There!" cried the boy, leaping from the stool, and drawing back a few paces on the bench to examine his performance,—"that 'll do. Claude du Val, himself, couldn't have carved it better—ha! ha!"

The name inscribed upon the beam was  
JACK SHEPPARD

'I've half a mind to give old Wood the slip, and tarn highwayman,' cried Jack, as he closed the knife, and put it in his pocket.

'The devil you have!' thundered a voice from behind, that filled the apprentice with dismay. 'Come down, sirrah, and I'll teach you how to deface my walls in future. Come down, I say, instantly, or I'll make you.' Upon which, Mr. Wood caught hold of Jack's leg; and dragged him off the bench.

'And so you'll turn highwayman, will you, you young dog?' continued the carpenter, cuffing him soundly, 'rob the mails, like Jack Hall, I suppose.'

'Yes, I will,' replied Jack sullenly, 'if you beat me in that way.'

Amazed at the boy's assurance, Wood left off boxing his ears for a moment, and, looking at him steadfastly, said in a grave tone, 'Jack, Jack, you'll come to be hanged!'

'Better be hanged than henpecked,' retorted the lad with a malicious grin.

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' cried Wood, reddening with anger. 'Do you dare to insinuate that Mrs. Wood governs me?'

'It's plain you can't govern yourself, at all events,' replied Jack coolly; 'but, be that as it may, I won't be struck for nothing.'

'Nothing!' echoed Wood furiously. 'Do you call neglecting your work, and singing flash songs nothing? Is your recent idle discourse, and your present unblushing insolence nothing? Zounds! you incorrigible rascal, many a master would have taken you before a magistrate, and prayed for your solitary confinement in Bridewell for the least of these offences. But I'll be more lenient, and content myself with merely chastising you, on condition—'

'You may do as you please, master,' interrupted Jack, thrusting his hand into his pocket, as if in search of the knife; 'but I wouldn't advise you to lay hands on me again.'

Mr. Wood glanced at the hardy offender, and not liking the expression of his countenance, thought it advisable to postpone the execution of his threats to a more favourable opportunity. So, by way of gaining time, he resolved to question him further.

'Where did you learn the song I heard just now?' he demanded, in an authoritative tone.

'At the Black Lion in our street,' replied Jack, without hesitation.

'The worst house in the neighbourhood—the constant haunt of reprobates and thieves,' groaned Wood. 'And who taught it you—the landlord, Joe Hind?'

'No; one Blueskin, a fellow who frequents the Lion,' answered Jack, with a degree of candour that astonished his master nearly as much as his confidence. 'It was that song that put it into my head to cut my name on the beam.'

'A white wall is a fool's paper, Jack,—remember that,' rejoined Wood. 'Pretty company for an apprentice to keep!—pretty houses for an apprentice to frequent! Why, the rascal you mention is a notorious housebreaker. He was tried at the last Old Bailey sessions; and only escaped the gallows by impeaching his accomplices. Jonathan Wild brought him off.'

'Do you happen to know Jonathan Wild, master?' inquired Jack, altering his tone, and assuming a more respectful demeanour.

'I've seen him some years ago, I believe,' answered Wood; 'and, though he must be much changed by this time, I dare say I should know him again.'

'A short man, isn't he, about your height, sir,—with a yellow beard, and a face as sly as a fox's?'

'Hem!' replied Wood, coughing slightly to conceal a smile; 'the description's not amiss. But why do you ask?'

'Because—' stammered the boy.

'Speak out—don't be alarmed,' said Wood, in a kind and encouraging tone. 'If you've done wrong, confess it, and I'll forgive you!'

'I don't deserve to be forgiven!' returned Jack, bursting into tears; 'for I'm afraid I've done very wrong. Do you know this, sir?' he added, taking a key from his pocket.

'Where did you find it?' asked Wood.

'It was given me by a man who was drinking t'other night with Blueskin at the Lion; and who, though he slouched his hat over his eyes, and muffled his chin in a handkerchief, must have been Jonathan Wild.'

'Where did he get it?' inquired Wood, in surprise.

'That I can't say. But he promised to give me a couple of guineas if I'd ascertain whether it fitted your locks.'

'Zounds!' exclaimed Wood; 'it's my old master-key. This key,' he added, taking it from the boy, 'was purloined from me by your father, Jack. What he intended to do with it is of little consequence now. But, before he suffered at Tyburn, he charged your mother to restore it. She lost it in the Mint. Jonathan Wild must have stolen it from her.'

'He must,' exclaimed Jack, hastily; 'but only let me have it till to-morrow, and if I don't entrap him in a snare from which, with all his cunning, he shall find it difficult to escape, my name's not Jack Sheppard.'

'I see through your design, Jack,' returned the carpenter, gravely; 'but I don't like under-hand work. Even when you've a knave to deal with, let your actions be plain, and above-board. That's my maxim; and it's the maxim of every honest man. It would be a great matter, I must own, to bring Jonathan Wild to justice. But I can't consent to the course you would pursue—at least, not till I've given it due



consideration. In regard to yourself, you've had a very narrow escape. Wild's intention, doubtless, was to use you as far as he found necessary, and then to sell you. Let this be a caution to you in future—with whom, and about what you deal. We're told, that 'Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul.' Avoid taverns and bad company, and you may yet do well. You promise to become a first-rate workman. But you want one quality, without which all others are valueless. You want industry—you want steadiness. Idleness is the key of beggary, Jack. If you don't conquer this disgraceful propensity in time, you'll soon come to want; and then nothing can save you. Be warned by your father's fate. As you brew, so must you drink. I've engaged to watch over you as a son, and I will do so as far as I'm able; but, if you neglect my advice, what chance have I of benefiting you? On one point I've made up my mind. You shall either obey me, or leave me. Please yourself. Here are your indentures, if you choose to seek another master.'

'I will obey you, master,—indeed I will!' implored Jack, seriously alarmed at the carpenter's calm displeasure.

'We shall see. Good words, without deeds, are rushes and reeds. And now take away those cards, and never let me see them again. Drive away the cat; throw that measure of gin through the window; and tell me why you've not so much as touched the packing-case for Lady Trafford, which I particularly desired you to complete against my return. It must be sent home this evening. She leaves town to-morrow.'

'It shall be ready in two hours,' answered Jack, seizing a piece of wood and a plane; 'it isn't more than four o'clock. I'll engage to get the job done by six. I didn't expect you home before that hour, sir.'

'Ah, Jack,' said Wood, shaking his head, 'where there's a will, there's a way. You can do any thing you please. I wish I could get you to imitate Thames Darrell.'

'I'm sure I understand the business of a carpenter much better than he does,' replied Jack, adroitly adjusting the board, using the plane with the greatest rapidity.

'Perhaps,' replied Wood, doubtfully.

'Thames was always your favourite,' observed Jack, as he fastened another piece of wood on the teeth of the iron stopper.

'I've made no distinction between you, hitherto,' answered Wood; 'nor shall I do so, unless I'm compelled.'

'I've had the hard work to do, at all events,' rejoined Jack. 'But I won't complain. I'd do any thing for Thames Darrell.'

'And Thames Darrell would do any thing for you,

Jack,' replied a blithe voice. 'What's the matter, father?' continued the new-comer, addressing Wood. 'Has Jack displeased you? If so, overlook his fault this once. I'm sure he'll do his best to content you. Won't you, Jack?'

'That I will,' answered Sheppard, eagerly.

'When it thunders, the thief becomes honest,' muttered Wood.

'Can I help you, Jack?' asked Thames, taking up a plane.

'No, no, let him alone,' interposed Wood. 'He has undertaken to finish this job by six o'clock, and I wish to see whether he'll be as good as his word.'

'He'll have hard work to do it by that time, father,' remonstrated Thames; 'you'd better let me help him.'

'On no account,' rejoined Wood, peremptorily. 'A little extra-exertion will teach him the advantage of diligence at the proper season. Lost ground must be regained. I need scarcely ask whether you've executed your appointed task, my dear! You're never behindhand.'

Thames turned away at the question, which he felt might be construed into a reproach. But Sheppard answered for him.

'Darrell's job was done early this morning,' he said; 'and if I'd attended to his advice, the packing-case would have been finished at the same time.'

'You trusted too much to your own skill, Jack,' rejoined Thames. 'If I could work as fast as you, I might afford to be as idle. See, how he gets on, father,' he added, appealing to Wood: 'the box seems to grow under his hands.'

'You're a noble-hearted little fellow, Thames,' rejoined Wood, casting a look of pride and affection at his adopted son, whose head he gently patted; 'and give promise of a glorious manhood.'

Thames Darrell was, indeed, a youth of whom a person of far greater worldly consequence than the worthy carpenter might have been justly proud. Though a few months younger than his companion Jack Sheppard, he was half a head taller, and much more robustly formed. The two friends contrasted strikingly with each other. In Darrell's open features, frankness and honour were written in legible characters; while, in Jack's physiognomy, cunning and knavery were as strongly imprinted. In all other respects, they differed as materially. Jack could hardly be accounted good-looking: Thames, on the contrary, was one of the handsomest boys possible. Jack's complexion was that of a gipsy; Darrell's as fresh and bright as a rose. Jack's mouth was coarse and large; Darrell's small and exquisitely carved, with the short, proud upper lip, which belongs to the highest order of beauty. Jack's nose was broad and flat; Darrell's straight and fine as that of Antinous. The expression pervading the countenance of the one

was vulgarity; of the other, that which is rarely found, except in persons of high birth. Darrell's eyes were of that clear gray which it is difficult to distinguish from blue by day, and black at night; and his rich brown hair, which he could not consent to part with, even on the promise of a new and modish peruke from his adoptive father, fell in thick glossy ringlets upon his shoulders; whereas Jack's close black crop imparted the peculiar bullet-shape, we have noticed, to his head.

While Thames modestly expressed a hope that he might not belie the carpenter's favourable prediction, Jack Sheppard thought fit to mount a small ladder placed against the wall, and, springing with the agility of an ape upon a sort of frame, contrived to sustain short spars and blocks of timber, began to search about for a piece of wood required in the work on which he was engaged. Being in a great hurry, he took little heed where he set his feet; and a board giving way, he must have fallen, if he had not grasped a large plank laid upon the transversa beam immediately over his head.

'Take care, Jack,' shouted Thames, who witnessed the occurrence; 'that plank isn't properly balanced. You'll have it down.'

But the caution came too late. Sheppard's weight had destroyed the equilibrium of the plank: it swerved, and slowly descended. Losing his presence of mind, Jack quitted his hold, and dropped upon the frame. The plank hung over his head. A moment more, and he would have been crushed beneath the ponderous board, when a slight but strong arm arrested its descent.

'Get from under it, Jack!' vociferated Thames. 'I can't hold it much longer—it'll break my wrist. Down we come!' he exclaimed, letting go the plank, which fell with a crash, and leaping after Sheppard, who had rolled off the frame.

All this was the work of a minute.

'No bones broken, I hope,' said Thames, laughing at Jack, who limped towards the bench, rubbing his shins as he went.

'All right,' replied Sheppard, with affected indifference.

'It's a mercy you both escaped!' ejaculated Wood, only just finding his tongue. 'I declare I'm all in a cold sweat. How came you, sir,' he continued, addressing Sheppard, 'to venture upon that frame. I always told you some accident would happen.'

'Don't scold him, father,' interposed Thames; 'he's been frightened enough already.'

'Well, well, since you desire it, I'll say no more,' returned Wood. 'You haven't hurt your arm, I trust, my dear!' he added, anxiously.

'Only sprained it a little, that's all,' answered Thames; 'the pain will go off presently.'

'Then you *are* hurt,' cried the carpenter in alarm. 'Come down stairs directly, and let your mother look at your wrist. She has an excellent remedy for a sprain. And do you, Jack, attend to your work, and mind you don't get into further mischief.'

'Hadn't Jack better go with us?' said Thames. 'His shin may need rubbing.'

'By no means,' rejoined Wood, hastily. 'A little suffering will do him good. I meant to give him a drubbing. That bruise will answer the same purpose.'

'Thames,' said Sheppard in a low voice, 'as he threw a vindictive glance at the carpenter, 'I shan't forget this. You've saved my life.'

'Pshaw! you'd do as much for me any day, and think no more about it. It'll be your turn to save mine next.'

'True, and I shan't be easy till my turn arrives.'

'I tell you what, Jack,' whispered Thames, who had noticed Sheppard's menacing glance, and dreaded some further indiscretion on his part, 'if you really wish to oblige me, you'll get that packing-case finished by six o'clock. You *can* do it, if you will.'

'And I *will*, if I can, depend upon it,' answered Sheppard, with a laugh.

So saying, he manfully resumed his work; while Wood and Thames quitted the room, and went down stairs.

## CHAPTER II.

### Thames Darrell.

Thames Darrell's arm having been submitted to the scrutiny of Mrs. Wood, was pronounced by that lady to be very much sprained; and she, forthwith, proceeded to bathe it with a reddish-coloured lotion. During this operation, the carpenter underwent a severe catechism as to the cause of the accident; and, on learning that the mischance originated with Jack Sheppard, the indignation of his helpmate knew no bounds; and she was with difficulty prevented from flying to the workshop to inflict summary punishment on the offender.

'I knew how it would be,' she cried, in the shrill voice peculiar to a shrew, 'when you brought that worthless hussy's worthless brat into the house. I told you no good would come of it. And every day's experience proves that I was right. But, like all your overbearing sex, you must have your own way. You'll never be guided by me—never!'

'Indeed, my love, you're entirely mistaken,' returned the carpenter, endeavouring to deprecate his wife's rising resentment by the softest looks, and the meekest deportment.

So far, however, was this submission from producing the desired effect, that it seemed only to lend additional fuel to her displeasure. Forgetting her occupation in her anger, she left off bathing Darrell's wrist; and,

squeezing his arm so tightly that the boy winced with pain, she clapped her right hand upon her hip, and turned, with flashing eyes and an inflamed countenance, towards her crest-fallen spouse.

'What!' she exclaimed, almost choked with passion, —'I advised you to burthen yourself with that idle and good-for-nothing pauper, whom you ought rather to send to the workhouse than maintain at your own expense, did I? I advised you to take him as an apprentice, and, so far from getting the regular fee with him, to give him a salary? I advised you to feed him, and clothe him, and treat him like his betters; to put up with his insolence, and wink at his faults? I counselled all this, I suppose. You'll tell me next, I dare say, that I recommended you to go and visit his mother so frequently under the plea of charity; to give her wine, and provisions, and money; to remove her from the only fit quarters for such people—the Mint; and to place her in a cottage at Willeaden, of which you must needs pay the rent? Marry, come up! charity should begin at home. A discreet husband would leave the dispensation of his bounty, where women are concerned, to his wife. And for my part, if I were inclined to exercise my benevolence at all, it should be in favour of some more deserving object than that whining, hypocritical Magdalene.'

'It was the knowledge of this feeling on your part, my love, that made me act without your express sanction. I did all for the best, I'm sure. Mrs. Sheppard is—'

'I know what Mrs. Sheppard is, without your information, sir. I haven't forgotten her previous history. You've your own reasons, no doubt, for bringing up her son—perhaps, I ought rather to say *your* son, Mr. Wood.'

'Really, my love, these accusations are most groundless—this violence is most unnecessary.'

'I can't endure the odious baggage. I hope I may never come near her.'

'I hope you never may, my love,' humbly acquiesced the carpenter.

'Is my house to be made a receptacle for all your natural children, sir? Answer me that.'

'Winny,' said Thames, whose glowing cheek attested the effect produced upon him by the insinuation; 'Winny,' said he, addressing a pretty little damsel of some twelve years of age, who stood by his side holding the bottle of embrocation, 'help me on with my coat, please. This is no place for me.'

'Sit down, my dear, sit down,' interposed Mrs. Wood, softening her asperity. 'What I said about natural children doesn't apply to you. Don't suppose,' she added, with a scornful glance at her helpmate, 'that I would pay him the compliment of thinking he could possibly be the father of such a boy as you.'

Mr. Wood lifted up his hands in mute despair.

'Owen, Owen,' pursued Mrs. Wood, sinking into a chair, and fanning herself violently,—'what a fuster you have put me into with your violence, to be sure! And at the very time, too, when you know I'm expecting a visit from Mr. Kneebone, on his return from Manchester. I wouldn't have him see me in this state for the world. He'd never forgive you.'

'Poh, poh, my dear! Mr. Kneebone invariably takes part with me, when any trifling misunderstanding arises between us. I only wish he was not a Papist and a Jacobite.'

'Jacobite!' echoed Mrs. Wood. 'Marry, come up! Mightn't he just as reasonably complain of your being a Hanoverian and a Presbyterian? It's all matter of opinion. And now, my love,' she added, with a relenting look, 'I'm content to make up our quarrel. But you must promise me not to go near that abandoned hussy at Willeaden. One can't help being jealous, you know, even of an unworthy object.'

Glad to make peace on any terms, Mr. Wood gave the required promise, though he could not help thinking that if either of them had cause to be jealous he was the party.

And here, we may be permitted to offer an observation upon the peculiar and unaccountable influence which ladies of a shrewish turn so frequently exercise over—we can scarcely, in this case, say—their lords and masters; an influence which seems not merely to extend to the will of the husband, but even to his inclinations. We do not remember to have met with a single individual, reported to be under petticoat government, who was not content with his lot,—nay, who so far from repining, did not exult in his servitude; and we see no way of accounting for this apparently inexplicable conduct—for which, among other phenomena of married life, various reasons have been assigned, though none entirely satisfactory to us—except upon the ground that these domineering dames possess some charm sufficiently strong to counteract the irritating effect of their tempers; some secret and attractive quality of which the world at large is in ignorance, and with which their husbands alone can be supposed to be acquainted. An influence of this description appeared to be exerted on the present occasion. The worthy carpenter was restored to instant good humor by a glance from his helpmate; and, notwithstanding the infliction he had just endured, he would have quarrelled with any one who had endeavoured to persuade him that he was not the happiest of men, and Mrs. Wood the best of wives.

'Women must have their wills while they live, since they can make none when they die,' observed Wood, as he imprinted a kiss of reconciliation on the plump hand of his consort:—a sentiment to the correctness of which the party chiefly interested graciously vouchsafed her assent.

Least the carpenter should be taxed with too much uxoriousness, it behoves us to ascertain whether the personal attractions of his helpmate would, in any degree, justify the devotion he displayed. In the first place, Mrs. Wood had the advantage of her husband in point of years, being on the sunny side of forty,—a period pronounced by competent judges to be the most fascinating, and, at the same time, most critical epoch of woman's existence, whereas, he was on the shady side of fifty,—a term of life not generally conceived to have any special recommendation in female eyes. In the next place, she really had some pretensions to beauty. Accounted extremely pretty in her youth, her features and person expanded as she grew older, without much detriment to their original comeliness. Hers was beauty on a large scale no doubt; but it was beauty, nevertheless: and the carpenter thought her eyes as bright, her complexion as blooming, and her figure (if a little more buxom) quite as captivating as when he led her to the altar some twenty years ago.

On the present occasion, in anticipation of Mr. Kneebone's visit, Mrs. Wood was dressed with more than ordinary care, and in more than ordinary finery. A dove-coloured kincob gown, embroidered with large trees, and made very low in front, displayed to the greatest possible advantage, the rounded proportions of her figure; while a high-heeled, red-leather shoe did not detract from the symmetry of a very neat ankle, and a very small foot. A stomacher, fastened by imitation-diamond buckles, girded that part of her person which should have been a waist; a coral necklace encircled her throat, and a few black patches, or mouches, as they were termed, served as a foil to the bloom of her cheek and chin. Upon a table, where they had been hastily deposited, on the intelligence of Darrell's accident, lay a pair of pink kid gloves, bordered with lace, and an enormous fan; the latter, when opened, represented the metamorphosis and death of Actæon. From her stomacher, to which it was attached by a multitude of glittering steel chains, depended an immense turnip-shaped watch, in a pinchbeck case. Her hair was gathered up behind, in a sort of pad, according to the then-prevailing mode; and she wore a muslin cap, and pinners, with crow-foot edging. A black silk furbelowed scarf covered her shoulders; and over the kincob gown hung a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian.

But, in spite of her attractions, we shall address ourselves to the younger, and more interesting couple.

'I could almost find in my heart to quarrel with Jack Sheppard for occasioning you such pain,' observed little Winifred Wood, as, having completed her ministrations to the best of her ability, she helped Thames on with his coat.

'I don't think you could find in your heart to quarrel with any one, Winny; much less with a person whom

I like so much as Jack Sheppard. My arm's nearly well again. And I've already told you the accident was not Jack's fault. So, let's think no more about it.'

'It's strange you should like Jack so much, dear Thames. He doesn't resemble you at all.'

'The very reason why I like him Winny. If he *did* resemble me, I shouldn't care about him. And, whatever you may think, I assure you, Jack's a downright goodnatured fellow.'

Goodnatured fellows are always especial favourites with boys. And, in applying the term to his friends, Thames meant to pay him a high compliment. And so Winifred understood him.

'Well,' she said, in reply, 'I may have done Jack an injustice. I'll try to think better of him in future.'

'And, if you want an additional inducement to do so, I can tell you there's no one—not even his mother—whom he loves so well as you.'

'Loves!' echoed Winifred, slightly colouring.

'Yes, loves, Winny. Poor fellow! he sometimes indulges the hope of marrying you, when he grows old enough.'

'Thames!'

'Have I said anything to offend you?'

'Oh! no. But if you wouldn't have me positively dislike Jack Sheppard, you'll never mention such a subject again. Besides,' she added, blushing yet more deeply, 'it isn't a proper one to talk upon.'

'Well then, to change it,' replied Thames, gravely, 'suppose I should be obliged to leave you.'

Winifred looked as if she could not indulge such a supposition for a single moment.

'Surely,' she said, after a pause, 'you don't attach any importance to what my mother has just said. *She* has already forgotten it.'

'But I never can forget it, Winny. I will no longer be a burthen to those upon whom I have no claim, but compassion.'

As he said this, in a low and mournful, but firm voice, the tears gathered thickly in Winifred's dark eyelashes.

'If you are in earnest, Thames,' she replied, with a look of gentle reproach, 'you are very foolish; and, if in jest, very cruel. My mother, I'm sure, didn't intend to hurt your feelings. She loves you too well for that. And I'll answer for it, she'll never say a syllable to annoy you again.'

Thames tried to answer her, but his voice failed him.

'Come! I see the storm has blown over,' cried Winifred, brightening up.

'You're mistaken, Winny. Nothing can alter my determination. I shall quit this roof to-morrow.'

The little girl's countenance fell.

'Do nothing without consulting my father—*your* father, Thames,' she implored. 'Promise me that!'

'Willingly. And what's more, I promise to abide by his decision.'

'Then, I'm quite easy,' cried Winifred, joyfully.

'I'm sure he won't attempt to prevent me,' rejoined Thames.

The slight smile that played upon Winifred's lips seemed to say that *she* was not quite so sure. But she made no answer.

'In case he should consent—'

'He never will,' interrupted Winifred.

'In case he *should*, I say,' continued Thames, 'will you promise to let Jack Sheppard take my place in your affections, Winny?'

'Never!' replied the little damsel. 'I can never love any one so much as you.'

'Excepting your father.'

Winifred was going to say 'No,' but she checked herself; and, with cheeks mantling with blushes, murmured, 'I wish you wouldn't tease me about Jack Sheppard.'

The foregoing conversation, having been conducted throughout in a low tone, and apart, had not reached the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who were, furthermore, engaged in a little conjugal *tête-à-tête* of their own. The last observation, however, caught the attention of the carpenter's wife.

'What's that you're saying about Jack Sheppard?' she cried.

'Thames was just observing—'

'Thames!' echoed Mrs. Wood, glancing angrily at her husband. 'There's another instance of your wilfulness and want of taste. Who but *you* would have dreamed of giving the boy such a name? Why, it's the name of a river not a Christian. No gentleman was ever called Thames, and Darrell is a gentleman, unless the whole story of his being found in the river is a fabrication!'

'My dear, you forget—'

'No, Mr. Wood, I forget nothing. I've an excellent memory, thank God! And I perfectly remember that every body was drowned upon that occasion—except yourself and the child!'

'My love, you're beside yourself—'

'I *was* beside myself to take charge of you—'

'Mother!' interposed Winifred.

'It's of no use,' observed Thames quietly, but with a look that chilled the little damsel's heart;—'my resolution is taken.'

'You, at least, appear to forget that Mr. Kneebone is coming, my dear,' ventured Mr. Wood.

'Good gracious! so I do,' exclaimed his amiable consort. 'But you *do* agitate me so much. Come into the parlour, Winifred, and dry your eyes directly, or I'll send you to bed. Mr. Wood, I desire you'll put on your best things, and join us as soon as possible. Thames, you needn't tidy yourself, as you've hurt

your arm. Mr. Kneebone will excuse you. Dear me! if there isn't his knock. Oh! I'm in such a fluster!'

Upon which, she snatched up her fan, cast a look into the glass, smoothed down her scarf, threw a soft expression into her features, and led the way into the next room, whither she was followed by her daughter and Thames Darrell.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *The Jacobite.*

Mr. William Kneebone was a woollen-draper of 'credit and renown,' whose place of business was held at the sign of the Angel (for, in those days, every shop had its sign), opposite Saint Clement's church in the Strand. A native of Manchester, he was the son of Kenelm Kneebone, a staunch catholic, and a sergeant of dragoons, who lost his legs and his life while fighting for James the Second at the battle of the Boyne, and who had little to bequeath his son except his laurels and his loyalty to the house of Stuart.

The gallant woollen-draper was now in his thirty-sixth year. He had a handsome, jolly-looking face; stood six feet two in his stockings; and measured more than a cloth-yard shaft across the shoulders—athletic proportions derived from his father the dragoon. And, if it had not been for a taste for plotting, which was continually getting him into scrapes, he might have been accounted a respectable member of society.

Of late, however, his plotting had assumed a more dark and dangerous complexion. The times were such that with the opinions he entertained, he could not remain idle. The spirit of disaffection was busy throughout the kingdom. It was on the eve of that memorable rebellion which broke forth, two months later, in Scotland. Since the accession of George the First to the throne in the preceding year, every effort had been made by the partisans of the Stuarts to shake the credit of the existing government, and to gain supporters to their cause. Disappointed in their hopes of the restoration of the fallen dynasty after the death of Anne, the adherents of the Chevalier de Saint George endeavoured, by sowing the seeds of dissension far and wide, to produce a general insurrection in his favour. No means were neglected to accomplish this end. Agents were dispersed in all directions—offers the most tempting held out to induce the wavering to join the Chevalier's standard. Plots were hatched in the provinces, where many of the old and wealthy Catholic families resided, whose zeal for the martyr of their religion (as the Chevalier was esteemed), sharpened by the persecutions they themselves endured, rendered them hearty and efficient allies. Arms, horses, and accoutrements were secretly purchased and

distributed; and it is not improbable that, if the unfortunate prince, in whose behalf these exertions were made, and who was not deficient in courage, as he proved at the battle of Malplaquet, had boldly placed himself at the head of his party at an earlier period, he might have regained the crown of his ancestors. But the indecision, which had been fatal to his race, was fatal to him. He delayed the blow till the fortunate conjuncture was past. And when, at length, it was struck, he wanted energy to pursue his advantages.

But we must not anticipate the course of events. At the precise period of this history, the Jacobite party was full of hope and confidence. Louis the Fourteenth yet lived, and expectations were, therefore, indulged of assistance from France. The disgrace of the leaders of the late Tory administration had strengthened, rather than injured, their cause. Mobs were gathered together on the slightest possible pretext; and these tumultuous assemblages, while committing the most outrageous excesses, loudly proclaimed their hatred to the house of Hanover, and their determination to cut off the Protestant succession. The proceedings of this faction were narrowly watched by a vigilant and sagacious administration. The government was not deceived (indeed, every opportunity was sought by the Jacobites of parading their numbers) as to the force of its enemies; and precautionary measures were taken to defeat their designs. On the very day of which we write, namely, the 10th of June, 1715, Bolingbroke and Oxford were impeached of high treason. The Committee of Secrecy—that English Council of Ten—were sitting, with Walpole at their head; and the most extraordinary discoveries were reported to be made. On the same day, moreover, which, by a curious coincidence, was the birthday of the Chevalier de Saint George, mobs were collected together in the streets, and the health of that prince was publicly drunk under the title of James the Third; while, in many country towns, the bells were rung, and rejoicings held, as if for a reigning monarch:—the cry of the populace almost universally being, ‘No King George, but a Stuart!’

The adherents of the Chevalier de Saint George, we have said, were lavish in promises to their proselytes. Posts were offered to all who chose to accept them. Blank commissions, signed by the prince, to be filled up by the name of the person who could raise a troop for his service, were liberally bestowed. Amongst others, Mr. Kneebone, whose interest was not inconsiderable with the leaders of his faction, obtained an appointment as captain of a regiment of infantry, on the conditions above specified. With a view to raise recruits for his corps, the warlike woollen-draper started for Lancashire, under the colour of a journey on business. He was pretty suc-

cessful in Manchester,—a town which may be said to have been the head-quarters of the disaffected. On his return to London, he found that applications had been made from a somewhat doubtful quarter by two individuals, for the posts of subordinate officers in his troop. Mr. Kneebone, or, as he would have preferred being styled, Captain Kneebone, was not perfectly satisfied with the recommendations forwarded by the applicants. But this was not a season in which to be needlessly scrupulous. He resolved to judge for himself. Accordingly, he was introduced to the two military aspirants at the Cross Shovels in the Mint, by our old acquaintance, Baptist Kettleby. The Master of the Mint, with whom the Jacobite captain had often had transactions before, vouched for their being men of honour and loyalty; and Kneebone was so well satisfied with his representations, that he at once closed the matter by administering to the applicants the oath of allegiance and fidelity to King James the Third, and several other oaths besides, all of which those gentlemen took with as little hesitation as the sum of money, afterwards tended, to make the compact binding. The party then sat down to a bowl of punch; and, at its conclusion, Captain Kneebone regretted that an engagement to spend the evening with Mrs. Wood would preclude the possibility of his remaining with his new friends as long as his inclinations prompted. At this piece of information, the two subordinate officers were observed to exchange glances; and, after a little agreeable raillery on their captain’s gallantry, they begged permission to accompany him in his visit. Kneebone, who had drained his glass to the restoration of the house of Stuart, and the downfall of the house of Hanover, more frequently than was consistent with prudence, consented; and the trio set out for Wych Street, where they arrived in the jolliest humour possible.

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Carpenter’s Wife.*

Mrs. Wood was scarcely seated before Mr. Kneebone made his appearance. To her great surprise and mortification he was not alone; but brought with him a couple of friends, whom he begged to introduce as Mr. Jeremiah Jackson, and Mr. Solomon Smith, chapmen, (or what in modern vulgar parlance would be termed bagmen,) travelling to procure orders for the house of an eminent cloth manufacturer in Manchester. Neither the manners, the looks, nor the attire of these gentlemen prepossessed Mrs. Wood in their favour. Accordingly, on their presentation, Mr. Jeremiah Jackson and Mr. Solomon Smith received something very like a rebuff. Luckily, they were not easily discomposed. Two persons possessing a more comfortable stock of assurance could not be readily foud. Imitating the example of Mr. Kneebone, who did not

appear in the slightest degree disconcerted by his cool reception, each sank carelessly into a chair, and made himself at home in a moment. Both had very singular faces; very odd wigs; very much pulled over their brows; and very large cravats, very much raised above their chins. Besides this, each had a large black patch over his right eye, and a very queer twist at the left side of his mouth, so that if their object had been disguise, they could not have adopted better precautions. Mrs. Wood thought them both remarkably plain, but Mr. Smith decidedly the plainest of the two. His complexion was as blue as a sailor's jacket, and though Mr. Jackson had one of the ugliest countenances imaginable, he had a very fine set of teeth. That was something in his favour. One peculiarity she did not fail to notice. They were both dressed in every respect alike. In fact, Mr. Solomon Smith seemed to be Mr. Jeremiah Jackson's double. He talked in the same style, and pretty nearly in the same language; laughed in the same manner, and coughed or sneezed at the same time. If Mr. Jackson took an accurate survey of the room with his one eye, Mr. Smith's solitary orb followed in the same direction. When Jeremiah admired the Compasses in the arms of the Carpenter's Company over the chimney-piece, or the portraits of the two eminent masters of the rule and plane, William Portington and John Scott, Esquires, on either side of it, Solomon was lost in wonder. When Mr. Jackson noticed a fine service of old blue china in an open japan closet, Mr. Smith had never seen any thing like it. And finally, when Jeremiah, having bestowed upon Mrs. Wood a very free-and-easy sort of stare, winked at Mr. Kneebone, his impertinence was copied to the letter by Solomon. All three then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. Mrs. Wood's astonishment and displeasure momentarily increased. Such freedoms from such people were not to be endured. Her patience was waning fast. Still, in spite of her glances and gestures, Mr. Kneebone made no effort to check the unreasonable merriment of his companions, but rather seemed to encourage it. So Mrs. Wood went on fuming, and the trio went on laughing for some minutes, nobody knew why or wherefore, until the party was increased by Mr. Wood, in his Sunday habiliments and Sunday buckle. Without stopping to inquire into the cause of their mirth, or even to ask the names of his guests, the worthy carpenter shook hands with the one-eyed chapmen, slapped Mr. Kneebone cordially on the shoulder, and began to laugh as heartily as any of them.

Mrs. Wood could stand it no longer.

'I think you're all bewitched,' she cried.

'So we are, ma'am, by your charms,' returned Mr. Jackson, gallantly.

'Quite captivated, ma'am,' added Mr. Smith, placing his hand on his breast.

Mr. Kneebone and Mr. Wood laughed louder than ever.

'Mr. Wood,' said the lady, bridling up, 'my request may perhaps, have some weight with you. I desire, sir, you'll recollect yourself. Mr. Kneebone,' she added, with a glance at that gentleman, which was meant to speak daggers, 'will do as he pleases.'

Here the chapmen set up another boisterous peal.

'No offence, I hope, my dear Mrs. W.' said Mr. Kneebone in a conciliatory tone. 'My friends, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Smith, may have rather odd ways with them; but—'

'They have very odd ways,' interrupted Mrs. Wood, disdainfully.

'Our worthy friend was going to observe, ma'am, that we never fail in our devotion to the fair sex,' said Mr. Jackson.

'Never, ma'am!' echoed Mr. Smith, 'upon my conscience.'

'My dear,' said the hospitable carpenter, 'I dare say Mr. Kneebone and his friends would be glad of a little refreshment.'

'They shall have it, then,' replied his better half, rising. 'You base ingrate,' she added, in a whisper, as she flounced past Mr. Kneebone on her way to the door, 'how could you bring such creatures with you, especially on an occasion like this, when we haven't met for a fortnight!'

'Couldn't help it, my life,' returned the gentleman addressed, in the same tone; 'but you little know who those individuals are.'

'Lord bless us! you alarm me. Who are they?'

Mr. Kneebone assumed a mysterious air; and bringing his lips close to Mrs. Wood's ear, whispered, 'Secret agents from France—you understand—friends to the good cause—hem!'

'I see,—persons of rank?'

Mr. Kneebone nodded.

'Noblemen?'

Mr. Kneebone smiled assent.

'Mercy on us! Well, I thought their manners quite out o' the common. And so, the invasion really is to take place after all; and the Chevalier de Saint George is to land at the Tower with fifty thousand Frenchmen; and the Hanoverian usurper's to be beheaded; and Doctor Sacheverel's to be made a bishop, and we're all to be—eh?'

'All in good time,' returned Kneebone, putting his finger to his lips; 'don't let your imagination run away with you, my charmer. That boy,' he added, looking at Thames, 'has his eye upon us.'

Mrs. Wood, however, was too much excited to attend to the caution.

'O, lud!' she cried; 'French noblemen in disguise! And so rude as I was! I shall never recover it!'

'A good supper will set all to rights,' insinuated Kneebone. 'But be prudent, my angel.'



'Never fear,' replied the lady. 'I'm prudence personified. You might trust me with the Chevalier himself.—I'd never betray him. But why didn't you let me know they were coming. I'd have got something nice. As it is, we've only a couple of ducks—and they were intended for you. Winny, my love, come with me. I shall want you.—Sorry to quit your lord—worships, I mean,—I don't know what I mean,' she added, a little confused, and dropping a profound curtsy to the disguised noblemen, each of whom replied by a bow worthy, in her opinion, of a prince of the blood at the least,—but I've a few necessary orders to give below.'

'Don't mind us, ma'am,' said Mr. Jackson: 'ha! ha!'

'Not in the least, ma'am,' echoed Mr. Smith: 'ho! ho!'

'How condescending!' thought Mrs. Wood. 'Not proud in the least, I declare. Well, I'd no idea,' she continued, pursuing her ruminations as she left the room, 'that people of quality laughed so. But it's French manners, I suppose.'

CHAPTER V.

*Hawk and Buzzard.*

Mrs. Wood's anxiety to please her distinguished guests speedily displayed itself in a very plentiful, if not very dainty repast. To the ducklings, peas, and other delicacies, intended for Mr. Kneebone's special consumption, she added a few impromptu dishes, tossed off in her best style; such as lamb chops, broiled kidneys, fried ham and eggs, and toasted cheese. Side by side with the cheese, (its never-failing accompaniment, in all seasons, at the carpenter's board) came a tankard of swig; and a toast. Besides these, there was a warm goosberry-tart, and a cold pigeon-pie—the latter capacious enough, even allowing for its due complement of steak, to contain the whole produce of a dovecot; a couple of lobsters, and the best part of a salmon swimming in a sea of vinegar, and shaded by a forest of fennel. While the cloth was laid, the host and Thames descended to the cellar, whence they returned, laden with a number of flasks of the same form, and apparently destined to the same use as those depicted in Hogarth's delectable print—the *Midnight Modern Conversation*.

Mrs. Wood now re-appeared with a very red face; and, followed by Winifred, took her seat at the table. Operations then commenced. Mr. Wood carved the ducks; Mr. Kneebone helped to the pigeon-pie; while Thames unwired and uncorked a bottle of stout Carnarvonshire ale. The woollen-draper was no despicable trencherman in a general way; but his feats with the knife and fork were child's sport compared with those of Mr. Smith. The leg and wing of a duck were disposed

of by this gentleman in a twinkling; a brace of pigeons and a pound of steak followed with equal celerity; and he had just begun to make a fierce assault upon the eggs and ham. His appetite was perfectly gargantuan. Nor, must it be imagined, that while he thus exercised his teeth, he neglected the flagon. On the contrary, his glass was never idle, and finding it not filled quite so frequently as he desired, he applied himself, notwithstanding the expressive looks and muttered remonstrances of Mr. Jackson, to the swig. The latter gentleman did full justice to the good things before him; but he drank sparingly, and was visibly annoyed by his companion's intemperance. As to Mr. Kneebone, what with flirting with Mrs. Wood, carving for his friends, and pledging the carpenter, he had his hands full. At this juncture, and just as a cuckoo-clock in the corner struck six, Jack Sheppard walked into the room, with the packing-case under his arm.

'I was in the right, you see, father,' observed Thames, smiling; 'Jack has done his task.'

'So I perceive,' replied Wood.

'Where am I to take it to?' asked Sheppard.

'I told you that before,' rejoined Wood, testily. 'You must take it to Sir Rowland Trenchard's in Southampton-Fields. And, mind, it's for his sister, Lady Trafford.'

'Very well, sir,' replied Sheppard.

'Wet your whistle before you start, Jack,' said Kneebone, pouring out a glass of ale. 'What's that you're taking to Sir Rowland Trenchard's?'

'Only a box, sir,' answered Sheppard, emptying the glass.

'It's an odd-shaped one,' rejoined Kneebone, examining it attentively. 'But I can guess what it's for. Sir Rowland is one of us,' he added, winking at his companions; 'and so was his brother-in-law, Sir Cecil Trafford. Old Lancashire families both. Strict Catholics, and loyal to the backbone. Fine woman, Lady Trafford—a little on the wane though.'

'Ah! you're so very particular,' sighed Mrs. Wood.

'Not in the least,' returned Kneebone, slyly; 'not in the least. Another glass, Jack.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' grinned Sheppard.

'Off with it to the health of King James the Third, and confusion to his enemies!'

'Hold!' interposed Wood; 'that's treason. I'll have no such toast drunk at my table!'

'It's the king's birthday,' urged the woollen-draper.

'Not my king's,' returned Wood. 'I quarrel with no man's political opinions, but I will have my own respected!'

'Eh day!' exclaimed Mrs. Wood; 'here's a pretty-to-do about nothing. Marry, come up! I'll see who's to be obeyed. Drink the toast, Jack.'

'At your peril, sirrah!' cried Wood.

'He was hanged that left his drink behind, you

know, master,' rejoined Sheppard. 'Here's King James the Third, and confusion to his enemies!'

'Very well,' said the carpenter, sitting down amid the laughter of the company.

'Jack!' cried Thames, in a loud voice, 'you deserve to be hanged for a rebel as you are to your lawful king and your lawful master. But since we must have toasts,' he added, snatching up a glass, 'listen to mine:—Here's King George the First! a long reign to him! and confusion to the Popish Pretender and his adherents!'

'Bravely done!' said Wood, with tears in his eyes.

'That's the kinchen as was to try the dub for us, ain't it?' muttered Smith to his companion as he stole a glance at Jack Sheppard.

'Silence!' returned Jackson, in a deep whisper; 'and don't muddle your brains with any more of that Pharaoh. You'll need all your strength to grab him.'

'What's the matter?' remarked Kneebone, addressing Sheppard, who, as he caught the single but piercing eye of Jackson fixed upon him, started and trembled.

'What's the matter?' repeated Mrs. Wood, in a sharp tone.

'Ay, what's the matter, boy?' reiterated Jackson, sternly. 'Did you never see two gentlemen with only a couple of peepers between them before?'

'Never, I'll be sworn!' said Smith, taking the opportunity of filling his glass while his comrade's back was turned; 'we're a nat'ral curiosity.'

'Can I have a word with you, master?' said Sheppard, approaching Wood.

'Not a syllable!' answered the carpenter, angrily. 'Get about your business!'

'Thanks!' cried Jack, beckoning to his friend.

But Darrell averted his head.

'Mistress!' said the apprentice, making a final appeal to Mrs. Wood.

'Leave the room instantly, sirrah!' rejoined the lady, bouncing up, and giving him a slap on the cheek that made his eyes flash fire.

'May I be cursed,' muttered Sheppard, as he slunk away with (as the woollen-draper pleasantly observed) 'a couple of boxes in charge,' 'if ever I try to be honest again!'

'Take a little toasted cheese with the swig, Mr. Smith,' observed Wood. 'That's an incorrigible rascal,' he added, as Sheppard closed the door; 'it's only to-day that I discovered—'

'What?' asked Jackson, pricking up his ears.

'Don't speak ill of him behind his back, father,' interposed Thames.

'If I were your father, young gentleman,' returned Jackson, enraged at the interruption, 'I'd teach you not to speak till you were spoken to.'

Thames was about to reply, but a glance from Wood checked him.

'The rebuke is just,' said the carpenter; 'at the same time, I'm not sorry to find you're a friend to fair play, which, as you seem to know, is a jewel. Open that bottle with the blue seal, my dear. Gentlemen! a glass of brandy will be no bad finish to our meal.'

This proposal giving general satisfaction, the bottle circulated swiftly; and Smith found the liquor so much to his taste, that he made it pay double toll on its passage.

'Your son is a lad of spirit, Mr. Wood,' observed Jackson, in a slightly-sarcastic tone.

'He's not my son,' rejoined the carpenter.

'How, sir?'

'Except by adoption. Thames Darrell is——'

'My husband nicknames him Thames,' interrupted Mrs. Wood, 'because he found him in the river!—ha! ha!'

'Ha! ha!' echoed Smith, taking another bumper of brandy; 'he'll set the Thames on fire one of these days, I'll warrant him!'

'That's more than you'll ever do, you drunken fool!' growled Jackson, in an under tone: 'be cautious, or you'll spoil all!'

'Suppose we send for a bowl of punch,' said Kneebone.

'With all my heart!' replied Wood. And, turning to his daughter, he gave the necessary directions in a low tone.

Winifred, accordingly, left the room, and a servant being despatched to the nearest tavern, soon afterwards returned with a crown bowl of the ambrosian fluid. The tables were then cleared. Bottles and glasses usurped the place of dishes and plates. Pipes were lighted; and Mr. Kneebone began to dispense the fragrant fluid; begging Mrs. Wood, in a whisper, as he filled a rummer to the brim, not to forget the health of the Chevalier de Saint George—a proposition to which the lady immediately responded by drinking the toast aloud.

'The chevalier shall hear of this,' whispered the woollen-draper.

'You don't say so!' replied Mrs. Wood, delighted at the idea.

Mr. Kneebone assured her that he *did* say so; and, as a further proof of his sincerity, squeezed her hand very warmly under the table.

Mr. Smith, now, being more than half seas over, became very uproarious, and, claiming the attention of the table, volunteered the following

#### DRINKING SONG.

I.

Jolly nose! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip  
Are dug from the mines of canary;  
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip  
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

II.

Jolly nose! he who sees thee across a broad glass  
Beholds thee in all thy perfection;  
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass  
Entertains the profoundest objection.

### III.

#### IV.

'I allude to an individual, who has since acquired

'Bah!' returned the woollen-dresser. 'I don't know him as well as you pretend. He is not capable of any thing. He has been a swindler.'

associates already. The moment they cease to be serviceable, or become dangerous, he lodges an information, and the matter's settled. He has always plenty of evidence in reserve. Blueskin is booked. As sure as you're sitting there, Mr. Smith, he'll swing after next Old Bailey sessions. I wouldn't be in his skin for a trifle!

'But he may peach,' said Smith, casting an oblique glance at Jackson.

'It would avail him little if he did,' replied Kneebone. 'Jonathan does what he pleases in the courts.'

'Very true,' chuckled Jackson; 'very true.'

'Blueskin's only chance would be to carry his threat into effect,' pursued the woollen-draper.

'Aha!' exclaimed Jackson. 'He threatens, does he?'

'More than that,' replied Kneebone; 'I understand he drew a knife upon Jonathan, in a quarrel between them lately. And, since then, he has openly avowed his determination of cutting his master's throat on the slightest inkling of treachery. But, perhaps Mr. Smith will tell you I'm misinformed, also, on that point.'

'On the contrary,' rejoined Smith, looking askance at his companion, 'I happen to *know* you're in the right.'

'Well, sir, I'm obliged to you,' said Jackson; 'I shall take care to put Mr. Wild on his guard against an assassin.'

'And I shall put Blueskin on the alert against the designs of a traitor,' rejoined Smith, in a tone that sounded like a menace.

'In my opinion,' remarked Kneebone, 'it doesn't matter how soon society is rid of two such scoundrels; and if Blueskin dies by the rope, and Jonathan by the hand of violence, they'll meet the fate they merit. Wild was formerly an agent to the Jacobite party, but, on the offer of a bribe from the opposite faction, he unhesitatingly deserted and betrayed his old employers. Of late, he has become the instrument of Walpole, and does all the dirty work for the Secret Committee. Several arrests of importance have been entrusted to him; but, forewarned, forearmed, we have constantly baffled his schemes;—ha! ha! Jonathan's a devilish clever fellow. But he can't have his eyes always about him, or he'd have been with us this morning at the Mint, eh, Mr. Jackson!'

'So he would,' replied the latter; 'so he would.'

'With all his cunning, he may meet with his match,' continued Kneebone, laughing. 'I've set a trap for him.'

'Take care you don't fall into it yourself,' returned Jackson, with a slight sneer.

'Were I in your place,' said Smith, 'I should be apprehensive of Wild, because he's a declared enemy.'

'And were I in *yours*,' rejoined the woollen-draper, 'I should be doubly apprehensive, because he's a professed friend. But we're neglecting the punch all this

time. A bumper round, gentlemen. Success to our enterprise!'

'Success to our enterprise!' echoed the others, significantly.

'May I ask whether you made any further inquiries into the mysterious affair about which we were speaking just now?' observed Jackson, turning to the carpenter.

'I can't say I did,' replied Wood, somewhat reluctantly; 'what with the confusion incident to the storm, and the subsequent press of business, I put it off till it was too late. I've often regretted that I didn't investigate the matter. However, it doesn't much signify. All concerned in the dark transaction must have perished.'

'Are you sure of that?' inquired Jackson.

'As sure as one reasonably can be. I saw their boat swept away, and heard the roar of the fall beneath the bridge; and no one, who was present, could doubt the result. If the principal instigator of the crime, whom I afterwards encountered on the platform, and who was dashed into the raging flood by the shower of bricks, escaped, his preservation must have been indeed miraculous.'

'Your own was equally so,' said Jackson ironically. 'What if he *did* escape?'

'My utmost efforts should be used to bring him to justice.'

'Hum!'

'Have you any reason to suppose he survived the accident?' inquired Thames, eagerly.

Jackson smiled, and put on the air of a man who knows more than he cares to tell.

'I merely asked the question,' he said, after he had enjoyed the boy's suspense for a moment.

The hope that had been suddenly kindled in the youth's bosom was as suddenly extinguished.

'If I thought he lived——' observed Wood.

'If,' interrupted Jackson, changing his tone: 'he *does* live. And it has been well for you that he imagines the child was drowned.'

'Who is he?' asked Thames, impatiently.

'You're inquisitive, young gentleman,' replied Jackson, coldly. 'When you're older, you'll know that secrets of importance are not disclosed gratuitously. Your adoptive father understands mankind better.'

'I'd give half I'm worth to hang the villain, and restore this boy to his rights,' said Mr. Wood.

'How do you know he *has* any rights to be restored to?' returned Jackson, with a grin. 'Judging from what you tell me, I've no doubt he's the illegitimate offspring of some handsome, but lowborn profligate; in which case, he'll neither have name, nor wealth for his inheritance. The assassination, as you call it, was, obviously, the vengeance of a kinsman of the injured lady, who, no doubt, was of good family, upon her seducer. The less said, therefore, on this point the

better; because, as nothing is to be gained by it, it would only be trouble thrown away. But, if you have any particular fancy for hanging the gentleman, who chose to take the law into his own hands—and I think your motive extremely disinterested and praiseworthy—why, it's just possible, if you make it worth my while, that your desires may be gratified.'

'I don't see how this is to be effected, unless you yourself were present at the time,' said Wood, glancing suspiciously at the speaker.

'I had no hand in the affair,' replied Jackson, bluntly; 'but I know those who had; and could bring forward evidence, if you require it.'

'The best evidence would be afforded by an accomplice of the assassin,' rejoined Thames, who was greatly offended by the insinuation as to his parentage.

'Perhaps you could point out such a party, Mr. Jackson!' said Wood, significantly.

'I could,' replied Thames.

'Then you need no further information from me,' rejoined Jackson, sternly.

'Stay!' cried Wood, 'this is a most perplexing business—if you really are privy to the affair—'

'We'll talk of it to-morrow, sir,' returned Jackson, cutting him short. 'In the mean time, with your permission, I'll just make a few minutes of our conversation.'

'As many as you please,' replied Wood, walking towards the chimney-piece, and taking down a constable's staff, which hung upon a nail.

Jackson, mean time, produced a pocket-book; and, after deliberately sharpening the point of a pencil, began to write on a blank leaf. While he was thus occupied, Thames, prompted by an unaccountable feeling of curiosity, took up the penknife which the other had just used, and examined the haft. What he there noticed occasioned a marked change in his demeanour. He laid down the knife, and fixed a searching and distrustful gaze upon the writer, who continued his task, unconscious of anything having happened.

'There,' cried Jackson, closing the book and rising, 'that'll do. To-morrow at twelve I'll be with you, Mr. Wood. Make up your mind as to the terms, and I'll engage to find the man.'

'Hold!' exclaimed the carpenter, in an authoritative voice: 'we can't part thus. Thames, lock the door.' (An order which was promptly obeyed.) 'Now, sir, I must insist upon a full explanation of your mysterious hints, or, as I'm headborough of the district, I shall at once take you into custody.'

Jackson treated this menace with a loud laugh of derision.

'What ho!' he cried, slapping Smith, who had fallen asleep with the brandy-bottle in his grasp, upon the shoulder. 'It is time!'

'For what!' grumbled the latter, rubbing his eyes.

'For the caption!' replied Jackson, coolly drawing a brace of pistols from his pockets.

'Ready!' answered Smith, shaking himself, and producing a similar pair of weapons.

'In heaven's name! what's all this?' cried Wood.

'Be still, and you'll receive no injury,' returned Jackson. 'We're merely about to discharge our duty by apprehending a rebel. Captain Kneebone! we must trouble you to accompany us.'

'I've no intention of stirring,' replied the woollen-draper, who was thus unceremoniously disturbed; 'and I beg you'll sit down, Mr. Jackson.'

'Come, sir!' thundered the latter, 'no trifling! Perhaps,' he added, opening a warrant, 'you'll obey this mandate?'

'A warrant!' ejaculated Kneebone, starting to his feet. 'Ay, sir, from the Secretary of State, for your arrest! You're charged with high-treason!'

'By those who've conspired with me!'

'No! by those who've entrapped you! You've long eluded our vigilance; but we've caught you at last!'

'Damnation!' exclaimed the woollen-draper; 'that I should be the dupe of such a miserable artifice!'

'It's no use lamenting now, captain! You ought rather to be obliged to us for allowing you to pay this visit. We could have secured you when you left the Mint. But we wished to ascertain whether Mrs. Wood's charms equalled your description.'

'Wretches!' screamed the lady; 'don't dare to breathe your vile insinuations against me! Oh! Mr. Kneebone, are these your French noblemen!'

'Don't opbraid me!' rejoined the woollen-draper.

'Bring him along, Joe!' said Jackson, in a whisper to his comrade.

Smith obeyed. But he had scarcely advanced a step, when he was felled to the ground by a blow from the powerful arm of Kneebone, who, instantly possessing himself of a pistol, levelled it at Jackson's head.

'Begone! or I fire!' he cried.

'Mr. Wood,' returned Jackson, with the utmost composure; 'you're a headborough, and a loyal subject of King George. I call upon you to assist me in the apprehension of this person. You'll be answerable for his escape.'

'Mr. Wood, I command you not to stir,' vociferated the carpenter's better-half; 'recollect! you'll be answerable to me.'

'I declare I don't know what to do,' said Wood, torn by conflicting emotions. 'Mr. Kneebone! you would greatly oblige me by surrendering yourself.'

'Never!' replied the woollen-draper; 'and if that treacherous rascal, by your side, doesn't make himself scarce quickly, I'll send a bullet through his brain.'

'My death will lie at your door,' remarked Jackson to the carpenter.

'Show me your warrant!' said Wood, almost driven to his wit's-end; 'perhaps it isn't regular!'

'Ask him who he is!' suggested Thames.

'A good idea!' exclaimed the carpenter. 'May I beg to know whom I've the pleasure of addressing? Jackson, I conclude, is merely an assumed name.'

'What does it signify?' returned the latter, angrily.

'A great deal!' replied Thames. 'If you won't disclose your name, I will for you! You are Jonathan Wild!'

'Further concealment is needless,' answered the other, pulling off his wig and black patch, and resuming his natural tone of voice; 'I am Jonathan Wild!'

'Say you so!' rejoined Kneebone; 'then be this your passport to eternity!'

Upon which he drew the trigger of the pistol, which, luckily for the individual against whom it was aimed, flashed in the pan.

'I might now send you on a similar journey!' replied Jonathan, with a bitter smile, and preserving the unmoved demeanour he had maintained throughout; 'but I prefer conveying you, in the first instance, to Newgate. The Jacobite daws want a scarecrow.'

So saying, he sprang, with a bound like that of a tiger-cat, against the throat of the woollen-draper. And so sudden and well directed was the assault, that he completely overthrew his gigantic antagonist.

'Lend a hand with the ruffles, Blueskin!' he shouted, as that personage, who had just recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, contrived to pick himself up. 'Look quick, d—n you, or we shall never master him!'

'Murder!' shrieked Mrs. Wood, at the top of her voice.

'Here's a pistol!' cried Thames, darting towards the undischarged weapon dropped by Blueskin in the scuffle, and pointing it at Jonathan. 'Shall I shoot him?'

'Yes! yes! put it to his ear!' cried Mrs. Wood; 'that's the surest way!'

'No! no! give it me!' vociferated Wood, snatching the pistol, and rushing to the door, against which he placed his back. 'I'll soon settle this business. Jonathan Wild!' he added, in a loud voice, 'I command you to release your prisoner.'

'So I will,' replied Jonathan, who, with Blueskin's aid, had succeeded in slipping a pair of handcuffs over the woollen-draper's wrists, "when I've Mr. Walpole's order to that effect—but not before."

'You'll take the consequences, then?'

'Willingly.'

'In that case I arrest you, and your confederate, Joseph Blake, alias Blueskin, on a charge of felony,' returned Wood, brandishing his staff; 'resist my authority if you dare.'

'A clever device,' replied Jonathan; 'but it won't serve your turn. Let us pass, sir. Strike the gag, Blueskin.'

'You shall not stir a footstep. Open the window, Thames, and call for assistance.'

'Stop!' cried Jonathan, who did not care to push matters too far, 'let me have a word with you, Mr. Wood.'

'I'll have no explanations whatever,' replied the carpenter, disdainfully, 'except before a magistrate.'

'At least state your charge. It is a serious accusation.'

'It is,' answered Wood. 'Do you recollect this key? Do you recollect to whom you gave it, and for what purpose? or shall I refresh your memory?'

Wild appeared confounded.

'Release your prisoner,' continued Wood, 'or the window is opened.'

'Mr. Wood,' said Jonathan, advancing towards him, and speaking in a low tone, 'the secret of your adopted son's birth is known to me. The name of his father's murderer is also known to me. I can help you to both,—nay, I *will* help you to both, if you do not interfere with my plans. The arrest of this person is of consequence to me. Do not oppose it, and I will serve you. Thwart me, and I become your mortal enemy. I have but to give a hint of that boy's existence in the proper quarter, and his life will not be worth a day's purchase.'

'Don't listen to him, father,' cried Thames, unconscious of what was passing; 'there are plenty of people outside.'

'Make your choice,' said Jonathan.

'If you don't decide quickly, I'll scream,' cried Mrs. Wood, popping her head through the window.

'Set your prisoner free!' returned Wood.

'Take off the ruffles, Blueskin,' rejoined Wild. 'You know my fixed determination,' he added in a low tone, as he passed the carpenter. 'Before to-morrow night that boy shall join his father.'

So saying, he unlocked the door, and strode out of the room.

'Here are some letters, which will let you see what a snake you've cherished in your bosom, you uxorious old dotard,' said Blueskin, tossing a packet of papers to Wood, as he followed his leader.

'Odd's-my-life! what's this?' exclaimed the carpenter, looking at the superscription of one of them. 'Why, this is your writing, Dolly, and addressed to Mr. Kneebone.'

'My writing! no such thing!' ejaculated the lady, casting a look of alarm at the woollen-draper.

'Confusion! the rascal must have picked my pocket of your letters,' whispered Kneebone. 'What's to be done?'

'What's to be done! Why, I'm undone! How imprudent in you not to burn them. But men are so careless, there's no trusting any thing to them! However, I must try to brazen it out.—Give me the letters, my love,' she added aloud, and in her most winning accents; 'they're some wicked forgeries.'

'Excuse me, madam,' replied the carpenter, turning his back upon her, and sinking into a chair: 'Thames, my love, bring me my spectacles. My heart misgives me. Fool that I was to marry for beauty! I ought to have remembered, that a fair woman and a slashed gown always find some nail in the way.'

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

EPAMINONDAS GRUBB, or FENIMORE  
COOPER, *versus* THE MEMORY OF  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.\*

THIS is, of its kind, a remarkable article, and should not be suffered to drift away unobserved on that foul current of repulcan abuse and calumny to which it belongs. It is worth while to catch hold of the vile thing—pulling it forth with a pitchfork—and exposing the intricate texture of its black web;—the materials being spite, envy, hatred of order, and of all deservedly exalted characters; hatred, too, of the best efforts of successful genius; and the whole production brought out for effect, under a pretended zeal for “principle.”

This precious critique, as the author instructs us to believe, has been written from stern dictates of duty; and his *conscience* would not have allowed him to rest unless he had promulgated it to the world. “We think it time,” says he, “that the voice of Truth should be heard in this matter; that these old and venerable principles, which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied!” For our own parts, though we understand well enough what the word principle means, when *correctly* interpreted, yet, at the outset, we are somewhat puzzled by these epithets “old and venerable.” A venerable eternity would sound rather strange, but not more so in our estimation than an old and venerable *principle*. However, so much is quite clear; the plan of our transatlantic moralist is the “fearless application of principles,” and the immediate *object* of his exertions, as will soon be apparent, is to shew, that Sir Walter Scott had trampled on *all* principles, being most pertinaciously addicted to “fraud, falsehood, avarice, selfishness, treachery, low cunning, abject meanness,” and other such propensities, which are to be discovered often enough in the world, but of which, according to our author, Sir Walter’s character was pre-eminently, if not exclusively, made up!

Such is the plan, and such the drift, of this exquisite American *brochure*. But notwithstanding the grave dignity of the introduction, there is not so much of novelty in the performances of a paltry insect trying his best (or worst) to undermine an oak-tree, as to have induced us to notice the article, had we not been confidently assured that it comes from the pen of Mr. John Fenimore Cooper, author of the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Spy*, and numberless other works, for whom (as well as for Sir E. L. Bulwer, and other *indefatigables*), we are bound to entertain all

due respect. And if Mr. Cooper be in reality, the writer of the critique before us, the sentiments of an individual so much distinguished, especially when he appeals to “old and venerable principles,” are, unquestionably, entitled to consideration; at all events, should not be passed over in utter silence.

But for our own part, we avow at the outset, that we have some reason to believe this paper is not the production of the “great American novelist,” but has emanated from the pen of Mr. Epaminondas Grubb of Massachusetts, a genius whom, by singular chance, we recollect to have seen in London several years ago, when it was still the practice of certain publishers to give large sums for the copy-right of novels, even when execrably bad. He came into the market with a huge three-volume MS., of his own composition, for which he modestly demanded fifteen hundred pounds. And we can recollect it was Grubb’s decided opinion, even at that period, that Sir Walter Scott had been ridiculously overrated. He thought, moreover, that the inhabitants of this country were poor, paltry, ignorant beings, compared with those of Massachusetts; lastly, we are sure that Grubb did also talk about “old and venerable principles.”

Yet, as already said, the production before us has been fathered, by the force of *on dit*, on Mr. Fenimore Cooper, and that he *may* have written it, is we think quite within the limits of possibility. There was an article not long ago in the *Quarterly Review*, where Lockhart happened to treat the “great American novelist” with considerably more of justice than ceremony; and, from the virulent animosity betrayed by the *soi-disant* “moralist” against the review and its editor, one can scarcely help surmising that some slight alloy of egoism must have blended with the zeal for “old and venerable principles,” before he could write so bitterly.

Still we do incline to think that the author is not Cooper, but our old acquaintance, Epaminondas Grubb, who, we believe, really and unaffectedly despised every mortal but himself. Be this as it may, Mr. Fenimore Cooper unquestionably does belong to a class of authors, all of whom (whether he forms an exception is another question) did most cordially hate Sir Walter when living, and who rejoice in having a fling at the lion when dead. There are divers novelists who, thanks to that sort of public taste which used to support the “Minerva Press,” and to the splendid industry exhibited by some of our west-end booksellers, not only, have “had their day,” as regards pecuniary emolument, but continue to see their works paraded in public. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, such authors being in a predicament much like that of builders who have run up houses that will hardly stand wind and weather, even for *one* generation,—these gentry, we say, have an awkward propensity, not only to get into a rage when their productions are scrutinized or begin to moulder away, but they entertain the most bitter vindictiveness against each contemporary (or even deceased) artist, who happens to have completed twenty or thirty edifices of unquestionable character, which have stood, and are likely to stand firm, and to bring high prices in the market!

We have known numbers of aspirant and incipient authors, not having advanced so far as to get either praise or blame, who lisped in *affected* admiration of the “Last Minstrel” and the *Waverley* novels; but your middling writers—your creatures of puff—your straw and patch-work gentry—who, instead of being middling, wish to be esteemed first-rate—this *genus* were, and are, all against him to a man, and ready to calumniate him in every possible way. And if they have not shewn

\* The malevolent and abusive article, on which we have here animadverted, appeared in “The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine,” for October 1838.—But, with laudable impartiality, the proprietors of that journal have, in their number for December last, published a “Reply to Cooper’s Attack on Scott,” which, however, did not fall in our way, till after our own remarks had been for some time in type. As Mr. Cooper’s countrymen and the editor of the “Knickerbocker” (who should know best) have fixed on that eminent romance-writer the paternity of the attack, we owe an apology to our old acquaintance, Epaminondas, for having so freely indicated our belief that *he*, more probably, was its author. *Palmanus qui meruit ferat!*—O. Y.



much fight, this was not from any want of envious rancour, but of opportunity and courage, and because it did not occur to them to begin, like Epaminondas Grubb, "in King Cambysses' vein," with "old and venerable principles." Among the really enlightened members of society, those by principle, education, aims, and objects, fitted to become authors "for all time," it is almost superfluous to observe, that we never knew even *one* who did not rejoice in contributing just praise to the character, both public and private, of Sir Walter Scott.

But it is full time that we should proceed to the article itself, which commences with declaring that, in the author's opinion, the "very important task of writing the life of Sir W. S. being delegated to Mr. Lockhart, had fallen into the hands of a very improper person." The circumstance, it seems, of the near connexion existing betwixt the biographer and the deceased, is one reason for this impropriety; but, above all, the decisive fact against Lockhart, as we shall see hereafter, is that of his being editor of the *Quarterly*, and also the writer of articles (generally the most *trenchant*) in the journal which he edits. This is the "damned spot" affixed to his character, which all the merits, literary and moral, of his *Valerions*, *Reginald Dalton*, *Matthew Wald*, *Adam Blair*, translations from the Spanish, and other works, cannot efface or compensate.

The author goes on to his charges against Sir Walter; but, *au commencement*, very wisely recollects that perhaps some one may start the question, *cui bono?*—for which, however, he is quite prepared on "old and venerable principles; as, forsooth, he benevolently intends, "by proper exposure, to prevent the young and inexperienced from following in footsteps which have been made to appear halloved."

The first delinquency alleged against Scott, is that he sanctioned the notion of his life being written, and his diary published by Mr. Lockhart, and named him his literary executor. "The very fact of designating a biographer," says Grubb, (for we can hardly suppose that Cooper would write such arrant nonsense,) "infers something like a *fraud* on the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth." Consequently, and in order to avoid the commission of "something like a fraud," Sir Walter must either not have appointed any literary executor, or devolved that duty on an utter stranger; unless, indeed, "it had been his fortune to number among his acquaintances an individual so thoroughly imbued with old and venerable principles and so perfectly free from any alloy of prejudice, envy, uncharitableness, or resentment, as Epaminondas Grubb (or shall we add?) Fenimore Cooper.

He tries back, of course, on the old tack, viz. his abhorrence of Lockhart. Not only, he tells us is the appointment of a literary executor in itself a fraudulent act, but "Mr. Lockhart was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office." So sound a logician as our *ci-devant* friend, Epaminondas, is, of course, always ready to support every *dictum* by premises, and here comes the reason:—"Mr. Lockhart was disqualified for the task, because a man can no more maintain a connexion with a publication like the *Quarterly Review*, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious and hope to escape pollution." That Mr. Lockhart is the staunch adherent of a political party—that he has no great admiration of the condition, social or political of the United States; that he detests modern (so styled) Whigs, with their precious reforms, their economy,

their foreign policy, their Irish tail, and their "tender mercies" of various kinds,—all this is true enough; but, as already said, we suspect that all this would not have been sufficient, and that there exists behind the curtain some *other* cause for the "moralist's" immitigable spite against the *Quarterly* and its conductor.

As above we have been favoured with the *first* proof, according to "old and venerable principles," of Scott's propensity to "fraud." We proceed to number two, whereby he is arraigned of having sanctioned "deliberate falsehood" and "aggravated treachery," the charge being founded on the following passage, which occurs in a letter from Sir W. S. to his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott: "Dear Tom,—I observe what you say as to Mr. \*\*\*, and as you may often be exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not honour, *short*, T. Scott; by which abridgement of the name I shall learn to limit my civilities." The remarks of Epaminondas on this letter are as follows: "He who is not shocked at the fraud the instant he is told of it has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary, if they do contradict the words of the letter they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery cloaked in the garb of friendship," &c. &c.

Grubb, in every passage, wishes to blacken the memory of Sir Walter Scott; but in every instance when the *truth* (which he professes to revere) is made known, the blow recoils against his own purposes and on his own head. Here the truth happens to be, that Scott's hospitality and kindness to visitors were so profuse (comparatively with his means and fortune,) that a friend and relation need to be very cautious whom he introduced. Moreover, the poet was often admonished by those who had his welfare at heart, on this kind of improvidence, which infringed on his time, purse, and patience. He was himself not unconscious of the fault, and considered it a duty to *aim* at caution and discrimination. The simplest words of ordinary courtesy in a letter of introduction were enough to secure his invitation, not merely to dinner, but (if in the country) to stay all night (and possibly for days.) His brother held an official situation, and had many acquaintances, to some of whom doubtless, he made no scruple in flatly refusing an introduction; among others who deserved at least politeness through his hands, it was necessary to indicate those on whose good conduct he could place reliance, and those of whom he could only say, "I did not like to refuse the man a mere letter of introduction, though, to tell the truth, I know very little about him."—We say it was absolutely requisite, not merely upon "old and venerable principles," but on principles of right and wrong, which are *neither old nor new, but are universal and eternal*, that Sir Walter should be apprized by his brother of this distinction; and for the sake of his wife and family, if not for himself, that he should desire and request to be thus apprized.

The next accusation is against the moral rectitude of Sir Walter, for a certain letter addressed to Gifford, when the *Quarterly Review* was organised. In this letter Scott, in the plainest manner, states his opinion as follows:—"It would certainly not be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and of miscellaneous character, ought to be of such a quality as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. But as the real reason of instituting the publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrines with which the most popular of our journals disgraces its

pages, it is essential to consider how the warfare shall be managed."

"*This*," asseverates Mr. Grubb, was "most gross fraud" on the part of Sir Walter, and he "does confess his astonishment at the coolness of the impudence with which it is related by the editor of the *Review* itself." Further, he says that "by the disgusting and deleterious doctrines of the *Edinburgh*, we are to understand only the slang of party, and not a high moral aim, as a brief consideration of the facts will shew. The *Quarterly*," he continues, "is Tory—the *Edinburgh*, Whig. The first" (query former!) "party taught the doctrine of undue deference to rank; of perpetuating the institutions (which was perpetuating an aristocratical polity) of obedience to the king, to cloak the power of the nobles; of the submission to the thousand abuses that belong to such a system;"

Then he goes on to state, that Sir Walter, being "servilely submissive to the great, in public, took his revenge by abusing them in private," and illustrates this latter position by two quotations from private letters, wherein Scott has alluded with bitterness to the depravity, egoism, and folly, too often imputable to the higher, even to the highest, ranks in this country.

Here, again, when the truth is fairly stated, Grubb's intended blow against the memory of the dead recoils, to counteract his own amiable purposes. Scott avowedly wished for the establishment of a quarterly journal which should oppose the political misrepresentations of the *Edinburgh*; but on prudential grounds, as explained, he wished not only that it should appear, from the commencement, as a literary journal (its precursor having done so,) but that the "miscellaneous and scientific articles should," *actually and truly*, "be of such quality as might challenge competition" with any periodical of the time.—This is the whole truth on which Grubb founds his impudent accusation of fraud; and so far is the letter from containing ought that requires concealment, it might without inpropriety, have been published (as from an intending collaborator) along with the prospectus and first number of the new journal.

But, as we have said, the American's blow recoils on himself; for, according to his assertions, Sir Walter had "no moral aim;" he was acting from mere self-interest, forsooth, and as the "tool of a party." [This is the main point,—for motives are of more importance than actions in the moral world.] Be assured, most valorous Epaminondas, that, notwithstanding all the faults and frailties incident to the social condition of this and other countries, it is quite possible to cherish the most fervent sincerity and entire personal disinterestedness, in all ones views and wishes, although connected with a party; for on public questions no man can act alone. And that Sir Walter Scott was sincere to his heart's core in his detestation of those impulses (most erroneously or mendaciously styled principles) which actuated the Whigs in Scotland, at the time when he co-operated with the *Quarterly*, no impartial judge can for a moment doubt. As little doubt can there be that he abhorred the vices, and despised or lamented the weaknesses, of divers existing members of the aristocracy in England, as a country gentleman may conscientiously wish to support the church establishment, although, perhaps, he feels himself bound to censure the conduct of his own parish rector, or of the nearest bishop. But, above all, we are reminded by Grubb's attack how true have proved the predictions of Scott; that under a Whig administration almost every previously existing evil or danger has increased tenfold; and that by the breaking up or shaking of old institutions there has been introduced into the country a spirit of demoralisation, and an almost utter abandonment of principles, rightly, so termed, which, were it not for the growing strength, the intelligence, and

steadfastness of the Conservative party, might render us entirely hopeless."

The fourth and fifth accusations (founded on letters to Thomas Scott and Mr. Ellis) are absolute shadows; there is nothing to grapple with. As to the notion that Jeffrey's flippant review of *Marmion* had been an inducement for setting up the *Quarterly*, it is too ridiculous for notice; and Scott's allusion to that article is written evidently in a tone of the most good-humoured badinage.

The next imputation of "fraud and deception" hinges upon this, that Scott, having written a very favourable review of Southey's *Kehama*, remarks, about the same time, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, that had he been disposed to turn it into ridicule, the work afforded ample opportunities for so doing. Let his words be sifted and twisted in every possible way, they will amount to no more than this; which, moreover, is exactly what every man of critical tact and common sense (placing Southey himself at the top of the list) would have thought and said of such a poem as *Kehama*, had he been asked to review it. But there is afterwards another charge represented as very serious, and connected with this poor matter of a review, on which Sir Walter Scott probably never bestowed a second thought. A letter is printed in Lochart's book, addressed to Southey, wherein Sir Walter says, he "has not yet seen *Kehama*;" and this Grubb resolutely insists was written *after* the above mentioned letter to Ellis, of which Mr. Lockhart observes, that it is without date. We happen to have in our own possession several autograph letters from Scott, two of which having been sent by post, and *en envelope*, are without date—by no means an unusual occurrence in his despatches, though it is possible enough to guess at the date from the contents of the letter, or style of the handwriting. Grubb, however, stoutly maintains, that in this instance above-mentioned the date had been torn off, and "suppressed, *pour cause*," &c. But we are growing heartily tired of the reptile's rubbish, though not yet half through with his closely-printed pages.

*Seventhly*,—the insect tries to raise an immense pother, because in writing about Lord Melville and to the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Walter Scott said of each of these friends, that he had been "the architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune." To those having any access to know the real characters of these noblemen, it will give little cause for wonder if the Minstrel spoke of them, at all times, in the warmest terms which confidence and friendship could dictate. And though, in strict reality, neither one nor other had been the architect of the poet's fortune, yet, as both had the sincerest heart to serve him, it was generous and graceful on his part to overrate whatever benefits were conferred, and acknowledge the "will for the deed." When both happened to dine together at his table, he might possibly have found an opportunity to say,—"*You have been the architects of my little fortune.*" But Grubb, the moralist, must needs express great wrath, because in writing to (or of) each of them *separately*, Sir Walter should not have taken care when he eulogises *one*, to reckon up, at the same time, the benefits for which he conceived himself indebted to the other.

*Eighthly*,—the grub tries to be quite solemn upon the enormous fact,—the indelible crime of Scott having reviewed the *Tales of My Landlord*, and therewith the *Waverley Novels*, for the *Quarterly*. The northern Minstrel, be it remembered, had been engaged and relied on as a writer for that review from its commencement, and as he was not addicted to the physical sciences, nor then wrote much on politics, *belles lettres* was his proper (if not *only*) department. He had determined not to admit his being the author of *Waverley*, or the "*Landlord's Tales*" (which last were then supposed by many to be



*From the United Service Journal.*

## CIVIL ENGINEERING IN AMERICA.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R. N.

FOR similar reasons to those which we used when speaking of the lake and river navigation of America, we should advise not only our civil engineers but our professional brethren of the United Service, to keep their eyes closely fixed on the state of steam navigation in that country. Force of all kinds, well disciplined and well directed, is no doubt the chief agent in war; but celerity of movement, combined with certainty, is the next most powerful principle in military matters, and therefore deserving of our constant attention. We have not adequate space to give any account of the various contrivances by which so vast a speed as 16 miles an hour is obtained in some parts of America; nor indeed could we, without drawings, render them fully intelligible to practical men. The arrangements, too, by which an immense number of persons can be stowed away without inconvenience, both below and above the deck, are highly worthy of the attention of officers, whose duty it may become to transfer bodies of troops from place to place. By having the whole of the machinery, including the boilers and the furnaces, above the deck, the whole of the space below is left free for the accommodation of the passengers. In most of the American boats, Mr. Stevenson tells us (page 135,) 400 berths are made up. The principal cabin, he tells us, of the *Massachusetts*, a vessel running between New York and Providence, is 160 feet in length by 22 feet in breadth, and 12 feet high! "I have dined," says he, "with 175 persons in this cabin; and, notwithstanding this numerous assembly, the tables, which were arranged in two parallel rows, extending from one end of the cabin to the other, were far from being fully occupied." On the *Mississippi* and *Ohio*, the means of carrying numbers are greatly augmented by the erection of huge upper works, as high, in some cases, as the poop of a line-of-battle ship, in which several hundreds of additional passengers find accommodation—an arrangement which may be of vast consequence in war; for we have frequently seen steam-boats on the western waters capable of conveying a whole regiment, baggage and all, either with or against the stream, at the rate of many miles an hour!

It is rather curious, that while the Americans adopt with avidity every new invention of ours, even when the advantages are questionable, we should be so very slow in availing ourselves of those discoveries of theirs which have been tried and found to answer well in practice. We are ready enough to accuse Jonathan of national vanity; but we believe he might with equal justice charge us with a stupid degree of false pride and imaginary superiority, which too often makes us slow to appropriate the discoveries of other nations.

We could quote many examples of this, but we shall confine ourselves to two. The first relates to the American mode of steering their steam-boats in the bow, wherever they have to pass amongst crowds of shipping, or other impediments which render a straight course impossible, and which render it a matter of difficulty and often of danger, and always of delay, where the helmsman is so placed as not to see his way before him. In spite of the full knowledge of the many advantages arising from this method of steering in such a narrow and crowded river as the Thames; in spite of the perfect facility of fixing the

apparatus; and in spite of the complication, trouble, noise, confusion, and risk which attend the present mode of steering abaft, and in spite of the plan of steering forward having been already tried and found to answer, all our boats (except, we believe, a single vessel, the *Royal Adelaide*, plying between London and Leith,) are still fitted with the absurd plan of steering from the stern!

The other contrivance, which we ought long ago to have adopted from the Americans, relates to the form of the paddle-wheels. "The float-boards," says Mr. Stevenson, "do not extend across the whole breadth of the paddle-wheel, as is always the case in this country; they are divided into two, and sometimes three compartments." This construction, we learn from Dr. Renwick's Treatise on the Steam Engine, was introduced by Mr. Stevens, of New York, "and may be described," he says, "by supposing a common paddle-wheel to be sawn into three parts, in planes perpendicular to the axis. Each of the two additional wheels thus formed is then moved back, until their paddles divide the interval of the paddles on the original wheel into three equal parts. In this form" continues Dr. Renwick, "the shock of each paddle is diminished to one-third of what it is in the usual shape of the wheel; they are separated by less intervals of time, and hence approach more nearly to a constant resistance: while each paddle following the wake of those belonging to its own system, strikes upon water that has been but little disturbed."

We have lately seen with much satisfaction a modification; and we believe, an improvement of this plan, has been hit upon by Lieut. Hall, who has devised a diagonal set of float-boards, for the paddle-wheels of steam-boats, and which, we understand, entirely does away with the disagreeable tremor caused by the ordinary float-boards striking the water. In Lieut. Hall's wheels the paddles are placed in such a spanner that they enter the water at one end, and glide through it, as it were, without producing any blow, or concussion.

It may be mentioned, that from the immense diameter of the American paddle-wheels, about 25 feet, and the circumstance of their having always, or almost always, smooth water in which to work them, the cycloidal paddle of Mr. Galloway, or the eccentric paddle of Mr. Morgan, which have been so successfully used in this country, are not required on the American rivers.

We are unwilling to quit this branch of the subject without calling the attention of the rising generation of our naval officers to the importance of their turning their attention to steam, not merely as a matter of curiosity, but as a matter of duty. We should say, without qualification, that at this moment we know of no way so likely to lead to an officer's advancement as that which this subject affords. Let any officer of proper zeal and good capacity, who is willing to work out his promotion, set to work in earnest to study steam machinery, and its adaptation to navigation. Let him take his jacket off, and put on a paper cap, be regardless of soiling his fingers or scorching his face, and submit to the companionship of thoroughbred workmen in Maudslay's works in London, or those of Napier in Glasgow, until he has made himself completely master of every one of the multifarious details upon which the merits of this wonderful contrivance depends. Let him take a trip or two as assistant-engineer in a steam-boat. Let him also read such books as will give him a theoretical knowledge of the chemical and mechanical principles of the agency of steam, and we will guarantee him his eventual promotion, whether the peace continues or not. We should be disposed, certainly, to make such knowledge in a greater or less degree a requisite to every officer's passing; and hold no one to be eligible to a commission who should not be able to prove his acquaintance,

at all events, with the elementary principles of the steam-engine, which now-a-days are to the full as important for him to know as the elements of navigation, seamanship, or gunnery.

Mr. Stevenson's chapter on fuel and materials, though chiefly interesting as a picture of a state of things widely different from any which is to be found in Europe, contains one or two things which are incidentally deserving of our notice. Ship-building and carpentry have been brought to high perfection in America, and, as we may suppose, the trade in wood, or as it is called, the lumber trade, is carried on to a great extent on most of the American rivers, and affords employment to a vast number of persons. We have often thought, when looking at the raft, constructed by these people, how important, under some circumstances, they might be made in a campaign; at all events the following sketch of their construction will probably be new to most of our readers:—

"The chief raftsmen are generally persons of intelligence, and possessed of considerable capital. They often purchase a piece of land, which they sell again after they have cropped the timber off it, and sometimes for more than they paid for it originally. The chief raftsman, and his detachment of workmen, repair to the forest about the month of November, and are occupied during the whole of the winter months in felling trees, dressing them into logs, and dragging them with teams of oxen on the hardened snow, with which the country is then covered, to the nearest stream. They live during this period in huts formed of logs. Throughout the whole of the newly cleared districts of America, the houses are built of rough logs. The logs are arranged so as to form the four sides of the hut, and their ends are half-checked into each other in such a manner as to allow of their coming into contact nearly throughout their whole length, and the small interstices which remain are filled up with clay. About the month of May, when the ice leaves the rivers, the logs of timber that have been prepared and hauled down during winter, are launched into the numerous small streams in the neighborhood of which they have been cut, and floated down to the larger rivers, where their progress is stopped by what is called a "boom." The boom consists of a line of logs, extending across the whole breadth of the river. These are connected by iron links, and attached to stone piers built at suitable distances in the bed of the stream. The boom is erected for the purpose of stopping the progress of the logs, which must remain within it till all the timber has left the forest. After this, every raftsman searches out his own timber, which he recognises by the mark he puts on it, and having formed it into a raft, floats it down the river to its destination. The boom is generally owned by private individuals, who levy a toll on all the wood collected by it. The toll on the Penobscot river is at the rate of three per cent. on the value of the timber; and the income derived from the boom is about 300*l.* per annum.

"The rafts into which the timber is formed, previous to being floated down the large rivers, are strongly put together. They are furnished with masts and sails, and are steered by means of long oars, which project in front as well as behind them. Wooden houses are built on them for the accommodation of the crew and their families. I have counted upwards of 30 persons working the steering oars of a raft on the St. Lawrence; from this some idea may be formed of the number of their inhabitants.

The most hazardous part of the lumberer's business is that of bringing the rafts of wood down the large rivers. If not managed with great skill, they are apt to go to pieces in descending the rapids; and it

not unfrequently happens, that the whole labour of one, and sometimes of two years, is lost in a moment," p. 179. "The safest size for a raft," Mr. Stevenson tells us, "is from 40,000 to 50,000 square feet, which requires five men to manage it. Some rafts extend to the enormous size of 300,000 square feet. These huge floating islands are brought to Quebec from distances varying from 100 to 1200 miles! and it often happens that six months are occupied in making the voyage."

There has been so much written already about the canals and railways of America, that we are scrupulous of occupying so much of our readers' time as would be requisite to give any detailed view of these operations. But we have been greatly interested in reading Mr. Stevenson's work, with the marvellous energy and ingenuity by which so many undertakings have been carried through; and we should say, that in a variety of important professional points of view, a study of their details cannot fail to be useful to officers, and particularly to our military engineers, to whose operations in the field, it is curious to remark, not a few of the works alluded to are closely allied. A simple enumeration of some of the principal objects which the Americans have had in view will make this apparent; while the result is highly encouraging, and we should say strictly in military character.

"Their purpose has been," says Mr. Stevenson, "to remove obstructions in navigable rivers; the junction of different tracts of natural navigation; the connexion of large towns; and the formation of levels of communication from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes, and the valleys of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio.

"The aggregate length of the canals at present in operation in the United States alone amounts to upwards of 2700 miles; and that of the railways already completed to 1600 miles. Nor are the labours of the people at an end; for even now, there are no fewer than 33 railways in an unfinished state, whose aggregate length, when completed, will amount to upwards of 2500 miles. Now, although we are well convinced that many of these undertakings, like many similar projects in this country, will prove ruinous to the speculators and entirely abortive as works of public utility, yet it shows an ardour in the pursuit of improvement well worthy of being closely watched by those whose duty it may become to establish lines of communication between place and place."

It must be recollected, however, in considering these matters, that the Americans have extremely few roads, and these very bad; so that their rail-roads and canals are intended to do the work of exclusive roads, not to supersede their use, as is proposed with us in many cases. With us the railroads are intended as an accelerated mode of communication between places already open to one another; in America, in most instances, they are the first and only highways; and what renders these operations more wonderful, is, the circumstance of many of them being carried for hundreds of miles in a trough, as it were, cut through thick and heretofore impenetrable forests, where, as Mr. Stevenson adds, "it is no uncommon occurrence to travel for a whole day, without encountering a village or even a house, excepting perhaps a few log huts inhabited by persons connected with the work." The fundamental principles by which the engineers of America and of this country are guided, are of

course the same; but the nature of the materials employed by them respectively, and the climate and other circumstances of the two countries, are so dissimilar, that a considerable variety must exist in the practice of their civil engineers. From not attending to these distinctions, we have known many people run into material errors in judging of American affairs; and we conceive that for the purposes of instruction in habits of resource—on which account chiefly we call the attention of officers to such details—it is essential that these differences of circumstances should be kept constantly in view.

The following account of the canal travelling in the backwoods is not very tempting:

"The canal travelling in many parts of America is conducted with so little regard to the comfort of passengers, as to render it a very objectionable conveyance. The Americans place themselves entirely in the power and at the command of the captains of the canal-boats, who often use little discretion or civility in giving their orders; and strangers, who are unaccustomed to such usage, and would willingly rebel against their tyranny, are in such cases compelled to be guided by the majority of voices, and quietly to submit to all that takes place, however disagreeable it may be. About eight o'clock in the evening, every one is turned out of the cabin by the captain and his crew, who are occupied, for some time after the cabin is cleared, in suspending two rows of cots or hammocks from the ceiling, arranged in three tiers, one above another. At nine the whole company is ordered below, when the captain calls the names of the passengers from the waybill, and at the same time assigns to each his bed, which must immediately be taken possession of by its rightful owner on pain of his being obliged to occupy a place on the floor, should the number of passengers exceed the number of beds, a circumstance of very common occurrence in that locomotive land. I have spent several successive nights in this way, in a cabin only 40 feet long by 11 feet broad, with no less than 40 passengers; while the deafening chorus produced by the croaking of the numberless bull-frogs that frequent the American swamps was so great, as to make it often difficult to make one's-self heard in conversation, and, of course, nearly impossible to sleep. The distribution of the beds appears to be generally regulated by the size of the passengers; those that are heaviest being placed in the berths next the floor. The object of this arrangement is partly to ballast the boat properly, and partly, in the event of a break-down, to render the consequence less disagreeable and dangerous to the unhappy beings in the lower pens. At five o'clock in the morning, all hands are turned out in the same abrupt and discourteous style, and forced to remain on deck in the cold morning air while the hammocks are removed and the breakfast is in preparation. This interval is occupied in the duties of the toilette, which is not the least amusing part of the arrangement. A tin vessel is placed at the stern of the boat, which every one fills for his own use from the water of the canal, with a gigantic spoon of the same metal: a towel, a brush, and a comb, intended for the general service, hang at the cabin door, the use of which is fortunately quite optional."

We have already slightly alluded to the *Slack-water* navigation of America, but as we can easily imagine cases in which the principle might be

brought into great play in war, we shall give a word or two more respecting the method. "It consists," says Mr. Stevenson, "in improving the navigation of a river by the erection of dams or mounds built in the stream, which have the effect of damming up the water and increasing its depth. If there be not a great fall in the bed of the river, a single dam often produces a stagnation in the run of the water, extending for many miles up the river, and forming a spacious navigable canal. The tow-path is formed along the margin of the river, and is elevated above the reach of the flood-water. The dams are passed by means of locks, such as are used in canals."

The river Schuylkill, from Philadelphia to Reading, a distance of upwards of 100 miles, is made subservient to this purpose by means of 34 dams thrown across the stream, together with 29 locks, which overcome a fall of 610 feet.

On some of the American canals the boats are moved from different levels by means of inclined planes instead of locks. The whole rise and fall on the Morris canal is 1557 feet, of which 223 are overcome by locks, and 1334 feet by 23 inclined planes. The boats are 8½ feet wide, by 60 or 80 long, and vary from 25 to 30 tons burden; but the greatest weight ever drawn up the planes is about 50 tons.

The chapter on road-making offers little from which we can derive much direct instruction of a military kind; but there are many useful hints in it, of which an officer might avail himself, such as those which relate to the readiest way of forming a roadway out of timber laid either corduroy fashion, across the path, or in billets inserted perpendicularly, like a tessellated pavement.

No people have worked more at the science of wooden bridges than the Americans, and we should gladly have said a good deal on this point so important to military engineers, could we have made our comments intelligible without the assistance of drawings. We recommend, therefore, Mr. Stevenson's eighth chapter to the attention of those who are curious in civil engineering, and especially to that section of it which describes "Town's Patent Lattice Bridge," which is much employed on the American railways. This construction is sometimes used for bridges of so large a span as 150 feet, and it exerts no lateral thrust tending to overthrow the piers on which it rests. A small quantity of materials, also, of very small scantling, arranged according to this plan, possess a wonderful degree of strength and rigidity.

The railways of America occupy nearly as much of the public attention as those of England do with us; and we confess that we are not without great fears that in both countries the rage for this description of speculation will end in disappointment. Be this as it may, we are sure that many of the details which Mr. Stevenson gives us respecting the method of fixing the rails, and other particulars respecting the American lines, may be profitably studied by the engineers on this side of the water. What has struck us with most admiration, is the cheapness of the American railroads, which is caused, first, by their being exempted from the heavy expenses often incurred with us by the purchase of land, and the compensation damages. The poor Indians and the wild beasts are more readily dealt with than our sturdy landowners; and to drive a railroad through an American pine-barren (as the vast forests of that timber

are called), is quite a different affair from intersecting an English country gentleman's pleasure grounds. Secondly, the works themselves are seldom, if ever, executed in as substantial and costly a style as with us; and, thirdly, the wood, which is their principal material, is obtained at a very small cost. The first six miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which is said to be formed "in an expensive manner, and on a very difficult route," has cost on an average about £12,000 a mile. The railroads in Pennsylvania cost about £5000 a mile; the Albany and Schenectady line, upwards of £6000; the Schenectady and Saratoga railroad, £1800 a mile. And it appears that the average cost of the railroads throughout the Union is about £4942 per mile. "This" observes Mr. Stevenson, "contrasts strongly with the cost of railways constructed in this country. The Liverpool and Manchester railway cost £30,000 per mile; the Dublin and Kingston £10,000; and that between Liverpool and London is expected to cost upwards of £25,000." Mr. Stevenson gives an account, in very workmanlike and satisfactory detail, of the great Pennsylvania canal and railroad, one of the most wonderful works any where existing in the world. The account, we are sorry to say, is too long to extract, but we recommend it strongly to the attention of every class of our readers. The whole distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is 395 miles; 118 of which are on railroads, and the remaining 277 on canals. The average rate of travelling is indeed rather slow, being not quite four miles and a half per hour, owing to the numerous inclined planes, and other sources of delay, described at length in Mr. Stevenson's book. The charge made for conveying each passenger is £3 or about 2d. per mile! In concluding the subject of railways in America, we may remark, that there seems to be much going on at this moment in that country more worthy of our attention, as military engineers, than upon almost any other branch of their industry. And we ground this observation upon the peculiar nature of the circumstances, which resemble not a little those of an army acting in a country where the grand object was to get along at all hazards. It may seem, at first sight, a very simple affair to cut a track through a forest, but experience shows it to be one of considerable labour and expense. "This operation is called 'Grubbing' in America, and is scarcely at all known to the engineers of this country, who are as tender of other people's trees as of their own children, and costs from £40 to £80 per mile, according to the size and quantity of the timber to be removed. The whole topic, too, of inclined planes worked by stationary engines, is one of great novelty and interest; and we have been much surprised with the working capabilities of some of these apparently cumbersome devices for gaining level. On the Pennsylvania canal, Mr. Stevenson tells us, "that the longest plane is about 3000 feet; the time occupied in moving up and down is five minutes; the time occupied in attaching is two minutes and a half, making seven minutes and a half, or eight drafts per hour of three loaded cars carrying three tons each, making twenty-four cars, or seventy-two tons per hour." There appears to be as yet only one railway in the British dominions in North America, viz., between St. John's on Lake Champlain, and the village of La Prairie on the St. Lawrence. It is sixteen miles in length, and is worked by locomotive engines.

This is rather strange, and we think somewhat disgraceful; but we trust that when the affairs of the Provinces are duly settled, and that men's minds have had time to return to the consideration of real business, in contradistinction to political excitement, this subject, amongst others, will not be longer neglected by the inhabitants of those magnificent countries. We do not see, indeed, how the Nova Scotians, for example, can escape from the unanswerable arguments of the Clock-maker, who, if he succeeds (as we think he will), in rousing his countrymen to a sense of their own best interests, will render the name of Sam Slick as justly renowned in the Provinces, as that of Benjamin Franklin in the adjacent States.

### CHRISTIAN METAMORPHOSES.

Our mythologists tell us of many strange metamorphoses; of men turned into beasts, birds, trees; wherein, doubtless, they had moral allusions. Let me tell you of a metamorphosis, as strange as theirs, and as true as theirs is fabulous. They tell us of men turned into swine by vice; I tell you of swine turned into men; when drunkards and obscene persons become sober and well governed. They tell you of men turned into stones, and of stones turned into men, immediately upon their deluge. I tell you that of very stones, sons are raised up to Abraham. They tell us of a Lycaon turned into a wolf. I tell you of a wolf turned into a man; when a ravenous oppressor turns merciful. They tell us of men turned into oaks and rocks. I tell you of the oak, flinty hearts of men, turned into flesh, as Ezekiel speaks. They tell us of an Actæon turned into the beast which he loved to hunt, and devoured of those beasts where-with he was wont to hunt. I tell you of a voluptuous beast abandoning those pleasures which had wont to spend him. They tell us of a self-loving man turned into a flower; I tell you of a fading transitory creature, changed into the image of the Son of God. They tell us of a Proteus turned into all forms. I tell you of a man of all religions, turned into a constant confessor and martyr for the name of Christ.

*From the German of Ruckert.*

### THE ADORNMENT OF NATURE.

Think'st thou, man, this world so bright,  
Was but made for thy delight?  
Nay, a part, to glad herself,  
Nature fashioned as her right.  
Therefore sings the nightingale,  
While thou slumb'rest in the night:  
Therefore blooms the fairest flower  
Ere day open its eye of light;  
Where no sight can follow them,  
Lovely butterflies take flight;  
Pearls beneath the ocean rest;  
Earth conceals her jewels bright.  
Child, since plenty was bestowed,  
Pleasing both thine ear and sight,  
Grant thy mother some small part,  
That she may herself bedight.

*From the Monthly Review.*

### FRASER'S TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

*A Winter's Journey (Tartar) from Constantinople to Tehran; with Travels through various parts of Persia, &c.* 2 vols. By JAMES BAILLIE FRASER, Esq. London: Bentley, 1838.

It does not very clearly appear what were the precise and particular objects of Mr. Fraser's "Journey," although from various statements and hints, there can be no error in declaring it to have been of a diplomatic character, where the utmost despatch was required. In fact, it is not disguised that in so far as the undertaking between London and Tehran is concerned, the author was employed by the Foreign Secretary to convey instructions to our Ambassador in Persia, or to facilitate communications with that country at a period when extraordinary difficulties or necessities were likely to arise on the expected death of the then reigning monarch, Futee Alee Shah. We may also conclude that Mr. Fraser's "Travels through various Parts of Persia, &c." were not altogether independent of political purposes, and that he was specially commissioned not only to test the state of national feeling in regard to the succession to the Persian throne, but to report upon the general condition and opinions of the people.

Our author left London in December 1833, and as the occasion was pressing, his "Journey," the account of which is thrown into the shape of letters, was at a rate, in respect of speed, and considering the season and the route, of an almost unprecedented character. As to the account or narrative itself as a literary production, all who are in the least acquainted with the merits and spirit of Mr. Fraser's former publications—his "Tour in the Himalaya Mountains," his "Kuzilbash," "Persian Princes," &c. will at once anticipate a treat of no ordinary quality. A more lively and energetic picture of personal adventure, a more satisfactory proof of prudence amid appalling, prolonged, and varied perils, or a more arresting series of picturesque scenes, we have never perused, the whole being elucidatory of the regions and people described, as if a panorama of the reality was before us. The chief fault of the book, indeed, consists in this, that the author being perfectly master of the pen, of the art of working up description and representation, too often forces the reader to question the reality of the portraiture, seeing that each figure, group, landscape, or vicissitude seems to surpass its predecessor both as regards subject and painting; although very often the writer must have drawn upon recollections, and, as we presume, relied fully as much upon the powers of a creative fancy during the intervals lent by comfort and tranquillity, as upon a very precise and distinctive perception of each scene or passage.

Be this as it may, there cannot be a question about the general merits and beauties of the work; and still less as to the seasonable light it throws (we wish that this light had been fuller, or not forced to labour so much as it undeniably does under a diplomatic veil,) upon certain circumstances and reports at the very moment we write, of a most engrossing nature as regards Great Britain and the prospects of her eastern empire.

We believe we could not furnish a better proof of Mr. Fraser's author-artistic skill than to direct the reader's attention to the effect which he produces when describing a route that may now be declared hackneyed—that route too having been accomplished at a flying speed, while the traveller was in his chaise—we mean his journey from England to Turkey. He tells us that after having had a trial of posting through several countries of Europe—having dashed along the splendid roads of England—

having experienced "the noisy flashy *pretent'onne*, but slow and inefficient *regime* of France,—having been jolted along "the straight, tedious, spring-breaking *chaussees* of Belgium—having been comforted and solaced by the "good roads and regulations of respectable Prussia,"—having "groaned over and cursed the abominable high-ways of Bavaria, with its sulky, sullen boors,"—and having been "relieved by the slow but sure progress of the imperturbable but civil Austrians;"—after all these vicissitudes of travel, together with what he encountered among the "proud, self-sufficient Hungarians, with their rat-like horses and devious steppes,"—the Hungarians who "are as yet scarcely civilized;"—after all these and other circumstances, as well as distinctions, which are minutely noticed with a graphic vivacity which one is apt to suspect must leave the remainder and the body of the work lame and fatiguing, we find our traveller at Semlin, and thence at full tilt for Constantinople.

But whatever may be the fears entertained on reading Mr. Fraser's preliminary letters as to the likelihood of his being able to sustain their graphic vivacity and vigour of picturesque and circumstantial effect, it only requires starting with him on his Tatar, or Tartar, gallop to find that he is perfectly equal to every diversity, and able to produce an adequate picture of all.

Riding Tatar, is to ride post. But posting in Turkey is different from the analogous sort of travelling in England, in various particulars; one of these being that the Tatar proceeds the whole way with his charge, though it may amount to thousands of miles, and what is more, the rate at which they proceed, where the roads, as we are about to see, are not exactly Macadamized, or over a dead level, is such, that even in Old England it would be thought marvellous. We are told of one Tatar riding two thousand miles in seventeen days. Our author himself was conducted from Constantinople to Amasia, being seven hundred miles, in six days; and when we learn that the remainder of his journey to Tehran, being in length nearly two thousand miles, was accomplished in rather more than seven weeks, the season being the depth of winter, and the regions traversed mountainous, and almost blocked up and impassable in consequence of snow, not to mention the inclemency of the sky and the rarity of post-houses, it must be regarded as an exploit that has few parallels, at least in other countries. It was an exploit, too, which has seldom been paralleled in regard to danger and anxiety, toil, and exhaustion—the greatest marvel, perhaps, being that an European could bear up against the accumulated and protracted privations and sufferings he endured, and all this when other travellers fell victims in similar circumstances. But we must now "off" with our author in good earnest, after having obtained a glance at his outfit for the perilous journey from Constantinople. Mr. Fraser says—

"My own equipment was, however, somewhat improved in point of compactness from its state when I left Semlin. Taught by experience, I had made further provision against the cold. Two pair of stockings, one of fleecy hosiery, such as gouty subjects wear, and the other of large thick worsted, covered my lower extremities; and over these were drawn the thick Tatar stockings and large boots I had already found so useful. I had cut down my Turkish shulwars to a more manageable size; and they, with cotton and chamois leather drawers, besides a pair of English cloth pantaloons, bid fair to guarantee my lower man from the nipping blasts."

After a hearty recommendation of chamois-leather, and directions to the traveller how to wear it, our author's equipment is further detailed:—

"A stout flannel-lined long-skirted riding-coat, a fur



cloak, or rather gown, which I had procured at Frankfort, promised well for excluding the enemy from the 'nobler parts,' as they are called, including, I presume, that important organ the stomach, to 'keep the cold out of' which, by a liberal internal application of cordial drops, is the zealous business of many a good old gentleman and lady at home. But as my furs alone would have made a poor defence against rain or falling snow, I had provided myself with a good Mackintosh india-rubber cloak, which now did worthy service. My upper works were guarded by a travelling fur-cap, and sundry shawls and wrappers were at hand to comfort ears and nose in case of need."

The wonder here is that any quadruped short of an elephant could have borne a rider so covered and enveloped; and yet what use would an elephant have been in the ascents, the descents, and the paths of which we are to hear? But the Tatars who have the art of taking out of their steeds, not only all that is in them, but who seem to imbue them with miraculous powers, and by sympathising with them in all their disasters to re-inspire them after every mishap, have also the talent and tact, it would appear, of leading on less practised, agile, and picturesque riders, who, like our author, may require their guidance.

Among the Tatars or nearly allied to them, there is a peculiar class that has been less frequently described, and never with half the spirit of Mr. Fraser; we refer to the Soorajees, a species of grooms attached to the post-houses of Turkey, and who form as distinct an order and one as fully marked as that of our hackney-coachmen or our cabmen. They are trained from childhood among the animals of which they have the care, and are also accustomed to take the road and brave exposure in all weathers; thus becoming intrepid and skilful guides in the lines of country where they ply, as well as capital horsemen. Take Mr. Fraser's amusing and vigorous sketch of the class and other accompaniments:—

"A more useful, dashing, hard-working, purpose-like set of blackguards," he says, "than these same impudent Soorajees in their own vocation, are not to be found: and were you to meet such a party as ours was (Mr. F. had a Mr. Bonham for a companion,) making the best of a bit of good road, the two Soorajees in their smart jackets, mounted on their little nags, rugged and tough like themselves, with their short stirrups and knees up to their breasts, like monkeys astride upon terriers: each with bridle hanging loosely from the left hand, and the thong that guides the two load-horses held out with an air in the other; the head erect, but inclined a little to one side, as the owner casts back a look, first at their loads and then at their feet, as they pelt away at the top of their speed, but never deigning at his own, which he knows will take care of itself: the Tatar, in his gorgeous habili-ment, and whip raised on high, following like a tower of strength, a perfect contrast to the slim lightness of the others, 'Yahullahing' it away to a running bass of blows, his horse scattering showers of mud and gravel from each hoof as he scours along; were you to see this vision tearing like the wild hunter and train over hill and down dale, along the mountain side and across the level plain, you would say it was a gallant sight, and that these imps of Soorajees are a splendid set of rascals; verily, *tchelebee*, on these occasions, in his sober surtout or cloak, and travelling cap, cuts the poorest figure of the party."

But it is in times of danger, we are told, that the true value and the best achievements of the Soorajee can alone be fully appreciated. Look at him, says Mr. Fraser,—

"When the snow is deep, when the road is lost, when the load-horses stick in the mud, or flounder over head

and ears in the snow; or roll, luggage and all down a hill-face, carrying the snow with them like an avalanche. See then the fellows spring from their nags, plunge into the mud or snow, extricate the fallen animals and set them on their legs, or relieve them of their burthens, carrying the luggage on their own shoulders to firmer and safer ground; and when you have witnessed their vigour and alertness in spite of drifting snow and freezing fingers, you will confess, as I did to myself, that no men on earth could be more suited to their work, or do it better than these same Turkish Soorajees."

After these we have a succession of adventure, in regard to precipitous and mountain travelling, that surely has seldom been encountered by a British subject. There was something, in fact, like a monotony as well as protracted continuance of hardship and danger in the respect alluded to, that, but for other incidents and the self-possession as well as good humour and buoyant spirits of the describer, would fatigue the reader. At one place he writes thus—"Last night, so intense was the frost, that there was not a drop of water to be had to drink, and our boots and clothes were frozen as hard as usual. But I am tired of telling you of these things, and so, no doubt, are you; yet what else can I tell you of on such a journey?" But he has something else to speak of; and though the following passage relates to dangerous travelling over mountains, and formidable encounters with King-Frost, yet it presents a scenic and precise picture that is sufficiently novel and awakening:—

"I was calculating," says our traveller, "with some satisfaction on a peaceful stage, as we rode quietly along: but no sooner had we cleared the broken-country, than '*Al-lah-e-ullah!*' once more roared out the Tatar; '*Hoo-hoo-hoo—eyah!*' echoed Soorajee, down comes the shower of blows, and off start the horses again full tilt. Again setting teeth and knees, I stuck close to my saddle and prepared for a tumble, horse and man. Soon did we approach a ridge of rising grounds, which it was not unreasonable to imagine would bring us up; but 'quite the contrary,' a renewed volley of heavy thumps on the croups of the beasts, and a fresh and louder roar from Soorajee and Tatar, was all the notice taken of this new feature of the road. Up spring the horses, and away go their riders like hey-go-mad, over height and hollow, hill and dale: 'the d—!' muttered I, internally, as I gathered up the reins with a firmer gripe, and looked at the gallant Tatar sitting like a rock, his looser garments flying in the wind, and the load-horses shrinking and skipping from his formidable whip, and bending and squattering along, so that I expected every moment to see their slender limbs snap and fly from under them. It was more like a gallop of the 'wild huntsman,' than any horsemanship of mortal strain. My blood curled more than once as I saw the little animals urged down steep descents with sharp turns, where a false step would have tilted them over the rock, and every moment I looked for an accident. And false steps there were in abundance; but though down on knees, on breast, on nose, the skill of the Soorajees and the spirit of the beasts saved the tumble and recovered them when one would have sworn it was impossible.

"At last, by the blessing of Providence, we gained the height, where there was a bit of plain, and then away we scoured again. For awhile, not a word; the dirt flew in large clods from the heels of the horses, spattering the lace and hitting heavy thumps on the breasts of the hindmost of the party; and I instinctively inclined to the left, out of the wake of the rest."

Mr. Fraser's route was from Constantinople, *via* Asia, Boli, and Casveen, to Tehran, snatching in the course of the journey only uncertain or scanty meals, frequently at best only such as hunger could stomach, while the few

hours obtained for rest or repose (he travelled much at night as well as during the day) were in situations and on beds which he must himself describe. But first, having parted with the Turkish Soorajees, let us see how his progress was conducted on the frontier of Persia and over the mountains of Koordistan, when the Persian muleteers had become his guides:—

"The summit attained, we cast our eyes over—I will not say *enjoyed*, according to the customary phrase—one of the most withering and hopeless-looking prospects of endless mountains of snow that ever greeted the inflamed optics of miserable travellers; it seemed as if, in truth, the morning sun coming forth could 'wake no eye to life in that wild solitude;' and on these altitudes we continued, plunging down on one side of a peak to mount up another, thus making our way along the crest of the ridge for several hours, with a continuation of effort quite exhausting, until our alpine *traject* terminated in one of the steepest and longest descents I ever made. I am certain we came sheer down an uninterrupted mountain-side of full three thousand feet in height, upon a little hollow, rather than a valley, of unbroken snow, in which lay a village like a black-winged bat sleeping in a nest of eider-down. It was one of the severest things I ever had to do. There was no riding; my saddle came twice over the horse's neck in the attempt, and then I gave it up. It was just one long slipping and scrambling-match the whole way down; and I got half-a-dozen severe tumbles to help my poor wrenched back, by the heels of my clumsy boots sliding from under me on the old-frozen snow.

"We stopped awhile to put ourselves to rights and to take breath, at the bottom; and often as I have had occasion to admire the courage of Persian muleteers, I never did so more than at this moment, when, still panting with the exertion of merely *descending*, I looked back, and measuring the height from which we had *stooped*, reflected what the first ascent must have been. The caravan which opened this track had come from Khoee, and when they reached this little valley, and observed the state of the snow, knowing that the defile must be impassable, had taken the bold resolution of breasting up this precipitous acclivity, which, even when free from snow, would be considered as a desperate attempt. What, then, must the performance of it have been when the embarrassed animals had to flounder upwards shoulder-deep in tough snow! when not a moment could pass without loads falling and going wrong: horses and mules tumbling into holes, sinking, giving up, and all the other exciting occurrences incident to such a struggle against difficulties that are often insurmountable even in the plain?"

Mr. Fraser's conclusion is, that these rough and hardy muleteers merit a crown of honour beside the Soorajees of Turkey. He describes in his accustomed felicitous manner the progress of one of their large caravans through the unbroken snow of a stage, when even the quadrupeds with a patience and sagacity conduct themselves so as to command something of that sort of approbation which rational creatures can understand. But however averse to part from the mules without more particular testimony to their honour, we must hasten to notice and extract some other characteristic features in these volumes, which furnish still more important evidences relative to the social condition of tribes of mankind who are seldom visited by Europeans; and going back to a Turkish post-house we shall find a curious chapter in the book of human character and customs. Our author thus writes:—

"Were you to see the host of wild and indescribable figures that rush out on your arrival and pull you from your horses; the multitude of the same species that, on

entering the dirty, stifling hole, you find stretched like beasts before the fire, or lounging in the corners on the squalid rugs that receive from day to day, and from year to year, the filth of these obscene animals, on which you also must stretch your weary limbs, or remain unrested; were you to see travellers, like ourselves, rushing in, snow-covered, mud-plastered, ice-clad, throwing themselves, 'boots and all,' upon these precious couches; were you to see the unclean, half naked, greasy biped that flits about the fireplace, and proceeds to exercise one of the functions of his calling, in the brewing of coffee; were you to watch this delicate process, and see the functionary himself licking his little spoon, after stirring the beverage in which you are to share, or wiping it on one of his own black rags before immersing it again in the pot;—you might form some faint notion of the manner in which matters are carried on for the comfort of travellers in these admirable establishments. Nor would the sequel edify you less. As night comes on, and you may have made up your mind to remain a few hours to recruit your exhausted frame, you naturally hope to spend them in rest and quietness. Vain expectation! Having bolted your food with what appetite you may,—and hunger is good sauce,—you lay yourself down resignedly on one of the aforesaid tempting heaps, and soon experience the composing effect of weariness and repletion combined; but just as your eyes are closing, in rush the whole posse—postmaster and men, Soorajees, Cahwajees, aspirants, stable boys and all, with any superannuated veterans or unemployed individuals of the caste about the town—who look to having their repast and comforts as you have had yours. This having been devoured, *cum multo strepitu*, and some of the understrappers having cleared away the wreck, with the trays on which it was served, you may see—for your eyes are by this time wide enough open—the *artiste*, who so respectfully served you with coffee, brewing a fresh brew. This he hands in due form to the good company, himself taking the last rich cup, with all the grounds, and sipping it like any bey or pasha. This being performed, he fills and lights his own pipe, and squats down like a gentleman that has performed his duty, helping himself out of any bag—your own, perhaps—that happens to be next him; a freedom which is followed by the rest; and there they all sit enveloped in a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, out of which, like the muttering of thunder from a stormy sky, comes the incessant gabble of their tongues; one fellow swears, another roars out a good story, a third contradicts him flatly, then up rises one, and squatting himself alongside the fire, or close beside your lair, begins to put his foot-gear to rights, pulling off and putting on his boots and rags of stockings: another washes his hands and feet, Mussulman fashion, and squats himself down to prayers at your very elbow; while a third holds a loud remonstrative altercation with the Tatar on some disputed point or fact."

The annoyances, with other odious accompaniments, which address themselves to the eyes, the nostrils, and the ears, must form a picture, as our author expresses himself, "too broadly in the Ostede style to please most amateurs."

Still the postmaster and his myrmidons are the parties that are really at home, and that are disturbed. "They are turned out," says Mr. F., "to make room for you; it is their place you occupy, their beds you try to sleep upon, their fleas and crawlers which you are treacherously enticing away with your own fresh blood: so what right have you to complain?" At the same time, bad as things were in Turkey and Armenia, Koordistan presented scenes of an analogous nature that were far worse; thanks to the war in which Turkey and Persia had been engaged, and the subsequent wanton devastations of the Russians; these

several and accumulated curses having robbed the people of every semblance of comfort. And here a companion picture to the last quoted, though of more repulsive aspect, may be appropriately introduced.

Our author and his friend having been obliged in Koordistan, by the mastery of the snow and the refractory spirit of certain guides, to take a retrograde journey of a most harassing kind, at length found themselves, when a hill side threatened to be their lodging for the night, saluted by a full chorus of half-a-hundred monstrosly fierce dogs, who were guarding a flock of sheep before their master's door, a sort of invisible subterranean den or burrow being the dwelling, from which fellows as wild as the canine tribe emerged. Considerable difficulty was experienced in regard to getting admission even to such wretched shelter as the place could afford; and when admitted into the dark gulf, among an assembly of cows, horses, sheep, goats and human beings, where however, an old man with a long white beard, "who might have represented the shepherd of Lot or Abraham," received them kindly, there was nothing but a little bread to allay hunger. At the same time it was announced that a sheep might be killed if it was desired. We must at the risk of straitening ourselves during the remainder of the paper, let Mr. Fraser's sketch be quoted exactly as he has given it:—

"What! a whole sheep?" said I. "To be sure," said they; "there are plenty to eat it, and then you will have enough for to-morrow's breakfast;" and while Bonham and I were considering about it, the victim in person which they had got all ready for the anticipated demand, was paraded in by two fellows to be bargained for. There it stood, poor thing! a perfect image of patient meekness, in the hands of its owner, who was feeling its flesh and praising its condition as knowingly as ever a Smithfield grazer. It was rather too cool a thing thus to serve up to you the living creature of which in half an hour you were to eat a chop: but urgent circumstances call for strong measures: we ordered the animal away, desiring the Tartar to see if he could agree about its price. About five minutes after this, my companion inquired whether we were to have the sheep or not. "Wullah! it is killed and skinned already!" was the reply: "how will you have it dressed?" "Oh! kebabs, to be sure," replied one of our guards taking up the speech; and although I endeavoured to elip in a hint about a pillow, it appeared that the wherewithal for that comfortable dish was utterly wanting; so kebabs were agreed to; and in less than half an hour from the moment when the creature, 'full of lusty life,' had made its appearance before us—before we had discussed a pot of hot coffee I had made to please the rogues, in came two immense rude dishes, full of half-scorched goblets of its flesh, swimming in the melted fat of its own tail! These were placed upon a huge sheet of leather, stained with the relics of a thousand feasts, and to it we all fell—guards, Tatar, tchelebees, host, and all. It was a most atrocious proceeding on the whole; but tender consciences will not do for travellers, and hunger is a famous sauce: the dishes were cleared in a twinkling, and many grunts and '*Alhumdu-illahi*' attested the satisfaction produced by the fragments of the poor surprised victim. Here then behold us, after all our perils by snow and by drift, fairly installed in a little wild Koordish village, the first Europeans probably ever seen there, and very tolerably entertained by a parcel of ruffians, who, could they have met us in the open field in force enough to overpower us, would have cut our throats remorselessly, for the sake of our property; here we were, hail fellows well met! bandying jokes with all the rogues of the place. I wish some of our 'fine' friends could just have taken a peep into a magic mirror, and got a glimpse of our wild-looking party, seated, as it was, round a fire of

cowdung and dry weeds, in our dungeon cavern, lighted up with one of my 'wax-ends.' The old chief of the village was an admirable figure, with breeches that would put the trunk-hose of a dozen ancient Dutchmen to shame; his blue-checked *kiurk* or jacket, great slovenly turban overhanging his huge features, a nose like that in 'Shawkenbergius's Tale,' and patriarchal white beard,—long, verily, shall I remember Ismael of Kamerjok, for so were the worthy and his village named.

After having passed the mountains, and got beyond the snow-storms of Armenia and Koordistan, Mr. Fraser found his journey to Tehran still bad and harassing in every way. He has still, to be sure, his Tatar with him; but in Persia the state of the roads was wretched, while the country was overrun with thieves and banditti, rendering travelling precarious. At length the party emerged from a sort of gorge at the bottom of a valley, near Siadegn, and was greeted by the first symptoms of approaching spring: "and, oh," says our traveller, "how delicious they were to our winter-buffetted souls! The quiet-stealing little emerald tint of some small shoot of grass, issuing from the dry tufts, was the first thing that attracted my notice; and this was so plentiful in one spot as to give a slight tinge of green." Other increasing symptoms, such as some white sparkling flowers, which so enchanted the author that he sprang from his horse to dig up the little beauties from their hard bed, the tempered breath which the wind blew, the carolling of larks, and the ordinary intimations of life and joy, produced such a sense of deliverance as to allow his naturally buoyant spirit to burst forth, and give eloquent utterances to his ecstasy.

We must now close the first volume and have done with the journey to Tehran. In the second, subjects of far higher public interest occupy the author than what during his rapid race towards the scenes to be described, especially in the depth of winter, could possibly engage him; the wonder being that he could really make so much of monotonous snow, haste and hardship as he has done. Still in this second volume, which contains much that throws light upon the present condition of Persia, and of its frontiers—and much that enables the reader to understand the amount and nature of disorganization, of bitter animosities and of prevailing misery that distract the empire, actually threatening its dismemberment, furnishing at the same time a key to some of the most palpable causes of this state of affairs—there is no lack of personal adventure, spirit-stirring anecdotes and startling sketches. There are, however, in this part of the publication, numerous specimens of over-wrought matter, such as must have been visible enough in the passages already quoted; a fault which the author's very extensive information, long cultivated knowledge of Persian life, and book-making usage, not overlooking a self-complacency agreeably allied to good humour, would appear to have rendered inveterate. But we shall endeavour, in our remaining selections, to present some of the passages and descriptions that are in themselves most characteristic of the people and country referred to, as well as a few of those which at this moment seem to bear upon grave matters of a political and international complexion.

One thing seems to be fully indicated, viz: that on the frontiers of Persia at least, the strongest hatred is entertained against the Russians, which must strike our own countrymen the more forcibly, when considered as contrasted with the favourable feelings generally cherished towards the British. We quote one passage which bears upon this subject:

"Perhaps it may be because the injuries they have sustained from Russia are the most recent, as well as because they were inflicted by *Kauffers*, unbelievers, that the

Koords seem to abhor them most. Most obvious, indeed, was this smothered hatred, although the people generally, and their chiefs in particular, are too proud to give vent to complaints which can only betray their weakness. I found all the great people I spoke to rather shy upon the subject,—it was too painful to bear its being touched upon; but many of the inferiors, particularly those who could converse in Persian, spoke out, and described with much energy how bitter were the feelings of the Koords, though restrained by a consciousness of their own weakness.—Who indeed can look upon the ruins of Bayazeed, and doubt that the hearts of every Koord and Armenian must burn for the insults they have suffered at the hands of Paskevitch and his myrmidons.

Many of the worst evils which have recently overtaken the people of Persia, have arisen from the policy of the late monarch Futeh Aleé Shah, in that he quartered many individuals of his family—sons by his unprecedented number of wives, sons in law, and grand-children, as governors upon the provinces and districts of the empire. The civil broils and internal wars that immediately sprung from this system on the death of the monarch who established the same, and the still worse grievances which were propagated, and continue to be upheld over the whole empire by an almost numberless crew of petty extortioners, have brought the nation to the verge of ruin, to the point of apparent dissolution. This allotment system has not been solely confined to the principal provinces; and even in such a case it is quite clear that the consequences would have been disastrous to a great extent. But when this most expensive mode of providing for the royal progeny comes to be adopted on the widest scale that was ever heard of—when every town and district, nay, every village, is assigned to one or other of these royal scions, some idea, as our author expresses himself, may be entertained of the exhausting effect of such a system upon the revenues of the nation. He continues—

“Nor is this all—each of these princes, taking example by his father or grandfather, must have a huge harem filled with women of all sorts—a perfect hot-house of profligacy, and a nursery for innumerable growing evils in the shape of more young Shazadehs. To estimate the expense of such harems would be scarcely possible, and still less so to calculate the extent of mischief they propagate. Not only are the established revenues of the country wasted to support these extravagant establishments, so that scarcely a toman reaches the royal treasury, but the peasantry are racked to the uttermost to supply the extortion of their rulers, and the still more exorbitant cravings of their unprincipled servants; and thus are the resources of the country fruitlessly exhausted, its agriculture destroyed, its commerce embarrassed and obstructed, the roads infested with robbers, security to person and property annihilated, and, above all, the morals of its people, by being subjected to a system of violence which generates a proneness to falsehood and deceit, become almost irrecoverably corrupted—all to feed the sensuality and vice of a race of royal drones, the most profligate and depraved, and the most noxious to their country, that perhaps any land and age have ever produced. The most obvious consequence of this state of things is a thorough and universal detestation of all the Kajar race. This was strongly enough expressed when I last passed through the country, but now it appears to be a prevalent feeling in every heart, and the theme of every tongue, excepting those of the immediate dependants of the royal family.”

If our regular readers or subscribers will look back to our review of Mr. Fraser's “Persian Princes,” they will obtain some further information regarding the number, the character, and the broils of these hopeful sprouts and offshoots of a royal debauchee. But as the details of an in-

dividual and single case leave a deeper impression than when general terms and round numbers, however large, are used, we shall select the following, which relates to Jehangeer Merza, brother of the present Persian king:—

“A sooltaun, or captain in one of the regular regiments of Azerbaijan, and a favourite with Abbas Meerza on account of certain important services he had performed, had received from that prince, on his return home, a remission of the government dues upon his village, to either the whole or half of their amount, which was about four hundred tomana. But Jehangeer Merza, who was left governor of the province in the absence of his father and brother, so far from paying regard to this document, sent to levy the full demand. The order was resisted, upon the plea of the Prince Royal's acquaintance; but Jehangeer, who wanted money, sent certain gholams to enforce payment. Their insolence in executing this duty so exasperated not only the sooltaun but the villagers, that they rose on the gholams, and beat and drove them from the place. But Jehangeer was not the man to permit resistance to his orders; he resolved to inflict a signal punishment; and on pretext of considering the village (which was in the district of Selmas) in rebellion, he sent a detachment of troops with certain of his confidential officers, who surrounded the place, and took prisoners the whole family of the sooltaun, except himself, who, with one wife and a child, escaped on a powerful horse to the country of the Hakkaree Koords, close by. The rest, with the chief of the villagers, and their wives and families, were all carried prisoners to Khoeé, their houses and properties being plundered or destroyed. Arrived at Khoeé, and brought before the prince, he ordered the whole party to be divided into three lots—the men, the women, and the children, separately. The heads of the former were struck off at once; the females, after being given over to the soldiery and furoches, were likewise put to death, or had their lives spared secretly by being made slaves of. Accounts differ as to the treatment of the children; but you may imagine that the tender mercy evinced towards them partook of that displayed towards their parents. The sooltaun lives to feel and to revenge, no doubt, at a fitting time, the massacre of his family.”

It is to us matter of marvel that even the name of Shah, or the slightest acknowledgement of a sovereignty, should exist in a nation oppressed by such a host of tyrants, and torn by so many unprincipled competitors. Every reader of the newspapers, indeed, must remember the disorders that broke out on the death of the late Shah, who appointed a grandson, the reigning monarch, as his successor, whom England and Russia supported and enabled to retain the throne.

This prince and king, though a sort of respectable fool, is unquestionably the best of Futeh Aleé Shah's descendants. His private character, and his devotion to the interests of his country would do honour to an abler man. Take Mr. Fraser's sketch of Mohammed Meerza:—

“In appearance the prince has less to recommend him than many others of his very handsome race. He is stout—rather too much so; his features approaching coarseness, but well provided with that remarkable family attribute, the beard. He speaks thick, and, as one might be apt to think, somewhat affectedly; but his tone is pleasant, and I at least found him gracious and smiling in his manner, void of all that blustering assumption of greatness which is so offensive in many of the royal family. I believe, indeed, it is the Prince's nature to be gracious; but at this particular time it was his interest to conciliate the English; and though I carefully avoided and disclaimed all pretensions to an official character, his knowledge that I had brought out despatches to the Envoy, and was soon to return to England, rendered him naturally desirous

show me favour. Receiving me at all, indeed, under all circumstances, after a fatiguing march, with the business of the succeeding day to arrange, and a march of twenty-eight miles in prospect for the morning, was a strong proof of his good will. The audience was unusually long, although, as the Prince entered on no topics of business, the subjects of interest were limited; and, in fact, his rapid manner of utterance rendered it rather difficult for a stranger to follow him; and I was more than once forced to put his highness to the trouble of repeating his words.

"He inquired much about the members both of the late and of the present administration in England, particularly about the Duke of Wellington, and what he was doing: of the powers of Europe, how they stood with each other; of the war of Portugal and Spain. He praised the province of Khorasan; entered into a sort of discussion regarding its superiority to Azerbaijan and Irak, which I rather questioned; and in short he did what a prince so placed might do to support a conversation which paucity of subject on the one hand, and deference, combined with a lack of facility in expression on the other, tended to render heavy. At last, darkness having closed in, the hour of prayer came to his relief, and he dismissed me, saying, that he must retire to his devotions."

Mohammed Meerza's principal minister, and, indeed, master, the Kaymookam, (the prince was at the period of our author's visit only heir apparent) obtains, together with his business habits, and conversations with him, much more lengthened notices; but these and many others we must pass over; that we may introduce a few passages that speak loudly as to the wretched condition of the country, the destitution of the people, and the depression of spirit that seems everywhere to prevail. In fact, the change to the worse in the places familiar to the author years ago, which he has described in a former work, far exceeded what he anticipated. For example, behold a picture of the capital of Khorassan, of Mushed the Holy, the chief seat of the Sheah faith:—

"On first entering the city, I had remarked, both in the avenues leading to the gates for the length of a fursuck outside, and in the streets and lanes through which I passed, a prodigious number of beggars; but I had no conception of the swarms that really existed here. Hundreds and thousands of the most miserable squalid objects beset every approach to the shrine, way-laying the pilgrims who flock to worship, principally in the evening. Old men and women in the most abject states of want, and wretchedness, and sickness, pressed upon us at every step, beseeching for relief in the name of all the Imauns; but what was that—what was all the misery of manhood, or even of age, to the sufferings of withering childhood and helpless infancy! The way was actually strewn with creatures that could not, many of them, be more than from three to four years old; not standing or sitting by the way side, but grovelling in the dust and dirt, naked, like the vermin we were treading under foot. Living skeletons they were; more like the starved young of animals than human creatures; there they lay, strewn in the very paths, so that you could scarcely help trampling on them; some crying and sending forth piteous petitions, with their little half-quenched voices, for help—for bread! others silent, lying like dead things, or only giving symptoms of life by the sobs that would now and then issue from their little breasts, or the shudders of pain that shook their wasted frames. Some sat listless and motionless, with half closed eyes, and countenances on which death seemed already to have put his seal; while the wolf-like glare from the sunken eyes of others, gave terrible evidence of the pangs of hunger which gnawed them. Many of these wretched little creatures could not, as I have said, be more than from three to four years old; yet, though hardly able to speak, and left

at that infantine age, alone in the world, to live or to die—deprived, by accident, or famine, of all relatives, misery and want seemed to have sharpened their faculties to an astonishing degree of precocity, for you heard them squeaking out sounds which conveyed a petition for food. 'Has this miserable little creature no one to look after it?' asked I of some bystanders in one of these pathways, and pointing to a thing which lay, utterly naked, in the dust, more like a large frog, or starved puppy, than one of the children of men. 'Who should it have but God?' was the reply. 'Good Heavens!' said I, 'it is lying here to die then?'—'Oh, no, they don't die.' 'How! what does it do? how does it live then?' said I. 'The passers-by give it a piece of copper money, or a bit of bread,' said one of the men, 'and at night it creeps into a hole: there are hundreds, ay, thousands that do the same: see what a number of them are about us now.' 'But how can that infant know the use of money?' said I. 'Oh! well enough,' replied he; 'give it a copper coin, and it will go and get bread.' I gave the creature a little piece of silver, and it clutched it with a grasp that sufficiently proved it to be accustomed to the use of money, and uttered some sound which it had probably been taught, as indicative of thanks; but it remained still lying where it was, I know not whether from weakness or waiting for similar donations from others; for by this time a perfect multitude of the most miserable and disgusting objects that imagination can conceive, had gathered round me,—tottering old women, whose rags scarce covered a fifth part of their frames; men, both old and young, perfect walking skeletons; blear-eyed boys and girls carrying things like starved cats in their arms, all squalling out for bread or money. What I had, I gave, and then made away with all the speed from the sight of wretchedness which I had no power to relieve or even to alleviate; for the numbers rendered all present aid unavailing, and the Orientals, though generally charitable, have no sort of system in their mode of bestowing alms. For half a mile I was pursued by this crowd of spectres, but though at last I made my escape from their sighs, it was far less easy to escape from the sickness of heart which so extraordinary an exhibition of human misery had created. To witness the sufferings of men and women, is bad enough; but that of childhood, of helpless infancy, particularly when to relieve it is beyond one's power, is what I cannot endure. Never shall I forget this day in Mushed."

A large proportion of these appear to have been the residue of Toorkoman prisoners, after massacre had been satiated in 1830, during the expeditions of the Prince Royal, the late Abbas Meerza, whose early death must be felt to be the more lamentable after reading the following particulars of his clemency:—

"Dr. Gerrard, who was at Mushed when the prisoners were brought in, recognized among them a young man, who had been the instrument of preserving the liberty, if not the lives, of Captain Barnes and himself. It appears, that during the passage of these gentlemen through the Desert, from Bockhara to Mushed, it had been deliberated in this young man's tribe, whether they should be seized or permitted to pass: upon which he instantly stepped forward, drew his sword, and said, that if the slightest molestation was to be offered to these persons it must be after putting him to death, for that he was pledged for their safety, and would redeem his pledge should it cost him his life. Macneil, without hesitation, applied to the Prince Royal for the release of this individual, as a boon that would be very gratifying to his Royal Highness's friends, and which might prove the cause of saving lives in future in similar cases, and the Prince at once complied. Some time afterwards Macneil saw the young man along with Dr. Gerrard, and congratulated him on his escape, while

applauding him for the conduct that had obtained it; but he was surprised to the young Toorkoman by no means responded to his congratulations, and on inquiring the cause he replied, 'You have set me at liberty—but of what value is that to me while there remain in bonds at Mushed my father and mother, old people—two more of my father's wives—the widow and child of my brother was killed—and my own wife and child?—I cannot leave them, and of what use is liberty to me?' This was a touching and interesting tale; but what hope was there that the Prince, who was bitter against the Toorkomans, would listen to a request for the release of so many? Macneil was staggered; but at length resolved, at least, to mention the circumstance to his Royal Highness, and state the young man's resolution not to abandon them. It is gratifying to think that his boldness was successful. The Prince, to his honour, on hearing the story, inquired, 'Has the young man any more of his relations here?—if so, let him name them, for every one he declares to belong to him shall be free—he deserves it for his spirit and right feeling.' Then, sending for the youth, he said, 'Remember my friend, it is the English that have set you at liberty, not me. I have done it for their sakes—but you seem to be a fine trustworthy fellow; here is a *rukum* from me—if you choose to earn an honest livelihood by bringing in caravans as guide and guard, *Bismillah!* this will protect you—but mind my words, if you are caught *chuppoung*, you shall have no more mercy shown you than another.'

Contrast this with an anecdote of a native Khan, one of a class who, in the exercise of an independent and a rebellious spirit, serve greatly to oppress and distract the provinces. After having been told by our author that Mahomed Khan Karawec is one of the most polite, well-bred, and eloquently plausible persons alive, but that his cruelties are of the most treacherous and wanton description, some instances are given; that which we quote forms one of these:—

"On another occasion, when in his bath, his bathing attendant, or barber took the opportunity to dilate to the Khan upon the straitened state of his circumstances, and to complain sadly of his large family, for whom he was at the greatest loss to provide. 'How many have you?' inquired the Khan. 'Nine or ten,' whined the barber. 'Well, bring them to me when I leave the bath: and I will see whether I cannot provide for some of them,' said the Khan. Away went the barber, overjoyed at what he doubted not was a grand stroke of good fortune; but it so happened that with the view of exaggerating his distress, and further moving the Khan's compassion, he had overstated the number of his progeny; so, to make up the tale, he borrowed from his relatives a sufficient number, and carried them, as well as his own, to wait upon the Khan. '*Barikullah!*' said the Khan, casting his eye upon the children, 'you have done well. Are these all?'—'All protector of the poor,' responded the shaver. 'Very well,' said the Khan, and beckoning to an agent of the Toorkomans who was by, coolly sold the whole lot to him before the poor man's eyes. The real parents, as well as the barber himself, were too much thunderstruck at first to speak or move; but when the Toorkoman merchant began to lead their little ones away, they awoke from their trance, and the truth came out.—'These are *our* children' cried they: 'dust on our heads! they are *ours*; give us them back!' 'No, no!' said the Khan, 'that's nonsense; they are the barber's, they are all the barber's—he is happy no doubt, poor man, to be so well rid of them.'"

We quote one other picture of Persian distress, where the destitution of the sufferers seems to have been equalled by a melancholy resignation:

"In one part of the garden I saw a man employed with

an iron hook, in the almost hopeless task of clearing a little spot of earth from the gigantic weeds that grew there. He told me he was the gardener; that he was trying to make a clean spot, for some vegetables, in order to give food to his family, for he could get nothing else to give them. He had been seven years in that garden, he said, but for the last four he had received no wages, and had no means of getting bread. The fruit had failed, and had there been any crop, there was no one to buy it; the scarcity had deprived men of the means to procure even the necessaries of life. 'Why,' said I, 'do you go on working without wages? why not remove to some better place?' 'Where is it?' was the reply; 'all places are alike, or worse to me; and many of us rather stay here and die, than make an attempt to leave their old homes; we have neither the heart nor the strength to move.' While we were speaking, a pretty little girl, of about seven, came up crying; and taking hold of her father's knees, said something to him which I did not understand. 'There,' said he, 'she is one of six; she is asking for bread, and I have none to give her; she is hungry, poor thing; so are they all: they have had nothing to-day, and I have nothing for them; every thing I had I sold, to buy food. I had carpets and mumuds and clothes, but piece by piece all went; then I sold our mattresses, and next the coverlids; we have nothing to cover us now; see, I have no shoes—nothing on my feet; and look at her!' In truth, the poor little thing was almost naked. 'At last,' continued he, 'I was forced to sell even the lock that was on my door, and then the door itself. I have nothing left now. God is great!'

"Now this man was no beggar; he never asked for money, never hinted at his poverty, till I entered into the story of his occupations, and drew him out. It was a place where no strangers were likely to come; he could have expected no one; therefore, it was no scene got up for show. 'When I gave the little girl some money, the man looked surprised, and bade her kiss my hand. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of persons in a similar condition—enough and to spare of such distress in Mushed. I have seen a good deal of Persia, but I never witnessed any thing like it before there or elsewhere.'

With two notices, each of a more lightsome character than the foregoing, we shall close our extracts. The first relates to a peculiar method of measuring water in districts where that element is scarce and therefore exceedingly precious, and where a system of irrigation by means of subterranean canals and otherwise has long been practised:—

"I was amused to-day with seeing the way they have of measuring out the water of the little stream to its different owners. It is divided into *wuzuns*, or measures, which are the property of individuals, and as such may be bought and sold. These are meted out by time; but having no clocks or watches they use a brass vessel with a hole in the bottom, which being placed floating on a pool in the stream, fills gradually in a certain time, and then sinks. The water is permitted to run to each man's field during the filling of this basin for a certain number of times, corresponding with his property in it; and this measures the extent of his cultivation."

Our second and last extract conveys an idea of the rapidity with which the Toorkomans furnish a lodging for their guests, where no sort of erection existed before:—

"In the course of half an hour, as we sat under our shade, we observed one of their wooden houses proceeding, as if self-moved, along the plain, from a distant cluster, and approaching to where we were. But as this singular phenomenon came near, we detected the twinkle of many feet beneath it, and discovered that it was our friend the Beg,

who, with half a dozen people, was thus bringing an old house upon his shoulders for our private accommodation; and there they placed it, right in the middle of the plain, just as you would put a bell-glass over a plant—all tight and ready; and into it strait we walked, and found it a most comfortable concern. The black felt walls were lifted a little from the ground on all sides, to admit the soft breeze, and there we were at once pleasantly housed."

In regard to Mr. Fraser's travels detailed in these volumes, we have only further to mention that they extended to various parts not noticed by us; that he was baffled as to some of his intended routes; that he returned to Tehran; caught a fever; and then proceeded to Tabreez,—a future work being referred to, in which his journey through certain eastern provinces of ancient renown, but scarcely ever before trodden by modern Europeans, will be detailed.

We might have extended our notices to a much greater length, relative to matters which at this moment possess for Englishmen an engrossing interest, and presented sketches not only of the Persian court and of the more influential classes in the nation, but have given a much fuller account of the evils of war on the frontiers, of foreign intrigue and of domestic misrule, of alarm, poverty, and degradation. The picture as it stands in our pages is, however, harrowing enough as a whole, and dreadful in almost all its details. Captivity, famine, disease, and ruin, reign and riot. Exaction, robbery, rebellion, and conflicts of every desperate description, predominate,—every thing appearing to indicate a speedy organic change, or at least a necessity for vigilance on the part of England in behalf of her own rights and interests; for if this country slackens or forgets to urge her energies, Russia will not be supine, nor slow to take advantage of the interval; she is eager to interfere.

To the volumes before us themselves, numbers will of course resort, had they no other claims upon public favour and admiration than generally belongs to mere literary skill employed on a work of adventurous travel. But the occasion is greater than ordinary, the information desired unusually important, and the quantity as well as quality furnished arousing and remarkable.

*From the United Service Journal.*

#### A LETTER FROM THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

FROM AN OFFICER OF THE FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT,  
ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

Camp, Falls of Niagara, Aug., 1838.

MR. EDITOR—The privilege of dating my letter from this truly romantic spot is, perhaps, my most immediate motive for writing it; and, in addressing it to yourself, I am actuated by the feeling that he who caters so ably and so largely for the instruction and amusement of our migratory community has the best right to the contents of the military pilgrim's wallet.

The regiment, which, after its winter march from New Brunswick, had been cantoned in the small towns on the River Richelieu, found itself at length, on the 1st of June, in comfortable quarters at Montreal; and our heavy baggage having, after an absence of six months, joined us by sea, we began to flatter ourselves that we might now smooth our ruffled feathers, and shake ourselves into a tolerably permanent nest.

However, on the 30th of the same month, at six in the morning, we received a sudden order to move forthwith to

Kingston, Upper Canada. Accordingly, once more taking leave of our women, children, sick, and baggage, precisely as the cathedral clock struck nine, A. M., the corps marched out of barracks.

The left wing proceeded by the River Ottawa and Rideau Canal, a long and tedious route; the right wing, to which I belonged, took the line of the St. Lawrence, and making a sort of amphibious march—by steam where the river was navigable, and by land where the rapids rendered it impassable—reached Kingston on Lake Ontario on the 3rd July.

The regiment halted only one night *en route* at Cornwall, a town whose name, language, and inhabitants, reminded us that we were now in Upper Canada. The shrill "*sacres*" and "*marche donec*" of the French Canadian no longer grated upon the ear; and, instead of the puny, swarthy, stove-dried, and monkey-like Jean Baptiste, we encountered a sturdy, florid, and grave-meanoured race, evidently drawing their characteristics from Scotland. Even here, however, the odious nasal twang of the Yankees has crept across the water, together with an incivility of manner which is not of the old country.

Cornwall appears to be a thriving town. In my rambles among the neighbouring small farms and cottages, I remarked no dilapidation of buildings, no squalor of person, or other proof of poverty; except, indeed, when I stumbled upon the retreat of some "poor exile of Erin," whose habits of dirt and improvidence are as duly imported as another article more necessary to immigration.

Above Cornwall our steamers encountered, and with great difficulty overcame, some dangerous rapids. In some points the descent or *plane* of the stream was very apparent to the eye. The boat in which I was, became more than once, in spite of its vigorous paddling, wholly stationary; and our comrade vessel, being fairly overmatched, was obliged to employ horses and cattle to assist her boilers.

We passed, within stones throw, many lovely islands, whose rich foliage drooped gracefully into the water in unpruned luxuriance, the rapids that hem them in protecting them from the axe and plough of *improving* and dollar-making man. Other less happily but more usefully situated isles, are cleared and inhabited, and dotted gracefully enough with flocks and herds.

During the night of the 2d July we threaded the far-famed group of "The Thousand Isles," rendered laterally still more famous as the rendezvous of the notorious pirate and outlaw, Bill Johnson. As I stood on deck admiring their clustering forests, silvered with moonlit dew, or glancing occasionally with a feeling of awe into their dismal fastnesses, I almost expected, certainly wished, to see the swift, lead-coloured chaloupes of the bold buccaneer dart from the deep shade of some gloomy isle, and, unsuspecting the Tartar-like freight of the "Brockville," attempt her capture. Rumour has attempted to throw a halo of romance round this ruffian hero, his four stalwart sons and beautiful Amazonian daughter figuring as the leading characters. In truth there is a mystery in his mode of life, and a wild beauty in his locality, that might afford no inappropriate materials for the imagination of a Cooper to work upon. Bill Johnson has shown no little sagacity in the choice of his retreat. In his impervious labyrinth of islands, protected by dangerous rapids, he is perfectly secure from all external assault.

The sojourn of the regiment at Kingston proved of short duration. On the morning of the 6th July we received, joyfully enough, an order to advance to the Niagara frontier, to occupy a line of country hitherto almost entirely defended by militia and volunteers. Accordingly, with the usual despatch that has of late attended our move-



ments, we embarked the same evening with Sir John Colborne (who arrived that day from the lower Province,) on board the *Great Britain* steamer; our force consisting of the right wing of the regiment (we did not wait for the left wing,) a detachment of artillery with two guns, and a party of sappers and miners, with camp-equipage for 1000 men. The "*Great Britain*" steam-boat, on board of which we passed the night paddling across Lake Ontario, is a splendid vessel, mounting on her main deck no fewer than 112—not *guns*, but berths. She might have accommodated twice the number of our party.

On the morning of the 7th July, neither shore of the great fresh-water Mediterranean was visible from our deck; but towards mid-day the American line of land lay low, flat and woody, under our lee. There were no mountains within eye-range; not even a hill, by way of back-ground. The water of the lake was coloured like the sea in soundings. Not a breeze ruffled its surface, not a bird flitted across it; but occasional sturgeons were seen gamboling near the strand.

About four p. m., whilst our band made these unaccustomed shores echo to the strains of "God save the Queen," we rounded the point of land on which stands the United States Fort Niagara, and entered the celebrated river of that name. It was like turning from the King's highway into a narrow cross-road, and the smoothness of one and the roughness of the other would complete the simile.

On the opposite side of the strait is the ruinous British Fort George. The Cross of St. George and the "Stars and Stripes" wave within a short half mile of each other.

Under a burning sky we now landed near the Canadian fortress, and, having formed on the shore, marched up to a green plain sprinkled with trees, where we diligently set about encamping for the night. Meanwhile a Samaritan old soldier, who has erected his permanent bivouac, in this beautiful neighbourhood, came among us, and, uttering the cabalistic words "claret in ice," quickly drew the greater part of the officers after him. We found a most civilized circle, graced by several fair ladies, to whom, fortunately, our band proved a welcome novelty.

The suddenness and rapidity of our movement from Montreal had led us to expect something more than a mere change of quarters in our advance to Niagara. All is quiet, however; and, since the affair of "The Short Hills," no aggression on the part of the Americans has taken place, except occasional *gunning* at the sentries across the strait. This, however, is quite an international *badinage*. A Yankee is as handy with his rifle as is a German with his pipe; the former fires his piece, and the latter smokes his meerschaum, with equal *sang froid*.

The following morning at daylight, we struck our tents, and, embarking once more in a steamer, boated up the river about seven miles. As we proceeded the banks increased in height, and became beautifully wooded, the stream varying from one-half to one-quarter mile in width. Beyond Queenston the Niagara river, from its great rapidity, is not navigable for steam-boats. Under this town we therefore disembarked, and, leaving behind us the flat, alluvial plain, which was formerly, perhaps, covered by the waters of Lake Ontario, we toiled up the rocky heights of Queenston—scene of the bloody battle of that name in 1812—and, passing close under the monument of the gallant Brock, continued our march along the level tableland which extends from this eminence to Lake Erie. Remains of the British works are plainly visible on the crest of the hill. The position is most formidable; and one cannot but admire the hardihood that prompted the Americans to the attack. A New York "Guide" thus laconically notices the affair of Queenston Heights:—"The Americans continued in possession but a few hours, when they re-crossed the river." The plain and *old En-*

glish of which is, that they were hurled headlong down the rocky precipice at point of bayonet; and those who were not killed, drowned or taken, did certainly "re-cross the river" with most undignified despatch.

The cliffs are at this point about 360 feet high, and the turbid stream, sole vent for the waters of the great western lakes, supposed to contain half the fresh water of the globe, rushes madly through the narrow gorge. The whole of this vast tribute to the ocean is poured over the Falls of Niagara. A theory mooted the recession of the Great Cataracts from this spot to their present position is not, I think, too extravagant. Philosophers build upon this the probability that in lapse of time the Falls will retrograde to Lake Erie, when that noble, though not very deep, inland sea must be drained.

Our route from Queenston was very beautiful and very exciting: and if it were possible for an officer to enjoy himself on a line of march, with infantry soldiers in complete marching order, under a temperature of 120°, this day's journey would have been to me most enjoyable. How rich the foliage of the solemn forests! How luxuriant the crops of grain! The clumps of English-looking trees, tastefully left to stud the cultivated plain, gave the idea of travelling through one continued park. In no part of the Canadas have I noted a similar aspect for the picturesque. It is a wholesome feeling that the foreign scenes most fascinating to the traveller are those which most strongly remind him of home!

Within a mile of our destination we crossed Lundy's Lane, a sandy ravine leading up to an elevation which formed the key of the English position in the battle of 1814. It was the scene of a most obstinate and bloody conflict—epithets that we may safely predict will be applicable to any future encounter in which the old English mastiff and its recreant but well grown whelp may have a bone to fight for.

Marching through the pretty little village of Drummondville, and debouching from a straggling grove of Spanish chesnuts, we descended upon a verdant plateau, whose extreme verge is scarped by a precipitous bank some 200 feet in depth, thickly clothed with magnificent trees. Above their topmost branches the mist and sunbow of the Great Cataract spanned the heavens; and through their foliage we caught the first glimpse of that wonder of the world, within musket-shot of which it was now our singular fortune to pitch our tents.

I never betook myself to regimental duties with a worse grace than when recalled by bugle from my first entranced interview with Niagara; and I well remember the feeling, as I turned away from the Falls, that it was impossible I should find them in the same form on a future visit. Yet in truth they are the very type of unchange! In their eternal thunder there is no interval of silence—there is no rest in their ceaseless *cadence*.<sup>\*</sup> Centuries note no variation, no shadow of turning in Niagara.

Following the not unusual custom of tourists, I ought perhaps now, having first declared Niagara to be utterly indescribable, to set to work vigorously and verbosely in its description; but, in good sooth, it is a subject that might well daunt the most adventurous pen or the most daring pencil. I will, therefore, only devote a few lines as a record of first impressions; in doing which I should not be surprised if I fell unguardedly into the very solecism for which I have just been quizzing my precursors. My preconceived notion of the Falls of Niagara (how often have I pictured them to myself!) proved, I need scarcely say, very wide of reality. The river is very much narrower, the cliffs higher and more wooded, and the landscape more generally luxuriant, than I had expected. I

\* An old author's term for the falls.



was not prepared for the singularly abrupt turn of the stream ere its fall—a turn which fortunately presents nearly the whole front of the two cataracts to the spectator on the Canadian shore, nor for the half mile of boisterous rapids that wrinkle the face of the river above the Falls. It is impossible that the notorious *Caroline* steamer could have reached the great crescent in a state of integrity; these glorious rapids, which come onwards, leaping, roaring and exulting, like an army of hoary giants, must have torn the little craft to shreds as she passed through them.

I imagined Goat Island, which divides the Great Horse-shoe from the American fall, to be a mere rock, and on actual inspection was happy to confess that I had wronged a beautifully wooded isle of seventy-five acres in extent.

Then again the sound, the sound! Have I not had it hammered into my brain that the voice of Niagara is heard at once on Lakes Erie and Ontario? The truth is, that the cataract is often scarcely audible at the distance of half a mile, the great elevation of the overhanging banks and the woody surface of the surrounding country smothering its tones. But, as the aspect of the falls varies wonderfully with the season and weather in which they are viewed, so is their sound modulated by the state of the atmosphere. During the busy hours of day a sullen murmur is all that reaches the camp, but in the silence of night the floods lift up their voices in full concert, and the walls and windows of my cottage, 800 yards from the river, tremble almost as palpably as the deck of a steamboat in motion. The silver spray, which, so long as the sun is above the horizon, seems to pay some deference to his power, rides triumphant on the damp air of evening, and distils a soft shower that sometimes assumes all the penetrating importance of a "Scotch mist." The surrounding vegetation seems most grateful for this supplemental rain, wearing the joyous liveliness of summer long after the distant forests are putting on the more sober colours of autumn.

Sensitive travellers have bewailed the sacrilegious erection of huge hotels on a spot that should be sacred to the sublime and beautiful; and I must admit that, in my previous dreams of Niagara, these places of public carousing rose up as nightmares of horror. The neighbouring country, however, is so *full dress*, and its culture so manifestly confesses the presence of man, that these tall, columned, and terraced edifices are not so incongruous to the scene as might be imagined. I doubt even whether one of the dark, solemn, castellated ruins of the Rhine would better suit the character of Niagara than the huge white *clap-boarded*, or, to use a term more intelligible to insular ears, *clinker-built* Pavilion Hotel, which, perched on the highest pinnacle above the falls, looks like Noah's ark left high and dry on Mount Ararat. The antiquity of either edifice is but a day in the eternity of Niagara.

In spite of what I have written above, I am not going to confess disappointment; but I believe I must admit that, on a first and distant view of the cataracts, I found more of the picturesque and less of the sublime than I had expected. But to be fully, almost too fully, impressed with the glories and terrors of Niagara, approach them close; stand on the Table Rock; let the edge of the great crescent ripple over your foot; compare the stupendous volume of falling floods with your almost invisible brother-reptiles on the opposite shore, and confess that you were never in so awful a presence! If ever in my life I felt inclined to smile bitterly on a fellow-mortal, it was when I marked a little creature in broadcloth studiously polishing himself in a Napoleonic attitude on the gigantic pedestal I have just requested my reader to occupy. But what think you of a wedding on Table Rock? Such an event *has* occurred;

and who shall deny that it is an appropriate altar to the living God?

As a proof of the gradual recession of the falls, a large portion of the above famous crag lies discovered amid the foam of the great cauldron; and the present superincumbent leaf of the table has a warning fissure, which, however, does not prevent spectators from making it their favourite, as it certainly presents the most favourable view of the cataracts. It is impossible to tire in gazing at this miraculous scene; but the unaccountable attraction of the abyss is positively almost dangerous. What a temptation for the wretch, who, miserable in this world, has no reliance on a future! It is singular enough that on the very horn of the horse-shoe one may, or rather *two* may, converse without greatly raising the voice.

On the subject of first impressions of Niagara, I have only twice heard it honestly and openly confessed that they fell short of expectation—in both instances by ladies. At the *table d'hôte* of the Pavilion I heard one fair mal-content declare that she was "horribly disappointed!" I looked at her enamoured husband sitting near her, and hardly knew whether to envy the good fortune or to admire the boldness of the man who had united himself to a lady of such "great expectations."

At this season of the year life at Niagara should be one continual picnic! Scenes worthy of Boccaccio, or of the "Rein de Navarre," are at hand on every side. Here charming turf-edged and wood-fringed roads for equestrianism; there long vistas of luxuriant forest framing the golden cornfields; natural lawns tufted with umbrageous "boquets;" endless arcades of foliage, o'er-arched by the wild vine's wanton festoons; or Hesperidean orchards, toppling to the ground with nature's munificence! What a pity that all these attributes should exist no nearer than 3000 miles from London! Fancy the "one-oss shays," loaded with Smiths, Browns, Snookses, and Finknees—cold fowls and warm cits—on a Sunday! Even as it is, one encounters no small share of Cockneyism here. Parties of Canadians from Toronto make Sabbath trips across Lake Ontario, *spend the day* at the City of the Falls, and return at midnight. Boatsful of Yankees cross the ferry from Manchester, bolt down a dinner that reminds one of Signor Blitz and sleight of hand, stare a good deal at the British officers, swallow a "mint julep" (not a bad thing, by the bye) at the bar—that head-quarters of "expecting" and expectorating—and then escort their ladies down to the ice shops, near Table Rock.

The leisurely manner in which the "Britisher" prolongs his convivial pleasures is doubtless quite as much a matter of wonder to Brother Jonathan, as is the latter's galloping consumption of viands appalling to John Bull. I vow that more than once my mouth has been yet scalding in the first, or *soup* act, whilst my *vis-a-vis* was already "slaying his thousands" in the closing scene of the *cheese*. I have hardly made my first wry face in sipping my pint of "Day and Martin," before my neighbour pushes back his chair, slaps on his white castor, and rushes out of the room as if the Demon of Dyspepsy were at his heels—whilst he doubtless is!

I often thought that the system pursued in some hunting-kennels, of calling the hounds in rotation to the trough, according to their slowness or rapidity of feeding, might be adopted felicitously at these great public tables.

To this unhealthful despatch of meals sages attribute a sallowness of complexion and sparseness of person that may certainly be accepted as a sweeping characteristic of Yankee *physique*. The rosy rotundity of visage, and the duplicity of chin, common to the Breton, is rarely seen over the border.

Finger posts ☞ "to the Falls"—and placards "to the

Museum"—"to Statkey's Refreshment Rooms," &c. set the teeth of the romantic tourist on edge. Yet, after all, making due allowance for the incongruity of these things with the glories of Niagara, an ice-cream, or goblet of iced lemonade, is not amiss after a ramble under a temperature of 90° in search of the picturesque!

At the present genial season this beautiful spot is a favourite resort of lately married pairs. I have counted several cooing couples, both Canadian and American, fulfilling the fleeting period of their honey-lunacy at the great staring "Pavilion." Why the latter should prefer it to their own sylvan and appropriate shades of "Goat Island," I cannot guess—unless the proprietor of the isle, following the advice of Captain Hall, has made his paths "wide enough for three to walk abreast."

The notable project of erecting a large town here, under the imposing title of the "City of the Falls," has failed. A committee was formed, large sums of money subscribed, and, for aught I know, mayor and corporation elected, and turtle bespoke from the West Indies; but the projectors falling out, the bubble burst,—and Niagara is not yet quite a Cheltenham. Living is very reasonable here—one may board and lodge at the Pavilion Hotel for one dollar, or four English shillings, *per diem*, of course paying extra for wines: and a pair of horses may be very well kept for one shilling and sixpence a day.

Soon after the arrival of the regiment at the Falls we were put on the *qui vive* by the arrival of Lord Durham, with his family and suite: and I suppose old Niagara never witnessed such a convocation of cocked hats as was presented when his Excellency was encountered here by Sir John Colborne, and Sir George Arthur, with their respective staffs. The Governor-General adopted the "soothing system" with our neighbours over the water, and was most liberal in his entertainment of those who visited this shore during his stay. Willing, perhaps, first to astonish, and afterwards to mollify the Yankees, he issued public notice of a grand review on the 17th of July, and cards for 200 persons to dinner in the evening.

An immense concourse, chiefly American, attended in the morning. Our force consisted of one regiment of Light Infantry, about 600 strong, one squadron of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and two guns—the ground being kept by three companies of the 24th Regiment, and a troop of "Her Majesty's Niagara Lancers"—a most excellent and efficient corps, since disbanded. We gave the spectators a rapid field-day, in Col. Booth's best style, with a liberal allowance of blank cartridge; and, not many hours after, took ourselves to dine with his Excellency at the Clifton Hotel. The feast was only remarkable for the number, the mixture and the thirstiness of the guests. I never saw so much iced champagne disposed of in a given time. Of several rather comic occurrences at table, I chronicle the two following. A sallow visaged Yankee, sitting next to a modest peach-cheeked young ensign "of ours," made the following graceful attempt at introducing a conversation: "I say, Mister, I guess you're a private!" And, when Lord Durham, after having drank the health of the Queen, proposed that of the President of the United States, a sturdy old Canadian borderer refused to rise, swearing in the hearing of several Americans, that he "would not stand up for the d—d scoundrel!" The party was—two parties. Nor could it well have been otherwise. Nature has recovered the two shores of Niagara: war has widened the wound; and I don't think that even the great plenipotentiary will succeed in healing it. On the Canadian side this enmity has been aggravated by the affairs of Navy Island and the Short Hills. The loyalists and volunteers vote themselves ill used by the lukewarmness, as they style it, of Government in the repression and retaliation of American outrage; and, were it not for the interposi-

tion of the river, it is likely they would long ago have taken the law in their own hands. "The Home Government," remarked a volunteer officer, "would not tamely suffer the occupation of the Isle of Wight by the French for a minute, though Navy Island was left for weeks in possession of Yankee freebooters." "No," I thoughtlessly replied, "because England would naturally resent a stab in the heart more readily than a prick in the finger."—"That is exactly what we complain of," answered he.—"The sympathy of the mother country does not circulate so far as the extremities—and we are not even allowed the privilege of fighting our own battles." The militia forces were disbanded last month, without having enjoyed the luxury of reprisal.

At this season the recapture of Navy Island by a boat attack appears to be feasible enough, for the stream above it is smooth and sluggish. I conclude, therefore, that either an accumulation of ice, or a respect for the value of human life, prevented the attempt.

The dance, which succeeded to the above-noted dinner of Lord and Lady Durham, was not graced by the presence of American beauty, the ladies of that nation retiring immediately after dinner, not being provided with *toilette de bal*. I remarked more than one very pretty girl among them—though the apple of beauty would infallibly have been awarded to certain of my own fair countrywomen who were present. Among the young American officers I found one or two perfectly gentlemanly and intelligent men.

The most orthodox exploit expected of the visitor to Niagara is the "passage under the great sheet of the Horse-Shoe Fall;" and, although I have travelled too far to think it necessary to thrust my head into the mouth of every lion that yawns by the way-side, yet this lion both yawned so wide and roared so loud, that I considered it due to my cloth to accept the challenge. Accordingly I am just come home with a splitting headache, bloodshot eyes, and sundry rheumatic twinges, gained by the most awful conflict with wind and water that I ever engaged in. Putting myself into the hands of the negro guide, I was turned into a small room, to exchange my own uniform for one resembling, I should imagine, that of Neptune's merman guards, namely, a suit of green oil-cloth armour, fitting me like a sentry-box. In the same chamber two dirty Prussians, with teeth chattering from their unwashed washing, were pouring forth as they dressed, a volume of guttural congratulations on their respective performances in nature's great shower-bath.

Having completed my disguise I followed my Atlantean guide; and pursuing his footsteps down the cork-screw and courage-screwing stair, that leads down the face of the cliff, fancied myself Aladdin, led by his gigantic Genius.

The prospect from the little path leading over the shattered crags at the foot of the Great Crescent—to whose tender mercies I was shortly to commit myself—is glorious beyond conception; and I felt the same desire to linger there as one has to admire the paintings in the anteroom of a dentist; my Ethiopian Cicerone, however dragged me forward through a shower of sulphur-smelling drippings from the rocks above, and in a moment I found myself blinded, buffeted, and breathless, in the midst of a hurly-burly of wind and water that defies description. "Look up!" cried my guide, during a momentary lull; and for one instant I distinctly saw the grand vault of over-arching water shooting from the impending rock, and passing me in its descent at the full distance of thirty paces. Presto! came an avalanche of water which knocked my hat down to my chin, followed by a hurricane of wind and spray from below which blew it off, and left me gasping like a dying tench! In the midst of my tribulation I remembered the superb-minded couple who added trifling awe

to the awful ceremony of wedlock by having it performed on the "Table Rock;" and I thought that they could not find a fitter font for the baptism of their first-born than the spot where I then stood: the lady-mother would not have far to look for a wet-nurse!

Having remained about five minutes at "Termination Rock" (the *ultima thule* of human footsteps, 153 feet from the mouth,) in vain hopes of another glimpse through the continual cloud of mist, I beat a willing retreat, delighted to "*revocare gradum*" from that "hell of waters." Had there been a dozen Eurydices at my heels, I should not have lost one of them—for I never once looked behind me! On my way out I inquired for the spot where an ambitious traveller, named Egerton, passed, according to his own account, two whole days in engraving his name on the rock beneath the sheet of water. It is already utterly obliterated!—such is fame! His humble servant is perhaps now giving his name a better chance of immortality than all his own efforts have accomplished! As for me, I would rather drop into my grave, "unhonoured and unsung," than purchase distinction at such a price.

I can hardly understand how ladies can undergo the above awful ordeal—yet the names of many fair visitants to "Termination Rock" are recorded on the books. My gigantic guide seems proud of his guardianship of so many pretty charges. He told me that yesterday he had escorted a young Spanish lady "under the sheet," and that she was very nervous. I thought of Othello, as I looked in his sable face, and was not surprised at the maiden's alarm!

Having reached upper earth, and resumed terrestrial attire, I was gravely furnished with the customary certificate of my aquatic feat (or diploma, as I should rather term it, at the risk of rousing Johnson's ghost,) and requested to inscribe my name, "with appropriate remarks," in the books kept for that praiseworthy purpose. A large table is literally covered with a host of ledgers, scrap-books, and alba (let me insist upon the classical as well as general propriety of this plural,) in turning over the pages of which I passed a very amusing half-hour. Such straining after the sublime, and such inevitable downfalls into the ridiculous, I never encountered. The frothy and forced rhapsody of the would-be poet is instantly followed by the slashing attack of some bitter satirist; and the canting and ranting outpouring of the ultra-sanctimonious is immediately assailed by the still more disgusting ribaldry of the ruffian scoffer. In one page some deeply-impressed versifier exhorts Niagara to "go a-head," in a volley of lines, beginning "Roll on thou mighty flood!"—and in the next, "Mary Anne Murphy came to see the falls, and I think it a very pretty place:" an unpestering entry from which I took my cue.

The state of the country is now perfectly tranquil. We are on excellent terms with our Yankee visitors; and if they would abstain from the crimping employment of trying to seduce our soldiers from their colours and country, our feeling towards their nation would be still more friendly. A wholesome taste of personal chastisement in one case, and of gaol discipline in two others, may perhaps discourage further attempts to promote desertion—so easy on this frontier—among our ranks.

We constantly hear very flattering assurances of the hundreds of miles travelled by American amateurs for the purpose of seeing the British camp at Niagara. We are no doubt the *lesser lion* of their visit; but it is very amusing—very strange—to find men, *speaking our own*

*language*, so ignorant of commonplace English details. Our tents, our uniform, manoeuvres, and especially the regimental band and bugle corps, appear objects of intense curiosity to the American groups that constantly crowd our sylvan parade-ground. The old big drum, too, with its royal blazonry and numerous scrolls of battles, attracts children of a larger growth than it would in Europe. The truth is that the American cannot shake off a sort of allegiance of feeling for the country of his origin—he sympathises with her ancient glories, and feels their reflection on himself. Hence a fact that can hardly be denied—namely, that of the animosity which doubtless exists between the Briton and the Yankee, two-thirds rankle in the bosom of the former. The native of the United States can afford to be proud of his ancestral country—but the Mother Land has as yet neither forgotten, nor quite forgiven, the successful struggles of her rebel son Jonathan against her authority.

It is hard to determine whether the presence of a regular regiment on this frontier has prevented a recurrence of Yankee piracies; but if not actively useful here, we flatter ourselves that we are at any rate somewhat ornamental. I do not know any panorama more striking than that obtained from the roof of the Pavilion Hotel—embracing on the right the splendid reach of the river as far as Grand Island; in front the two great cataracts divided by Goat Island; and on the left of the picture the snowy tents of our encampment spread in perfect symmetry on a verdant plain overhanging the turbulent torrent, whose windings gradually disappear in the distance behind wooded headlands.

Although Niagara forms an agreeable summer quarter, we cannot boast of a great variety or amount of amusement. The society is small, the dearth of books dreadful, and the sporting very moderate. One may, however, kill his two or three couple of woodcocks, enjoy beautiful rides in the neighbourhood, or a bath in the river only 300 yards *above* the Falls!—and the Table Rock, to me at least, always presents a delightful mode of passing a vacant hour. A winter sojourn here, however, does not hold out very tempting prospects. Several large buildings are refitting as barracks for the soldiers, and the officers are gradually providing themselves with lodgings or cottages.

I cannot close this letter, Mr. Editor, without engaging you to instil into our friends in England, that, as intelligence from home is the greatest boon to the absent, so there are now swifter modes of conveying it than through the medium of the old jog-trot regular post. None of my home correspondents, however, have hitherto discovered the means of firing a point-blank shot at me, by the Great Western, except my tailor!

But you have had enough of my "froth from the Falls;" and if you have looked in vain among these sheets for any of the higher branches of information, accept the following apology—namely, that having within twelve months been introduced in a sort of headlong military manner to the five great British provinces of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada, I cannot boast of more than a *bowing* acquaintance with these portions of the North American continent.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, should the contents of my budget, such as they are, prove acceptable, I have in reserve other scraps, which, with encouragement, I might endeavour to render palatable.

BULL.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By Lord Mahon. Vol. II., 1837; Vol. III., 1838. 8vo. London.

IN the prosecution of his design, Lord Mahon has more than justified the hopes excited by his first volume, which we noticed shortly after its appearance. He has shown throughout excellent skill in combining, as well as contrasting the various elements of interest which his materials afforded; he has continued to draw his historical portraits with the same firm and easy hand; and no one can lay down the book without feeling that he has been under the guidance of a singularly clear, high-principled, and humane mind; one uniting a very searching shrewdness with a pure and unaffected charity. The author has shown equal courage, judgment and taste, in availing himself of minute details, so as to give his narrative the picturesqueness of a memoir, without sacrificing one jot of the real dignity of History. That is a phrase, indeed, that has been brought into fashion by the Wests of literature; such persons were reminded in vain that botanists might gain instruction from the foregrounds of Raphael.

There is one point of Lord Mahon's management which we must object to:—we mean his custom of drawing a man's character at full length, when he first introduces him. He does not follow this plan always; but in most cases, and certainly in the most important ones, he does so; and wherever he does, we think the effect unfortunate. On reflection he will perhaps agree with us that it would have been better to let the idiosyncrasy of the man who flourished a hundred years ago be gradually developed, in as far as it can be so, by the events of his career, and summed up at the close. When a historian treats of his own time, and has had opportunities of observing and studying the men in his own person, the other method has not a few things to recommend it. It then seems the more straightforward and manly course—and it is that of Thucydides, Xenophon, Sallust, Tacitus, and Clarendon. In such cases we have before us a witness; when our historian is only a judge, the jury like better to hear the evidence led before the charge is delivered. It certainly appears to us that, in the great case of Walpole, Lord Mahon's readers would have gained very considerably had the deeply conceived and most elegantly executed character been reserved for the period of his exit. We may say the same of Chesterfield, and if we could be sure that Lord Mahon will carry on his work, we should say so both of Frederick the Great and of Chatham.

We have no wish at present to enter upon any of the *vezatzæ questionæ* connected with the party history of the two first Hanoverian reigns. Lord Mahon adheres in his third volume to the view of an early chapter, in which he maintained that *Whig* and *Tory* had counterchanged their leading principles since the era at which his narrative commences; and we must still concur with him, though not to the full extent that he carries his proposition. So long as the house of Stuart retained any considerable influence, the Whigs were, *par excellence*, the Conservatives of Great Britain: the prime interests of their party were at stake with the new dynasty, and the dynasty was the pledge and symbol of the leading principles of the constitution. The Tories, on the contrary, were half of them Jacobites at heart—the other half compelled to modify their proceedings by deference towards those who received the law of political management from such weak and foolish, or false and reckless adventurers, as successively obtained the confidence of the unhappy

exiles of legitimacy—or to speak more correctly, of *Papery*. In our own time we have seen, and unfortunately we continue to see, our Church and our State equally endangered by the combination of an aristocratic party, that owes all its power and greatness to the Reformation and the Revolution of 1688, with one that hardly disguises its hatred alike of Aristocracy and of Monarchy—both acting, as was long suspected, but is now almost proved, under the secret influence of Rome, and effectually, (though perhaps blindly) co-operating with the most rancorous external enemies of England in a renewed struggle against Protestantism, with which principle the safety and honour of this nation are bound up and identified.

Lord Mahon's book, however, is well calculated to temper the political judgment. It is one great lesson of modesty, forbearance and charity. Thoroughly convinced of the justice of the Revolution which displaced James II., and acquiescing in the hard necessity that proscribed his heirs, he is not ashamed to express sympathy and respect for the great body of their *honest* adherents, and admiration for the noble self-devotion with which many upheld their cause. Hitherto the history of the exiled House has been in the hands of determined enemies, or bigoted friends, or (especially of late) of persons whose amiable sensibility, or poetical imagination, led them to dwell on the romantic and adventurous side of the case, losing sight too often of the solid and priceless blessings which England, and through England all Protestant Christendom had at stake. Lord Mahon has steered clear of all such errors. His free and candid delineation of the whole career of Charles Edward, enriched as it is with numberless new touches of most lively interest, derived from the Stuart Papers in her Majesty's possession, and also from other MSS. sources—this generous and touching picture forms the main feature in his third volume; and it alone would have been sufficient to establish the noble writer's reputation, at a pitch which few, very few, of his contemporaries in this department of literature, have as yet approached. Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland* stops, unfortunately, far short of this period; and the charming narrative of his *Grandfather's Tales* was, of course, executed in a very different manner from what he would have adopted in a work of graver pretensions. Since his death Mr. Robert Chambers, a bookseller and antiquary of Edinburgh, has put forth histories of the rebellions of 1715 and 1746, which embody a great many curious details, gleaned with exemplary diligence, and presented in a lively enough style: but these little books are totally deficient in calmness of spirit; and we must add that, in his love of minuteness, the author very frequently slips into offensive vulgarity. His Jacobitism seems that of a rampant highlander, and we doubt not, had he flourished at a proper time, he would have handled his claymore gallantly; nor are we at all surprised to hear that he enjoys considerable popularity among certain classes in Scotland; but we cannot anticipate that these historical performances will ever obtain a place in the English library. Lord Mahon has not overlooked them; and from the use he has made of their materials, Mr. Chambers, if he be desirous of improving his taste, may derive more benefit than from any elaborate dissection of his own pages.

We extract the following passage, as an excellent example of the Author's manner. The reader will, we fancy, agree with us, that it has gained considerably in ease since we first made acquaintance with it, and yet that it has gained very much in true nobleness of effect. The boldness with which the small, apparently quite trivial circumstances are thrown into immediate connection with the expression of very serious opinions, and very energetic

and even passionate sentiments—this is, we conceive, the great peculiar characteristic of Lord Mahon's historical style. Upon such an occasion, even Hume or Robertson (to say nothing of Gibbon) would have had recourse to foot notes—which are certainly a very useful as well as convenient invention of the moderns, but as certainly will never be resorted to by a complete artist, for the purpose of telling any thing that belongs essentially to the business of the text.

Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time;—we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master,—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince, full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst the Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him,—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance,—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

'The person of Charles—(I begin with this for the sake of female readers,)—was tall and well-formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfectly oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fine hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education; it had been entrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British Government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling they are still more deficient. With him "humour," for example, becomes *whar*; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a *sond*; and, even his own father's name appears under the alias of *exas*. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from

his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in *cooro de chas*? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the History or Constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially just before he sailed for Scotland, he says, "I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer any thing than fail in any of my duties." His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though, on his return from Scotland he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and, when at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreates a blessing from the Pope, surely, the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty—were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation, and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect, even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to show a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland he told the French minister, d'Argenson, that he would never ask any thing for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares, that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, "unless your Majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart." Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783, Mr. Greathed, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince showed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathed, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat, his hairbreadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had sub-

sequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Dutchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. "Sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Greathed, "what is this! you must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."

'Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness.—In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James: it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no peevish man; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war, (having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion,) and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will I think appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus, he lost the battle of Culloden, in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise: he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops; and, even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should "the Elector," as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person you want," and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles, "my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home."

'Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise, at all times,

prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer: it contained only these words: "I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back." Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the Court of France, at different periods, were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.'

We shall not, though strongly tempted, enter upon Lord Mahon's brilliant narrative of this ill-fated Prince's famous expedition. His lordship concludes it with expressing the opinion that, if the Highlanders had not halted at Derby, they might very probably have obtained a victory over the small force which George II. was prepared to head, and seized London. It appears, we must say, from the evidence here accumulated as to the ramification of Jacobite intrigues in England—the utterly contemptible imbecility of the then ministers—and the general coldness of the people—(who, in Walpole's language, 'were very ready to say *fight dog! fight bear!* if not worse')—that, once in London, the Chevalier could hardly have failed to obtain possession of the government. James III. would have been proclaimed King of England—he would have been king! But we also can have no hesitation in agreeing with Lord Mahon that the Stuarts, had they reached their object, could not long have retained it:—

'On the 6th of December [1745] the insurgents began their retreat. As they marched in the grey of the morning, the inferior officers and common men believed that they were going forward to fight the Duke of Cumberland, at which they displayed the utmost joy. But when the daybreak allowed them to discern the surrounding objects, and to discover that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the army but expressions of rage and indignation. "If we had been beaten," says one of their officers, "the grief could not have been greater."

'Thus ended the renowned advance to Derby—ended against the wishes both of the Prince and of the soldiers. It certainly appears to me, on the best judgment I can form, that they were right in their reluctance, and that had they pursued their progress, they would, in all probability, have succeeded in their object. A loyal writer, who was in London at the time, declares that "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it, scarce to be credited."† An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which, it is said, only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops in general were shut, public business for the most part suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts, desired by some, but disliked by many more, was yet expected by all as no improbable or distant occurrence. The Duke of Newcastle, at his scanty wits' soon-reached end, stood trembling and amazed, and knew not what course to advise or to pursue; it has even been alleged (a rumour well agreeing with his usual character, but recorded on no good authority) that he shut himself up for one whole day in his apartments, considering whether he had not better declare betimes for the Pretender. Nay, I find it asserted that King George himself ordered some of his most precious

\* 'Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs,' p. 73. 8vo. edition.

† 'Fielding in the True Patriot.'

‡ 'Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs,' p. 77. 8vo. edition.

effects to be embarked on board his yachts, and these to remain at the Tower quay, ready to sail at a moment's warning. Certain it is, that this day of universal consternation—the day on which the rebels' approach to Derby was made known—was long remembered under the name of *Black Friday*.\* Had, then, the Highlanders continued to push forward, must not the increasing terror have palsied all power of resistance? Would not the little army at Finchley, with so convenient a place for dispersing as the capital behind it, have melted away at their approach? Or had they engaged the duke's army, who can doubt the issue, if the victory of Falkirk had been gained on English ground? It is probable also, from the prevalence of Jacobite principles amongst the gentry at this period, that many officers in the Royal army were deeply tainted with them, and might have avowed them at the decisive moment. It is certain, at least that many would have been suspected, and that the mere suspicion would have produced nearly the same effects as the reality—bewilderment, distrust, and vacillation in the chiefs. Even the high personal valour of the king and of the duke could hardly have borne them safe amidst these growing doubts and dangers.

'It appears, moreover, that the coasts of Kent and Essex were but feebly guarded by the British cruisers, and that the French ministers were now in the very crisis of decision as to their projected expedition. The preparations for it were completed at Dunkirk; and had Charles, by any forward movement, seemed to show that he scarcely needed it, it would undoubtedly (such policy is but too common with allies!) have been ordered to sail. Nor were the Jacobites in England altogether as supine as was supposed; they had already, it seems, taken measures for a rising. A letter of the young Pretender, many months afterwards, mentions incidentally, in referring to Mr. Barry, that he "arrived at Derby two days after I parted. He had been sent by Sir Watkin Wynn and Lord Barrymore to assure me, in the name of my friends, that they were ready to join me in what manner I pleased, either in the capital, or every one to rise in his own county."

'I believe, then, that had Charles marched forward from Derby he would have gained the British throne; but I am far from thinking that he would long have held it. Bred up in arbitrary principles, and professing the Romanist religion, he might soon have been tempted to assail—at the very least he would have alarmed—a people jealous of their freedom, and a church tenacious of her rights. His own violent though generous temper, and his deficiency in liberal knowledge, would have widened the breach; some rivalries between his court and his father's might probably have rent his own party asunder; and the honours and rewards well earned by his faithful followers might have nevertheless disgusted the rest of the nation. In short, the English would have been led to expect a much better government than King George's, and they would have had a much worse. Their new yoke could neither have been borne without suffering nor yet cast off without convulsion; and it therefore deserves to be esteemed among the most signal mercies of Providence, that this long train of dissensions and disasters, this necessity for a new revolution, should have been happily averted by the determination to retreat from Derby.'

In all likelihood we shall soon hear of a less interesting Charles obtaining possession of the throne of Spain. Already, it is said, Queen Christiana has followed the example of George II. in sending off her *valuables*; however

lowly we may think of the English ministers of 1746, they were Peel's and Canning's in comparison with the present tricksters and jobbers of Madrid; and assuredly the Spanish nation is far more equally divided now, than ours was then. We have very little doubt that in the course of a few months the government will be in the hands of Charles V.; but we have as little that he (or rather the priests his masters) cannot hold it.

Lord Mahon, after analyzing with his usual shrewdness the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which point he had from the beginning resolved to pause, recurs to the fortunes of Charles Edward; and, as we find we must confine ourselves to this one episode, we shall at least indulge ourselves with quoting its graceful conclusion.

'The definitive treaty being thus concluded, it became necessary for France to fulfil its engagement with regard to the expulsion of the young Pretender. On his return from Scotland, Charles had been favourably received by Louis; a burst of applause had signalized his first appearance at the opera; and he found that both by King and people his exploits were admired, and his sufferings deplored. For some of his most faithful followers, as Lochiel and Lord Ogilvie, he had obtained commissions in the French service, and a pension of 40,000 livres yearly had been granted him for the relief of the rest; but when he applied for military succors—urging that a new expedition should be fitted out and placed at his disposal—he found the Court of Versailles turn a deaf ear to his demands. Once, indeed, it was hinted to him by Cardinal Tencin, that the ministers might not be disinclined to meet his views, provided, in case of his success, the kingdom of Ireland should be yielded as a province to the Crown of France. But the high spirit of Charles could ill brook this degrading offer. Scarce had Tencin concluded, when the Prince, starting from his seat and passionately pacing the room, cried out, *NON, MONSIEUR LE CARDINAL! TOUT OU RIEN! POINT DE PARTAGE!* The Cardinal alarmed at his demeanour, hastened to assure him that the idea was entirely his own, conceived from his great affection to the exiled family, and not at all proceeding from, or known to, King Louis.

The applications of Charles were not confined to France; early in 1747 he undertook an adventurous journey to Madrid, and obtained an audience of the King and Queen, but found them so much in awe of the British Court, as to allow him only a few hours' stay. He next turned his hopes towards Frederick of Prussia. In April, 1748, he despatched Sir John Graham to Berlin with instructions, "To propose in a modest manner a marriage with one of them. To declare that I never intend to marry but a Protestant; and, if the King refuses an alliance with him, to ask advice whom to take, as he is known to be the wisest Prince in Europe." This scheme, however, though promising success for a short time, ended, like the rest, in failure.

'Ere long, moreover, domestic discord arose to embitter the coldness or hostility of strangers. Charles's brother having secretly quitted Paris without any previous notice to him, had returned to Rome and resolved to enter holy orders. With the concurrence of the old Pretender, and by a negotiation with the Pope, he was suddenly named a cardinal, on the 3d of July, 1747, the design being concealed from Charles until a few days before, so as to guard against his expected opposition. It is difficult to describe with how much consternation the tidings struck the exiled Jacobites; several did not hesitate to declare it of much worse consequence to them than even the battle of Culloden. Charles himself as he was the most injured, appeared the most angry; he broke off all correspondence whatever with his brother, and his letters to his father from this time forward, became brief, cold, and constrained.

\* See a note to H. Walpole's letters to Mann. vol. ii. p. 98. The day was the 6th of December. I may observe that the Jacobite party was very strong in London, and had at its head one of the City members, Alderman Hegtchote, as appears from the Stuart Papers.'



'At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the French Court, though willing to relinquish Charles's cause, and to stipulate his exclusion from their territories, were not wholly unmindful of his interests nor of their promises. They proposed to establish him in Friburg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards and a sufficient pension. In Charles's circumstances there was certainly no better course to take than to accept these terms. But the lower he sank in fortunes the higher he thought himself bound to rise in spirit. He placed a romantic point of honour in braving the "orders from Hanover," as he called them, and positively refused to depart from Paris. Threats, entreaties, arguments were tried on him in vain. He withstood even a letter, obtained from his father at Rome, and commanding his departure. He still, perhaps, nourished some secret expectation that King Louis would not venture to use force against a kinsman; but he found himself deceived. As he went to the opera on the evening of the 11th of December, his coach was stopped by a party of French guards, himself seized, bound hand and foot, and conveyed, with a single attendant, to the state prison of Vincennes, where he was thrust into a dungeon seven feet wide and eight long. After this public insult, and a few days' confinement, he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to his wandering and desolate freedom.

'The first place to which Charles repaired upon his liberation was the Papal city of Avignon. But in a very few weeks he again set forth, attended only by Colonel Goring, and bearing a fictitious name. From this time forward his proceedings, during several years, are wrapped in mystery; all his correspondence passed through the hands of Mr. Waters, his banker at Paris: even his warmest partisans were seldom made acquainted with his place of abode; and though he still continued to write to his father at intervals, his letters were never dated. Neither friends nor enemies at that time could obtain any certain information of his movements or designs. Now, however, it is known that he visited Venice and Germany, that he resided secretly for some time at Paris, that he undertook a mysterious journey to England in 1750, and perhaps another in 1752 or 1753; but his principal residence was in the territory of his friend the Duke de Bouillon, where, surrounded by the wide and lonely forest of Ardennes, his active spirit sought, in the dangerous chase of boars and wolves, an image of the warlike enterprises which was denied him. It was not till the death of his father in 1766 that he returned to Rome, and became reconciled to his brother. But his character had darkened with his fortunes. A long train of disappointments and humiliations, working on a fiery mind, spurred it almost into frenzy, and degraded it. The habit of drinking which for some years he indulged without restraint, seems to have been first formed during his highland adventures and escapes; when a dram of whiskey might sometimes supply the want of food and of rest. Thus was the habit acquired, and, once acquired, it continued after the cause of it had ceased, and even grew amidst the encouragement of his exiled friends. The earliest hint I have found of this vice in Charles, is in a letter of April, 1747, addressed to Lord Dunbar, but only signed by the initial of the writer. It alleges that an Irish Cordelier, named Kelly, "has of late been much in the Princess society and confidence; that Kelly loves good wine with all the fervor of a monk; and that by this means his royal highness's character, in point of sobriety, has been a little blemished." A century before, Lord Clarendon reproaches the banished loyalists with intemperance, at all times the fatal resource of poverty and sorrow; but the prince, who could not relieve them by his bounty, should at least have forbore from degrading them by his example.

'Still worse, perhaps, was his conduct with regard to

Miss Walkinshaw. This lady, it is said, first became known to him in Scotland; he sent for her some years after his return from that country, and soon allowed her such dominion over him that she became acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, his principal adherents took alarm, believing that she was in the pay of the English ministers, and observing that her sister was housekeeper of the dowager Princess of Wales. So much did they think their own safety endangered, that they despatched Mr. MacNamara, one of their most trusty agents, with instructions to lay their apprehensions before the prince, and to insist that the lady should, for some time at least, be confined to a convent. In answer Charles declared that he had no violent passion for Miss Walkinshaw, and could see her removed from him without concern, but that he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. In vain did Mr. MacNamara try every method of persuasion, and frequent renewals of his argument. Charles thought it a point of honour that none should presume on his adversity to treat him with disrespect, and determined to brave even the ruin of his interest (for such was the alternative held out to him) rather than bate one iota of his dignity. MacNamara at length took leave of him with much resentment, saying, as he passed out, "What can your family have done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" Upon his report, most of the remaining Jacobite leaders, irritated at their prince's pride, and soon afterwards won over by the splendid successes of Lord Chatham, seized the opportunity to break off all connexion with the exiles, and to rally in good earnest round the reigning family.

'In a former chapter I have described the person and manner of Charles as he appeared in youth; let me now add a portrait of him in his latter years. An English lady, who was at Rome in 1770, observes: "The pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown; and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo, antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. . . . At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *Throcki*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative: upon which, taking the peck in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards? I replied, that they were very odd indeed. He, then, displaying them, said: Here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars; and here, says he, (throwing me a card,) is the pope; here is the devil, and added he, there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be! I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner that I did not know which way to look; and as to reply, I made none."

'In his youth Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess; however, he remained single during the greater part of his career, and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied, "The unworthy behaviour of



of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry." Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg.\* This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period, "As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable."† Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen!

"The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and an intriguing wife; until at length, weary of constraint, she eloped with her lover Alfieri. Thus left alone in his old age, Charles called to his house his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, and created her Dutchess of Albany, through the last exercise of an expiring prerogative. She was born about 1753, and survived her father only one year. Another consolation of his dotage was a silly regard, and a frequent reference, to the prophecies of Nostradamus, several of which I have found among his papers. Charles afterwards returned to Rome with his daughter. His health had long been declining, and his life more than once despaired of; but in January, 1788, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of the body, and he expired on the 30th of the same month. His funeral rites were performed by his brother the Cardinal, at Frascati. In the vault of that church lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart; and beneath St. Peter's dome, a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, has since arisen to the Memory of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh!

"Thus ended a party, often respectable for generous motives, seldom for enlarged views or skilful designs. In their principles the Jacobites were certainly mistaken. They were wrong in shutting their eyes to the justice, necessity, and usefulness of the Revolution of 1688. They were wrong in struggling against the beneficent sway of the House of Hanover. They were wrong in seeking to impose a Roman Catholic head upon the Protestant Church of England. But we, on our part, should do well to remember that the Revolution of 1688 was not sought but forced upon us—that its merit consists partly in the reluctance with which it was embraced—that it was only an exception, though fully justified by the emergency, from the best safeguard of liberty and order, the principle of HEREDITARY RIGHT. Can there be a greater proof of the value of that principle, than the firmness with which so many hundred thousands, under the name of Jacobites, continued to cling to it for so many years after its infraction? And what wise statesman would willingly neglect

or forego an instrument of government so easily acquired, so cheaply retained, and so powerfully felt?

"How soon, on the decay of the Stuart cause, other discontents and cabals arose, the eloquent Letters of Junius—embalming the petty insects—are alone sufficient to attest. In these no great principles were involved; but, ere long, the battle of parties came to be fought on American ground; and, under the second Pitt, the efforts of the Jacobites were succeeded by the fiercer and more deadly struggle of the Jacobins. Indeed, in the whole period since the Revolution to the present hour, there has not been a single epoch pure from most angry partizanship, unless it be the short administration of Chatham. This unceasing din and turmoil of factions—this eternal war that may often tempt a gentler spirit, like Lord Falkland's, to sigh forth "Peace, peace, peace!" has also provoked attacks from the most opposite quarters against our admirable system of tempered freedom. The favourer of despotism points to the quiet and tranquility which are sometimes enjoyed under unlimited kings, "Endeavour," cries the Republican, "to allay the popular restlessness by conceding a larger measure of popular control." Between these two extremes there lies a more excellent way. May we never, on the plea that conflagrations often rage amongst us, consent to part with that noble flame of liberty which warms and cherishes the nations while—a still higher blessing—it enlightens them! Let us, on the other hand, not be unmindful of the fact, that the wider the sphere of popular dominion, the louder does the cry of faction inevitably grow; and that the unreasonableness of the demands rises in the same proportion as the power to arrest them falls. The truth is, that so long as ignorance is not allowed to trample down education and intellect—that is, so long as order and property are in any degree preserved, so long it is still possible to make complaints against "the privileged few." Any thing short of anarchy may be rallied at as aristocracy.

"For ourselves who, turning awhile from the strife and contention of the hour, seek to contemplate the deeds of the mighty dead, let us always endeavour to approach them reverentially and calmly, as judges, not as partisans. I know not indeed that it is needful, or even desirable—not at least for men engaged in active life—to divest themselves of all their feelings for the present, while reviewing the transactions of the past. He who does not feel strongly, has no right to act strongly in state affairs; and why should he who feels strongly, and who wishes to speak sincerely, suppress and glide over in his writings those principles which guide and direct him in his life? But with equal sincerity that those principles are avowed and professed whenever reference happens to occur to them—with the same spirit as that in which the venerable Head of our Law may revert from a debate in the Lords to a trial in the Court of Chancery—let us, when commenting on bygone days—when the public welfare can no longer call, as we conceive, for vehement expressions, or be served by decisive measures—earnestly resolve and strive to give every person and every party their due, and no more than their due. Thus alone can we attain the noble aim of History, "Philosophy teaching by examples;"—thus only can we hope to inform the minds of others, and chasten and exalt our own;—thus alone, after party plaudits are stilled in death, may we yet aspire to the meed of honourable fame!"

We sincerely hope that Lord Mahon may revise his resolution as to finally suspending his narrative at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. We are sure the reception of his labours ought to encourage him to proceed with them; and we can hardly doubt that, nobly as he has drawn the character of Chatham, we shall yet have to thank him for its proof and justification in another series of these masterly chapters.

\* Her mother, Princess Stolberg, survived till 1836. I was once introduced to her at Frankfort, and found her in extreme old age, still lively and agreeable. It is singular that a man, born eighty-five years after the Chevalier, should have seen his mother-in-law.

† Stuart Papers, Orig. in French. See Appendix.

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

NICHOLAS FINDS FURTHER FAVOUR IN THE EYES OF THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE AND MR. TIMOTHY LINKINWATER. THE BROTHERS GIVE A BANQUET ON A GREAT ANNUAL OCCASION; NICHOLAS, ON RETURNING HOME FROM IT, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS AND IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE FROM THE LIPS OF MRS. NICKLEBY.

The Square in which the counting-house of the brothers Cheeryble was situated, although it might not wholly realise the very sanguine expectations which a stranger would be disposed to form on hearing the fervent encomiums bestowed upon it by Tim Linkinwater, was, nevertheless, a sufficiently desirable nook in the heart of a busy town like London, and one which occupied a high place in the affectionate remembrances of several grave persons domiciled in the neighbourhood, whose recollections, however, dated from a much more recent period, and whose attachment to the spot was far less absorbing than were the recollections and attachment of the enthusiastic Tim.

And let not those whose eyes have been accustomed to the aristocratic gravity of Grosvenor Square and Hanover Square, the dowager barrenness and frigidity of Fitzroy Square, or the gravel walks and garden seats of the Squares of Russell and Euston, suppose that the affections of Tim Linkinwater, or the inferior lovers of this particular locality, had been awakened and kept alive by any refreshing associations with leaves however dingy, or grass, however bare and thin. The City square has no inclosure, save the lamp-post in the middle, and no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base. It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemulation, and appointments of long-waiting; and up and down its every side the Appointed saunters idly by the hour together, wakening the echoes with the monotonous sound of his footsteps on the smooth worn stones, and counting first the windows and then the very bricks of the tall silent houses that hem him round about. In winter-time the snow will linger there, long after it has melted from the busy streets and highways. The summer's sun holds it in some respect, and while he darts his cheerful rays sparingly into the square, he keeps his fiery heat and glare for noisier and less-imposing precincts. It is so quiet that you can almost hear the ticking of your own watch when you stop to cool in its refreshing atmosphere. There is a distant hum—of coaches, not of insects—but no other sound disturbs the stillness of the square. The ticket-porter leans idly against the post at the corner, comfortably warm, but not hot, although the day is broiling. His white apron flaps languidly in the air, his head gradually droops upon his breast, he takes very long winks with both eyes at once; even he is unable to withstand the soporific influence of the place, and is gradually falling asleep. But now he starts into full wakefulness, recoils a step or two, and gazes out before him with eager wildness in his eye. Is it a job, or a boy at marbles? Does he see a ghost, or hear an organ? No; aight still more unwanted still—there is a butterfly in the square—a real, live, butterfly! astray from flowers and sweets, and fluttering among the iron heads of the dusty area railings!

But if there were not many matters immediately without the doors of Cheeryble Brothers to engage the attention or distract the thoughts of the young clerk, there were not a few within to interest and amuse him. There was scarcely an object in the place, animate or inanimate, which did not partake in some degree of the scrupulous method and punctuality of Mr. Timothy Linkinwater. Punctual as the counting-house dial, which he maintained to be the best time-keeper in London next after the clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by, (for Tim held the fabled goodness of that at the Horse Guards to be a pleasant fiction, invented by jealous West-enders,) the old clerk performed the minutest actions of the day, and arranged the minutest articles in the little room, in a precise and regular order, which could not have been exceeded if it had actually been a real glass case fitted with the choicest curiosities. Paper, pens, ink, ruler, sealing-wax, wafers, pounce-box, string-box, fire-box, Tim's hat, Tim's scrupulously-folded gloves, Tim's other coat—looking precisely like a back view of himself as it hung against the wall—all had their accustomed inches of space. Except the clock, there was not such an accurate and unimpeachable instrument in existence as the little thermometer which hung behind the door. There was not a bird of such methodical and business-like habits in all the world as the blind blackbird, who dreamed and dozed away his days in a large snug cage, and had lost his voice from old age, years before Tim first bought him. There was not such an eventful story in the whole range of anecdote as Tim could tell concerning the acquisition of that very bird: how, compassionating his starved and suffering condition, he had purchased it with the view of humanely terminating his wretched life; how he determined to wait three days to see whether the bird revived: how, before half the time was out, the bird did revive; and how he went on reviving and picking-up his appetite and good looks until he gradually became what—"what you see him now, Sir"—Tim would say, glancing proudly at the cage. And with that, Tim would utter a melodious chirrup, and cry "Dick;" and Dick, who, for any sign of life he had previously given, might have been a wooden or stuffed representation of a blackbird indifferently executed, would come to the side of the cage in three small jumps, and, thrusting his bill between the bars, turn his sightless head towards his old master;—and at that moment it would be very difficult to determine which of the two was the happier, the bird, or Tim Linkinwater.

Nor was this all. Every thing gave back, besides, some reflection of the kindly spirit of the brothers. The warehousemen and porters were such sturdy jolly fellows that it was a treat to see them. Among the shipping-announcements and steam-packet lists which decorated the counting-house wall, were designs for almshouses, statements of charities, and plans for new hospitals. A blunderbuss and two swords hung above the chimney-piece for the terror of evil-doers, but the blunderbuss was rusty and shattered, and the swords were broken and edgeless. Elsewhere, their open display in such a condition would have raised a smile, but there it seemed as though even violent and offensive weapons partook of the reigning influence, and became emblems of mercy and forbearance.

Such thoughts as these, occurred to Nicholas very strongly on the morning when he first took possession of the vacant stool, and looked about him more freely and at ease than he had before enjoyed an opportunity of doing. Perhaps they encouraged and stimulated him to exertion, for, during the next two weeks, all his spare hours, late at night and early in the morning, were incessantly devoted to acquiring the mysteries of book-keeping and some other forms of mercantile account. To these he applied himself with

such steadiness and perseverance that, although he brought no greater amount of previous knowledge to the subject than certain dim recollections of two or three very long sums entered into a private cyphering-book at school, and relieved for parental inspection by the effigy of a fat swan tastefully flourished by the writing-master's own hand, he found himself, at the end of a fortnight, in a condition to report his proficiency to Mr. Linkinwater, and to claim his promise that he, Nicholas Nickleby, should now be allowed to assist him in his graver labours.

It was a sight to behold Tim Linkinwater slowly bring out a massive ledger and day-book, and, after turning them over and over and affectionately dusting their backs and sides, open the leaves here and there, and cast his eyes half-mournfully, half-proudly, upon the fair and unblotted entries.

"Four-and-forty year, next May!" said Tim. "Many new ledgers since then. Four-and-forty year!"

Tim closed the book again.

"Come, come," said Nicholas, "I am all impatience to begin."

Tim Linkinwater shook his head with an air of mild reproof. Mr. Nickleby was not sufficiently impressed with the deep and awful nature of his undertaking. Suppose there should be any mistake—any scratching out—

Young men are adventurous. It is extraordinary what they will rush upon sometimes. Without even taking the precaution of sitting himself down upon his stool, but standing leisurely at the desk, and with a smile upon his face—actually a smile; (there was no mistake about it; Mr. Linkinwater often mentioned it afterwards;) Nicholas dipped his pen into the inkstand before him, and plunged into the books of Cheeryble Brothers!

Tim Linkinwater turned pale, and tilting up his stool on the two legs nearest Nicholas, looked over his shoulder in breathless anxiety. Brother Charles and brother Ned entered the counting-house together; but Tim Linkinwater, without looking round, impatiently waved his hand as a caution that profound silence must be observed, and followed the nib of the inexperienced pen with strained and eager eyes.

The brothers looked on with smiling faces, but Tim Linkinwater smiled not, nor moved for some minutes. At length he drew a long slow breath, and still maintaining his position on the tilted stool, glanced at brother Charles, secretly pointed with the feather of his pen towards Nicholas, and nodded his head in a grave and resolute manner, plainly signifying "He'll do."

Brother Charles nodded again, and exchanged a laughing look with brother Ned; but just then Nicholas stopped to refer to some other page, and Tim Linkinwater, unable to contain his satisfaction any longer, descended from his stool and caught him rapturously by the hand.

"He has done it," said Tim, looking round at his employers and shaking his head triumphantly. "His capitals B's and D's are exactly like mine; he dots all his small i's and crosses every t as he writes it. There an't such a young man as this in all London," said Tim, clapping Nicholas on the back; "not one. Don't tell me. The City can't produce his equal. I challenge the City to do it!"

With this casting down of his gauntlet, Tim Lin-

kinwater struck the desk such a blow with his clenched fist, that the old black-bird tumbled off his perch with the start it gave him, and actually uttered a feeble croak in the extremity of his astonishment.

"Well said, Tim—well said, Tim Linkinwater!" cried Brother Charles, scarcely less pleased than Tim himself, and clapping his hands gently as he spoke, "I knew our young friend would take great pains, and I was quite certain he would succeed, in no time. Didn't I say so, brother Ned?"

"You did, my dear brother—certainly, my dear brother, you said so, and you were quite right," replied Ned. "Quite right. Tim Linkinwater is excited, but he is justly excited, properly excited. Tim is a fine fellow. Tim Linkinwater, Sir—you're a fine fellow."

"Here's a pleasant thing to think of," said Tim, wholly regardless of this address to himself, and raising his spectacles from the ledger to the brothers. "Here's a pleasant thing. Do you suppose I haven't often thought what would become of these books when I was gone? Do you suppose I haven't often thought that things might go on irregular and untidy here, after I was taken away? But now," said Tim, extending his fore-finger towards Nicholas, "now, when I've shown him a little more, I'm satisfied. The business will go on when I'm dead as well as it did when I was alive—just the same; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that there never were such books—never were such books! No, nor never will be such books—as the books of Cheeryble Brothers."

Having thus expressed his sentiments, Mr. Linkinwater gave vent to a short laugh, indicative of defiance to the cities of London and Westminster, and turning again to his desk quietly carried seventy-six from the last column he had added up, and went on with his work.

"Tim Linkinwater, Sir," said brother Charles; "give me your hand, Sir. This is your birth-day. How dare you talk about any thing else till you have been wished many happy returns of the day, Tim Linkinwater! God bless you, Tim! God bless you!"

"My dear brother," said the other, seizing Tim's disengaged fist, "Tim Linkinwater looks ten years younger than he did on his last birth-day."

"Brother Ned, my dear boy," returned the other old fellow, "I believe that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred and fifty years old, and is gradually coming down to five-and-twenty; for he's younger every birth-day than he was the year before."

"So he is, brother Charles, so he is," replied brother Ned. "There's not a doubt about it."

"Remember, Tim," said brother Charles, "that we dine at half-past five to-day instead of two o'clock; we always depart from our usual custom on this anniversary, as you very well know, Tim Linkinwater. Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, you will make one. Tim Linkinwater give me your snuff-box as a remembrance to brother Charles and myself of an attached and faithful rascal, and take that in exchange as a feeble mark of our respect and esteem, and don't open it until you go to bed, and never say another word upon the subject, or I'll kill the blackbird. A dog! He should have had a golden cage half-a-dozen years ago, if it would have made him or his master a bit the happier. Now, brother Ned, my dear fellow, I'm ready. At half-past five, remember, Mr. Nickle-

by. Tim Linkinwater, sir, take care of Mr. Nickleby at half-past five. Now, brother Ned."

Chattering away thus, according to custom, to prevent the possibility of any thanks or acknowledgement being expressed on the other side, the twins trotted off arm in arm, having endowed Tim Linkinwater with a costly gold snuff-box, enclosing a bank-note worth more than its value ten times told.

At a quarter past five o'clock, punctual to the minute arrived, according to annual usage, Tim Linkinwater's sister; and a great to-do there was between Tim Linkinwater's sister and the old house-keeper respecting Tim Linkinwater's sister's cap, which had been despatched, per boy, from the house of the family where Tim Linkinwater's sister boarded, and had not yet come to hand: notwithstanding that it had been packed up in a handbox, and the handbox in a handkerchief, and the handkerchief tied on to the boy's arm; and notwithstanding, too, that the place of its consignment had been duly set forth at full length on the back of an old letter, and the boy enjoined, under pain of divers horrible penalties, the full extent of which the eye of man could not foresee to deliver the same with all possible speed, and not to loiter by the way. Tim Linkinwater's sister lamented; the housekeeper condoled, and both kept thrusting their heads out of the second floor window to see if the boy was "coming,"—which would have been highly satisfactory, and, upon the whole tantamount to his being come, as the distance to the corner was not quite five yards—when all of a sudden, and when he was least expected, the messenger, carrying the handbox with elaborate caution, appeared in an exactly opposite direction, puffing and panting for breath, and flushed with recent exercise, as well he might be; for he had taken the air, in the first instance, behind a hackney-coach that went to Camberwell, and had followed two Punches afterwards, and had seen the Stilts home to their own door. The cap was all safe, however—that was one comfort—and it was no use scolding him—that was another; so the boy went upon his way rejoicing, and Tim Linkinwater's sister presented herself to the company below stairs just five minutes after the half-hour had struck by Tim Linkinwater's own infallible clock.

The company consisted of the brothers Cheeryble, Tim Linkinwater, a ruddy-faced white-headed friend of Tim's, (who was a superannuated bank clerk,) and Nicholas, who was presented to Tim Linkinwater's sister with much gravity and solemnity. The party being now complete, brother Ned rang for dinner, and dinner being shortly afterwards announced, led Tim Linkinwater's sister into the next room where it was set forth with great preparation. Then brother Ned took the head of the table and brother Charles the foot; and Tim Linkinwater's sister sat on the left-hand of brother Ned, and Tim Linkinwater himself on his right; and an ancient butler of apoplectic appearance, and with very short legs, took up his position at the back of brother Ned's arm-chair, and, waving his right arm preparatory to taking off the covers with a flourish, stood bolt upright and motionless.

"For these and all other blessings, brother Charles," said Ned.

"Lord, make us truly thankful, brother Ned." said Charles.

Whereupon the apoplectic butler whisked off the

top of the soup tureen, and shot all at once into a state of violent activity.

There was abundance of conversation, and little fear of its ever flagging, for the good humour of the glorious old twins drew every body out, and Tim Linkinwater's sister went off into a long and circumstantial account of Tim Linkinwater's infancy, immediately after the very first glass of champagne—taking care to premise that she was very much Tim's junior and had only become acquainted with the facts from their being preserved and handed down in the family. This history concluded, brother Ned related how that, exactly thirty-five years ago, Tim Linkinwater was suspected to have received a love-letter, and how that vague information had been brought to the counting-house of his having been seen walking down Cheapside with an uncommonly handsome spinster; at which there was a roar of laughter, and Tim Linkinwater being charged with blushing, and called upon to explain, denied that the accusation was true; and further, that there would have been any harm in it if it had been; which last position, occasioned the superannuated bank clerk to laugh tremendously, and to declare that it was the very best thing he had ever heard in his life, and that Tim Linkinwater might say a great many things before he said anything which would beat *that*.

There was one little ceremony peculiar to the day, both the matter and manner of which made a very strong impression upon Nicholas. The cloth having been removed and the decanters sent round for the first time, a profound silence succeeded, and in the cheerful faces of the brothers there appeared an expression, not of absolute melancholy, but of quiet thoughtfulness very unusual at a festive table. As Nicholas, struck by this sudden alteration, was wondering what it could portend, the brothers rose together, the one at the top of the table leaning forwards towards the other, and speaking in a low voice, as if he were addressing him individually, said—

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten, and never can be forgotten, by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful and excellent and exemplary fellow, took from it the kindest and very best of parents—the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity, and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were two poor boys—but that was not to be. My dear brother—The Memory of our Mother."

"Good God!" thought Nicholas, "and there are scores of people of their own station, knowing all this, and twenty thousand times more, who wouldn't ask these men to dinner because they eat with their knives and never went to school!"

But there was no time to moralize, for the joviality again became very brisk, and the decanter of port being nearly out, brother Ned pulled the bell, which was instantly answered by the apoplectic butler.

"David," said brother Ned.

"Sir," replied the butler.

"A magnum of the double diamond, David, to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater."

Instantly, by a feat of dexterity, which was the admiration of all the company, and had been annually for some years past, the apoplectic butler bringing

his left hand from behind the small of his back, produced the bottle with the corkscrew already inserted; uncorked it at a jerk, and placed the magnum and the cork before his master with the dignity of conscious cleverness.

"Ha!" said brother Ned, first examining the cork and afterwards filling his glass, while the old butler looked complacently and amiably on, as if it were all his own property but the company were quite welcome to make free with it, "this looks well, David."

"It ought to, sir," replied David. "You'd be troubled to find such a glass of wine as is our double diamond, and that Mr. Linkinwater knows very well. That was laid down when Mr. Linkinwater first come, that wine was, gentlemen."

"Nay, David, nay," interposed brother Charles.

"I wrote the entry in the cellar-book myself, sir, if you please," said David, in the tone of a man, quite confident in the strength of his facts. "Mr. Linkinwater had only been here twenty year, sir, when that pipe of double-diamond was laid down."

"David is quite right—quite right, brother Charles," said Ned: "are the people here, David?"

"Outside the door, sir," replied the butler.

"Show 'em in, David, show 'em in."

At this bidding, the old butler placed before his master a small tray of clean glasses, and opening the door admitted the jolly porters and warehousemen whom Nicholas had seen below. There were four in all, and as they came in, bowing, and grinning, and blushing, the housekeeper and cook and housemaid brought up the rear.

"Seven," said brother Ned, filling a corresponding number of glasses with the double-diamond, "and David, eight—There. Now, you're all of you to drink the health of your best friend Mr. Timothy Linkinwater, and wish him health and long life and many happy returns of this day, both for his own sake and that of your old masters, who consider him an inestimable treasure. Tim Linkinwater, sir, your health. Devil take you, Tim Linkinwater, sir, God bless you."

With this singular contradiction of terms, brother Ned gave Tim Linkinwater a slap on the back which made him look for the moment almost as apoplectic as the butler: and tossed off the contents of his glass in a twinkling.

The toast was scarcely drunk with all honour to Tim Linkinwater, when the sturdiest and jolliest subordinate elbowed himself a little in advance of his fellows, and exhibiting a very hot and flushed countenance, pulled a single lock of grey hair in the middle of his forehead as a respectful salute to the company, and delivered himself as follows—rubbing the palms of his hands very hard on a blue cotton handkerchief as he did so:

"We're allowed to take a liberty once a year, gen'lemen, and if you please we'll take it now; there being no time like the present, and no two birds in the hand worth one in the bush, as is well known—least-ways in a contrary sense, which the meaning is the same. (A pause—the butler unconvinced.) What we mean to say is, that there never was (looking at the butler)—such—(looking at the cook)—noble—excellent—(looking everywhere and seeing nobody) free, generous, spirited masters as them as has treated us so handsome this day. And here's thanking 'em for all their goodness as is so constancy

a diffusing of itself over everywhere, and wishing they may live long and die happy!"

When the foregoing speech was over, and it might have been much more elegant and much less to the purpose, the whole body of subordinates under command of the apoplectic butler gave three soft cheers; which, to that gentleman's great indignation, were not very regular, inasmuch as the women persisted in giving an immense number of little shrill hurrahs among themselves, in utter disregard of the time. This done, they withdrew; shortly afterwards, Tim Linkinwater's sister withdrew; and in reasonable time after that, the sitting was broken up for tea and coffee and a round game of cards.

At half-past ten—late hours for the square—there appeared a little tray of sandwiches and a bowl of bishop, which bishop coming on the top of the double-diamond, and other excitements, had such an effect upon Tim Linkinwater, that he drew Nicholas aside, and gave him to understand confidentially that it was quite true about the uncommonly handsome spinster, and that she was to the full as good-looking as she had been described—more so, indeed—but that she was in too much of a hurry to change her condition, and consequently, while Tim was courting her and thinking of changing his, got married to somebody else. "After all, I dare say it was my fault," said Tim. "I'll show you a print I have got up stairs, one of these days. It cost me five-and-twenty shillings. I bought it soon after we were cool to each other. Don't mention it, but it's the most extraordinary accidental likeness you ever saw—her very portrait, sir!"

By this time it was past eleven o'clock, and Tim Linkinwater's sister declaring that she ought to have been at home a full hour ago, a coach was procured, into which she was handed with great ceremony by brother Ned, while brother Charles imparted the faintest directions to the coachman, and, besides paying the man a shilling over and above his fare in order that he might take the utmost care of the lady, all but choked him with a glass of spirits of uncommon strength, and then nearly knocked all the breath out of his body in his energetic endeavours to knock it in again.

At length the coach rumbled off, and Tim Linkinwater's sister being now fairly on her way home, Nicholas and Tim Linkinwater's friend took their leaves together, and left old Tim and the worthy brothers to their repose.

As Nicholas had some distance to walk, it was considerably past midnight by the time he reached home, where he found his mother and Smike sitting up to receive him. It was long after their usual hour of retiring, and they had expected him at the very latest two hours ago; but the time had not hung heavily on their hands, for Mrs. Nickleby had entertained Smike with a genealogical account of her family by the mother's side, comprising biographical sketches of the principal members, and Smike had sat wondering what it was all about, and whether it was learnt from a book, or said out of Mrs. Nickleby's own head; so that they got on together very pleasantly.

Nicholas could not go to bed without expatiating on the excellences and munificence of the Brothers Cheeryble, and relating the great success which had attended his efforts that day. But before he had said a dozen words, Mrs. Nickleby with many a wink

and nods, observed, that she was sure Mr. Smike must be quite tired out, and that she positively must insist on his not sitting up a minute longer.

"A most biddable creature he is, to be sure," said Mrs. Nickleby, when Smike had wished them good night and left the room. "I know you'll excuse me, Nicholas, my dear, but I don't like to do this before a third person; indeed, before a young man it would not be quite proper, though really after all, I don't know what harm there is in it, except that to be sure it's not a very becoming thing, though some people say it is very much so, and really I don't know why it should not be, if it's well got up, and the borders are small-plaited; of course, a good deal depends upon that."

With which preface Mrs. Nickleby took her night-cap from between the leaves of a very large prayer-book where it had been folded up small, and proceeded to tie it on: talking away in her usual discursive manner all the time.

"People may say what they like," observed Mrs. Nickleby, "but there's a great deal of comfort in a night-cap, as I'm sure you would confess, Nicholas my dear, if you would only have strings to yours, and wear it like a christian, instead of sticking it upon the very top of your head like a blue-coat boy; you needn't think it an unmanly or quizzical thing to be particular about your night-cap, for I have often heard your poor dear papa, and the reverend Mr. what's his name, who used to read prayers in that old church with the curious little steeple that the weathercock was blown off the night week before you were born, I have often heard them say, that the young men at college are uncommonly particular about their night caps, and that the Oxford nightcaps are quite celebrated for their strength and goodness; so much so, indeed, that the young men never dream of going to bed without 'em, and I believe it's admitted on all hands that they know what's good, and don't coddle themselves."

Nicholas laughed, and entering no further into the subject of this lengthened harangue, reverted to the pleasant tone of the little birth-day party. And as Mrs. Nickleby instantly became very curious respecting it, and made a great number of inquiries touching what they had had for dinner, and how it was put on table, and whether it was overdone or underdone, and who was there, and what "the Mr. Cherrybles" said, and what Nicholas said, and what the Mr. Cherrybles said when he said that; Nicholas described the festivities at full length, and also the occurrences of the morning.

"Late as it is," said Nicholas, "I am almost selfish enough to wish that Kate had been up; to hear all this. I was all impatience, as I came along, to tell her."

"Why, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, putting her feet upon the fender, and drawing her chair close to it, as if settling herself for a long talk. "Kate has been in bed—oh! a couple of hours—and I'm very glad, Nicholas my dear, that I prevailed upon her not to sit up, for I wished very much to have an opportunity of saying a few words to you. I am naturally anxious about it, and of course it's a very delightful and consoling thing to have a grown-up son that one can put confidence in, and advise with—indeed I don't know any use there would be in having sons at all, unless people could put confidence in them."

Nicholas stopped in the middle of a sleepy yawn as his mother began to speak, and looked at her with fixed attention.

"There was a lady in our neighbourhood," said Mrs. Nickleby, "speaking of sons puts me in mind of it—a lady in our neighbourhood when we lived near Dawlish, I think her name was Rogers; indeed I am sure it was if it wasn't Murphy, which is the only doubt I have—"

"Is it about her, mother, that you wished to speak to me?" said Nicholas, quietly.

"About *her*!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Good gracious, Nicholas, my dear, how *can* you be so ridiculous! But that was always the way with your poor dear papa,—just his way, always wandering, never able to fix his thoughts on any one subject for two minutes together. I think I see him now!" said Mrs. Nickleby, wiping her eyes, "looking at me while I was talking to him about his affairs, just as if his ideas were in a state of perfect conglomeration! Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly, would have supposed I was confusing and distracting him instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would!"

"I am very sorry, mother, that I should inherit this unfortunate slowness of apprehension," said Nicholas, kindly, "but I'll do my best to understand you if you'll only go straight on, indeed I will."

"Your poor papa!" said Mrs. Nickleby, pondering. "He never knew till it was too late, what I would have had him do."

"This was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as the deceased Mr. Nickleby had not arrived at the knowledge when he died. Neither had Mrs. Nickleby herself; which is in some sort an explanation of the circumstance."

"However," said Mrs. Nickleby, drying her tears, "this has nothing to do—certainly, nothing whatever to do—with the gentleman in the next house."

"I should suppose that the gentleman in the next house has as little to do with us," returned Nicholas.

"There can be no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that he *is* a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, and the appearance of a gentleman, although he does wear small and grey worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he shouldn't be. The Prince Regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; *he* was proud of his legs. So was Miss Biffin: she was—no," added Mrs. Nickleby, correcting herself "I think she had only toes, but the principle is the same." Nicholas looked on quite amazed at the introduction of this new theme, which seemed just what Mrs. Nickleby had expected him to be.

"You may well be surprised, Nicholas, my dear," she said, "I am sure I was. It came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. The bottom of his garden joins the bottom of ours, and of course I had several times seen him sitting among the scarlet beans in his little arbour, or working at his little hot-beds. I used to think he stared rather, but I didn't take any particular notice of that, as we were new-comers, and he might be curious to see what we were like. But when he began to throw his cucumbers over our wall—"

"To throw his cucumbers over our wall!" repeated Nicholas, in great astonishment,

"Yes, Nicholas, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a very serious tone; "his cucumbers over our wall. And vegetable-marrows likewise."

"Confound his impudence!" said Nicholas, firing immediately. "What does he mean by that?"

"I don't think he means it impertinently at all," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"What!" said Nicholas, "cucumbers and vegetable-marrows flying at the heads of the family as they walk in their own garden, and not meant impertinently! Why, mother—"

Nicholas stopped short, for there was an indescribable expression of placid triumph, mingled with a modest confusion, lingering between the borders of Mrs. Nickleby's nightcap which arrested his attention suddenly.

"He must be a very weak, and foolish, and inconsiderate man," said Mrs. Nickleby; "blameable indeed—at least I suppose other people would consider him so; of course I can't be expected to express any opinion on that point, especially after always defending your poor dear papa when other people blamed him for making proposals to me; and to be sure there can be no doubt that he has taken a very singular way of showing it. Still at the same time, his attentions are—that is, as far as it goes; and to a certain extent of course—a flattering sort of thing; and although I should never dream of marrying again with a dear girl like Kate still unsettled in life—"

"Surely, mother, such an idea never entered your brain for an instant?" said Nicholas.

"Bless my heart, Nicholas my dear," returned his mother in a peevish tone, "isn't that precisely what I am saying, if you would only let me speak? Of course, I never gave it a second thought, and I am surprised and astonished that you should suppose me capable of such a thing. All I say, is, what step is the best to take so as to reject these advances civilly and delicately, and without hurting his feelings too much, and driving him to despair, or anything of that kind? My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby, with a half simper, "suppose he was to go doing anything rash to himself, could I ever be happy again Nicholas?"

Despite his vexation and concern, Nicholas could scarcely help smiling, as he rejoined, "Now, do you think, mother, that such a result would be likely to ensue from the most cruel repulse?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," returned Mrs. Nickleby; "really, I don't know. I am sure there was a case in the day before yesterday's paper, extracted from one of the French newspapers, about a journeyman shoemaker who was jealous of a young girl in an adjoining village, because she wouldn't shut herself up in an air-tight three-pair-of-stairs and charcoal herself to death with him, and who went and hid himself in a Wood with a sharp-pointed knife, and rushed out, as she was passing by with a few friends, and killed himself first, and then all the friends, and then her—no, killed all the friends first, and then herself, and then himself—which is quite frightful to think of. Somehow or other," added Mrs. Nickleby, after a momentary pause, "they always are journeyman shoemakers who do these things in France, according to the papers. I don't know how it is—something in the leather I suppose."

"But this man, who is not a shoemaker—what has he done, mother, what has he said?" inquired

Nicholas, fretted almost beyond endurance, but looking nearly as resigned and patient as Mrs. Nickleby herself. "You know, there is no language of vegetables which converts a cucumber into a formal declaration of attachment."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head and looking at the ashes in the grate, "he has done and said all sorts of things."

"Is there no mistake on your part?" asked Nicholas. "Mistake!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Lord, Nicholas my dear, do you suppose I don't know when a man's in earnest?"

"Well, well!" muttered Nicholas.

"Every time I go to the window," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he kisses one hand and lays the other upon his heart—of course it's very foolish of him to do so, and I dare say you'll say it's very wrong, but he does it very respectfully—very respectfully indeed—and very tenderly, extremely tenderly. So far he deserves the greatest credit: there can be no doubt about that. Then there are the presents which come pouring over the wall every day, and very fine they certainly are, very fine; we had one of the cucumbers at dinner yesterday, and think of pickling the rest for next winter. And last evening," added Mrs. Nickleby, with increased confusion, "he called gently over the wall, as I was walking in the garden, and proposed marriage and an elopement. His voice is as clear as a bell or a musical glass—very like a musical glass indeed—but of course I didn't listen to it. Then the question is, Nicholas my dear, what am I to do?"

"Does Kate know of this?" asked Nicholas.

"I have not said a word about it yet," answered his mother.

"Then for Heaven's sake," rejoined Nicholas, rising, "do not, for it would make her very unhappy. And with regard to what you should do, my dear mother, do what your better sense and feeling, and respect for my father's memory, would prompt: There are a thousand ways in which you can show your dislike of these preposterous and doting attentions. If you act as decidedly as you ought, and they are still continued, and to your annoyance, I can speedily put a stop to them. But I should not interfere in a matter so ridiculous, and attach importance to it, until you have vindicated yourself. Most women can do that, but especially one of your age and condition in circumstances like these, which are unworthy of a serious thought. I would not shame you by seeming to take them to heart, or treat them earnestly for an instant. Absurd old idiot!"

So saying Nicholas kissed his mother and bade her good night, and they retired to their respective chambers.

To do Mrs. Nickleby justice, her attachment to her children would have prevented her seriously contemplating a second marriage, even if she could have so far conquered her recollections of her late husband as to have any strong inclinations that way. But, although there was no evil and little real selfishness in Mrs. Nickleby's heart, she had a weak head and a vain one; and there was something so flattering in being sought (and vainly sought) in marriage at this time of day; that she could not dismiss the passion of the unknown gentleman quite so summarily or lightly as Nicholas appeared to deem becoming.

"As to its being preposterous, and doting, and ridiculous," thought Mrs. Nickleby, communing with herself in her own room, "I don't see that at all. It's hopeless on his part, certainly; but why he should be an absurd idiot, I confess I don't see. He is not to be supposed to know it's hopeless. Poor fellow, he is to be pitied, I think!"

Having made these reflections, Mrs. Nickleby looked in her little dressing-glass, and walking backwards a few steps from it tried to remember who it was used to say



that when Nicholas was one-and-twenty he would have more the appearance of her brother than her son. Not being able to call the authority to mind, she extinguished her candle, and drew up the window-blind to admit the light of morning which had by this time begun to dawn. "It's a bad light to distinguish objects in," murmured Mrs. Nickleby, peering into the garden, "and my eyes are not very good—I was short-sighted from a child—but, upon my word, I think there's another large vegetable-marrow sticking at this moment on the broken glass bottles at the top of the wall!"

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COMPRISES CERTAIN PARTICULARS ARISING OUT OF A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE, WHICH MAY PROVE IMPORTANT HEREAFTER: SMIKE UNEXPECTEDLY ENCOUNTERS A VERY OLD FRIEND, WHO INVITES HIM TO HIS HOUSE, AND WILL TAKE NO DENIAL.

QUITE UNCONSCIOUS of the demonstrations of their amorous neighbour, or their effects upon the susceptible bosom of her mama, Kate Nickleby had, by this time begun to enjoy a settled feeling of tranquillity and happiness, to which, even in occasional and transitory glimpses, she had long been a stranger. Living under the same roof with the beloved brother from whom she had been so suddenly and hardly separated; with a mind at ease, and free from any persecutions which could call a blush into her cheek, or a pang into her heart, she seemed to have passed into a new state of being. Her former cheerfulness was restored, her step regained its elasticity and lightness, the colour which had forsaken her cheek visited it once again, and Kate Nickleby looked more beautiful than ever.

Such was the result to which Miss La Creevy's ruminations and observations led her, when the cottage had been, as she emphatically said, "thoroughly got to rights, from the chimney-pots to the street-door scraper," and the busy little woman had at length a moment's time to think about its inmates.

"Which I declare I haven't had since I first came down here," said Miss La Creevy, "for I have thought of nothing but hammers, nails, screw-drivers and gimlets, morning, noon, and night."

"You never bestow one thought upon yourself, I believe," returned Kate, smiling.

"Upon my word, my dear, when there are so many pleasanter things to think of, I should be a goose if I did," said Miss La Creevy. "By the by, I have thought of somebody too. Do you know, that I observe a great change in one of this family—a very extraordinary change?"

"In whom?" asked Kate, anxiously. "Not in—"

"Not in your brother, my dear," returned Miss La Creevy, anticipating the close of the sentence, "for he is always the same affectionate good-natured clever creature, with a spice of the—I won't say who—in him when there's any occasion, that he was when I first knew you. No. Smike, as he will be called, poor fellow! for he won't hear of a *Mr.* before his name, is greatly altered, even in this short time."

"How?" asked Kate. "Not in health?"

"N-n-o; perhaps not in health exactly," said Miss La Creevy, pausing to consider, "although he is a worn and feeble creature, and has that in his face which it would wring my heart to see in yours. No; not in health."

"How then?"

"I scarcely know," said the miniature-painter.

"But I have watched him, and he has brought the tears into my eyes many times. It is not a very difficult matter to do that, certainly, for I am very easily melted; still, I think these came with good cause and reason. I am sure that since he has been here, he has grown, from some strong cause, more conscious of his weak intellect. He feels it more. It gives him greater pain to know that he wanders sometimes, and cannot understand very simple things. I have watched him when you have not been by, my dear, sit brooding by himself with such a look of pain as I could scarcely bear to see, and then get up and leave the room: so sorrowfully, and in such dejection, that I cannot tell you how it has hurt me. Not three weeks ago, he was a light-hearted busy creature, overjoyed to be in a bustle, and as happy as the day was long. Now, he is another being—the same willing, harmless, faithful, loving creature—but the same in nothing else."

"Surely this will all pass off," said Kate. "Poor fellow!"

"I hope," returned her little friend, with a gravity very unusual in her, "it may. I hope, for the sake of that poor lad, it may. However," said Miss La Creevy, relapsing into the cheerful, chattering tone, which was habitual to her, "I have said my say, and a very long say it is, and a very wrong say too, I shouldn't wonder at all. I shall cheer him up to-night at all events, for if he is to be my squire all the way to the Strand, I shall talk on, and on, and on, and never leave off, till I have roused him into a laugh at something. So the sooner he goes the better for him, and the sooner I go, the better for me, I am sure, or else I shall have my maid gallivanting with somebody who may rob the house—though what there is to take away besides tables and chairs, I don't know, except the miniatures, and he is a clever thief who can dispose of them to any great advantage, for I can't, I know, and that's the honest truth."

So saying, little Miss La Creevy hid her face in a very flat bonnet, and herself in a very big shawl, and fixing herself tightly into the latter by means of a large pin, declared that the omnibus might come as soon as it pleased, for she was quite ready.

But there was still Mrs. Nickleby to take leave of; and long before that good lady had concluded some reminiscences, bearing upon and appropriate to the occasion, the omnibus arrived. This put Miss La Creevy in a great bustle, in consequence whereof, as she secretly rewarded the servant-girl with eighteen-pence behind the street-door, she pulled out of her reticule ten-pennyworth of halfpence which rolled into all possible corners of the passage, and occupied some considerable time in the picking-up. This ceremony had, of course, to be succeeded by a second kissing of Kate and Mrs. Nickleby, and a gathering together of the little basket and the brown-paper parcel, during which proceedings, "the omnibus," as Miss La Creevy protested, "swore so dreadfully, that it was quite awful to hear it." At length and at last, it made a feint of going away, and then Miss La Creevy darted out and darted in, apologising with great volubility to all the passengers, and declaring that she wouldn't purposely have kept them waiting on any account whatever. While she was looking about for a convenient seat, the conductor put Smike in, and cried that it was all right—thou

wasn't—and away went the huge vehicle, with the noise of half a dozen brewers' drays at least.

Leaving it to pursue its journey at the pleasure of the conductor afore-mentioned, who lounged gracefully on his little shelf behind, smoking an odoriferous cigar; and leaving it to stop, or go on, or gallop, or crawl, as that gentleman deemed expedient and advisable, this narrative may embrace the opportunity of ascertaining the condition of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and to what extent he had by this time recovered from the injuries consequent upon being flung violently from his cabriolet, under the circumstances already detailed.

With a shattered limb, a body severely bruised, a face disfigured by half-healed scars, and pallid from the exhaustion of recent pain and fever, Sir Mulberry Hawk lay stretched upon his back, on the couch to which he was doomed to be a prisoner for some weeks yet to come. Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck sat drinking hard in the next room, now and then varying the monotonous murmurs of their conversation with a half-smothered laugh, while the young lord—the only member of the party who was not thoroughly irredeemable, and who really had a kind heart—sat beside his Mentor, with a cigar in his mouth, and read to him, by the light of a lamp, such scraps of intelligence from a paper of the day as were most likely to yield him interest or amusement.

"Curse those hounds!" said the invalid, turning his head impatiently towards the adjoining room; "will nothing stop their infernal throats?"

Messrs. Pyke and Pluck heard the exclamation, and stopped immediately, winking to each other as they did so, and filling their glasses to the brim, as some recompense for the deprivation of speech.

"Damn!" muttered the sick man between his teeth, and writhing impatiently in his bed. "Isn't this mattress hard enough, and the room dull enough, and the pain bad enough, but *they* must torture me? What's the time?"

"Half-past eight," replied his friend.

"Here, draw the table nearer, and let us have the cards again," said Sir Mulberry. "More piquet. Come."

It was curious to see how eagerly the sick man, debarred from any change of position save the mere turning of his head from side to side, watched every motion of his friend in the progress of the game; and with what eagerness and interest he played, and yet how warily and coolly. His address and skill were more than twenty times a match for his adversary, who could make little head against them, even when fortune favoured him with good cards, which was not often the case. Sir Mulberry won every game; and when his companion threw down the cards, and refused to play any longer, thrust forth his wasted arm and caught up the stakes with a boastful oath, and the same hoarse laugh, though considerably lowered in tone, that had resounded in Ralph Nickleby's dining-room months before.

While he was thus occupied, his man appeared, to announce that Mr. Ralph Nickleby was below, and wished to know how he was to-night.

"Better," said Sir Mulberry, impatiently.

"Mr. Nickleby wishes to know, sir—"

"I tell you, better," replied Sir Mulberry, striking his hand upon the table.

The man hesitated for a moment or two, and then

said that Mr. Nickleby had requested permission to see Sir Mulberry Hawk, if it was not inconvenient.

"It is inconvenient. I can't see him. I can't see anybody," said his master, more violently than before. "You know that, you blockhead."

"I am very sorry, sir," returned the man. "But Mr. Nickleby pressed so much, sir—"

The fact was, that Ralph Nickleby had bribed the man, who, being anxious to earn his money with a view to future favours, held the door in his hand, and ventured to linger still.

"Did he say whether he had any business to speak about?" inquired Sir Mulberry, after a little impatient consideration.

"No, sir. He said he wished to see you, sir. Particularly, Mr. Nickleby said, sir."

"Tell him to come up. Here," cried Sir Mulberry, calling the man back, as he passed his hand over his disfigured face, "move that lamp, and put it on the stand behind me. Wheel that table away, and place a chair there—further off. Leave it so."

The man obeyed these directions as if he quite comprehended the motive with which they were dictated, and left the room. Lord Verisopht, remarking that he would look in presently, strolled into the adjoining apartment, and closed the folding-door behind him.

Then was heard a subdued footstep on the stairs; and Ralph Nickleby, hat in hand, crept softly into the room, with his body bent forward as if in profound respect, and his eyes fixed upon the face of his worthy client.

"Well, Nickleby," said Sir Mulberry, motioning him to the chair by the couch side, and waving his hand in assumed carelessness, "I have had a bad accident, you see."

"I see," rejoined Ralph, with the same steady gaze. "Bad, indeed? I should not have known you, Sir Mulberry. Dear, dear. This is bad."

Ralph's manner was one of profound humility and respect; and the low tone of voice was that which the gentlest consideration for a sick man would have taught a visitor to assume. But the expression of his face, Sir Mulberry's being averted, was in extraordinary contrast; and as he stood, in his usual attitude, calmly looking on the prostrate form before him, all that part of his features which was not cast into shadow by his protruding and contracted brows, bore the impress of a sarcastic smile.

"Sit down," said Sir Mulberry, turning towards him as though by a violent effort. "Am I a sight, that you stand gazing there?"

As he turned his face, Ralph recoiled a step or two, and making as though he were irresistibly impelled to express astonishment, but was determined not to do so, sat down with well-acted confusion.

"I have inquired at the door, Sir Mulberry, every day," said Ralph, "twice a day, indeed, at first—and to-night, presuming upon old acquaintance, and past transactions by which we have mutually benefited in some degree, I could not resist soliciting admission to your chamber. Have you—have you suffered much?" said Ralph, bending forward, and allowing the same harsh smile to gather upon his face, as the other closed his eyes.

"More than enough to please me, and less than enough to please some broken-down hacks that you and I know of, and who lay their ruin between us, I

dare say," returned Sir Mulberry, tossing his arm restlessly upon the coverlet.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders in deprecation of the intense irritation with which this had been said, for there was an aggravating cold distinctness in his speech and manner which so grated on the sick man that he could scarcely endure it.

"And what is it in these 'past transactions,' that brought you here to-night?" asked Sir Mulberry.

"Nothing," replied Ralph. "There are some bills of my lord's which need renewal, but let them be till you are well. I—I—came," said Ralph, speaking more slowly, and with harsher emphasis, "I came to say how grieved I am that any relative of mine, although disowned by me, should have inflicted such punishment on you as—"

"Punishment!" interposed Sir Mulberry.

"I know it has been a severe one," said Ralph, wilfully mistaking the meaning of the interruption, "and that has made me the more anxious to tell you that I disown this vagabond—that I acknowledge him as no kin of mine—and that I leave him to take his deserts from you and every man besides. You may wring his neck if you please. I shall not interfere."

"This story that they tell me here, has got abroad then, has it?" asked Sir Mulberry, clenching his hands and teeth.

"Noised in all directions," replied Ralph. "Every club and gaming room has rung with it. There has been a good song made about it, as I am told," said Ralph, looking eagerly at his questioner. "I have not heard it myself, not being in the way of such things, but I have been told it's even printed—for private circulation, but that's all over town, of course."

"It's a lie!" said Sir Mulberry; "I tell you it's all a lie. The mare took fright."

"They say he frightened her," observed Ralph, in the same unmoved and quiet manner. "Some say he frightened you, but that's a lie, I know. I have said that boldly—oh, a score of times! I am a peaceable man, but I can't hear folks tell that of you—No, no."

When Sir Mulberry found coherent words to utter, Ralph bent forward with his hand to his ear, and a face as calm as if its every line of sternness had been cast in iron.

"When I am off this cursed bed," said the invalid, actually striking at his broken leg in the ecstasy of his passion, "I'll have such revenge, as never man had yet. By G— I will! Accident favouring him, he has marked me for a week or two, but I'll put a mark on him that he shall carry to his grave. I'll slit his nose and ears—flog him—maim him for life. I'll do more than that; I'll drag that pattern of chastity, that pink of prudery, the delicate sister, through—"

It might have been that even Ralph's cold blood tingled in his cheeks at that moment. It might have been that Sir Mulberry remembered that, knave and usurer as he was, he must, in some early time of infancy, have twined his arm about her father's neck. He stopped, and menacing with his hand, confirmed the unuttered threat with a tremendous oath.

"It is a galling thing," said Ralph after a short term of silence, during which he had eyed the sufferer keenly, "to think that the man about town; the rake, the *roué*, the rook of twenty seasons, should be brought to this pass by a mere boy!"

Sir Mulberry darted a wrathful look at him, but Ralph's eyes were bent upon the ground, and his face wore no other expression than one of thoughtfulness.

"A raw slight stripling," continued Ralph, "against a man whose very weight might crush him; to say nothing of his skill in—I am right, I think," said Ralph, raising his eyes, "you were a patron of the ring once, were you not?"

The sick man made an impatient gesture, which Ralph chose to consider as one of acquiescence.

"Ha!" he said, "I thought so. That was before I knew you, but I was pretty sure I couldn't be mistaken. He is light and active, I suppose. But those were slight advantages compared with yours. Luck, luck—these hangdog outcasts have it."

"He'll need the most he has when I am well again," said Sir Mulberry Hawk, "let him fly where he will."

"Oh!" returned Ralph quickly, "he doesn't dream of that. He is here good Sir, waiting your pleasure—here in London walking the streets at noonday, carrying it off jauntily; looking for you I swear," said Ralph, his face darkening, and his own hatred getting the upper hand of him for the first time, as this gay picture of Nicholas presented itself; "if we were only citizens of a country where it could be safely done, I'd give good money to have him stabbed to the heart and rolled into the kennel for the dogs to tear."

As Ralph, somewhat to the surprise of his old client, vented this little piece of sound family feeling, and took up his hat preparatory to departing, Lord Frederick Verisopht looked in.

"Why what in the devyle's name, Hawk, have you and Nickleby been talking about?" said the young man. "I never heard such an insufferable riot. Croak, croak, croak. Bow, wow, wow. What has it all been about?"

"Sir Mulberry has been angry, my Lord," said Ralph, looking towards the couch.

"Not about money, I hope. Nothing has gone wrong in business, has it, Nickleby?"

"No, my Lord, no," returned Ralph. "On that point we always agree. Sir Mulberry has been calling to mind the cause of—"

There was neither necessity nor opportunity for Ralph to proceed; for Sir Mulberry took up the theme, and vented his threats and oaths against Nicholas almost as ferociously as before.

Ralph, who was no common observer, was surprised to see that as this tirade proceeded, the manner of Lord Verisopht, who at the commencement had been twirling his whiskers with a most dandified and listless air, underwent a complete alteration. He was still more surprised, when Sir Mulberry ceasing to speak, the young lord angrily, and almost unaffectedly, requested never to have the subject renewed in his presence.

"Mind that, Hawk," he added with unusual energy, "I never will be a party to, or permit, if I can help it, a cowardly attack upon this young fellow."

"Cowardly, Lord Verisopht!" interrupted his friend.

"Ye-es," said the other turning full upon him.—

"If you had told him who you were; if you had given him your card, and found out afterwards that his station or character prevented your fighting him, it would have been bad enough then; upon my soul

it would have been bad enough then. As it is, you did wrong. I did wrong too, not to interfere, and I am sorry for it. What happened to you afterwards was as much the consequence of accident as design, and more your fault than his, and it shall not, with my knowledge, be cruelly visited upon him—it shall not indeed."

With this emphatic repetition of his concluding words, the young lord turned upon his heel, but before he had reached the adjoining room he turned back again, and said, with even greater vehemence than he had displayed before,

"I do believe now, upon my honour I do believe, that the sister is as virtuous and modest a young lady as she is a handsome one; and of the brother, I say this, that he acted as her brother should, and in a manly and spirited manner. And I only wish with all my heart and soul that any one of us came out of this matter half as well as he does."

So saying, Lord Frederick Verisopht walked out of the room, leaving Ralph Nickleby and Sir Mulberry in most unpleasant astonishment.

"Is this your pupil?" asked Ralph, softly, "or has he come fresh from some country parson?"

"Green fools take these fits sometimes," replied Sir Mulberry Hawk, biting his lip, and pointing to the door. "Leave him to me."

Ralph exchanged a familiar look with his old acquaintance, for they had suddenly grown confidential again in this alarming surprise, and took his way home thoughtfully and slowly.

While these things were being said and done, and long before they were concluded, the omnibus had disgorged Miss La Creevy and her escort, and they had arrived at her own door. Now, the good-nature of the little miniature-painter would by no means allow of Smike's walking back again, until he had been previously refreshed with just a sip of something comfortable and a mixed biscuit or so; and Smike entertaining no objection either to the sip of something comfortable or the mixed biscuit, but considering on the contrary that they would be a very pleasant preparation for a walk to Bow, it fell out that he delayed much longer than he originally intended, and that it was some half hour after dusk when he set forth on his journey home.

There was no likelihood of his losing his way, for it lay quite straight before him, and he had walked into town with Nicholas, and back alone, almost every day. So, Miss La Creevy and he shook hands with mutual confidence, and being charged with more kind remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Nickleby, Smike started off.

At the foot of Ludgate Hill, he turned a little out of the road to satisfy his curiosity by having a look at Newgate. After staring up at the sombre walls from the opposite side of the way with great care and dread for some minutes, he turned back again into the old track, and walked briskly through the city; stopping now and then to gaze in at the window of some particularly attractive shop, then running for a little way, then stopping again, and so on, as any other country lad might do.

He had been gazing for a long time through a jeweller's window, wishing he could take some of the beautiful trinkets home as a present, and imagining what delight they would afford if he could, when the clocks struck three-quarters past eight; roused by the sound, he hurried on at a very quick pace, and was crossing the corner of a bye street when he felt himself violently brought to, with a jerk so sudden that he was obliged to cling to a lamp-post to save himself from falling. At the same moment, a small boy clung tight round his leg, and a shrill cry of "Here he is, father,—Hooray!" vibrated in his ears.

Smike knew that voice too well. He cast his despairing eyes downwards towards the form from which it had proceeded, and shuddering from head to foot, looked round. Mr. Squeers had hooked him in the coat-collar with the handle of his umbrella, and was hanging on at the other end with all his might and main. The cry of triumph proceeded from Master Wackford, who, regardless of all his kicks and struggles, clung to him with the tenacity of a bull-dog!

One glance showed him this; and in that one glance the terrified creature became utterly powerless and unable to utter a sound.

"Here's s'go!" cried Mr. Squeers, gradually coming hand-over-hand down the umbrella, and only unhooking it when he had got tight hold of the victim's collar. Here's a delicious go! Wackford, my boy, call up one of them coaches."

"A coach, father!" cried little Wackford.

"Yes, a coach, sir," replied Squeers, feasting his eyes upon the countenance of Smike. "Damn the expense.—Let's have him in a coach."

"What's he been a doing of?" asked a labourer, with a hod of bricks, against whom and a fellow-labourer Mr. Squeers had backed, on the first jerk of the umbrella.

"Everything!" replied Mr. Squeers, looking fixedly at his old pupil in a sort of rapturous trance. "Everything—running away, sir—joining in blood-thirsty attacks upon his master, sir—there's nothing that's bad that he hasn't done. Oh, what a delicious go is this here, good Lord!"

The man looked from Squeers to Smike; but such mental faculties as the poor fellow possessed had utterly deserted him. The coach came up; Master Wackford entered; Squeers pushed in his prize, and following close at his heels pulled up the glasses. The coachman mounted his box and drove slowly off, leaving the two bricklayers, and an old apple-woman, and a town-made little boy returning from an evening school, who had been the only witnesses of the scene, to meditate upon it at their leisure.

Mr. Squeers sat himself down on the opposite seat to the unfortunate Smike, and planting his hands firmly on his knees looked at him for some five minutes when, seeming to recover from his trance, he uttered a loud laugh, and slapped his old pupil's face several times—taking the right and left sides alternately.

"It isn't a dream!" said Squeers. "That's real flesh and blood, I know the feel of it;" and being quite assured of his good fortune by these experiments, Mr. Squeers administered a few boxes on the ear, lest the entertainments should seem to partake of sameness, and laughed louder and longer at every one.

"Your mother will be fit to jump out of her skin, my boy, when she hears of this," said Squeers to his son.

"Oh, won't she though, father!" replied Master Wackford.

"To think," said Squeers, "that you and me should be turning out of a street, and come upon him at the very nick; and that I should have him tight at only one cast of the umbrella, as if I had hooked him with a grappling-iron!—Ha, ha!"

"Didn't I catch hold of his leg, neither, father?" said little Wackford.

"You did; like a good 'un, my boy," said Mr. Squeers, patting his son's head, "and you shall have the best button-over jacket and waistcoat that the next new boy brings down, as a reward of merit—mind that. You always keep on in the same path, and do them things that you see your father do, and when you die you'll go right slap to Heaven and be asked no questions."

Improving the occasion in these words, Mr. Squeers patted his son's head again, and then patted Smike's—but

harder; and inquired in a bantering tone how he found himself by this time.

"I must go home," replied Smike, looking wildly round. "To be sure you must. You're about right there," replied Mr. Squeers. "You'll go home very soon, you will. You'll find yourself at the peaceful village of Dotheboys, in Yorkshire, in something under a week's time, my young friend; and the next time you get away from there, I give you leave to keep away. Where's the clothes you run off in, you ungrateful robber!" said Mr. Squeers, in a severe voice.

Smike glanced at the neat attire which the care of Nicholas had provided for him, and wrung his hands.

"Do you know that I could hang you up outside of the Old Bailey, for making away with them articles of property?" said Squeers. "Do you know that it's a hanging matter—and I ain't quite certain whether it ain't an anatomy one besides—to walk off with up'ards of the valley of five pound from a dwelling-house? Eh—do you know that? What do you suppose was the worth of them clothes you had? Do you know, that that Wellington-boot you wore, cost eight-and-twenty shillings when it was a pair, and the shoe seven-and-six? But you came to the right shop for mercy when you came to me, and thank your stars that it is me as has got to serve you with the article."

Anybody not in Mr. Squeers's confidence would have supposed that he was quite out of the article in question, instead of having a large stock on hand ready for all comers; nor would the opinion of sceptical persons have undergone much alteration when he followed up the remark by poking Smike in the chest with the ferrule of his umbrella, and dealing a smart shower of blows with the ribs of the same instrument upon his head and shoulders.

"I never threatened a boy in a hackney-coach before," said Mr. Squeers, when he stopped to rest. "There's inconvenience in it, but the novelty gives it a sort of relish too!"

Poor Smike! He warded off the blows as well as he could, and now shrunk into a corner of the coach, with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees; he was stunned and stupefied, and had no more idea that any act of his would enable him to escape from the all-powerful Squeers, now that he had no friend to speak to or advise with, than he had had in all the weary years of his Yorkshire life which preceded the arrival of Nicholas.

The journey seemed endless; street after street was entered and left behind, and still they went jolting on. At last Mr. Squeers began to thrust his head out at the window every half-minute, and to hawl a variety of directions to the coachman; and after passing, with some difficulty through several mean streets which the appearance of the houses and the bad state of the road denoted to have been recently built, Mr. Squeers suddenly tugged at the check string with all his might, and cried, "Stop!"

"What are you pulling a man's arm off for?" said the coachman, looking angrily down.

"That's the house," replied Squeers. "The second of them four little houses, one story high, with the green shutters—there's a brass plate on the door with the name of Snawley."

"Couldn't you say that, without wrenching a man's limbs off his body?" inquired the coachman.

"No!" hawled Mr. Squeers. "Say another word, and I'll summons you for having a broken winder. Stop!"

Obedient to this direction, the coach stopped at Mr. Snawley's door. Mr. Snawley may be remembered as the sleek and sanctified gentleman who confided two sons (in law) to the parental care of Mr. Squeers, as narrated in

the fourth chapter of this history. Mr. Snawley's house was on the extreme borders of some new settlements adjoining Somers Town, and Mr. Squeers had taken lodgings therein for a short time as his stay was longer than usual, and the Saracen, having experience of Master Wackford's appetite, had declined to receive him on any other terms than as a full grown customer.

"Here we are!" said Squeers, hurrying Smike into the little parlour, where Mr. Snawley and his wife were taking a lobster supper. "Here's the vagrant—the felon—the rebel—the monster of unthankfulness."

"What! The boy that run away!" cried Snawley, resting his knife and fork upright on the table, and opening his eyes to their full width.

"The very boy," said Squeers, putting his fist close to Smike's nose, and drawing it away again, and repeating the process several times with a vicious aspect. "If there wasn't a lady present, I'd fetch him such a—: never mind, I'll owe it him."

And here Mr. Squeers related how, and in what manner, and when and where, he had picked up the runaway.

"It's clear that there has been a Providence in it, sir," said Mr. Snawley, casting down his eyes with an air of humility, and elevating his fork with a bit of lobster on the top of it towards the ceiling.

"Providence is against him, no doubt," replied Mr. Squeers, scratching his nose. "Of course, that was to be expected. Anybody might have known that."

"Hard-heartedness and evil-doing will never prosper, sir," said Mr. Snawley.

"Never was such a thing known," rejoined Squeers, taking a roll of notes from his pocket-book, to see that they were all safe.

"I have been, Mrs. Snawley," said Mr. Squeers, when he had satisfied himself upon this point, "I have been that chap's benefactor, feeder, teacher, and clother. I have been that chap's classical, commercial, mathematical, philosophical, and trigonometrical friend. My son—my only son, Wackford—has been his brother; Mrs. Squeers has been his mother, grandmother, aunt,—Ah! and I may say uncle too, all in one. She never cottoned to anybody except them two engaging and delightful boys of yours, as she cottoned to this chap. What's my return? What's come of my milk of human kindness? It turns into curds and whey when I look at him."

"Well it may, sir," said Mrs. Snawley. "Oh! Well it may, sir."

"Where has he been all this time?" inquired Snawley. "Has he been a living with —?"

"Ah, sir!" interposed Squeers, confronting him again. "Have you been a living with that there devilish Nickleby, sir?"

But no threats or cuffs could elicit from Smike one word of reply to this question, for he had internally resolved that he would rather perish in the wretched prison to which he was again about to be consigned, than utter one syllable which could involve his first and true friend. He had already called to mind the strict injunctions of secrecy as to his past life, which Nicholas had laid upon him when they travelled from Yorkshire; and a confused and perplexed idea that his benefactor might have committed some terrible crime in bringing him away, which would render him liable to heavy punishment if detected, had contributed in some degree to reduce him to his present state of apathy and terror.

Such were the thoughts—if to visions so imperfect and undefined as those which wandered through his enfeebled brain, the term can be applied—which were present to the mind of Smike, and rendered him deaf alike to intimidation and persuasion. Finding every effort useless, Squeers conducted him to a little back room up-

where he was to pass the night; and taking the precaution of removing his shoes, and coat and waistcoat, and also of locking the door on the outside, lest he should muster up sufficient energy to make an attempt at escape, that worthy gentleman left him to his meditations.

And what those meditations were, and how the poor creature's heart sunk within him when he thought—when did he, for a moment, cease to think?—of his late home, and the dear friends and familiar faces with which it was associated, cannot be told. To prepare the mind for such a heavy sleep, its growth must be stopped by rigour and cruelty in childhood; there must be years of misery and suffering lightened by no ray of hope, the cords of the heart, which beat a quick response to the voice of gentleness and affection, must have rusted and broken in their secret places, and bear the lingering echo of no old word of love or kindness. Gloomy, indeed, must have been the short day, and dull the long, long twilight, which prelude such a night of intellect as his.

There were voices which would have roused him, even then, but their welcome tones could not penetrate there; and he crept to bed the same listless, hopeless, blighted creature, that Nicholas had first found him at the Yorkshire school.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH ANOTHER OLD FRIEND ENCOUNTERS SMILE, VERY OPPORTUNELY AND TO SOME PURPOSE.

THE night fraught with so much bitterness to one poor soul had given place to a bright and cloudless summer morning, when a north-country mail-coach traversed with cheerful noise the yet silent streets of Islington, and, giving brisk note of its approach with the lively winding of the guard's horn, clattered onward to its halting-place hard by the Post-office.

The only outside passenger was a burly honest-looking countryman upon the box, who, with his eyes fixed upon the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, appeared so wrapt in admiring wonder, as to be quite insensible to all the bustle of getting out the bags and parcels, until one of the coach windows being let sharply down, he looked round and encountered a pretty female face which was just then thrust out.

"See there, lass!" bawled the countryman, pointing towards the object of his admiration. "There be Paul's Church. 'Ecod, he be a soizable 'un, he be."

"Goodness, John! I shouldn't have thought it could have been half the size. What a monster."

"Monsther!—Ye're aboot right there, I reckon, Mrs. Browdie," said the countryman good-humouredly, as he came slowly down in his huge top-coat, "and wa'at dost thee tak' yon place to be noo—thot 'un ower the wa'. Ye'd never coom near it 'gin ye tried for twelve moonths. It's na' but a Poast-office! Ho! ho! They need to charge for dooble-ladders. A Poast-office! Wa'at dost thee think o' thot! 'Ecod, if thot's on'y a Poast-office, I'd loike to see where the Lord Mayor o' Lunnun lives."

So saying, John Browdie—for he it was—opened the coach-door, and tapping Mrs. Browdie, late Miss Price, on the cheek as he looked in, burst into a boisterous fit of laughter.

"Weel!" said John—"Dang my bootuns if she bea'nt asleep agean!"

"She's been asleep all night, and was all yesterday, except for a minute or two now and then," replied John

Browdie's choice, "and I was very sorry when she woke, for she has been so cross!"

The subject of these remarks was a slumbering figure, so muffled in shawl and cloak that it would have been matter of impossibility to guess at its sex but for a brown-beaver bonnet and green veil which ornamented the head, and which, having been crushed and flattened for two hundred and fifty miles in that particular angle of the vehicle from which the lady's snores now proceeded, presented an appearance sufficiently ludicrous to have moved less risible muscles than those of John Browdie's ruddy face.

"Hollo!" cried John, twitching one end of the dragged veil. "Coom, wakken oop, will 'ee."

After several burrowings in the old corner, and many exclamations of impatience and fatigue, the figure struggled into a sitting posture; and there, under a mass of crumpled beaver, and surrounded by a semicircle of blue curl papers, were the delicate features of Miss Fanny Squeers.

"Oh, Tilda!" cried Miss Squeers, "How you have been kicking of me through this blessed night!"

"Well, I do like that," replied her friend laughing, "when you have had nearly the whole of the coach to yourself."

"Don't deny it, 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, impressively, "because you have, and it's no use to go attempting to say you haven't. You mightn't have known it in your sleep, 'Tilda, but I haven't closed my eyes for a single wink, and so I think I am to be believed."

With which reply, Miss Squeers adjusted the bonnet and veil, which nothing but supernatural interference and an utter suspension of nature's laws could have reduced to any shape or form; and evidently flattering herself that it looked uncommonly neat, brushed off the sandwich crumbs and bits of biscuit, which had accumulated in her lap, and availing herself of John Browdie's proffered arm, descended from the coach.

"Noo," said John, when a hackney-coach had been called, and the ladies and the luggage hurried in, "gang to the Sarah's Head, mun."

"To the vere?" cried the coachman.

"Lawk, Mr. Browdie!" interrupted Miss Squeers—"The idea! Saracen's Head."

"Sure-ly," said John, "I know'd it was summat about Sarah—to the Sarah Son's Head. Dost thou know thot?"

"Oh, ah—I know that," replied the coachman, gruffly, as he banged the door.

"'Tilda, dear—really," remonstrated Miss Squeers, "we shall be taken for I don't know what."

"Let 'em tak us as they foind us," said John Browdie, "we dean't come to Lunnun to do nought but 'joy oursel, do we?"

"I hope not, Mr. Browdie," replied Miss Squeers, looking singularly dismal.

"Well, then," said John, "it's no matter. I've only been a married mun fower days, 'account of poor old fether deen' and puttin' it off. Here be a weddin' party—broide and broides'maid, and the groom—if a man dean't joy himsel, noo, when ought he, hey? Draat it all thot's what I wont to know."

So, in order that he might begin to enjoy himself at once, and lose no time, Mr. Browdie gave his wife a hearty kiss, and succeeded in wresting another from Miss Squeers, after a maidenly resistance of scratching and struggling on the part of that young lady, which was not quite over when they reached the Saracen's Head.

Here the party straightway retired to rest, the refreshment of sleep being necessary after so long a journey; and here they met again, about noon to a substantial breakfast, spread by direction of Mr. John Browdie, in a small pri-

vate room up-stairs commanding an uninterrupted view of the stables.

To have seen Miss Squeers now divested of the brown beaver, the green veil, and the blue curl-papers, and arrayed in all the virgin splendour of a white frock and spencer, with a white muslin bonnet, and an imitative damask rose in full bloom on the inside thereof: her luxuriant crop of hair arranged in curls so tight that it was impossible they could come out by any accident, and her bonnet-cap, trimmed with little damask roses, which might be supposed to be so many promising scions of the big one—to have seen all this and to have seen the broad damask belt, matching both the family rose and the little ones, which encircled her slender waist, and by a happy ingenuity took off from the shortness of the spencer behind,—to have beheld all this, and to have taken further into account the coral bracelets (rather short of beads, and with a very visible black string) which clasped her wrists, and the coral necklace which rested on her neck, supporting outside her frock a lonely cornelian heart, typical of her own disengaged affections—to have contemplated all these mute but expressive appeals to the purest feelings of our nature, might have thawed the frost of age, and added new and inextinguishable fuel to the fire of youth.

The waiter was touched. Waiter as he was, he had human passions and feelings, and he looked very hard at Miss Squeers as he handed the muffins.

"Is my pa in, do you know?" asked Miss Squeers with dignity.

"Beg your pardon, Miss."

"My pa," repeated Miss Squeers; "is he in?"

"In where, Miss?"

"In here—in the house!" replied Miss Squeers. "My pa—Mr. Wackford Squeers—he's stopping here. Is he at home?"

"I didn't know there was any gen'lman of that name in the house, Miss," replied the waiter. "There may be, in the coffee-room."

May be. Very pretty this, indeed! Here was Miss Squeers, who had been depending all the way to London upon showing her friends how much at home she would be, and how much respectful notice her name and connexions would excite, told that her father *might* be there! "As if he was a feller!" observed Miss Squeers, with emphatic indignation.

"Ye'd better inquire, mun," said John Browdie. "An hond up another pigeon-pie, will 'ee? Dang the chap," muttered John, looking into the empty dish as the waiter retired; "Does he ca' this a pic—three young pigeons and a troiffing matther o' steak, and a crust so lought that you doant know when it's in your mooth and when it's gane? I wonder hoo many pies goes to a breakfast!"

After a short interval, which John Browdie employed upon the ham and a cold round of beef, the waiter returned with another pie, and the information that Mr. Squeers was not stopping in the house, but that he came there every day, and that directly he arrived he should be shown up-stairs. With this he retired; and he had not retired two minutes, when he returned with Mr. Squeers and his hopeful son.

"Why, who'd have thought of this?" said Mr. Squeers, when he had saluted the party, and received some private family intelligence from his daughter.

"Who, indeed, pa!" replied that young lady, spitefully. "But you see Tilda is married at last."

"And I stond threat for a soight o' Lunnon, school-measter," said John, vigorously attacking the pie.

"One of them things that young men do when they get married," returned Squeers; "and as runs through with their money like nothing at all. How much better

wouldn't it be now, to save it up for the eddication of any little boys, for instance. They come on you," said Mr. Squeers in a moralizing way, "before you're aware of it; mine did upon me."

"Will 'ee pick a bit?" said John.

"I won't myself," returned Squeers; "but if you'll just let little Wackford tuck into something fat, I'll be obliged to you. Give it him in his fingers, else the waiter charges it on, and there's a lot of profit on this sort of vittles without that. If you hear the waiter coming, sir, shove it in your pocket and look out of the window, d'ye hear?"

"I'm awake, father," replied the dutiful Wackford.

"Well," said Squeers, turning to his daughter, "It's your turn to be married next. You must make haste."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said Miss Squeers, very sharply.

"No, Fanny!" cried her old friend with some archness.

"No, Tilda," replied Miss Squeers, shaking her head vehemently. "I—can wait."

"So can the young men, it seems, Fanny," observed Mrs. Browdie.

"They an't draw'd into it by me," Tilda, retorted Miss Squeers.

"No," returned her friend; "that's exceedingly true."

The sarcastic tone of this reply might have provoked a rather acrimonious retort from Miss Squeers, who, besides, being of a constitutionally vicious temper—aggravated just now by travel and recent jolting—was somewhat irritated by old recollections and the failure of her own designs upon Mr. Browdie; and the acrimonious retort might have led to a great many other retorts, which might have led to Heaven knows what, if the subject of conversation had not been at that precise moment accidentally changed by Mr. Squeers himself.

"What do you think?" said that gentleman; "who do you suppose we have laid hands on, Wackford and me?"

"Pa! not Mr. —?" Miss Squeers was unable to finish the sentence, but Mrs. Browdie did it for her, and added, "Nickleby!"

"No," said Squeers. "But next door to him though."

"You can't mean Smike!" cried Miss Squeers, clapping her hands.

"Yes, I can though," rejoined her father. "I've got him hard and fast."

"Wa'at!" exclaimed John Browdie, pushing away his plate. "Got that poor—dom'd sceondrel,—where?"

"Why, in the top back room, at my lodging," replied Squeers, "with him on one side and the key on the other."

"At thy loodgin'! Thee'est gotten him at thy loodgin'! Ho! ho! The schoolmeaster agin all England. Give us thee hond, mun;—I'm darned but I must shak thee by the hond for thot.—Gotten him at thy loodgin'!"

"Yes," replied Squeers, staggering in his chair under the congratulatory blow on the chest which the stout Yorkshireman dealt him—"thankee. Don't do it again. You mean it kindly, I know, but it hurts rather—yea, there he is. That's not so bad, is it?"

"Ba'ad!" repeated John Browdie. "It's eneaf to scare a mun to hear tell on."

"I thought it would surprise you a bit," said Squeers, rubbing his hands. "It was pretty neatly done, and pretty quick too."

"Hoo wor it?" inquired John, sitting down close to him. "Tell us all about it, mun; coom, quick."

Although he could not keep pace with John Browdie's impatience, Mr. Squeers related the lucky chance by which Smike had fallen into his hands, as quickly as he could, and, except when he was interrupted by the admiring remarks of his auditors, paused not in the recital until he had brought it to an end.

"For fear he should give me the slip by any chance"



observed Squeers, when he had finished, looking very cunning, "I've taken three outsiders for to-morrow morning, for Wackford and him and me, and have arranged to leave the accounts and the new boys to the agent, don't you see? So it's very lucky you come to-day, or you'd have missed us; and as it is, unless you could come and tea with me to-night, we shan't see anything more of you before we go away."

"Deant say anoother wurd," returned the Yorkshireman, shaking him by the hand. "We'd coom if it was twenty mile."

"No, would you though?" returned Mr. Squeers, who had not expected quite such a ready acceptance of his invitation, or he would have considered twice before he gave it.

John Browdie's only reply was another squeeze of the hand, and an assurance that they would not begin to see London till to-morrow, so that they might be at Mr. Snawley's at six o'clock without fail; and after some further conversation, Mr. Squeers and his son departed.

During the remainder of the day Mr. Browdie was in a very odd and excitable state, bursting occasionally into an explosion of laughter, and then taking up his hat and running into the coach-yard to have it out by himself. He was very restless too, constantly walking in and out, and snapping his fingers, and dancing scraps of uncouth country dances, and, in short, conducting himself in such a very extraordinary manner, that Miss Squeers opined he was going mad, and begging her dear "Tilda not to distress herself, communicated her suspicions in so many words. Mrs. Browdie, however, without discovering any great alarm, observed that she had seen him so once before, and that although he was almost sure to be ill after it, it would not be anything very serious, and therefore he was better left alone.

The result proved her to be perfectly correct; for while they were all sitting in Mr. Snawley's parlour that night, and just as it was beginning to get dusk, John Browdie was taken so ill, and seized with such an alarming dizziness in the head, that the whole company were thrown into the utmost consternation. His good lady, indeed, was the only person present who retained presence of mind enough to observe that if he were allowed to lie down on Mr. Squeer's bed for an hour or so, and left entirely to himself, he would be sure to recover again almost as quickly as he had been taken ill. Nobody would refuse to try the effect of so reasonable a proposal before sending for a surgeon. Accordingly, John was supported up stairs with great difficulty, being a monstrous weight, and regularly tumbling down two steps every time they hoisted him up three; and being laid on the bed, was left in charge of his wife, who, after a short interval, re-appeared in the parlour with the gratifying intelligence that he had fallen fast asleep.

Now, the fact was, that, at that particular moment, John Browdie was sitting on the bed with the reddest face ever seen, cramming the corner of the pillow into his mouth to prevent his roaring out loud with laughter. He had no sooner succeeded in suppressing this emotion, than he slipped off his shoes, and creeping to the adjoining room where the prisoner was confined, turned the key, which was on the outside, and darting in, covered Smike's mouth with his huge hand before he could utter a sound.

"Ods-bobs, dost thee not know me, mun?" whispered the Yorkshireman to the bewildered lad. "Browdie,—chap as met thee othter schoolmeaster was banded?"

"Yes, yes," cried Smike. "Oh! help me."

"Help thee!" replied John, stopping his mouth again the instant he had said thus much. "Thee didn't need help if thee war'nt as silly youngster as ever draw'd breath. Wa'at did 'ee come here for, then?"

"He brought me; oh! he brought me," cried Smike. "Brout thee!" replied John. "Why didn't 'ee punch his head, or lay theeself doon and kick, and squeal out for the pollis? I'd ha' licked a doozen such as him when I was young as thee. But thee be'est a poor broken-doon chap," said John, sadly, "and God forgi' me for bragging over yan o' his weakest creetura."

Smike opened his mouth to speak, but John Browdie stopped him.

"Stan' still," said the Yorkshireman, "and don't 'ee speak a morsel o' talk till I tell 'ee."

With this caution, John Browdie shook his head significantly, and drawing a screw-driver from his pocket, took off the box of the lock in a very deliberate and workmanlike manner, and laid it, together with the implement, on the floor.

"See that?" said John. "Thot be thy doin'. Noo coot away!"

Smike looked vacantly at him, as if unable to comprehend his meaning.

"I say, coot awa'," repeated John, hastily. "Dost thee know where thee livest? Thee dost? Weel. Are yon thy clothes, or schoolmeaster's?"

"Mine," replied Smike, as the Yorkshireman hurried him to the adjoining room, and pointed out a pair of shoes and a coat which were lying on a chair.

"On wi' 'em," said John, forcing the wrong arm into the wrong sleeve, and winding the tails of the coat round the fugitive's neck. "Noo, foller me, and when thee get'st outside door, turn to the right, and they wean't see thee pass."

"But—but—he'll hear me shut the door," replied Smike, trembling from head to foot.

"Then deant shut it at all," retorted John Browdie. "Dang it, thee beant afeard o' schoolmeaster's takkin' cold, I hope?"

"N—no," said Smike, his teeth chattering in his head. "But he brought me back before, and will again. He will, he will indeed."

"He wull, he wull!" replied John impatiently. "He wean't, he wean't. Looke'e. I want to do this neighbourly loike, and let them think thee's gotten awa' o' theeself, but if he cooms out o' thot parlour awliles thee'r clearing off, he mun' have mercy on his own boans, for I wean't. If he foinds it oot soon eather, I'll put 'un on a wrong scent, I warrant'ee. But if thee keeps't a good hart, thee'll be at whoam afore they know thee's't gotten off. Coom."

Smike, who comprehended just enough of this to know it was intended as encouragement, prepared to follow with tottering steps, when John whispered in his ear.

"The't just tell young Measter, that I'm spliced to Tilly Price, and to be heerd on at the Saracen by lather, and that I bee'nt jealous of 'un—dang it, I'm loike to boost when I think 'o that night; 'cod, I think I see 'un now, a powderin' awa' at the thin bread an' butter!"

It was rather a ticklish recollection for John just then, for he was within an ace of breaking out into a loud guffaw. Restraining himself, however, just in time by a great effort, he glided down stairs, hauling Smike behind him; and placing himself close to the parlour-door, to confront the first person that might come out, signed to him to make off.

Having got so far, Smike needed no second bidding. Opening the house-door gently, and casting a look of mingled gratitude and terror at his deliverer, he took the direction which had been indicated to him, and sped away like the wind.

The Yorkshireman remained on his post for a few minutes, but, finding that there was no pause in the conversation inside, crept back again unheard, and stood

listening over the stair-rail for a full hour. Everything remaining perfectly quiet, he got into Mr. Squeer's bed once more, and drawing the clothes over his head, laughed till he was nearly smothered.

If there could only have been somebody by, to see how the bed-clothes shook, and to see the Yorkshireman's great red face and round head appear above the sheets every now and then, like some jovial monster coming to the surface to breathe, and once more dive down convulsed with the laughter which came bursting forth afresh—that somebody would have been scarcely less amused than John Browdie himself.

*From Fraser's Magazine.*

## DESCHAPELLES, THE CHESS-KING.

THE English play more chess than the French; but the latter can boast of players with whom we have never been able to cope. We love to start with an apparent paradox. Our neighbours on the other side of the herring-pool have always possessed players of so high a pitch of excellence, that they may be fairly styled phenomena; but of artists a grade lower, Britain could at any time show six for one. The fact is, whatever be the pursuit taken up by the French, there are among them to be found individuals capable of carrying that pursuit to an excess inappreciable by souls of less ardent temperament. The best astronomers, chemists, cooks, mathematicians, dancers, architects, and military engineers, are French. And so it is with chess; while we are content to knock under, and, as veteran soldiers, keep our places quietly in the ranks.

The sceptre of chess, in Europe, has been for the last century, at least, wielded by a Gallic dynasty. It has passed from Legalle to La Bourdonais, through the grasp, successively, of Philidor, Bernard, Carlier, and Deschappelles. It is of the last-named potentate we are about more particularly to speak,—he being in every respect one of the most extraordinary creations of the past or present day.

No pen is more tenacious than our own of committing the slightest infringement on the delicacy of private character, and none more deprecate the tearing the veil from off domestic life, and exposing a gentleman's household gods to the gaze of the impertinent, provided he intrudes not himself and his affairs upon the public. It is not merely because an individual attains eminence in his particular walk that he should be set up in the pillory, with his family shivering in the cold around him. Only with the public character of the eminent have we an acknowledged right; because the glory of fame is a joint-stock concern, to be shared duly between the individual and the body politic of all civilization. The laurelled hero has knelt at the bar of public opinion, and is ordered to rise "good man and true." He is called to the front of the stage, that the pretty women in the boxes may pelt him with roses. In recognising his excellence we share his triumph, and become the jealous guardians of his future fame. When we meet him in the market-place, we point him out to our children, that they, too, may be able to say hereafter, they "have known the man."

"What chess-player has not heard of Deschappelles?—And where dwelleth the follower of our magic art who will refuse to kneel at bidding, *"en preux chevalier,"* to do homage in all *devoir* to his chivalrous leader? A health to the king of chess! the lord of the ebony and silver field,

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—the terrible and the mighty! A health to Deschappelles and pass the bowl round, while we briefly sketch forth his long career of glory.

M. Guillaume Le Breton Deschappelles (the latter being his "*nom de terre*") was born some sixty seven years hence, with a brain of so perfect an organization for the acquirement of games of skill, that it may be fairly said, the world never, in this respect, saw his equal. Whatever game he at any time took up, he immediately fathomed, and this in a manner so comprehensive, as to rank him in each particular pursuit, not merely as first-rate, but as *THE FIRST*. Chess, billiards, Polish draughts, trictrac, and whist, were acquired by him with the same facility with which smaller men learn cribbage or dominos. At a glance, he could take hold of that which to souls of different organization would have required the study of years; and in three days he had the capacity of going further, in whatsoever particular sport he practised, than others could attain in a lifetime.

In early youth, M. Deschappelles did not discover that he was possessed of the faculty in question. His father was gentleman of the bedchamber to Louis XVI.; and his elder brother, as an equally attached partisan of the monarchical system, filled the same situation subsequently at the court of Charles X. Deschappelles himself, on the other hand, was strongly imbued with the revolutionary spirit of the day; and, his principles being well known, he was spared the persecutions to which his family was exposed from the leading chiefs of the first revolution.—When the youth of Paris went forth, in their pride of country and fever of blood, as volunteers against the Prussians, M. Deschappelles marched in the van. In an early engagement with the enemy, he was unfortunately one of a foot regiment which was exposed to the overwhelming shock of a large body of Prussian horse. His skull was laid bare by a sabre, and a second gash traversed his face diagonally from brow to chin. His right hand was severed from his arm at the wrist, and as he lay stretched on the ground in this sad state, fainting and bleeding apparently to death, by way of climax, the Prussian regiment rode over his body. M. Deschappelles recovered, by a miracle; and we leave it to the scientific physiologist to say, whether these sabre wounds of the head, had any share in exciting his brain to that fervent pitch of imagination, without which genius lives not. Once more in Paris, a cripple, and shorn of his right hand, M. Deschappelles received support from the government of the day, and was transferred to the commissariat; of which branch of the army, as an active member, he subsequently made the chief campaigns of the consulate and the empire, under the especial protection of Fouché.

Chess-players ourselves, we shall dwell but lightly on M. Deschappelles' acquirement and practice of other games; nor need we care for the charge of anachronism, incurred, we doubt not, justly, in our memoranda. Beginning with trictrac, a most difficult and complicated game, elder parent of back-gammon, we record the fact, that M. Deschappelles is even now considered the first player in France; in which country trictrac is more played than in any other in Europe.

As a billiard-player, M. Deschappelles suffers under the disadvantage of having but one hand; nevertheless, as a mere practical player, he is allowed to be of the third or fourth grade of force; and as a judge of the game is universally placed first in the kingdom. "M. Deschappelles knows the game better than any man in France," said, in our hearing, M. Eugene, the Kentfield of Paris at the present day.

The mode in which Deschappelles acquired Polish draughts is very curious. For a long time this scientific game had been popular in France; its head-quart

being the Cafe de Manoury, from whence the amateurs of draughts were, however, at one time, temporarily expelled during the first French revolution, from their being a body of men at that time too poor in pocket to answer the purpose of a wealthy coffee-house keeper. During their wanderings in the desert, they settled for a time in an "entresol" near the Cafe de Manoury, and there the banner was pitched, under the leading of M. Chalon, the first player of Polish draughts at that time in France, and author of some curious printed problems on the subject. This gentleman was the successor of Blonde, Manoury, and others of the *elite*, and gave odds to all with whom he played,—daily keeping the lists for hours against all comers. Deschappelles took it into his head to play Polish draughts. He walked one fine day into the sanctum, learned the moves and laws by looking on for half an hour, and then challenged M. Chalon to play. The latter gave the odds of two men, and they played thus daily for a few days, when the odds were diminished to one man. After a month, they were brought down to the half man; and at the end of three months, M. Deschappelles challenged Chalon to play even. They did so, and the former was the conqueror. Chalon wished to continue; Deschappelles declined, in the following pithy terms:—

"I have looked through your game," said he, in his peculiarly quiet tone, "and I find but little in it. At one time, played by a gentleman, it might have been worth practising; but it is now kicked out from the drawing-room to the ante-chamber; and my soul is above the place of lacqueys. In three months I have become your equal, in three months more I could give you a pawn; but I renounce the pursuit, and bid you farewell. I shall never play draughts again!"

This mode of speech may be termed *gasconade*, but it is characteristic of the man, and we can but view it as emanating from the simplicity of a Hercules, in the knowledge of his vast strength. Conscious pride is not boasting. The braggart is he who threatens that which he cannot execute. "M. Deschappelles boasts; but, then, the devil of it is, he acts up to what he boasts!" quoth M. Chalon, sententiously, as his conqueror walked forth from the arena.

The difficulty of acquiring Polish draughts is almost commensurate with that of learning chess. As a proof of this, the renowned Philidor, though he played Polish draughts for many years, and worked hard at the game, was never equal to those, like Chalon, of the first grade. There were always draught-players who could give Philidor odds; and this determined him, probably, to confine himself to chess, in which, like the lion of the desert, or the eagle of the Alps, he reigned without a rival. The Polish draught-players have long since returned to the Cafe de Manoury, and the most skilful player there told us (*in the flesh, some six weeks back*), that he should consider seven or eight years a reasonable time to be spent in getting up to the odds of one pawn!

The best proof of M. Deschappelles's transcendent skill in whist is, perhaps, to be gathered from the fact of his having won several thousand pounds at that game; on the interest of which he now chiefly lives. His fame as a whist-player is, indeed, European, and is echoed from the balls of the Travellers' and Crockford's, to the *salons* of the German spas, in all of which M. Deschappelles is ranked as the first living whist-player. Since the breaking up of the *Salon des Etrangers*, he now chiefly plays in a private club. So great is the confidence of his followers, that we have been gravely informed a quarter of a million of money could be deposited to back any match of whist he might undertake; and this seems the less improbable, as we know of several wealthy bankers who are proud to enrol themselves on his list of devotees. A match was made some years back, between the British Lord G—

and M. Deschappelles, at whist, for two hundred thousand francs; but was stopped, ere commenced, by our countrymen's just fears of the thing being viewed in Downing Street as *infra dig*—a consideration naturally influenced by the discovery that the money on the part of the French player was to be forthcoming in shares. It is understood that M. Deschappelles is at length about to favour us with the publication of his *Treatise on Whist*, on the manuscript of which, we know he has laboured at intervals during the last twenty years. Such a work will be indeed a treasure; and we are informed (and most cordially do we wish such *annonce* may be correct,) that so comprehensive is the *Treatise on Whist* of M. Deschappelles, that it will run to an octavo of 500 pages! It is curious to see the veteran collect the cards with his *ONE LEFT HAND*, sort, play, and gather them in tricks. M. Deschappelles chiefly now plays shorts. From cards, pass we to their progenitor—CHESS.

It has been well said, "there is no royal road to learning;" but M. Deschappelles laughed the proverb to scorn, and arrived at the temple of Caisa by a path which we can only consider as first-speed "railroad." Endowed with so peculiar an aptitude for acquiring games, our hero did not learn, but seized on chess at once. By a sudden and mighty impress, he stamped it on his brain, and bore it ever afterwards, bodily, within him, perfectly developed in all its parts.

"I acquired chess," said he to us, in the presence of fifty amateurs, "in four days! I learned the moves, played with Bernard, who had succeeded Philidor as the sovereign of the board; lost the first day, the second, the third, and beat him even-handed on the fourth; since which time I have never either advanced or receded. Chess to me has been, and is, a single idea, which, once acquired, cannot be displaced from its throne, while the intellect remains unimpaired by sickness or age."

At first reflection, it would appear ridiculous to say the greatest chessplayer of the age had acquired his skill in four days; but M. Deschappelles asserts it as a fact, and we are therefore bound to believe it. We heard a wag whisper, that, like the interpretation put by Dr. Buckland on the seven days of Moses, each day must have meant, at least, a year, or more; but we seriously protest against ill-natured scepticism. It is so delightful to sneer at enthusiasm, particularly on the part of the small-souled and envious! We view the brain of M. Deschappelles as a phenomenon, and not, therefore, to be measured by ordinary rules. Besides, his assertion, however startling, is really borne out by the following extraordinary fact, with which both Paris and London rang loudly at the time.

When the question of M. Deschappelles' chivalrous challenge to give pawn and two to the best English player (of which more anon) was on the tapis, in the month of May 1836, the French champion, who had not played a single game nor even touched a chess-board, for *fifteen years*, felt some curiosity to know what effect this long interval of inactivity would have had on his chess faculty. To test this, he suddenly walked into the Paris Chess Club; and, without the slightest preparation, sat down to play with M. de la Bourdonnais, at that curious variety of chess known as "the game of the pawns," in which the one player removes his queen, and is allowed, instead, a certain number of extra pawns. Deschappelles and De la Bourdonnais played four games at this sitting, even,—that is to say, eight pawns being allowed alternately for the queen. Of these games Deschappelles won two, drew one, and lost one! Can words add to this astonishing feat?

Stimulated by some "good-natured" remarks of the bye-standers, as to the game of the pawns not being the ordinary game, M. Deschappelles renewed his visit to the

club once more during the week, and played three games of the usual species of chess with M. St. Amant, giving the latter the pawn and two moves. Of these games each party won one, and the third was drawn. Be it remembered, that St. Amant, a few weeks afterwards, played in London with our first players, even, and beat them all round. M. Deschapelles was now satisfied that his chess organ existed unimpaired; and has never played since, to the deep regret of his contemporaries.

The truth of phrenology is strongly borne out by the conformation of Deschapelles' forehead; in which the organ of calculation is more considerably developed than in that of any other human being we ever saw. A high and sharp ridge stands forth as the boundary of his fine, square forehead; attracting, at the first glance, the earnest attention of the disciples of Combe and Spurzheim.

We may here remark that M. Deschapelles never studied the theory of chess, nor looked at any work existing on the subject. With the usual openings he is, therefore, comparatively unacquainted, and has to find the correct move always in play. In some pools of chess which he once played, even, with Cochrane and La Bourdonnais, he found this to be a disadvantage, and was compelled to play more slowly than either of his two formidable antagonists. Indeed, quickness of play was never the forte of M. Deschapelles; he always having been much more "English" in this respect than La Bourdonnais, his successor; who is the quickest player we ever looked over. Deschapelles' wonderful talent is most keenly excited in crowded positions on the board. Here, that which is Cimmerian darkness to the bystanders, is to him light as noon. Could we acquire chess as easily as it would appear we might, from his mode of speaking on the subject, much joy were ours. "For my part," says Deschapelles, "I look neither to the right nor to the left. But I simply examine the situation before me, as I would that of two hostile camps, and I do that which I think best to be done. I want to checkmate; I do not want to capture, to defend, nor to attack. I repeat, I want to checkmate, *et voilà tout*."

On this phenomena chess-player first dropping from the clouds, he was immediately hailed as the greatest artist since Philidor. The Paris players, at this time were temporarily removed from the Café de la Régence, owing to a prejudice against the latter *localité*, arising, naturally enough, from the fact of the café's having been the constant resort of Robespierre. The head-quarters of the chess amateurs were, however, not far away from the old spot; and there, at the head of the veteran band was the youthful Deschapelles installed as lord of the ascendancy; playing constantly, save when his duties called him to more stirring scenes; which, indeed, was the case for the greater part of his time, thanks to the restless energies of his mighty master, Napoleon.

Having perched himself, at one bold bound, on the very topmost branch of the tree, Deschapelles invariably gave odds. He may be said to have formed the modern school of French players; the chief of his pupils being M. de la Bourdonnais, Moutret, &c. With the former of these artists, Deschapelles played many hundred games, either giving eight, and receiving seven, pawns for the queen, or else allowing pawn and two, at the ordinary variety of the game. When falconlike, he found the young bird strong enough to plume its wings and fly alone, Deschapelles retired altogether from the arena, and left the mantle of inspiration to be draped around the broad shoulders of his worthy successor, De la Bourdonnais. For the want of similar models of excellence to play up to, we doubt whether England will ever possess a really first-rate player. Certainly, since the days of Philidor, none, save the late Mr. McDonnell, have appeared, to us, to hold a just claim to the appellation.

We proceed to give one of M. Deschapelles' chess adventures, in his own words:

"I never thought, nor do I believe, that a player of my force could ever appear from the chilly regions of the north. A southern sun can alone organise a brain of sufficient chess-genius to cope with me. In proof of this, hear what happened in Prussia. After the battle of Jena, in 1806, our army entered Berlin. The ladies there, having expressed wonder at our rapid march, were told politely by one of the French officers, 'We should have arrived here even twenty four hours sooner, had we not met with some slight obstacles on the way!—these slight hindrances to the journey, being an army of 300,000 men, whom we were forced to overturn to get past! Well, I lodged at the house of a colonel of the Prussian national guard, who, the very first evening, took me to the celebrated Berlin chess-club, instituted by the great Frederic himself.

"A numerous party of amateurs were assembled to receive me; the lists were pitched, the arms in order. The three strongest heads of the club were opposed to mine.—Before playing, in the course of some preliminary conversation, I asked whether any foreigner of my acquaintance had ever enjoyed the honour of an introduction. The reception-book being produced, displayed a number of names, French, English, and so forth, but not one whom I knew, 'Which party has been chiefly victorious, yours or your visitors?' demanded I. 'Oh!' replied they, cavalierly enough, 'our club have always come off winners.'—'Very well,' replied I; 'such will not be case this time.' 'Why?' 'Your club must lose!'

"Fancy the sensation produced by these words! They all gathered round, and a noise like Babel broke forth; from which issued such expressions, from time to time in German, as, 'Oh, what insolence! what presumption! We'll punish him!'

"Before playing, it was necessary to settle the terms.—I at once declared I never played even, and offered the pawn and two. 'What is your stake?' was their question. 'Whatever sum you please,' answered I; 'from a franc to a hundred louis.' They now said they never played in the club for money. I thought to myself, if that be the case, why ask me what my stake was? But I let that pass; and the three best players sat down to play against me. Not only did I insist upon their consulting together, but I further authorized every member of the club to advise them as he might think fit. It was agreed we should play even in other respects; and as they obstinately refused odds, I resigned myself and them to fate.

"The move was drawn for, and gained by me. I played the king's gambit. They took and defended the pawn. Feeling a little sore at what had passed, I thought the less ceremony was necessary; so, on the eleventh move, I got up, and told them in an off-hand way, that it was useless to continue the game, as I had a forced mate in seven moves, which I detailed to them. I then appeared as if about to leave the room, accompanied by my host, and a friend, a cavalry colonel in our service; who, being very fond of chess, had come to take part as second, in the duel.

"The members of the club crowded round, and, changing all at once their tone, asked me politely to favour them with another trial. Finding my gentlemen, this time, so much more modest (a quality which pleases me,) I softened, and remained to play another game; in which, having the move, they began by advancing the queen's pawn two squares. The contest was rather longer than the first, but I was again the conqueror; and such being the case could not help taking upon myself the tone of a master, and pointing out to them different moves, of the

effects of which they had shown themselves ignorant, and which I advised them to study.

"The *corps d'armee* to which I was attached left Berlin, but we again occupied that city after the battle of Eylau; and, in the public walks, I met with several members of the club, who entreated me to visit them a second time. I told them frankly, I had no objection to doing so, but I should decline again playing even with them; that such a sorry joke should be carried no further; and that I would only resume the engagement on their taking such odds as I was prepared to offer. 'What are those odds?' asked they. 'The rook!' answered I, without hesitation. And would you play for money, giving us the rook?' 'Yes; for a hundred louis, as I told you before.'

"Again did they decline any stake, and at least, acted with prudence in so doing. We played three games.—I drew the first, won the two others, and the next day left Berlin for Hamburg. I did not expect much from them; Berlin is so cold! Besides for twenty years, I gave the pawn and two moves to the first players in Europe, be they whom they might, when they presented themselves; and would do so still."

To hear M. Deschappelles narrate his chess doings, with the real spirit of military frankness, is one of the pleasantest things in the world. 'That he has preserved none of the games, or curious chess positions, which have occurred to him is to be deplored, when we know how vast a chess acquaintance he has enjoyed; the circle with whom he has played, including the leading players of his time, as well as those who have been famous in more important matters,—as Ney, Fouché, Junot, and Louis Bonaparte. We own we think he underrates the skill of the Germans; and regret he never played with Allgaier, Silberschmidt, or Witholm. Deschappelles once challenged Stein to play at the Hague; but the latter preferred resting on his reputation, and declined accepting the invitation.

It is currently rumoured in the French metropolis, but we know not whether on certain grounds, that M. Deschappelles revenged France on Marshal Blücher, by teaching the latter, to the tune of thirty thousand francs, that he knew much less of manœuvring troops on the field of chess, than on the plains of real war. If this be true, Blücher is not the only German who has paid high for the lesson of experience in chess; witness Count d'Armstadt, and others we could quote, as fitting companions in folly.

In the year 1821, Mr. Lewis, the writer on chess, went over to Paris, for the purpose of playing a match at Frascati's with Deschappelles. The necessary arrangements were made by M. la Bourdonnais, as umpire; and the odds of the pawn and move were unwillingly agreed to be yielded by the Frenchman, he wishing to give, instead, pawn and two, and to play for a larger sum than his adversary chose to consent to. Of the three games constituting this match, two were drawn, and one was gained by our countryman. It is certain that M. Deschappelles was not in play on this occasion; for we find him overlooking winning moves, and in other respects wanting in his usual fertility of resource.\* He was taken unawares

by an opening of the game he had never previously encountered; and, from the fine attack Mr. Lewis invariably acquired thereby, the wonder is that the latter did not gain a more honourable triumph. M. Deschappelles felt his real superiority; and, on the match being over, challenged his opponent to a renewal of hostilities; offering publicly to give him the pawn and two moves in a match of twenty-one games, and play for any sum of money which might be required. Mr. Lewis declined playing a second match, whether at the odds of pawn and move, or pawn and two moves; and was, doubtless, justified in following out the adage of "let well alone." Messrs. Brand, Cochrane, and other first-rate English players, were all defeated by Deschappelles, at the odds of the pawn and two; and it is matter of wonder Deschappelles never followed up his conquests, by fighting us islanders on our own ground. We are happy to believe it is not

## MR. LEWIS.

6. B. to Q. third.
7. K. Kt. to K. second.
8. Q. Kt. to Q. second.
9. Q. Kt. to K. B. third.
10. K. Kt. to Kt. third.
11. K. R. P. one.
12. P. retakes B.
13. Q. to K. second.
14. Q. to K. B.
15. Q. to K. Kt. second.
16. K. R. P. one.
17. Q. to R. third.
18. Q. B. P. one.
19. K. to K. second.
20. Q. R. to Q. Kt.
21. K. R. P. one.
22. P. takes B.
23. K. R. to R. second.
24. K. to Q. second.
25. K. to Q. B. second.
26. Q. R. to K. B.
27. P. takes P.
28. Q. to K. sixth.
29. K. R. home.
30. Q. to K. B. fifth.
31. K. R. to R. second.
32. K. to Kt.
33. P. takes P.
34. Q. takes K. R. P.
35. K. to Q. B. second.
36. Q. to K. Kt. sixth.
37. B. takes Q.
38. B. takes K. R. P.
39. R. retakes.
40. K. takes.
41. R. to K.
42. R. to K. fourth.
43. R. to K. R. fourth.
44. R. to K. R. fifth.

## M. DESCHAPELLES.

6. K. Kt. P. one.
7. K. B. to R. third.
8. K. Kt. to B. third.
9. Castles.
10. Q. B. to Kt. fifth.
11. B. takes Kt.
12. K. B. to B. fifth.
13. K. R. to B. second.
14. Q. R. to K. B.
15. K. to corner.
16. Q. to Q. second.
17. Q. to Q. R. fifth.
18. Q. to Q. R. fourth.
19. Q. to Q. Kt. third.
20. Q. B. P. one.
21. B. takes Kt.
22. P. takes R. P.
23. K. R. to K. second.\*
24. K. R. to K. B. second.
25. Q. to K. sixth.
26. Q. to Q. Kt. third.
27. P. retakes.
28. Q. to Q. B. second.
29. Q. R. to K.
30. Q. P. one.
31. Q. to Q. third.
32. Q. R. to K. B.
33. Kt. retakes.
34. Kt. takes Q. B. P. ch.
35. R. to Q.
36. Q. takes Q.
37. R. to K. Kt. second.
38. R. takes B.
39. K. takes.
40. K. to Kt. third.
41. K. to K. B. fourth.
42. R. to Q. second.
43. K. to his third.
44. R. to K. B. second.

The remainder was not taken down. M. Deschappelles, by his last move, wins a pawn, and the result was a drawn game.

\* In proof of our assertion we append, from *Bell's Life*, one of the games played by M. M. Deschappelles and Lewis, with a most judicious critique on an important move. The second player's 'K. B. P. must be removed from off the board prior to attempting to play out the game.

## MR. LEWIS.

1. K. P. two.
2. Q. P. two.
3. Q. P. one.
4. B. pins Kt.
5. B. takes.

## M. DESCHAPELLES.

1. Q. Kt. to B. third.
2. K. P. two.
3. Q. Kt. to K. second.
4. Q. P. one.
5. Q. retakes.

\* M. Deschappelles here overlooks the circumstance of his having a forced won game, simply by playing knight to king's kt. fifth. If the knight be taken with pawn, rook checks; and if the knight be not taken, queen can check at k. sixth, &c. &c. The French player appears to have discovered his error when too late; for we find him, on the following move, attempting to regain the same position. The latter part of the game is weakly played by the English Champion.

improbable he may come to London, even during the present winter. He admires British institutions; and should, therefore, favour us with the visit so long due, though never as yet granted to the solicitations of his English friends.

Although Deschappelles was one of those who took the lead in establishing the Paris Chess Club, he accepted no part in the match played by that society, in correspondence with the Westminster Club. His name was, however, invaluable, as an auxiliary towards inducing recruits to join the newly raised tri-colour. Tired of the heat, the noise, and the crowd who throng the Café de la Régence, it was quite a relief for the elect to find themselves established in a suite of lofty and spacious rooms. We are glad to find this honourable society flourishing as it deserves; increased and increasing in vigour, in numbers, and in talent; including in its list of members Mery, Lacretelle, Jouy, and other *littérateurs*, headed by Boissy d'Anglas, and a numerous sprinkling of nobility.

And let us, *en passant*, congratulate the amateurs, here, of our noble and soul-stirring recreation, upon the prospect which at length dawns upon us, of having a first rate chess club at the west end of our own metropolis. For years has the attempt been made, at intervals, to institute a similar society, and hitherto has that attempt uniformly failed. But the time is now come when, based upon solid grounds, a fabric is, even as we write, rising out of earth, destined to meet and to withstand the heavy storms of time and chance. Prosperity to the Westminster Chess Club! Remodelled and improved in its constitution, there can be little fear of its success, backed as it is by the first chess talent of the metropolis, at the head of so formidable a phalanx of amateurs. When first established in Bedford Street, this society looked well; but its *locale* was far too eastern for the aristocratic patrons of the science. Overshadowed as it has been for the two last years, it now again proudly erects its head, determined to show that it has but stooped to rise with increased vigour. Removed to first-rate rooms (in Charles Street, Waterloo Place), with but a three-guinea subscription, and no entrance-fee, our hopes and wishes are unalloyed by doubt. London shall and will at last have a chess club, commensurate with the improvements of the age, and secure of support from all true lovers and patrons of chess, both in town and country. Return we to our record.

Constituted as is the frame of M. Deschappelles, overflowing with the same fervent feelings of enthusiasm, in age, which the most romantic have conceived in youth, an indomitable love of liberty in the purest sense of the word has more than once led him into trouble. On every subject Deschappelles speaks out as he thinks, reckless of consequences; and "age cannot tame" his ardent devotion to the cause of civil and religious freedom all over the world. In 1832, having, somewhat imprudently, suffered himself to be named president of a sort of republican society, termed "the Gauls," he incurred a government prosecution, and was even imprisoned, *au secret*, for two or three months. This said band of "Gauls" were none the better, in our opinion, for enrolling among their members that Italian chess-player, Signor Lavagnino, so well known in London. No case could be made out against Deschappelles, and he was honourably acquitted. On the examination of some of the "Gauls," we find the question constantly put by the public prosecutor, as to whether it was not understood that M. Deschappelles was to be declared dictator! This appears to be in the highest degree absurd, and was very properly ridiculed by the *galerie*.

M. Deschappelles' political opinions were expressed as follows, in a conversation we lately held together: "I

am," said he, "of no country. 'Shew me a good man, and I will try to be his brother. But were I to choose, though I have never seen England, and understand not your language, I am more a Briton than any thing else. I love your country, in the firm belief that your admirable political constitution gives to man all of liberty which he is as yet sufficiently civilised to enjoy without running into licentiousness." Is this a man to be reasonably obnoxious to the powers of the state? No. He is more of a philanthropist than a politician,—a Howard rather than an O'Connell. It is a trait of his life deserving record, that his elder brother, who was attached to the court of Charles X., and fell into comparative penury after 1830, has been ever since, together with his family, wholly supported by Deschappelles. To show the facility with which the hero of our sketch can turn his mind to any occupation which may take his fancy, we may state that, having a few acres of ground in the Fauxbourg du Temple, M. Deschappelles has there struck out an improved mode of cultivating melons, for which he has received more than one honourable prize. His fruit is first in the market, and not unfrequently adorns the table of Louis Philippe. M. Deschappelles may be quoted as being superior to Cincinnatus, inasmuch as melons are more refined than cabbagees!

It is now about two years since M. Deschappelles sent forth his celebrated challenge to all England, in which he offered to come to London, and to give the odds of the pawn and two moves to any British player, without exception; the joint sum staked on the issue of the match to be a thousand pounds. He declared himself driven to offer this cartel, which first appeared in the French chess magazine, the *Palamede*, in consequence of an English newspaper (*Bell's Life in London*) having appeared to fling some doubts on the truth of his having given the Berlin players the rook in 1806. We have reason to know that M. Deschappelles was misinformed on the point, and that the journal in question meant nothing more than to tickle him good-humouredly into action, on the plan of poking up the lion with a pole, to hear him roar. Be this as it may, M. St. Amant made his appearance in London, as the herald of Gaul; and, not satisfied with the hurling the glove in the faces of our first players, himself inserted the challenge formally in *Bell's Life*,—thus happily making the source of his discontent to serve as the medium through which satisfaction was demanded. The thing was met in a proper spirit on the part of the London Chess Club. A committee was formed, the five hundred pounds were subscribed in half an hour, and a player of established public reputation was engaged to play the match on the part of our country. At the moment when all were eager for the event, the whole transaction unhappily fell through on this simple point. The London club very properly (as we thought then, and still hold) demanded that, as a starting point, it should be admitted that the challenge originally emanated from the side of France. On the other hand, M. Deschappelles refused all discussion on this part of the topic, and insisted it should not be re-opened. Before giving an extract from M. Deschappelles' closing letter, we take leave to express our sorrow that so promising a beginning should have terminated so badly. Deschappelles still maintains that we were wrong in attempting to revert to the point, which, by commencing a discussion of terms, we had tacitly waived; and also by suffering an outrageously long time to elapse between certain letters, and in not at once declaring the name of the gentleman who was to be his antagonist. Opinions differ, and we choose not to revive unpleasant, and now most needless, discussion.

M. Deschappelles shares in our regret, and in part

sorry for the abrupt termination of this affair, on account of the consequent non-establishment of the finely conceived code of laws put forth by him to regulate the expected tourney; and forming, as he says, "an everlasting monument of chess legislation!"

From Deschappelles' letter, it will be seen that he is still prepared to give pawn and two to all comers who may choose to demand those odds; and this he has recently told us *visa voce*, although he has so long retired from the field of war. We proceed to give a part of his last letter respecting the famous challenge, the wording of which is too characteristic for us to mutilate by translation. It is addressed to the committee of Parisian amateurs who acted in the negotiation on his part, and runneth thus:—

"Messieurs,—Il y a plus de trente ans qu'il existe de ma part un défi permanent au jeu des échecs. J'offre le pion et deux traits.

"Je n'y ai mis d'intérêt que celui de soutenir l'école Française, et de créer de belles parties; et si j'ai consenti à y engager 500 livres sterling, c'est en vue d'éviter le reproche de forfanterie, et pour satisfaire celui qui, ramassant le gant, se déplacerait pour la gloire et le profit.

"Depuis ce jour, je ne sais combien d'apparences se sont élevées, combien de champions se sont présentées; mais j'affirme qu'aucune réalité ne les a accompagnées, et qu'au moment du combat, sous un prétexte ou sous un autre, aucun n'a voulu exposer quelque chose qui en valût la peine.

"D'ailleurs, chaque fois je me suis prêtée à ce dont j'étais prié y mettant surtout de la complaisance; et ne prodiguant pas les efforts de l'attention pour le stérile plaisir de froisser des amours propres.

"Dans le conflit actuel, né d'une attaque de la presse Anglaise, je n'ai cru d'abord rien trouver qui dût me faire sortir de mon insouciance, et j'ai laissé courir sans même en prendre connaissance, les vaines démonstrations qui pouvaient s'en suivre.

"Cependant, la chose sembla prendre une tournure intéressante; un comité était nommé de part et d'autre: le prix du défi était fixé, et les fonds se déposaient. On prétendait, et l'on vint m'assurer qu'il ne s'agissait plus que de résoudre les difficultés d'exécution.

"Des négociations étaient donc entamées, lorsque tout d'un coup l'Angleterre se ravisa, et, se rejetant en arrière, reprit une question de forme insignifiante déjà expliquée pour en faire un ultimatum."

"Retombée inopinément dans les prétextes, je dus juger que l'affaire actuelle ressemblait aux précédentes; qu'elle ne contenait rien de réel, et qu'elle ne méritait plus que je m'en occupasse. Seulement je me trouvais désobligé, car je m'étais livré à discrétion, et l'on m'y maintenait sans réciprocité; me faisant subir une position que pour rien au monde je n'aurais voulu infliger à autrui.

"De quoi eût servi de donner satisfaction sur un point à qui eût conservé seul le droit de rompre sur plusieurs

\* We repeat, that we here take part with the London Club. It was an important point to fix the origin of the challenge, lest it might be supposed England would publicly admit inferiority by asking odds. If a player offer the rook, no honour is lost by putting his pretensions to the test; but to ask for the rook would be tacitly to avow considerable inequality. Deschappelles told us personally that the challenge in the *Palamede*, and in *Self's Life*, came from him; but as the signature was wanting, this could not be authenticated, nor admitted, on the part of the metropolitan players. London meant play, and would willingly make the match *de novo*, were a similar challenge offered, either by M. Deschappelles, or by any other player in the whole world.

autres? Un ultimatum est inique quand il n'engage qu'une partie. Avant tout, il fallait se mettre d'accord sur les conventions. Alors Londres et Paris auraient un droit égal de tout terminer par un oui, ou un non.

"Voici ma réponse de clôture, avec la commission Anglaise, et ma proposition sous une forme définitive:— Je donne le pion et deux traits, si un adversaire Anglais se présente. Je m'entendrai avec lui seul. Sa capacité m'est d'avance un garant de son équité; car l'âme marche volontiers de pair avec l'autre.

"Recevez, Messieurs, l'expression de mon amitié et de haute estime. "DESCHAPPELLES."

To this letter no reply could be made by the London Club, it being accompanied by an announcement that the Paris committee was dissolved; and so terminated the negotiation, to the disappointment of the numerous admirers of our scientific game. May an opportunity be yet afforded our bravest and our best, of meeting M. Deschappelles on the *champs clos* of the Westminster Chess Club; there to cross blades, and break a lance to the contending shouts of St. George and St. Denis, for the sake of chess; and of the bright eyes of English beauty, we most are bound to love and bow to.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

O soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,  
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;  
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,  
Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main;  
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,  
A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,  
And a tear, unbecoming the warrior, is telling  
That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee.

Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,  
The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair;  
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,  
Upwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?  
Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,  
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,  
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,  
So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!

Loved graves of my sires! have I left you far ever?  
How melted my heart, when I bade you adieu!  
Shall joy light the face of the Indian?—ah, never!  
While memory sad has the power to renew.  
As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,  
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;  
O, could she have turned, ere for ever departed,  
And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee.

Is it the low wind through the wet willows rushing,  
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?  
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,  
The strange-playing minstrel, whose music I hear?  
'Tis the voice of my father, slow, solemnly stealing,  
I see his dim form, by yon meteor, kneeling,  
To the God of the white man, the Christian, appealing,  
He prays for the foe of the dark Cherokee!



KATE.

Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,  
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky;  
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,  
Yet turn a deaf ear, to my piteous cry?  
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation.  
No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation;  
For death's dark encounter I make preparation,—  
He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

K A T E.

FROM LAKE WALLENSTADT, SWITZERLAND.

1.  
LONELY, as a place enchanted,  
Lies the lake, in silence deep,  
Round, as warrior chiefs undaunted  
Watch some throneless queen asleep,  
Stand the cliffs in stern array!  
Fissured piles of strata grey,  
By the water worn away.  
Your large eyes, would larger grow  
At their monstrous forms, I know,  
With a solemn joy elate,  
Were you here, my bonnie Kate!

2.  
Far above, their blue tops soar,  
Spire and tower in outline bold,  
All beset with snow-streaks hoar,  
Solemn, lonely, bright and cold!  
There the soft-clouds, as they rove,  
Pause—and stooping from above  
Kiss the crests they seem to love!  
You would deem them spirits fair,  
Playing each one with the hair  
Of its giant warrior mate,  
Were you here, my lively Kate!

3.  
Black upon the slopes so green,  
Swarm the arrow-headed pines;  
Here, like troops with steady mien,  
Who in ordered squares and lines,  
Wait attack, with vantage good;  
There, like foragers pursued  
By a peasant multitude,  
In close flight they seem to press  
Up the hill, till we could guess  
Which their stronghold, what their fate,  
Were you here, my winsome Kate!

4.  
Balanced on the mountain side,  
High in dizzy loneliness,  
Oft a daring pine is spied,  
Like a cragsman in distress,  
Where all footing seems to end,  
Doubtful, which way next to wend,  
If to mount or to descend!  
Empty air around, beneath,  
It would take away your breath  
That sheer depth to calculate,  
Were you here, my gentle Kate!

5.  
Now the gliding vessel  
Cascades all around  
Some in downward-py  
Densely smoking,  
Some upon the slopes  
Like fixed veins of silver fine,  
As the web-work spiders twine;  
Others hang like new-combed fleeces,  
Ribb'd across in wavy creases!  
You could ne'er your gazing cease,  
Were you here, my fine-nerved Kate!

6.  
Overhead the clouds float by—  
But can scarce their way pursue,  
For the tall cliffs touch the sky;  
Look! from its intensest blue  
Comes a snowy cascade slipping,  
O'er successive ledges tripping—  
'Tis a white winged angel stepping  
Down from heaven! Oh, you would prize  
Those serenely glowing eyes,  
That sweet smile compassionate,  
Were you here, my deep-souled Kate!

7.  
Faintly sing the thrushes, hark!  
Far in yonder air-hung grove;  
Pouring bolder notes the lark  
Dots the azure up above!  
Lavishly his jays he flings  
All around, and as he sings  
Spreads and folds his trembling wings,  
With uneasy motion, quite  
Thrilled, convulsed, with his delight!  
You would sing with joy as great,  
Were you here, my sweet-voiced Kate!

8.  
By the ash rocks below,  
Mark, a hermit-fisher grey,  
How the heron, to and fro  
Slowly flaps his stealthy way!  
Though alit, his long wings see  
Still are flapping, as though he  
Poised himself unsteadily;  
Then unmoving as the rocks  
Which in hus so well he mocks,  
Where he is, you scarce could state,  
Were you here, my bright-eyed Kate!

9.  
Oft the beetling ramparts ape  
Gothic gables quaintly plann'd;  
Oft seem faced with many a shape  
Carved by ancient Coptic hand!  
Watchful, 'mid the trees aloof  
Dark-red chalets, weatherproof  
With projecting shadowy roof,  
Seem to hint, how well you may  
In this tranquil Eden stay:—  
What desire would they create,  
Were you here, my pensive Kate!

10.  
Some depress'd to see all kindness  
Sunk in ruthless rage for gold,  
Sick of party's cherish'd blindness,  
Thus their wishes might unfold;  
Here, with joys unknown to riot,  
Sound repose and simple diet,  
Books, and love, and thoughtful quiet,

One might dream a life away,  
 Always cheerful, often gay!  
 You would wish for no such fate,  
 Were you here, my wiser Kate!

## 11.

Well you know, though Nature waste  
 Wonders here no words can frame  
 Custom dulls the keenest taste,  
 Use makes even wonders tame!  
 Leisure has a leaden wing,  
 Happiness, where'er it spring,  
 Always is an *active* thing;  
 And whatever it profess,  
 Solitude is selfishness,—  
 Homely truths would have their weight,  
 Were you here, my thoughtful Kate!

## 12.

Then our dear and noble land  
 Would present to memory's eye,  
 If no hills, no rocks so grand,  
 Hearts as firm and minds as high!  
 Nature never has designed  
 Aught so wondrous as the mind  
 Of mysterious humankind!  
 You would know where mind is flashing  
 Rapid as the cascade dashing!  
 You would bless your home, your state,  
 Were you here my ENGLISH Kate!

ALFRED DOMETT.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SONNETS.

WRITTEN IN LIVERPOOL, JULY, 1838.

CALM worshipper of Nature, seek the wood,  
 There think alone—I love to pace this street,  
 Where as in one, all nations seem to meet,  
 Linked by the sea in common brotherhood:  
 A vein is this of brisk commercial blood;  
 Here strongly doth the pulse of traffic beat.  
 Large portion of the world's wealth at my feet  
 Lies here—rich harvest of the ocean-flood,  
 A graceful spirit of voluptuous ease  
 Is visible in column and in dome:  
 Full opulence, just taste the stranger sees:  
 The spirit which once in Venice had its home.  
 That now no fable seems it, seeing these,  
 Of beauty rising from the ocean-foam.

IN BURNS' MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

BREATHE I above his dust, who now has long  
 Ceased with his musical breath to charm this air;  
 Sleeps Burns within this mausoleum fair,  
 The peasant-minstrel of the heaven-taught tongue!  
 It must be so, for fancy here grows strong,  
 So strong we feel him present every where,—  
 The sod his recent impress seems to bear;  
 And we yet hear him in yon skylark's song.  
 Methinks I hear him whistling at the plough;  
 And from the Nith I catch his manly voice,

Where unto song he breathed the eternal vow:  
 Oh Nith! where oft to wander was his choice,  
 The very light seems beaming from his brow  
 In which these scenes must evermore rejoice.

## IN THE SAME.

ALONE in intellect—oft he withdrew  
 From his blithe fellows, and afar would stray,  
 On by the Nith, in the dim close of day:  
 And there would murmur, midst the falling dew,  
 Strains that all mirth could sadden and subdue.  
 Whilst marvelled much his comrades, lightly gay,  
 He should be sad whose wit woke mirth alway,—  
 He who could find not "audience fit though few."  
 The tide subsides, the tumult, and the stir:  
 The stream flows on and slumbers in its bed.  
 We look around us still, for things that were:  
 The clouds are rosy, though the sun is fled:  
 For they with whom we think, and would confer,  
 Prove oftentimes the distant, or the dead.

## ON VISITING RYDAL MOUNT.

LONG-sought, and late discovered, rapt is he  
 Who stands where spring the Niger or the Nile;  
 And I, like-wearily, who many a mile  
 Have voyaged and have travelled, proudly see,  
 Of this famed Mount the living Castalie:  
 Cheered by the Poet's hospitable smile,  
 I breathe the air of the song-hallowed pile,—  
 With but half faith what is can really be.  
 Flow on, O holiest river! even like Time,  
 Till both your waters in one ocean end;  
 Flow on, and with refreshment many a clime  
 Copiously visit, mountain stream sublime!  
 Thankful, these moments at your source I spend—  
 Not without awe, as though it were a crime.

WASHINGTON BROWNE, *New York.*

## TO THE PLANET VENUS.

UPON ITS APPROXIMATION (AS AN EVENING STAR TO THE EARTH, JANUARY 1838.)

What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides  
 Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer  
 Thou com'st to men's abode, the spot grew dearer,  
 Night after night! True is it, Nature hides  
 Her treasures less and less.—Man now presides,  
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness!  
 Knowledge advances with gigantic strides;  
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?  
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star; of pure and wise  
 More than in humbler times graced human story;  
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise  
 With Heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,  
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,  
 Ere we lay down in our last dormitory!

WORDSWORTH.



